

SORVENER'S
MONTHLY





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MONTHLY,

AN
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
FOR THE PEOPLE.



CONDUCTED BY
J. G. HOLLAND.

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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. V

NOVEMBER, 1872.

NO. 1.

NORTHERN RUSSIA AND ST. PETERSBURG.



RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

BEYOND the rising of the North Wind in the Thessalian mountains there was, to the early Greeks, a land of sunshine and gentle airs, whose fortunate inhabitants subsisted upon the fruits of the earth, and knew neither war, nor toil, nor pain. But, as the dwellers by the Ægean passed the rocky barriers and advanced in the country above, this happy land still fled before them; and to-day we know that the Scythia and Sarmatia of the ancients are, throughout their whole extent, exposed to chilling blasts, and peopled by races subject to the common lot of humanity, while the perfect clime, if it exists at all, eludes us in the open Polar Sea. Let us look at the realm as it is.

Dividing European Russia into north and south at the line of Moscow, we have for the north a region stretching from the latitude of central Labrador to the icebergs of the Arctic seas, and whose great city, St. Petersburg, lies under the same parallel as the southern point of Greenland, and Mount St.

Elias in Alaska. From the heats of a New York summer we fly to Quebec and the Saguenay, and the tempered air of the lower St. Lawrence. To feel a breeze fresh from the Pole as that which blows over the Kremlin of Moscow we must seek the lonely islands of Hudson's Bay.

Central Russia rises some five hundred feet above the sea, and north-west of Moscow the Valdai hills attain an elevation of nearly twelve hundred feet, and are the water-shed between the Baltic and the Euxine. Thence the land slopes away, on the south to the boundless steppes, and on the north, through forests of birch and pine, to the barren plains that lose themselves in the polar ocean.

Over most of this vast tract intense cold reigns for the greater part of the year, and the farther east you go the lower is the temperature. At St. Petersburg there are only two months, June and July, in which it never snows. The Neva, the lakes, the ca-

nals, and the Gulf of Cronstadt are frozen by the middle of November, and remain firm roads of ice until the sun and wind of April open their channels again to the Baltic. It is an ancient custom to announce the breaking up of the ice at St. Petersburg by a discharge of cannon from the Fortress, and to mark sunrise and sunset by the firing of a gun every day while the river runs free.

Spring comes on with marvelous rapidity. The soil responds instantly to the warm rays. The birch-trees expand their buds into delicate leaves. The black firs tip their boughs with green. Grains and grasses shoot up, and, with the few hardy wild fruits, come quickly to maturity. The inhabitants bask in the sun, and are loth to sleep through the long twilights that divide the days. By mid-August vapors gather in the sky; the trees begin to shed their thin foliage; chill rains descend, and summer is over.

Little grain is raised above St. Petersburg,

and that little, so damp is the climate, must be kiln-dried for preservation. In some localities barley is sown as far north as Mesen; but it is only three or four times in a century that the season is warm enough and long enough to bring it to perfection, and it is usually cut as fodder for the cattle. All these latitudes depend mainly for their cereals upon the richer harvests of the south; but their rivers are stocked with fish, myriads of wild-fowl find a home in the woods and by the lakes, mushrooms abound, and the swamps are filled with cranberries and whortleberries that ripen despite the frosty air. The wealth of this region, from the Gulf of Bothnia to the Oural, is in its forests and fisheries. The people are wood-cutters, hunters, fishers, workers in metals, charcoal-burners, preparers of tar and pitch and potash, makers of mats and of various utensils from the bark of the linden, and of coarse linen and cordage from the flax and hemp of their low-lying



PEASANT'S CABIN.

fields. In summer the men go in companies to the Volga and its tributary streams, where they find employment as boatmen and laborers, and in autumn they explore distant tracts for game and furs. Fortunate is he who in winter discovers a bear, especially if it be where the nobility, and perhaps the Czar himself, will join in the hunt. Along the Dwina, and among the lakes and hills of southern Finland, excellent pastures are found, and the rearing of cattle is an important branch of industry. In the reign of Catharine II. a fine breed of Dutch cattle was brought to Kholmogory, and from thence distributed over the Dwina meadows, where they still thrive and command the highest price in the St. Petersburg markets. As you go south from the Capital the country becomes more productive, and its fields are valuable as well as its forests. Agriculture receives greater attention, and the crops of rye, oats, barley, flax and hemp amply repay the industrious cultivator.

At the mouth of the Dwina is Archangel, the oldest seaport in Russia, and the only one of importance in Russia Proper, all the rest having been, in modern times, gained from her neighbors through conquest,—Archangel, whence the timber and furs and fish, the oats and tallow and tar of this rugged zone find their way to the outside world. It was the English who, in the middle of the sixteenth century, sailing past the stormy North Cape for a passage to China, found the Dwina mouth and dropped down the cold broad river, where was then but a monastery dedicated to the Archangel Michael. A little later, the town, taking its name from the cloister, was founded as a place for traffic in deals and skins, and for more than two hundred years it was the single seaport of the Empire. Several hundred ships, most of them British, visit it during the two months when the White Sea is open. Canals unite the Volga with the Dwina and the

Neva, so that the merchandise of the Caucasus and Persia can reach St. Petersburg and this Arctic port almost without change of boats. Its great stone bazar is crowded with the products of the country; and the long summer days, with scarcely a night between, are full of life and activity. Much of the Siberian trade comes to its market; and so few and simple are the wants of the people it represents, that its exports always largely exceed its imports, and the strand which skirts the river below the town is composed of the pebbles and gravel the English ships bring out as ballast. But, with September, winter begins. The snow falls fast on the log-paved streets, and the green domes and gilded spires. The ice closes the harbor, and woe to the pilgrim boat bound for the Convent of Solovetsk, in the Holy Isles, or to the Bremen or Liverpool brig, laden with flax and grain, that has lingered in the stream! Storms rage along the coast, and for almost another year the thirty thousand inhabitants of the Dwina mart are dead to the lands beyond the sea; given up to St. Michael, who shines upon the city arms,—an angel, robed in azure, flying on a golden field; in his hand a flaming sword, and beneath his feet a prostrate fiend.

The original inhabitants of this territory were Finnish tribes, part of that race which finds its highest development in the Magyars of Hungary, and sinks almost to the brutes among the Ostiaks and Samoïedes of the



DROSKY.



LITHUANIAN PEASANT.

Polar deserts. Those of the Grand Duchy of Finland have lost many of their distinctive characteristics by intermarriage with Swedes and Russians; yet the square forms, flat faces, and sallow complexions of the peasants in and around St. Petersburg show that Finnish blood still runs strong in their veins. Indeed, wherever in Russia Proper you find high cheek-bones, depressed noses, and low, awkward figures, you may be quite sure of Finnish or Kalmuck ancestors. The tribes on the borders of the Empire cling to their pagan superstitions, but the larger part of the people are embraced in the Lutheran and Greek communions. One of the noblest buildings of the realm is the massive Cathedral at Abo, begun when Yüm-mala, the deity of the Finns, was discarded, like Odin and Perun, for the God of the Christians. How well I remember its towers dark and grim against the sky—type of the strength and endurance of the North; while the wind, chill even in July, crept up from the bay and ruffled the harebells that unfolded their pale blue petals in the grass beneath its shadow!

Finland is a better country for agriculture than the opposite coast of Scandinavia, and its inhabitants are industrious and thrifty. It has its own laws, which are similar to those of Sweden. Only Finns have offices of trust in its government, and its soldiers and sailors serve apart from those of Russia, and are held in high esteem. In recent years its language and literature have received careful attention from native scholars. Early in this century Professor Porthan of Abo, whose bronze statue adorns that ancient city, called attention to the richness of his native tongue; and, by late Imperial decree, after 1883, Finnish instead of Swedish is to be the official language of the Duchy. With great labor Lönnrot and Castrén have collected its poems and traditions, and Topelius has embodied the life of its people in vivid story.

Ah, these subtle differences of race! The true Russian is taller, slenderer, fairer. His features are more harmonious, and his movements have a grace and agility to which the heavy-limbed Finn is a stranger. In the attitudes and bearing of the lowest peasants there is often an ease and dignity such as invests the Arab in his desert tent, or the Syrian threading his narrow streets with a serene poise, the gift, not of breeding, but of birth; while their eyes and their songs—speech of the soul—betray a melancholy that touches the heart and kindles the imagination. This sadness is doubtless owing to the infelicities of their life for generations, and to the dreary monotony of a country where the earth wakes but for a moment to the caress of summer, and then falls back into winter death, wrapped in a shroud of snow over which chill winds chant perpetual requiem.

The inhabitants of the Baltic Provinces of Courland, Livonia, and Esthonia are of Fin-



VILLAGE CROSS.

nish race, with the Lithuanians, a Slavonic people, in the south. Forcibly converted to Christianity in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries by German conquerors and immigrants, they are at present largely Lutheran; their civilization is German, and Germans are everywhere in places of power and influence. The common people here were formerly very degraded, sharing their huts with their cattle, and having now a season of drunken plenty, and now a famine. But with personal freedom, the right to possess land, and means of education, they are rapidly rising and adopting the modes of thought and life of their German teachers. The production of grain and flax, and the breeding of cattle are their principal industries, and they number altogether some two millions.

Courland, the farthest south and the most fertile of the three Provinces, consists of broad plains watered by many small rivers—plains where the pine forests have given place to fruitful orchards and fields of wheat and rye and barley, with wind-mills crowning the ridges, and where well-built cottages and handsome manor-houses, churches, and parsonages show that rich and poor live prosperously together. "Gottes Ländchen"—Little Land of God—is the Courlander's name for his country. Mittau, its capital, is a small, ancient city on the Aa, where the nobles spend their winters, and where Jews swarm and direct the trade, as they do in nearly every other town of the Provinces.

Livonia and Esthonia have a poorer soil and longer reaches of pines and firs, with countless cold, gloomy lakes, and vast tracts of marshy land, strewn, as in Finland, with granite boulders. In some regions, where Germans are numerous and the common people proprietors of the lands they till, substantial stone farm-buildings, and broad, cultivated fields tell of good living and independence; but their cottages have commonly but a thatched roof, and are often destitute of a chimney, while even in the wealthy northern districts of their rich flax-lands there is little comfort or cleanliness in the peasant homes. Livonia is by far the most important of the three, because it possesses the second commercial city in Russia, the proud flourishing Riga, at the mouth of the Dvina, with its political and social influence, and its great trade in flax and linseed and timber and grain; and the University of Dorpat, founded and fostered by Alexander I., the center of intellectual life for all this region. This noble institution owes its earliest establishment to Gustavus Adolphus when the prov-

ince pertained to Sweden, but in the contest with Russia under Peter I. it was broken up, and for over a hundred years there was no great school in the Baltic lands, and the young men who sought more thorough education were forced to go to Germany to obtain it. Now it has seventy professors, with many hundred students; libraries, museums, the rarest botanical garden in Europe, besides an observatory richly furnished and made famous by the labors of the astronomer Struve; and whoever in these provinces aspires in any way to place or fame must study at Dorpat. The old aristocratic town of Revel, capital of Esthonia, lying as it does between Riga and St. Petersburg, is of little importance in modern days; but it is full of antique interest, and being but a day's journey from St. Petersburg by steamer, it is a favorite bathing-place with the Russians during the heats of summer. With its seven picturesque gates, its castle-crowned hill, where the houses of the nobility are still like fortresses, where peculiar laws prevail, and no merchant is allowed to live, and with its outer town of tradesmen and artisans under municipal rule, it perhaps retains more of the Middle Ages than any other European city. There is constant effort on the part of the Government to assimilate these Provinces



BEGGAR.

to the rest of the Empire, by making them Russian rather than German in character. Below them lies Poland, whose very name is a sigh, and whose Russian cities, Warsaw, Wilna, and the rest, have been the theaters



TRAVELERS.

of the most tragic events of the century gone.

"Black people" and "black rooms" are the common names for the Russian peasants and their habitations. These houses are built of logs or rough boards, the cracks stuffed with moss, and the poorest have neither chimney nor window, except small apertures closed with shutters or oiled paper, through which a little of the smoke escapes, while the larger part settles in soot and grime upon walls and inmates, thus justifying the appellation. Often the house has but one room, with a fourth of the space occupied by the brick stove or oven, the top of which, with its broad, adjacent shelf, is the bed of the family during the cold season—the clothes rarely put off, and a piece of felt their only mattress and covering—while in summer they sleep upon the bench that, divan-like, encircles the apartment, or upon the ground beneath the sky. Sometimes the poultry are kept in the house during the winter, so as to be sure of eggs for Easter; and in the warmth and dirt of the place vermin breed and abound. Almost every family has its bath, a small detached room, with its oven

and tubs for water; for bathing is their domestic luxury, and necessary to their religion, since without this purification by steam and scourge they are not admitted to Holy Communion. Indeed, for all Russians the vapor-bath never loses its charm, and they carry it with them wherever they go. Freshfield, the recent English traveler in the Caucasus, speaks of the delight with which the Cossacks at a lonely post-station, where wood was scarce and expensive, took possession of the bath-house after it had been heated and used by his party. In proof of its salutary effects the Russians point to the Finns, and say that their superiority to the Lapps in size and comeliness is owing to their having learned to employ the vapor-bath.

The better class of houses have two rooms, with a passage between them, entered by steps from the rear, and the foundation raised so as to give place for a cellar beneath; while chimney and small glass windows give comparative comfort and cheer. Often the ground is elevated or lowered by the severe frosts, so that the house stands unevenly, and is strained and old before its time. High in the quietest corner of the room hangs always a picture of the Virgin or some favorite saint. The easier the condition of the proprietor the more numerous are these sacred images, encased in frames of gilt, or beaten silver, with lamps burning before them, at least during the seasons of fast. Thus every hut becomes a chapel, and the yearning, the



RETURNING FROM MARKET.



VILLAGE MARKET.

passion, the poetry of the people find expression through the religious sentiment. For in the ordinary hamlets and villages books, as yet, are rarely seen, not one in a hundred of the peasants being able to read or write; and the whisky-shop is the only place of entertainment. The gardens are but inclosures for cabbages and onions. Most of the houses have neither flowers in the poor windows, nor shrubs nor trees by the doors. They stand with their gable-ends to the road,—the road that wanders out on to the bare plain, or loses itself in the solitudes of the forest; and the church, with its roof and dome of green, its gilded cross and echoing bell, is to the inmates the brightest object beyond their threshold, as the holy picture is the most attractive thing within.

This spirit of reverence and devotion, blind and slavish though it be, informs all the peasant's life. Before the figures of the saints he says his prayers at night with crossings and prostrations, and he renews them with equal fervor when he rises in the morning. "God save thee!" are the words with which he greets an acquaintance; and whenever anything the least unusual happens, or he passes a consecrated place—a churchyard, a wayside shrine, a convent tower—he crosses himself and sighs: "*Gospodi pomilui!*"—Lord have mercy! Conflagration or death from a lightning-stroke is always spoken of as "by the grace of God:"

and in all things there is that veneration for His decrees and submission to His will which characterizes the Oriental mind. The picture of his guardian saint accompanies the Russian in all his journeys, and for every undertaking in life—the moving into a new house, the launching of a boat upon the river, the breaking up of fallow ground—he desires the blessing of the priest. Beggars ask alms "in the name of Christ," or, "in the name of your parents" (for respect for age is a cardinal virtue here); and the poorest man would think himself unworthy to be called Christian if he refused to drop his mite into the waiting palm. No language is fuller of stinging epithets, or broader in its power of abuse than the Russ; yet oaths and curses are seldom heard. *Ye Bog*—By God, is the most common affirmation, and this is used in a religious rather than a profane sense. All the ecclesiastical fasts and ordinances are strictly observed; and at Easter, as in the ancient Church, friends meet each other with kisses and presents of colored eggs, saying, "*Christos voskrest!*"—Christ is risen!

The life of the peasants is one of toil, but rarely one of anxiety, and few grow old through fret about the future. They have a facile mechanical genius, and with their hatchets they build their cabins, make the stools and tables which furnish them, and construct cart or sledge or raft, as their needs may require. The covered jugs, and the



POSTILLION.

bowls and spoons out of which they drink their *quass* and eat their soup, are fashioned by themselves from birch or linden wood, and of the bark of the latter, in some districts, they plait their shoes. Almost every village has the principal trades represented among its inhabitants, and communities can be found living remote from any town where everything they require is of their own production. This general ingenuity and adroitness, and their easy ways, make them satisfied with poorer work than their European neighbors; but many English and Germans are now scattered through the country as directors of "Works," and the skill they bring to arts and mechanics, and the competition which freer intercourse with the West induces, are causing vast improvement in their manufactures. Soon, however, Russians will fill these places, for the ambition of the people is roused, and under its stimulus they will rapidly master any trade or profession.

The common dress of the men is a shirt of colored linen or calico, which oftenest falls tunic-like over the loose trowsers that are tied below the knees; while the coat, double-breasted and with the skirt gathered at the hips, or the long, easy-fitting *caftan*—a Tar-

tar name for a Tartar garment—reaches nearly to the ankles, and is confined at the waist by a sash or a belt of leather. Leg-wrappings of cloth and bark slippers are used by the poorest, but stockings and loose half-boots of leather are becoming general. Full beards are worn, and the hair is often divided in the middle rather than at the side, and the head covered by a low-crowned hat or a cap bound with fur. The common garment for both sexes in winter is a wrap of sheep-skin with the wool inside, and the seams decorated with a kind of feather-stitch in bright colors—handsome when new, but so greasy and of such vile odor when old, that you hope never to encounter the wearer except in the open air.

The ancient and still popular dress of the women is a chemise of coarse white linen, open at the neck, with loose short sleeves. Over this the *sarafan*, a sleeveless gown gathered into a band above the bosom, with straps across the shoulders, and confined at the waist by a sash or a long ruffled apron. The materials of the dress are handsome or mean according to the circumstances of the wearer, and the necklace and ear-rings which complete it are of gold, or coral, or colored glass beads, as husband or father can afford to buy. The *kokoshnik*, a high, turban-like cap, is their ancient head-dress, and its form varies in the different provinces. It is little seen now except upon grand occasions at Court, when, set with jewels, it forms a stately crown, and recalls the early Czaritsas and their attendant dames—wives of the great boyars who upheld the throne.

The usual head-covering of the women in these days is a handkerchief tied under the



LIVONIAN BEGGAR.



MARSHES OF LIVONIA.

chin, and the gayer its hues the better it pleases the wearer. A late English writer speaks of seeing a peasant woman at Nijni Novgorod bargaining for one like a rainbow for variety, and complaining because it was not bright enough.

"Madame," said the dealer, "there are no colors invented but those which are in that handkerchief."

The young girls wear their hair in a braid down the back and tied at the end with ribbons. At marriage it is customary to cut up these ribbons, called "maiden beauty," and distribute the pieces among the bride's youthful friends as souvenirs of her girlhood, while her divided hair is coiled about her head, often to the singing of an old song whose burden runs:—

"Ah, my braid! my braid of maiden hair!
Now into two it will be parted!"

Of course all this applies mainly to the peasantry, the upper classes in dress and manner of living conforming to western Europe. Nowhere on the Continent is there more lavish luxury than among the nobility and the princely merchants of Russia. Every clime and country contributes to their

delight. The richest robes, the costliest wines, the finest equipages, genial warmth and tropic bloom in their mansions, make a fairy world in the midst of frost and desolation.

Within doors the peasant women are quite as busy as the men without; indeed, they often share in the work of the fields. They pull and dress the flax. They spin and weave and bleach the linen. They bake and brew, and put up preserves and cordials of the wild fruit or of the raspberries and black currants that, with a little care, will grow in almost every garden. They make coarse woolen cloth, and felt for rugs and winter boots and mittens. They knit stockings. They fashion the sheepskin *shoubas*. They hem-stitch the ends of towels and tablecloths, and work them with flax-thread in various patterns, and finish them with knotted fringe, or with lace of their own manufacture—patient drudges—often the real saints of the calendar—but whose recognition and reward are not of this world. Occasionally one is seen with an exquisitely fair and lovely face, but as a rule they have far less beauty than the men, and their poor,

rough attire when abroad—shapeless boots, scanty skirts, jackets of sheepskin or wadded cloth and hood-like handkerchiefs—would obscure the charms of Venus herself.

The most common articles of food are rye bread, fish or cabbage soup, salted cucumbers, caviare made from the roes of the sturgeon, with onions or garlic flavoring almost every dish. Meat is more rarely eaten, and even if they could obtain it the Church fasts prohibit it for over a third of the year. So rigidly are these fasts kept, that among the orthodox neither lard nor butter nor milk nor eggs are used, and many even avoid sugar because it is clarified with blood, and take honey in its stead; while for olive oil, too expensive to be commonly employed, hemp-seed oil is substituted, which when fresh is sweet and palatable. The favorite beverages are tea (decoctions of various herbs and pepper-water sweetened with honey are used when Chinese tea cannot be procured); *Yuass*, a fermented liquor made by pouring boiling water on to black bread, or rye or barley meal; and *vodky*, the whisky of the country. Drunkenness is their especial vice; but intoxication never makes them quarrelsome—they sing, they embrace each other, they sit in a stupid maze, but they do not fight or rave—and it is so common, even among the priests, that little disgrace attaches to it.

Marriages were formerly contracted very early in life, and the young people disposed of as suited parents and guardians. Up to the time of Peter the Great, women were kept in almost Eastern seclusion. Seeing in his foreign tour the advantages of society, this monarch, to the scandal of the old Russians, introduced social parties and receptions after the fashion of the West. Thus the old order

of things was broken up, never to be restored; but something of the past still lingers, and many marriages are yet arranged by outside persons, with simple assent from the parties themselves. As Abraham said to his



JEW OF COURLAND.

servant, "Go, and take a wife for my son Isaac;" so these Russian patriarchs say to some wise-woman who makes a trade of matrimony, "Go and find a wife with a good dowry for my son," or, "Seek me out a suitable husband for my daughter." To remedy, however, the evils resulting from too early marriages, the law now provides that the bride must be sixteen and the bridegroom eighteen years of age. This law is supplemented by the apparently useless regulation that no man beyond eighty, or woman beyond sixty, can marry. Second and third marriages must pay the penalty of two and five years' absence from Holy Communion, and no orthodox Russian can contract a fourth. Nor can marriage take place during the Church fasts, nor at any time unless the parties have duly confessed and communicated during the previous year. The marriage of cousins is

forbidden, and great care is taken as to registers and certificates, so that bigamy is almost impossible. A secret marriage is invalid; and up to the age of twenty-one, the time of legal majority, neither son nor daughter can marry without the parents' consent.

The dowry of a Russian girl is a most important thing. The poorer people begin in the very infancy of their daughters to hoard it up for the



PEASANT'S WAGON.

wedding-day, and the attractions of the maiden are not seldom measured by her store of spoons and linen. Each cottage has its brass-bound chest, receptacle of the family goods; and here is laid away every piece of home-spun cloth, and every purchase at fair or market that can be spared for the daughter's portion. Great importance is attached to the ornamented towels, and it was an old custom for the newly-made bride to present one to the lord of the manor, who in return gave her a handkerchief enclosing a small sum of money. Unmarried women are the exceptions here; and those who through extreme plainness, or deformity, or illness are precluded from marriage, are known as "Christ brides;" and if they are poor and able to work, they are often trained to be readers of prayers for the dead, during the interval between the death and the funeral—a sad life, cut off from ties of personal affection, and always in the house of mourning.

Betrothal—the exchange of rings, and the blessing and prayers of a priest in the presence of friends—usually precedes marriage, and is equally binding.

The same religious ceremonies attend the wedding of the peasant as of the Czar; nay, if many couples present themselves in church at one time, they are not wedded, as is often the case in England, by a single reading of the service; but separately they must prostrate themselves before the altar-screen; and hold the lighted candles; and inhale the odor of the incense; and listen to chant and prayer and litany; and exchange the rings of betrothal; and be crowned with the silver crowns—pressing the medallion of Christ to their lips; and taste three times the cup of wine and water in memory of the miracle of Cana; and, walking slowly, make thrice the circle of the church, as token of the eternity of their union; and thrice kiss each other and receive the benediction. The wedding feasts are often riotous, and not unfrequently the bride's whole dowry is spent in eating and drinking during the week which follows. A wretched practice, and yet, poor woman! it is not strange that she is willing to make the most of the occasion, for thenceforth her life is one of sober toil. Among the better classes, also, gayety rules the

hour. Balls and parties are given, and friends vie with each other in elegance and display. The young bride returns her calls in a light bonnet trimmed with feathers (not worn by the unmarried), and at home decorates her hair with some dainty lace or muslin which represents the matron's cap; but, should she die childless, her parents can reclaim her dowry.

Birth and death, as well as marriage, the Greek Church invests with symbols and solemnities. When an infant is a day old, a priest is summoned to give it a name and read prayers for the recovery of the mother. The calendar is searched, and the name of some saint chosen whose festival falls within the week of the child's nativity; at least this is the proper and pious mode of procedure. The one selected becomes thenceforth the patron saint, the angel of the boy or girl; and the festival day is his or her name's day, a day for pleasure and gifts and congratulations. Thus the present Emperor bears the name of St. Alexander Nevski, and his name's day is by our calendar, which is twelve days in advance of the Russian, the 11th of September—a day for illuminations and rejoicings throughout the Empire. These days are begun by devout attendance on mass; then an entertainment is provided for friends who, to show their interest, drop in without special invitation, and the evening is concluded with mirth and dancing. In a Russian's eyes his angel is most precious and potent; a sacred intelligence watching over all his life, and waiting to receive him when it is ended. Sometimes two or three in one family bear



WIND-MILL OF COURLAND.

the same name, and then the day is doubly celebrated.

Excepting in a few great families, where it



PEASANT GIRL.

has been settled by special statute, the law of primogeniture does not prevail in Russia, but all the sons take the rank of the father and share his estate.

There is no such word as baby in Russ; but the language is rich in diminutives, and by one of these the little one is thenceforth called. Boris becomes Borinka; Romàn, Romanoushka; Alexis, Alëshinka; Olga, Olinka; Agrafena, Grousha; and so on with numberless variations. The baby's cradle is the *liulka*, a small soft couch suspended by leather straps from the ceiling, and curtained about, with print in the hut, with silk in the hall, a warm nest which, at the least touch, rocks up and down. Until they are six or eight months old most infants are swathed, for sleep, in long bands of linen. The old nurse who guards babe and mother lavishes on the child the tenderest expressions; calls it her "Christ's child," her "General," and will let no one interfere with its slumbers.

As soon as may be, the christening takes place. Among the upper classes it is usually performed at home, the font being brought from the church for the purpose; but to the

church itself the peasants go, and sometimes, on sunny Sabbath mornings when there is a market in the town, the nave is filled with children and their nurses and god-parents—for father and mother neither witness baptism nor marriage of their own offspring; a strange custom, dating back to ancient times, and which doubtless had, in the beginning, some significance. It is a complicated service. There are prayers and questions and responses, the repeating of the Nicene Creed, Bible readings, litanies and amens. The child is brought quite naked, but in soft wrappings, and at the proper moment is taken by the priest and completely immersed three separate times in the warm water of the font, for the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. Then it is arrayed in a white garment which the godmother has prepared; and about its neck, attached to a silken cord or ribbon, is hung the cross given by the godfather, and of gold, or silver, or brass, as his means may allow; the cross which thenceforth it must always wear. After a half-hour of ceremonies the tired child is carried by the godfather to its waiting mother, glad to be fed and swathed and put to sleep in its *liulka*. If it slumbers long and peacefully, she predicts for it a prosperous life. At forty days old she takes it with her to her "churching," for its first Communion. The drop of wine is administered; the little mouth wiped by the Deacon with a silken napkin; and then the priest presses its face to the pictures of the altar-screen and exclaims: "The servant of God, Constantine (or whatever the name may be), is admitted into the Church of Christ." Carrying the infant behind the screen, he repeats the same in solemn tones, and thenceforth it is an orthodox Russian.*

If such preparation as this is needful for an exchange of worlds, it behooves Russian parents to have no delay, since statistics show that two-thirds of the peasant children die



GIRL ON THE ROAD.

* Romanoff's *Rites and Customs of the Greco-Russian Church*.

before they are a year old. Their rough life, now in the hot close rooms, now exposed to the freezing air, destroys the feeble ones, while it hardens the strong and leaves them to grow up into robust men and women. When quite young they are unrestricted, and lead a petted, care-free life; but they are seldom rude or quarrelsome.

There is much superstition among the peasantry, and charms and spells are often resorted to for the cure of ague and other ills from which they suffer. An Easter-egg which has lain for three years on the shelf beneath the pictures of the saints; cinders that have been in the censer during three liturgies for the repose of a soul; a wax taper which has burned at certain matins and vespers, are favorite charms; and, worn about the neck in a case attached to the cord that holds the cross, they are supposed to have healing power. In the country most of the diseases of women and children are treated by women. In every town there is a "lady's nurse" educated at St. Petersburg or Moscow, and provided by Government. The poor have their own *baboushkas*, wise-women who suffice for their ordinary needs, and who have great influence in the families of their acquaintance. For the old nurse the housewife makes the cup of fragrant tea, and then, sitting by the deal table, pours into her listening ears the story of household troubles and anxieties, while the children gather round, waiting for the nuts or cakes or sun-flower seeds sure to be produced from the visitor's capacious pockets.

Severe illness is borne with a kind of Oriental resignation, and less reliance is placed upon remedies and physicians than with us. If medicine is taken, it is with reverence, the signing of the cross, and a muttered "God bless!" as it is swallowed. The person fatally ill is taken, if possible, to the church to receive the last sacrament; but if this cannot be done, it is administered at home. As death approaches, the pictures of the saints, and lighted tapers are put behind the couch of the dying; or, if it be in a peasant's cabin, he is placed on the bench in the sacred corner; while a little child is held tenderly on



TRAVELING IN ESTHONIA.

a pillow before the holy images, and blessed and signed with the cross till life is gone. Great care is taken that there be no pigeon's feather in the pillow, for then the soul could not part quietly from the body, as the pigeon is "the bird of the Holy Ghost."

Many people prepare their own grave-clothes long beforehand, and elderly women sometimes go to communion in their burial attire. When the shroud is put on, a picture of the Saviour or some saint is laid upon the breast; the hands are crossed, holding a taper; the tall crucifix and candlesticks with candles are brought from the church to stand and burn about the coffin; and night and day until the funeral, an ordained reader, with an associate in wealthy houses,—a peasant man or woman instructed for the purpose among the poor,—keeps his station beside the body, intoning the Psalter and prayers; while friends throng in to look at the deceased and offer their condolence. Twice a day, while the body remains at home, the priest comes to sing a requiem. The face of the dead is uncovered, and in sombre attire the listening mourners cross themselves and weep at the touching words with which it closes:

"With the saints let the soul of Thy deceased servant, O Lord, rest in peace, and keep him in everlasting remembrance."

The relatives and friends in procession accompany the body to the church, and all whom they meet, strangers or acquaintances, uncover the head and cross themselves, and wish repose to his soul. Arrived at the church the coffin is deposited before the altar-screen, while the mourners stand about it with lighted tapers in their hands; and with odor of incense and fervent ejaculations the burial

service proceeds. When it is over the priest reads from a paper a prayer for absolution, printed in Slavonic, and then places it in the hand of the dead; while a band of satin or paper with golden cherubim and some sacred text upon it, is fastened around the brow. Then the last kiss is given, the coffin is closed and borne to the church-yard, and beside the grave the family wait—each throwing a handful of earth within—until the kindly sods are replaced upon the mound.

Meantime at home the house is washed and set in order, and an abundant dinner prepared for the friends; while in the kitchen or some out-house a table is spread for the beggars who always crowd to a funeral, and who, on such occasions, are treated as guests and waited upon by the family. Their dinner is first served, and then the household, with relatives and priests and deacons, sit down to their own. Those who can afford it have mass and matins performed, and give alms to beggars for forty days. At the fortieth day the funeral services are almost repeated, and if a will was left it is then read. On the anniversary of the death, and on the name's day of the deceased, requiems are performed for them; but not for little children, as they are deemed innocent up to the age of seven or eight years, when they go to confession. Dying before that time, they are spoken of as "the sinless babe, Vera;" or, "the guiltless babe, Dimitry."

There are two days in spring called "Parents' days," which are especially devoted to the memory of the dead. Then the mourners repair to the church-yards to bewail their lost friends and to have requiems sung over the graves, and beggars hasten thither to receive the alms which are given for the benefit of the souls of the departed. The peasants carry eggs, cakes, curds, anything of which their relative was especially fond.

and eat them by the grave for remembrance. Madame Romanoff mentions seeing on one of these days a group of peasants even sipping whisky upon the mound, and saying: "May the kingdom of heaven be his! he loved a drink, the deceased!" The most common monument is a wooden cross, with date and name cut upon it. Those of more elegance have the inscription in golden Slavonic letters upon a green ground.

The love of music is universal. At work or at leisure the peasant sings; and song and dance lighten the dreary monotony of his life, whether he hunt, or fish, or guide his boat along the slow-moving rivers, or till the colorless fields. Of other amusements there are few. Swings and seesaws, especially at Easter; sledge-parties in winter, and the talk and gossip of the markets and bazars make up the sum. Among the higher classes card-playing is universal. Politeness characterizes the people in their intercourse with each other. "Good father," "good mother," are terms of address to elderly people; and the latter, *matushka*, is used sometimes to the Empress. The superior calls the inferior "good brother," and a child is spoken to as "my little soul," "my pretty dove," "my angel Fédia" (Feodor). How much we may expect when education and favoring circumstances come to the aid of these natural graces!

The Act of Emancipation was proclaimed on the 19th of February, 1861, and read upon the same day in all the churches of the Empire. The mass of the serfs had been too long in slavery, and were too ignorant to appreciate at once their new position; but in Saint Petersburg and Moscow there were thousands who, by paying yearly tribute to their masters, had gained the right to become merchants, mechanics, coachmen, servants, and some of them had thus accumulated large

fortunes. Yet, knowing that the pleasure of the master could at any moment call them back to servitude, they hailed with delight the breaking of their chains. With shouts of joy they greeted the Emperor as he went to the Kazan church to listen to the reading of the Emancipation ukaz. They sent him addresses overflowing with loyalty and gratitude. They gathered in the tea-houses and the whisky-shops to celebrate their triumph. They embraced each other, and 'companies pa-



IN THE SNOW.



ICE-BOAT ON THE DÜNA.

rated the streets singing, "*Volyushka! Volyushka!*"—"Darling Freedom!"

Eleven years have now passed during which there has been steady improvement in their condition. More than three-fourths of their number have availed themselves of the law by which they could obtain land in their own right or hold it at a moderate lease, and every branch of industry has received large accessions from their number. The new laws regarding land do not interfere with their old communal rights; they only fix the limits of the soil belonging to the former proprietor and to the commune. All local affairs are settled, as before, by Communal Assemblies held three times a year, and to which every five houses can elect a deputy. These Assemblies have power of appeal to the Czar and the Ministry. Measures for the better instruction of the people followed their emancipation. Large sums were appropriated for the founding of village schools, the payment of teachers, the purchase of scientific instruments, and of books and paper for the poorer peasants. Of course many of them were stupidly inappreciative; but great numbers embraced their new opportunities with eagerness, glad to forget the time when, if one man in the village could write his name, he shook hands with his neighbors in token of delegated power, and then signed their contracts. When another generation, born to manhood and properly trained and educated, shall come upon the scene, we shall begin to know of what this Slavonic race is capable.

Of the old cities of Northern Russia—Pskof, Novgorod, Tver, and the rest—only two, Tver and Jaroslavl, have more than twenty-five thousand inhabitants; but about wall and dome and tower cluster memories of Tartar invasions, and Polish sieges, and civil wars, and of miraculous interpositions for the safety of Holy Russia. These cities are built principally of wood, with cathedral and monasteries, and perhaps the modern Government buildings, of stone. They manufacture leather, and linen, and paper, and cordage, and soap, and nails, and candles, and have annual fairs which are the resort of the surrounding country. Grandest among them, in ancient days, was Novgorod the Great, spread over an area of forty miles, and having a population of nearly half a million, "the mart town of all Moscovie, and in greatness beyond Moscow." Here the first Sovereigns of the line of Rurik established themselves; here in the latter part of the fourteenth century money began to be coined in place of the skins and pieces of leather which had been the medium of traffic; and here, in 1862, was celebrated the thousandth anniversary of the Empire. The republicans among the people had high hopes that on that day, in the cradle of Russian power, a Constitution might be given to the country. But this was not the policy of the Government. A military pageant, a ball, and a monument set up in honor of the occasion were all that characterized it. Novgorod had grown rich and powerful through its extensive trade.



A DINNER OF CABBAGE SOUP.

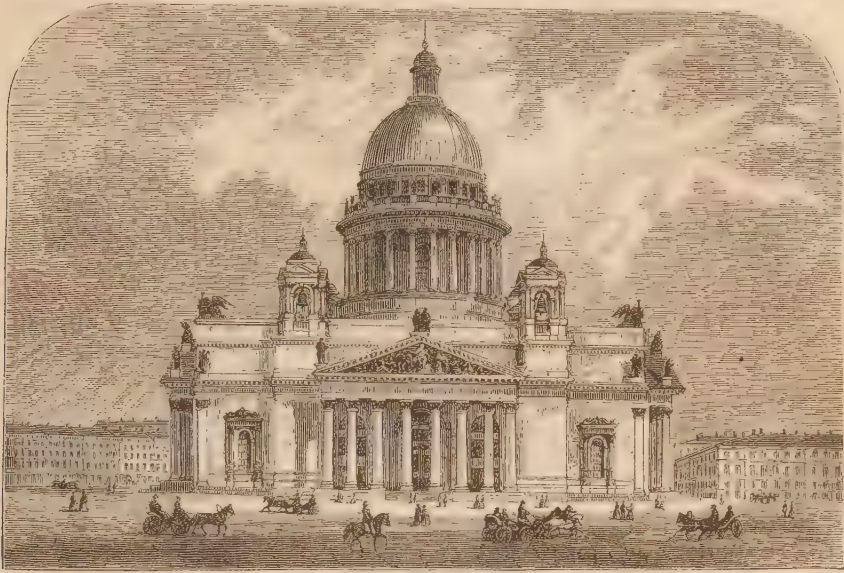
The free city of the North, it elected its princes without regard to the Grand Dukes of Russia; but in the fifteenth century, after a terrible conflict, it was subdued by John the Great, and its treasures and many of its principal inhabitants were carried to Moscow. Even its Veché bell, which had so often summoned its people to deliberate upon the affairs of the city, was suspended in his tower in the Kremlin. With its many domes and spires, Novgorod still looks imposing as you approach it from a distance; but, entering, you see wide, desolate streets, and empty courts and squares, across which the shadows of the church towers fall, and through whose silent spaces the winds blowing over the Volkhoff sing dirges for the glory departed.

Pskof, the Hanse town, inferior only to Novgorod in trade and importance, has a similar story of subjugation by the Moscow Sovereigns, and is to-day a little provincial city with only the pride of the past to sustain it. Within its kremlin, the Cathedral of the Trinity stands upon the site of a church said to have been built by St. Olga two years after her conversion at Constantinople. Pleasant blending of the past with the present, before her cross, near the altar, hangs a lamp presented by the Grand Duke Constantine, which burns night and day for the namesake of the saint—his daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga, now Queen of Greece. Tver, at the head of navigation on the Volga, and upon the Petersburg and Moscow Railway, accepts the life of to-day, and, leaving its ancient pretensions to slumber with its long line of princes in the cathedral vaults,

betakes itself to the shipping of grain and tallow, and the forging of iron. Near Kostroma was the home of the Royal Romanoffs, and here lived Susanin, the peasant who gave his life to save Michael, the first of the dynasty, from a band of Polish ruffians who had come to murder him. "*Do you think I would sell my Czar?*" said he when they offered him gold to guide them to the estate. To reward his devotion a large tract of land, with many privileges, was made over to his daughter and her heirs, and the Emperor Nicholas raised here a statue in his honor. The popular Russian play, "*Life for the Czar,*" is founded upon this story of Susanin. Here, too, was born Osip Komisaroff, who at St. Petersburg, on the fourth of April, 1866, saved the Emperor Alexander II. from assassination, and has since borne the name of Komisaroff Kostromsky. At Uglicht the young Prince Dimitry, last of the line of Rurik, was put to death; and a tall silver candlestick, presented by the town, stands near his coffin in the Archangel cathedral at Moscow. Jaroslavl, on the Volga, is perhaps at present the most prosperous of these old cities, having a vast bazar and sharing the commerce of the river. It owned extensive lands, with several thousand serfs, and at their emancipation it received large pecuniary compensation. The population of Jaroslavl is purely Russian, and its women are famed for their beauty. Vladimir, long the residence of the early Grand Dukes, is of consequence now chiefly because it lies on the road to the fairs of Nijni Novgorod and



A BROOM-SELLER.



ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL.

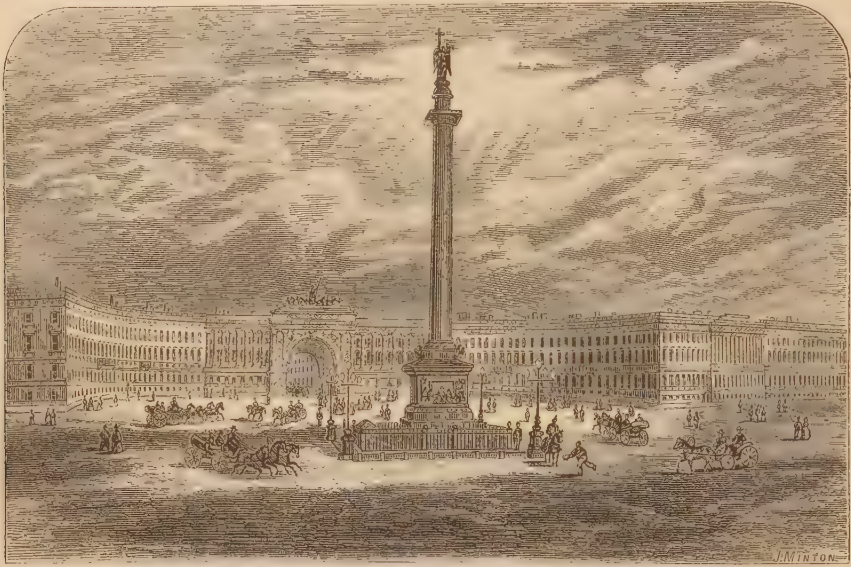
Irbis. It is near the northern limit of fruit, and cherries and apples are found in its market. Viatka and Vologda, colonies of Great Novgorod, are simply the capitals of the broad, thinly-settled provinces to which they belong.

Of the towns which have become important in more modern days, the principal are Nijni Novgorod, at the confluence of the Volga and the Oka, the seat of the great fair; Perm, far in the east, on the Kama, thriving on the Siberian trade; and Rybinsk, on the upper Volga, where the immense stores of grain and tallow and skins brought up the river are transferred to barges and smaller boats for the canals that lead to the Baltic. For the streams are still the highways of Russia. Railroads as yet are few; and off the post routes the inhabitants must wait for snow and sledge to transport their produce to market or water-side. Winter is here the season of activity.

The traveler going from Moscow to the Baltic sees the rolling country subside into dreary levels. The firs and birches grow smaller. A dull misty sky hangs over the landscape, and from the north blows a lamenting wind that makes him picture the wretched land beyond, where tree and shrub have disappeared, and vast fields of snow lie beneath the darkness or the low sun of the poles, their white expanse rippled into waves by the Arctic gales. Suddenly a splendid city appears on the horizon—a city with gilded domes and piercing spires and long

avenues, linking the Neva islands and reaching far out on the plain—St. Petersburg—Pride of Russia!

Why did the great Peter choose this unpromising swamp for the site of his new town? Because Archangel was inaccessible for nine months of the year; because he wished to approach Europe rather than Asia, and his port on the Sea of Azof being in the midst of Asiatic tribes, the mouth of the Neva was then the most desirable spot on Russian soil. It was in May, 1703, that he began the city by building a small fort on Vassili Island, one of the cluster of islands in the delta of the Neva. The poor Finns of the newly acquired district, prisoners of war, and thousands of peasants from the remote regions of the Empire, were drafted to transform the malarious marsh into a spot habitable for man. Multitudes died yearly from the effects of exposure, of the severity of the climate, and of superstitious fear; for the ruling priests and monks abhorred Peter's innovations, and represented his new city to the people as "one of the mouths of hell." But steadily the work went on. Forests were buried in the mud; the soil was drained and raised; a certain proportion of the inhabitants of other towns were compelled to make it their abode; and, as when St. Mark's was building, every vessel leaving Venice for the East was obliged to bring back marbles and pillars for the cathedral, so for years no ship or cart could come to Petersburg without bringing



ALEXANDER COLUMN.

stones for the paving of its streets. Now it stands nearly sixty feet above the Baltic level; the islands and the river shores are covered with massive buildings or transformed into gardens planted with limes and birches and every shrub that can live in northern air; the Neva is walled with granite, and the inundating tide poured down from Lake Ladoga is lessened by canals fed from the stream; while its high latitude and the strong fortress of Cronstadt protect it from invasion.

The larger and nobler part of the city is on the south bank of the Neva, and its center is the Admiralty Square facing the river. In this Square are the buildings for State purposes—the War Office, the Senate, the Synod where questions relating to the Church are settled—all the establishments for the official business of the Empire. The Admiralty is a huge pile of buildings, half a mile in length, devoted to the uses of the Navy. Above it is the Winter Palace, with a grand ascent from the Neva, the largest and stateliest of the palaces of Europe, where the Emperor and the thousands who attend him find ample space for the splendors and duties of the Court. Here, in a guarded room, blaze the Crown jewels—choicest treasures of the Oural mines; spoils of Asiatic conquest; gifts of lesser sovereigns trembling at the power of the Czars. By covered galleries the Palace communicates with the Hermitage—the Louvre of Russia—a storehouse of ancient and modern art, where all the schools

are represented, but where as yet there are few pictures or statues by native artists. In front towers the Alexander Column, whose shaft of red Finland granite rises eighty-four feet, without fluting or ornament, and upbears a bronze angel holding a cross, which, with the pedestal, also of bronze, gives to the whole almost twice that height above the pavement of the square. The only inscription it bears is: "To Alexander the First, Grateful Russia." Below the Admiralty, and near the river, is the famous equestrian statue of Peter the Great, erected in the reign of Catharine II. The great boulder on which his horse is rearing was found eleven miles away, in a morass of Finland. This immense rock, forty-five feet in length and thirty in height, lying detached and alone in the swamp, was looked upon with awe by the finders, and their amazement was increased when, on breaking off a portion which a lightning stroke had shattered, crystals, agates, amethysts, and other valuable stones were found embedded in the mass. Of these stones, and of other chippings of the rock, many little articles were made—bracelets, rings, snuff-boxes, cane-heads—and sold at high prices throughout the Empire. With vast labor and trouble the boulder was removed to the city; and though reduced in size by after cutting, it remains a noble base for the spirited rider who, clad in half-boots and flowing vest, sits on a housing of bearskin and extends his right hand in benediction. His head, uncovered and crowned with laurel, was modeled by

Marie Collot, a young French lady, who, through the reputation thus gained, made a fortune in Russia by her portrait busts, and eventually married the son of M. Falconet, the designer of the statue.

The finest place in the Square is occupied by the glory of Russian churches, the Cathedral of St.

Isaac. A church had always stood upon this site, but the Emperor Alexander I. resolved to erect one here which should rival the famous cathedrals of western Europe. Begun in 1819, it was completed and dedicated with great solemnity in 1858. Seventy millions of dollars are said to have been expended upon it, no small portion of which was employed in making the ground solid with piles, and in gilding the domes with ducat-gold. Built of red Finland granite, in the form of a Greek cross, its four equal sides are adorned with porticoes copied from the Pantheon, but



MONUMENT TO SUSANIN.



NIKOLAI BRIDGE.

of grander proportions, their columns being monoliths with a height of sixty and a diameter of seven feet. Similar columns uphold the great central dome, with its glittering cross; four lesser domes surround it, each at an angle of the roof; and the bases and capitals of the columns, and the groups of figures in the pediment, are of darkest bronze; the whole rich and somber in effect—a temple fit to face the Alexander Column, the great monolith of the world. The interior has the same massive symmetry and almost gloomy splendor. Pillars of malachite and lapis lazuli uphold the altar-screen; the altar itself is of these beautiful stones, adorned with gold; and the saints, shrined in mosaic and silver-gilt along the walls, look down upon a perpetual burning of tapers and offering of prayers.

Across the river is Vassili Island, the center of commerce, with the Bourse, the Academy of Sciences, the University, and other notable structures facing the stream; and to the north, Citadel Island, with the Fortress and Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul. The dungeons of the Fortress are used for prisoners of State; and the Cathedral, whose gilded lance-like spire lifts its cross almost four hundred feet above the Neva, is the burial-place of the Sovereigns of Russia from the time of Peter the Great, who, when life was done, would sleep nowhere but in the city he had founded. To the right of the Fortress is the wooden cottage of three rooms, where Peter lived and superintended the building of the city. The house is now incased in brick, to protect it from the weather; and his bedroom is converted into

a chapel, where hangs the miraculous image of the Saviour which he bore to the battle of Pultava, and to which devout Russians yet kneel and pray. It was returning from his name's-day devotions at this chapel, April 4th, 1866, that Komisaroff, the journeyman cap-maker, saw in the crowd a pistol aimed at the Emperor, and, seizing the assassin's arm, sent the ball wide of its mark, and saved the life of the Czar. Farther north are other islands, all densely populated, and thick-set with streets or villas surrounded by gardens.

The canals, like the river, are walled with granite and crossed by numerous bridges. Of the three bridges that span the Great Neva, two are built of boats and removed in winter, and only the Nikolai bridge is permanent; crossing the river from a little below the Admiralty to Vassili Island. It is of iron, twelve hundred feet in length, with seven arches supported on granite piers, and a drawbridge at its northern end. The foundations for these piers were made, as on shore, by driving piles close together, row above row, all the way across the channel. Before its erection there were sometimes days together, at the breaking up of the ice, when there was no communication between

the opposite banks. In spite of all that has been done to save the city from floods, the streets are in a wretched condition at the melting of the snows, and a multitude of laborers are employed every spring upon buildings and pavements, repairing the ravages of the frost. The soil is so saturated with water, that it is difficult to make cellars or sewers. Some idea of the winters may be gained by noticing the vast quantities of wood brought to the city to keep its six hundred thousand inhabitants from freezing. It comes by every route of land and water, and the very boats and barges that transport it on the rivers and the canals are, upon arrival, broken up for fuel. The great brick stoves, and the tea-houses where hot tea is dispensed at all hours, are the comforts of the masses.

From the Square of the Admiralty radiate the three principal streets of the city, noted for their width where all are wide. The handsomest of these, the Nevski Prospekt, runs almost in a straight line for three miles, and terminates at the magnificent monastery of Alexander Nevski. Lined with palaces and churches and noble warehouses, planted with lindens and thronged by gay crowds, it is often called the finest street in Europe, and is singularly adapted to military reviews and gorgeous processions such as filled it last June at the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Peter the Great. Here is the center of traffic, the bazar built in the reign of the Empress Elizabeth, an immense structure where, as in the East, every trade has its quarter. Here is the Kazan Cathedral reared under Alexander I., and called in honor of the image of Our Lady of Kazan, which, set in costly stones, adorns the silver screen before the altar. This picture is thought to possess miraculous power, because it was found among the ashes of a conflagration in the old Tartar city whose name it bears. The face is of Southern type, gentle and compassionate, with soft dark eyes. Accurate copies of it are everywhere for sale, and throughout the Empire it is a favorite image. Here, too, is the Imperial Library, with its half-million volumes, and its collection of manuscripts more valuable than any other, unless it be that of the Vatican at Rome.

Along the Nevski rolls the varied



OUR LADY OF KAZAN.

tide of Petersburg life—pedestrians of every nationality of the realm ; mounted Cossacks, and officers resplendent with gold lace and orders ; elegant barouches, on whose luxurious cushions recline titled ladies borne swiftly to their round of visits or morning drive ; *troikas*, whose two horses trot briskly together, while the third, his head at right angles to them, gallops at the side ; *droiskies*, which the Marquis de Custine aptly calls summer sledges, so low and small and convenient are they ; policemen ; companies of soldiers ; groups of peasants ; coachmen ; porters ; beggars ; all, with their peculiar attire and strange speech, making up a panorama which you must go to the Neva to behold.

Colossal works on every side, power, splendor, novelty ; yet the misty skies, the low sun, which gives always the semblance of waning day, the dull tints of sea and shore,

the melancholy wind blowing through the broad, level, monotonous streets, make it a sombre city during the milder half of the year. But when winter comes, with its pale blue sky ; when the snow falls thick on the plain ; when the Neva is a mass of ice and the favorite drive and race-course ; when flying sledges fill the streets, and all who pass are wrapped in wool or furs ; when, under the patronage of the Government, the great theaters display their attractions, and the rarest singers of the world beguile the long evenings with perfect song ; when the huge stuccoed stoves, and hot-air flues running through the walls, and grates heaped with English coal diffuse a genial warmth through the stately mansions where flowers blossom as if in their native air, and the rank and fashion and wit and beauty of the Empire are gathered ; then St. Petersburg is brilliant, imposing, unrivaled, the Miracle of the North.

DAYS OF VANITY.

A DREAM that waketh,
Bubble that breaketh,
Song whose burden sigheth,
A passing breath,
Smoke that vanisheth,—
Such is life that dieth.

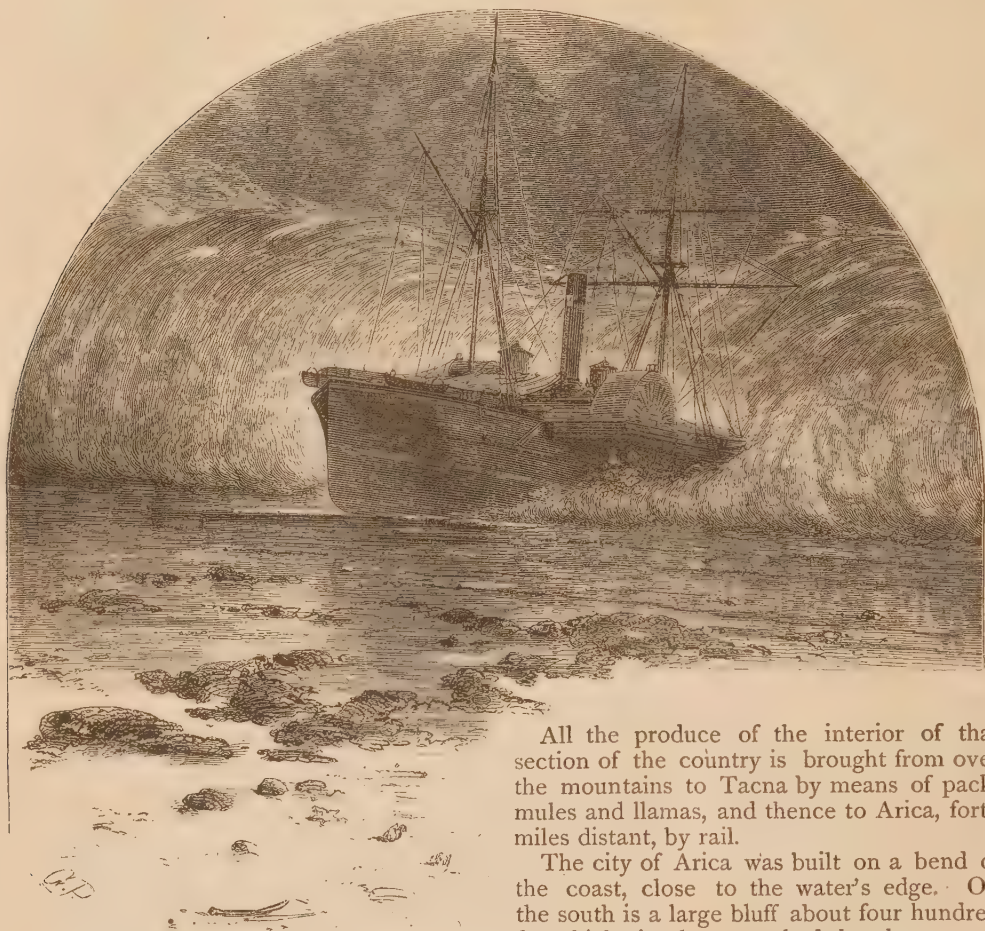
A flower that fadeth,
Fruit the tree sheddeth,
Trackless bird that flieth,
Summer-time brief,
Falling of the leaf,—
Such is life that dieth.

A scent exhaling,
Snow waters failing,
Morning dew that drieth,
A sudden blast,
Lengthening shadow cast,—
Such is life that dieth.

A scanty measure,
Rust-eaten treasure,
Spending that naught buyeth,
Moth on the wing,
Toil unprofiting,—
Such is life that dieth.

Morrow by morrow
Sorrow breeds sorrow,
For this my song sigheth ;
From day to night
We pass out of sight,—
Such is life that dieth.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT ARICA.



THE WATEREE AND THE TIDAL WAVE.

YEARS ago, in the present harbor of Lisbon, I looked down through the water upon the ruins of the famous old city,—upon the graves of sixty thousand human beings, who within the space of six minutes were hurled to destruction.

I did not then suppose that in a few short months it would be my fortune to witness a similar disturbance in nature only inferior to that of Lisbon in 1755.

It was my lot to be ordered on board the U. S. steamer *Waterree*, in the beginning of the year 1868, for a cruise in South Pacific waters. In the month of August of that year we lay at anchor in the port of Arica. This city, situated in Lat. $18^{\circ} 28'$ S. and Long. $70^{\circ} 24'$ W., ranks next after Callao among the seaports of Peru.

All the produce of the interior of that section of the country is brought from over the mountains to Tacna by means of pack-mules and llamas, and thence to Arica, forty miles distant, by rail.

The city of Arica was built on a bend of the coast, close to the water's edge. On the south is a large bluff about four hundred feet high, its base washed by the waves. The outer face of this bluff is perpendicular, and, having a whitish color, it forms a good landmark for vessels entering the port. It is the terminus of a portion of the coast range, and is termed by the people the "morro." Stretching back from the sea, the coast range runs around the rear of the city, and as it extends to the northward it leaves a barren sandy plain of several miles in width between its foot and the suburbs of the city.

The houses of Arica were generally built of adobe and rushes, one story high, though there were a few of stone and others of wood of more pretentious appearance; but in all cases they were made with a view to resist the shocks of earthquake to which the place is so liable. A large custom-house stood close to the water's edge, built of stone and presenting a fine appearance from shipboard, and farther back a church with two lofty stee-

ples. These two buildings were the only ones whose exteriors were at all prepossessing. But though the nature of the country did not permit exterior embellishments, the interiors of the houses of the more wealthy were luxuriously furnished.

Society in the city was very pleasant and attractive, and the people were most hospitable, especially to American naval officers. Parties and hops were of frequent occurrence on shipboard and on shore. Tacna, too, was of easy access, for the president of the railroad gave general passes to all the officers. Friendly boat-races between Americans and Peruvians often added interest to our life there, and the perfect harmony of feeling that existed was fully exemplified on our respective Independence days, when the celebrations would be entered into with the greatest zest by all.

An occasional shock of earthquake was felt at times, causing a momentary panic, but, as it passed with no serious results, it was soon forgotten, as others had been.

At five o'clock on the afternoon of the 13th of August, 1868, the first shock of the great earthquake was felt at Arica. No premonitory symptoms indicated that anything of the kind was about to take place. The sky presented no remarkable appearance, the air felt as usual, and everything seemed quiet and safe. This first shock alarmed every one in the city. It was the most severe one they had experienced for years. It shook down many houses, and damaged others. The

first impulse of people in countries subject to these visitations is to fly from their houses and seek safety in the open squares. The inhabitants of Arica followed this impulse. No sooner were their houses felt swaying over them than they dropped everything and rushed into the streets.

The sensation on board the vessels in the harbor was very peculiar. A trembling of the ships from stem to stern was experienced, very similar to that caused by lowering a heavy boat. Those on board had but to look to the shore to see the cause, for the fallen buildings, and frightened people running in every direction, gave evidence that it was an earthquake of unusual violence. The ships seemed perfectly safe; there was no danger there of anything falling, and the water showed no signs of disturbance. It was as calm and unruffled as a miniature lake. Hardly a breath of wind was blowing, merely light airs that were scarcely felt.

The first shock over, many returned to their unprotected houses. They hoped and trusted that no further shock would be felt.

On board the different vessels the fears of a tidal wave were in a measure quieted, as no disturbance of the water was visible. Still, the batteries and all heavy articles the moving about of which might endanger the ships were made secure; tarpaulins were placed at hand, and every arrangement perfected for battening down the hatches.

It was nearly half-past five when the second and severer shock was experienced.



ARICA BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE.



A NATIVE.

It was preceded by a low rumbling, like distant thunder, and came upon the doomed city with only that slight warning. The affrighted inhabitants again rushed from their houses and sought safety on the hills and in every open space where they would be free from the falling buildings. Many escaped in season, while others, in their anxiety to save a few of their household treasures, or in their agonizing fear unable to run or even to move, were buried in the ruins.

The scene from shipboard was peculiarly awful. The shock was felt most sensibly and the falling houses distinctly seen. An immense mass of earth was shaken from the "morro," and falling with a fearful thud, it sent up such a cloud of dust as to envelop the whole city and hide it from the sight of those on the ships. This cloud slowly drifted to leeward, and revealed a city in ruins. Now, for the first time, a commotion of the water was noticed. It receded a short distance, and then returned beyond the highest tide-mark. The mole extending from the shore into deep water was crowded with people, and as they saw the water rising to engulf them, they stood an instant like so many wild animals at bay; and then, with an agonized cry of "la mer!" "la mer!" (the sea! the sea!), rushed over and through the ruins to the hills. But alas for the rear of that surging crowd! The water overtook them, and, sweeping them from their feet, left them struggling for their lives in a floating mass of débris that twisted and turned in every direction. Some were picked up by boats, a few

were washed ashore, while many others, after desperate struggles, went down and were seen no more.

The appearance of the water at this time was most singular. It was perfectly smooth, and apparently free from any disturbing force. As it rushed in and out, it seemed to be merely rising and falling, as though there were two immense pipes underneath that alternately fed and discharged the sea. Currents and counter-currents were noticeable in every direction. Masses of drifting ruins would rush by each other in opposite directions; and the boats, into which some had clambered on being overtaken by the water, were swept hither and thither, entirely out of the control of the occupants.

Boats from the U. S. Steamer *Waterlee* and the Peruvian corvette *America* were sent to pick up the unfortunates who were still clinging to trees, masses of earth, or whatever would support them in the water. Though some were thus saved, the greater number were finally left to their fate, for, as the boat neared them, they were caught by a current and swept hopelessly away.

The boats themselves, pulled as they were by strong sailors, could hardly reach their ships. One, indeed, from the *Waterlee*, after regaining the ship by almost superhuman exertions, carried away its tow-line and was again swept away. In vain the crew struggled to return. Pull as they would, and encouraged as they were by a brave young officer with them, they were vanquished by the strength of the rushing water, and, as a last resource, they brought up alongside of the Peruvian ship *America*, where they were afterwards placed in the greatest danger.

Those on shore who had escaped from the water and falling buildings were gathered on the hills adjacent to the city. Frightened and trembling, at every successive shock they threw themselves on the ground, and stretching out their arms in the form of a cross, sent up their supplications to Heaven.

So ignorant were the greater part; that they believed the last day had come; and indeed it was a belief that found a place in the minds of many others. Such appalling sights were never seen before, and will probably never be seen again by those who then witnessed them. To endeavor to run from an impending danger, and to be unable to stand on the heaving and swaying earth under you—to see this same hitherto stable earth open in immense cracks, whence the water shoots up apparently from the very bowels of the earth, is enough to freeze the blood of the bravest.

It is no wonder that many were paralyzed by the awful spectacle.

The instinct of self-preservation was alone retained. Parents lost sight of their children, husbands of their wives, brothers of their sisters. Several of a family, on being overtaken by the flood, had climbed into a launch and were carried back and forth as the water advanced and receded. One of them had broken his leg, and could not move, so when they were left high and dry in the middle of the plaza, the others jumped out, and, unwilling to leave him, commenced to lift him up in order to carry him with them; but seeing the water again rushing towards them, they dropped the wounded man in the launch again and ran wildly away. The boat was swept back and forth during the whole night, and in the morning it was found beached, its occupant safe, though suffering greatly from his broken limb. More rapidly than can be related the water rushed in and out, each time gaining strength and reaching farther into the city—sweeping the ruins in all directions, and obliterating all traces of street and plaza.

Now came our turn on board the ships.

There was no wind, so sails could not benefit us in leaving the harbor, and of the six vessels there but one had steam-power, the Peruvian ship *America*. The boilers of the *Waterree* had been undergoing repairs, and, as hardly a tube was in place, the idea of steaming to sea was not for a moment considered. The captain of the *America* was on shore, and as there was a scarcity of coal in the bunkers, the executive officer would not use it without authority, so that when the captain reached the ship, after long-continued efforts, it was too late; the currents had become so strong that the ship was at their mercy, and in as imminent danger as any of the sailing vessels.

Each ship was made as secure as possible against any contingency. Both anchors were sent down with long scopes of cable, stern moorings were cast off, and the vessels were left to swing to the currents with the hope that the worst was over.

A little brig was anchored nearest in shore, and as the water receded she quickly rolled over on her beam-ends. Her crew deserted her and endeavored to reach the shore, but the water returned with such frightful rapidity that with hardly an exception they were all engulfed, while their ship, more fortunate, was dashed by the incoming waves farther up the beach. The next morning she was seen standing upright, with yards square and hard-

ly a rope-yarn started, though when last seen in the dusk she was lying on her beam-ends with the waves breaking over her.

Of the larger vessels, the *Chañarcillo*, an English bark, was the first one to suffer in the growing darkness. Her deck-stoppers and compressors gave way, and, as the chain rushed out of her hawse-holes, the friction was so intense that a stream of fire followed in its wake.

On board the *Waterree* one hundred fathoms of chain were out with each anchor, and as one gave way the ship was carried seaward, dragging the other anchor and chain with it. The *Waterree* and *Chañarcillo* were swept so near each other that a person could have jumped from one deck to the other, and a moment after they were carried by the opposing currents in totally different directions. Had they collided, probably both would have immediately sunk.

In the darkness that now prevailed the position of the different ships could only be designated by their lights; these were seen shooting in all directions. The *America* appeared to be steaming around the harbor, and, as she approached the *Fredonia*, the first lieutenant of the latter vessel hailed her through a trumpet, saying—"We are lost without doubt. Why don't you put to sea?" The fact was that the *America* had no steam up at all, but was flying around, wholly unmanageable.

The night was of such inky darkness, that the experience of some of the ships will never be known, as no one on board survived to tell the story. One bark laden with guano must have gone down at her anchors, for not a vestige of her was ever seen nor were any of her crew heard of.

Our experience on the *Waterree* was sufficiently frightful—differing vastly from that of an ordinary shipwreck.

When we lost sight of the other vessels, we watched the land and direction of the ship's head to see whither we were



FRUIT-WOMAN OF ARICA.



U. S. OFFICER'S EARTHQUAKE COSTUME.

being carried. Competent men were stationed at the wheel to keep the bow to the current, with the hope that the ship would thus ride it out without going ashore. Of course hatches were battened down and everything made as secure as possible. The officers paced the deck, discussing the probabilities of the ship being saved. The men were quiet and obedient, and acted throughout the whole of that fearful night in a manner worthy of the highest commendation.

The captain was ashore and unable to reach the ship, so the command devolved upon the executive officer, who conducted himself with such admirable presence of mind and promptitude that even the most faltering hearts were encouraged by the sound of his voice.

Swept by the merciless flood, we were carried in and out,—darting off in one direction only to be caught by another current and sent flying back, perhaps to the very spot from which we started.

For some time we kept well away from the shore and hope crept back to our hearts, for if we could but continue thus till the agitation subsided, the chances would be in our favor.

But at last our time seemed to have arrived. With a frightful thump we struck, broadside on, and the immense bore swept completely over us, carrying many from their feet and half drowning others. On the quarter-deck the water for a few moments was several feet in depth, and those who were there half paddled, half swam, to the

ship's side and climbed into the rigging. Our destruction seemed certain. At one moment we were nearly on our beam-ends, and we expected to be rolled over and submerged in the angry waters, but the next instant we righted, and the wave, receding, left us high and dry, showing the bare ground for a long distance in front of us.

As the tidal wave grew stronger, it assumed a different appearance. As it went out in a body, it would meet a stronger and opposing force coming in, and like ordinary surf on a beach it would be drawn under and return in a solid sea-wall. We stood on the *Wateree's* deck and waited, seeing no chance of deliverance, no escape from our apparent doom. The first indication of the returning wave was a frightful sullen roar, growing louder and louder as it approached, and on our limited horizon we saw a white line of dashing, seething foam rushing on to engulf us. With feelings the most intense we stood waiting, as the flood moved down upon us. Almost breathless, and with nerves strung to their highest tension, we received the shock. For a moment after it struck we could see nothing for the blinding water and spray that enveloped us. And then like a toy in its mighty grasp our vessel was spun around and around, and shot farther in shore with her bows pointing to the sea. Perfect quiet reigned on board. The crew, awe-struck and paralyzed, clung to the life-lines, and their grasp grew convulsive as the shout of the executive officer was heard: "Hold on for your lives!"

Again the water receded; again we were saved, but to us it seemed only a postponement of the death that awaited us. The *America* had gone ashore near us, and the agonizing cries and yells that went up from her decks were so appalling that they sent a shudder through the stoutest heart. Back came the wave with all its fury, and this time, striking us on the bow, it shot up on either side of us, and for a moment hung there like two immense walls that seemed certain to close over us. Our hearts beat wildly at the sight, but, leaving us unharmed, the waves dropped down and took their backward course to the sea.

Until nearly morning the bore rushed in and out, and as it shot by, it seemed nothing but boiling, writhing foam. Its strength was slowly ebbing, and though we were in a state of constant anxiety, we were not floated again. Shock after shock of earthquake was felt, rattling the ship in a frightful manner, and adding to the awfulness of the night.

The *America* was still ashore near us, and, when the water flowed out, many of her crew deserted her and fled to the shore, though in the darkness they could not tell in what direction to turn to find safety. Some of them reached our ship, bringing with them wounded officers, who were attended by our surgeon.

Their captain had been washed overboard and drowned, also their surgeon, and many of the crew. Some firemen and coal-heavers were endeavoring to get up steam, and as the waves went over the ship they were drowned at their posts. No order was maintained on her decks. Officers and crew were alike demoralized. Spars fell from aloft, and the battery went adrift. The midshipman and the boat's crew from the *Waterree*, who were on board the *America*, did more towards the saving the ship and the lives of the crew than any of her own people. The midshipman secured their battery, cut adrift the wreck hanging from aloft, and took charge of the wheel. Too much praise cannot be awarded him for his remarkable skill and bravery on that eventful night. Unfortunately the facts in the case were not fully represented to the Navy Department, and he did not receive his just due. Those who know him appreciate it all, and that must be his only reward. A singular incident occurred on board that ship. A man was washed overboard by a wave, and the ship giving a sudden sheer, he was caught by another and thrown back to the deck, where he was saved.

All through that long, terrible night did the people on shore remain on the hills. There seemed to be hardly a pause between the shocks, so rapidly did one follow the other. Before the rumbling which preceded every shock would be heard, the dogs, by some peculiar instinct, would recognize its approach, and give forth the most unearthly howls, which were signals for the people to throw themselves on the ground with their arms extended like a cross, and send up petitions to their patron saints. Families were scattered, and loved ones missing. Many were injured, and persons with broken limbs and all conceivable contusions were lying on every side.

When morning broke, the sight presented was heart-rending. But two houses were left standing in all Arica, and those were so shaken and mutilated as to be untenable. The incoming sea had washed the ruins in all directions, making it almost impossible to locate any particular spot. It was found, by measurement, that the sea had risen bodily

forty-five feet above high-tide mark, and that the wash of the waves was some fifteen feet higher.

Not a ship was in the harbor. The *Waterree* was nearly five hundred yards in shore, standing perfectly upright, without the loss of a man, save the boat-keeper of the gig, who was ashore in charge of that boat. The *America* was lying at the water's edge, with masts and spars carried away, and in the most deplorable condition. The *Chañarcillo* was on her beam-ends, with every mast out of her—even her decks and cargo gone. She had been evidently rolled over and over by the waves and brought up in that condition. Not a soul on board of her was saved. Nothing was visible of the *Fredonia* but a small piece of floating wreck, on which were two men, the sole survivors. How they clung there the whole night in that boiling sea is still a marvel.

The sight on the beach was most marvelous. One could scarcely think of anything that could not be found there. All kinds of dress-goods for ladies and gentlemen; costly silks, satins, velvets, and cloths; every imaginable ready-made article; wines and liquors of all kinds in endless profusion; pianos and jewsharps; railroad cars and baby carriages—in fact, almost everything that is of use or ornament. There was an immense custom-house in Arica, filled with goods for the interior, and when it broke up, these articles—many in water-tight cases—were carried away by the currents and finally washed ashore. This incongruous collection proved a blessing and



A BELLE OF ARICA.



THE CONFISCATED MULES.

a bane to Arica. It was a blessing, because the people had lost everything in their dwellings. In their hasty flight they could save nothing; and all the clothing they possessed was on their backs. The beach supplied them with materials not only for clothing, but for tents in which they lived on the hills. I saw a beautiful girl—the belle of Arica—with a Crimean shirt for a waist, tucked into the skirt of her dress. She was living in a hut, constructed of four poles with cotton cloth wound around them. The sides of many houses were constructed of large maps of Bolivia, with which the beach was strewn—and the interior partitioned perhaps with broadcloth. The beach furnished them with hats, caps, boots, shoes, handkerchiefs, collars, and underclothing, and they had but to walk there and help themselves.

The liquor lying so profusely in every direction was the bane. For several days the lowest native would drink nothing but champagne, and when that was exhausted they had recourse to whisky and brandy. The riotous scenes that followed were disgusting in the extreme. No order was preserved in Arica, and fatal affrays were of frequent occurrence, until order was finally established by the police of Tacna. Many barrels of beef and pork were washed ashore from the different vessels, and these sustained the people for some time, but at last they came to the *Wateree* begging for food.

Gentlemen and ladies would frequently come, and, asking for some friend among the officers, beg a little hard tack and salt beef, as they "had nothing to eat that day." It was indeed most pitiable to see these people,

at whose houses we had so often been kindly received as guests, reduced to such an extremity. All the provisions that we could spare were given to the authorities to be distributed, and, after the order was issued that no more was to be served out, the officers would supply their friends from their own scanty stock. Relief was at last furnished from Tacna, and Arica's hunger was appeased.

I must not neglect to tell of the dead found in the city and on the beach the morning of the 14th. It was estimated that five hundred persons—one-sixth of the population—lost their lives in the city and harbor. Many were buried in the ruins, some so completely that they could not be extricated. The wife of one of the *Wateree's* officers was hastening from her house, with her husband's arm around her, when a fragment of the opposite building fell, and, striking her on the shoulder, killed her instantly. It is a remarkable fact that her house was one of the two that were left standing the next morning. All the bodies washed ashore were entirely destitute of clothing, it having been fairly torn off by the force of the water. A long search was made for the body of one of the *Fredonia's* officers, and just as we were about to abandon it, some one saw a hand sticking up above the sand, and upon digging down we found the poor fellow's remains. He had been caught there by the flood and the sand had been washed over him. Another of the *Fredonia's* officers had his wife on board. They were both drowned, and left two little children in Callao wholly unprovided for. These children were afterwards sent to the United States by the American officers.

Many have refused to credit the story of mummies thrown up from the earth. It is, however, entirely true. Near the foot of the "morro" the mummies were seen in great numbers—some thrown completely out of the ground, and sitting upright; while some were partially, and others were wholly underground. No one had ever heard of there being anything of the kind in Arica, and the supposition is that they were buried there in the time of the Incas, and had been preserved by some process known to that people. We carried one on board our ship and boxed it up, afterwards sending it to the United States.

Very near this spot, at the water's edge, were found a great many curious golden coins, and as soon as the fact was generally known the place was crowded with people, digging and searching for money. I was told afterwards that the one who first discovered it went there quietly for a few days, and succeeded in finding more than one thousand dollars worth before he was disturbed by outsiders.

Though the shocks continued day after day, more or less severe, no disturbance was noticed on the water, and gradually people became accustomed to them; but when one more severe than usual was felt, a general panic would ensue. The crew of the *Wateree* remained on board ship during the day, and at night slept ashore in tents, and not unfrequently were they awakened by being tossed up and down on the ground. The

men gave no little trouble on account of the liquor so easily obtainable. Officers were armed at all times, and great severity was necessary to keep turbulent spirits in subjection.

The surviving officers of the *America* had a tent near by, and they guarded their ship in a most effective manner. Whenever they saw any one about to go on board of her they would coolly pick up their rifles and fire at him. All day long could we hear the discharge of their arms, and the pattering of the bullets against the *America's* side. It is needless to say that the effect was good, and people were not curious to examine that particular wreck.

As I have stated, the shocks continued day after day, but a greater feeling of safety prevailed, for the undulations grew less frequent and severe each day. The people from the interior valleys, impelled by cupidity rather than restrained by fear of earthquakes, came in crowds to the beach, each with several pack-mules, to collect the goods which were scattered there in all directions. The captain of the *Wateree*, thinking that the owners might at last come forward to claim these goods, ordered his officers to stop any such depredations, and to insist upon the mules being driven to the ship and their packs discharged, a sentry being then placed over them. In some instances this order was effected with difficulty, and only by pointing a revolver at the head of some men could they be brought to terms.



CAST UP BY THE EARTHQUAKE.

There was no water near the ship, so it became necessary to bring it from a running stream, a mile and a half distant. The labor was too arduous to impose on the men, and mules were very much desired. In only one way could we obtain them—by confiscation. And this was done most summarily. A man would be driving by with several of these coveted animals, when suddenly a descent would be made upon him, and he would be left without a mule. This was absolutely necessary, and was done with justice, for the owners were all paid for their detention, and, when the crew left, their property was restored. Of course mules needed food, and as there was no grass nearer than the valleys, men could not always be spared to bring it, so another confiscation took place.

Mule-owners came as far as the ship with a load of grass, but there they would be halted, and their grass tumbled off for our use.

These men, however, were likewise recompensed for their loss.

With the exception of the owners of a large cargo of wool, no one came to claim the goods, and at last the wreckers cleared the beach without molestation. Many of the sailors found articles of value. One told me afterwards that he realized fifteen hundred dollars from his own exertions. Valuable rings, watches, and jewelry were found by many. I saw a man sell a ring for five dollars which he supposed to be glass, worth little or nothing, whereas it was a diamond cluster with five large stones, very old-fashioned setting, and worth at least five hundred dollars. A great many such rare bargains were made by the sharpest of the crew, and the profits they realized were in some cases extraordinary.

We remained in Arica for two long, weary weeks, each day eagerly scanning the horizon for some man-of-war to relieve us.

At the end of that time the United States steamers *Nyack*, *Kearsarge*, *Tuscarora*, and *Powhatan* came in, and the officers and crew of the *Waterlee* and the survivors of the *Fredonia* were distributed among them. Two officers with a few men were left to guard the wreck, while the rest proceeded to Callao. All the smaller articles of equipment were taken from the *Waterlee*—even the howitzers were transferred on mules to the boats; and it was most amusing to see some of the weaker mules stagger along a short distance and finally roll over, howitzer and all.

The costumes of some of the officers, as they left, were very laughable. With old pants tucked into ship's boots, a red shirt with wide collar, broad-brimmed hat slouched over their eyes, and a revolver stuck in a bright-colored sash, they looked more like brigands than "officers and gentlemen."

"How well that *guide* speaks English," said a gentleman connected with the *Powhatan*, pointing to a fellow-officer in one of these outlandish rigs.

Before we sailed we went to say farewell to our friends in their rude village on the hill. As we held out our hands to give the last farewell, the ladies exclaimed, "Non, non, un embrazo, un embrazo!" and clasped us around the neck most heartily, as a last good-by. Many took off little articles of jewelry that they had preserved, and gave them to us as mementoes of their lasting friendship—mementoes religiously preserved by us.

The next year the yellow fever swept through their city and found scores of victims. At distant points on the coast we constantly heard of the death of one dear friend after another.

Unfortunate city! where many were spared one death to fall by another almost as frightful.

THE SINGER'S FRIENDS.

HE roamed the earth with lonely feet ;
 No homestead lured him back ;
 Lands are so full ; life is so sweet ;
 Such skies and suns forever meet
 To make each day's great joy complete ;
 'Twas strange that he so much must lack.

'Twas stranger yet that joy could still
 His bosom overflow ;
 That smallest things his soul could fill
 With ecstasy, and song, whose thrill
 No pain could hinder, or could chill,
 As lonely he went to and fro.

But ever, if there came a day
 Which on his joy and song
 So heavy load of sorrow lay
 That heart and voice could not obey,
 And feet refused the lonely way,
 So lonely, and so hard, and long,—

It always chanced,—though chance is not
 The word when God befriends,—
 That on such days, to him was brought
 Echo from some old song, forgot,
 Which, sudden, made his lonely lot
 Seem cast for worthier, sweeter ends ;

Some stranger whose sad eyes were wet
 With tears would take his hands,
 Saying, " O Singer, my great debt
 To thee I never can forget.
 My grief in thy grief's words was set,
 And comforted forever stands."

Or else,—he heard, borne on the air
 Where merry music rang,
 Making the fair day still more fair,
 Lifting the burden off of care,
 Old words of his, doing their share,
 While happy people laughed and sang.

Or else,—Oh, sacredest of all,
 And sweetest recompense,—
 Love used his words, its love to call
 By name : of his dead joy, the thrall
 Waked live joy still, and could forestall
 Love's utmost passion's subtlest sense.

So when at last, in lonely grave,
 He laid his lonely head,
 No loving heart more tears need crave ;
 Nowhere more sacred grasses wave ;
 All human hearts to whom he gave,
 Grieved like friends' hearts when he was dead.

ARTHUR BONNICASTLE.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.



"ONE THING MORE, PLEASE," I SAID; "I WANT TO TELL YOU THAT I LOVE YOU."

CHAPTER I.

LIFE looks beautiful from both extremities. Prospect and retrospect shine alike in a light so divine as to suggest that the first catches some radiance from the gates, not yet closed, by which the soul has entered, and that the last is illuminated from the opening realm into which it is soon to pass.

Now that they are all gone, I wrap myself in dreams of them, and live over the old days with them. Even the feeblest memory, that cannot hold for a moment the events of to-day, keeps a firm grasp upon the things of youth, and rejoices in its treasures. It is a curious process—this of feeling one's way back to childhood, and clothing one's self again with the little frame—the buoyant, healthy, restless bundle of muscles and nerves—and the old relations of careless infancy. The growing port of later years and the ampler vestments are laid aside; and one stands in his slender young manhood. Then backward still the fancy goes, making the frame smaller, and casting aside each year the changing garments that marked the eras of early growth, until, at last, one holds himself upon his own knee—a ruddy-faced, wondering, questioning, uneasy youngster, in his first trowsers and roundabout, and dan-

dles and kisses the dear little fellow that he was!

They were all here then—father, mother, brothers and sisters; and the family life was at its fullest. Now they are all gone, and I am alone. All the present relations of my life are those which have originated since. I have wife and children, and troops of friends, yet still I am alone. No one of all the number can go back with me into these reminiscences, or give me sympathy in them.

My father was a plain, ingenious, industrious craftsman, and a modest and thoroughly earnest Christian. I have always supposed that the neighbors held him in contempt or pity for his lack of shrewdness in business, although they knew that he was in all respects their superior in education and culture. He was an omnivorous reader, and was so intelligent in matters of history and poetry that the village doctor, a man of literary tastes, found in him almost his only sympathetic companion. The misfortunes of our family brought them only too frequently together; and my first real thinking was excited by their conversations, to which I was always an eager listener.

My father was an affectionate man. His life seemed bound up in that of my mother, yet he never gave a direct expression to his

affection. I knew he could not live without her, yet I never saw him kiss her, or give her one caress. Indeed, I do not remember that he ever kissed me, or my sisters. We all grew up hungry, missing something, and he, poor man, was hungriest of all; but his puritan training held him through life in slavery to notions of propriety that forbade all impulses to expression. He would have been ashamed to kiss his wife in the presence of his children!

I suppose it is this peculiarity of my father that makes me remember so vividly and so gratefully a little incident of my boyhood. It was an early summer evening, and the yellow moon was at its full. I stood out in the middle of the lawn before the house alone, looking up to the golden-orbed wonder, which—so high were the hills piled around our little valley—seemed very near to me. I felt rather than saw my father approaching me. There was no one looking, and he half knelt and put his arm around me. There was something in the clasp of that strong, warm arm that I have never forgotten. It thrilled me through with the consciousness that I was most tenderly beloved. Then he told me what the moon was, and by simplest illustrations tried to bring to my mind a comprehension of its magnitude and its relations to the earth. I only remember that I could not grasp the thought at all, and that it all ended in his taking me in his arms and carrying me to my bed.

The seclusion in which we lived among the far New Hampshire hills was like that in which a family of squirrels lives in the forest; and as, at ten years of age, I had never been ten miles from home, the stories that came to my ears of the great world that lay beyond my vision were like stories of fairy-land. Fifty years ago the echoes of the Revolution and the war of 1812 had not died away, and soldiers who had served in both wars were plenty. My imagination had been many times excited by the stories that had been told at my father's fireside; and those awful people, "the British," were to me the embodiment of cruelty and terror. One evening, I remember, my father came in, and remarked that he had just heard the report of a cannon. The phrase was new and sounded very large and significant to me, and I attributed it at once to the approach of "the British." My father laughed, but I watched the converging roads for the appearance of the red-coats for many days. The incident is of no value except to show how closely

between those green hills my life had been bound, and how entirely my world was one of imagination. I was obliged to build the world that held alike my facts and my fancies.

When I was about ten years old, I became conscious that something was passing between my father and my mother of an unusual character. They held long conferences from which their children were excluded. Their a rich man of the neighborhood rode into the yard, and tied his horse, and walked about the farm. From a long tour he returned and entered the stable, where he was joined by my father. Both came into the house together, and went all over it, even down into the cellar, where they held a long conversation. Then they were closeted for an hour in the room which held my father's writing-desk. At last, my mother was called into the room. The children, myself among them, were huddled together in a corner of the large kitchen, filled with wonder at the strange proceeding; and when all came out, the stranger smiling and my father and mother looking very serious, my curiosity was at a painful height; and no sooner had the intruder vanished from the room—pocketing a long paper as he went—than I demanded an explanation.

My sisters were older than I, and to them the explanation was addressed. My father simply said at first: "I have sold the place." Tears sprang into all our eyes, as if a great calamity had befallen us. Were we to be wanderers? Were we to have no home? Where were we to go?

Then my father, who was as simple as a child, undertook the justification of himself to his children. He did not know why he had ever consented to live in such a place for a year. He told the story of the fallacious promises and hopes that had induced him to buy the farm at first; of his long social deprivations; of his hard and often unsuccessful efforts to make the year's income meet the year's constantly increasing expenses; and then he dwelt particularly on the fact that his duty to his children compelled him to seek a home where they could secure a better education, and have a chance at least to make their way in the world. I saw then, just as clearly as I see to-day, that the motives of removal all lay in the last consideration. He saw possibilities in his children which demanded other circumstances and surroundings. He knew that in his secluded home among the mountains they could not have a fair chance, at life, and he would not

be responsible for holding them to associations that had been simply starvation and torment to him.

The first shock over, I turned to the future with the most charming anticipations. My life was to be led out beyond the hills into an unknown world! I learned the road by which we were to go; and beyond the woods in which it terminated to my vision my imagination pushed through splendid towns, across sweeping rivers, over vast plains and meadows, on and on to the wide sea. There were castles, there were ships, there were chariots and horses, there was a noble mansion swept and garnished, waiting to receive us all, and, more than all, there was a life of great deeds which should make my father proud of his boy, and in which I remember that "the British" were to be very severely handled.

The actual removal hardly justified the picture. There were two overloaded three-horse teams, and a high old-fashioned wagon, drawn by a single horse, in which were bestowed the family, the family satchels, and the machinery of an eight-day clock—a pet of my father, who had had it all in pieces for repairs every year since I was born. I did not burden the wagon with my presence, but found a seat, when I was not running by the way-side, with the driver of one of the teams. He had attracted me to his company by various sly nods and winks, and by a funny way of talking to his horses. He was an old teamster, and knew not only every inch of the road that led to the distant market-town to which we were going, but every landlord, groom, and bar-keeper on the way. A man of such vast geographical knowledge, and such extensive and interesting acquaintance with men, became to me a most important personage. When he had amused himself long enough with stories told to excite my imagination, he turned to me sharply and said:

"Boy, do you ever tell lies?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, without hesitation.

"You do? Then why didn't you lie when I asked you the question?"

"Because I never lie except to please people," I replied.

"Oh! you are one of the story-tellers, are you?" he said, in a tone of severity.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, you ought to be flogged. If I had a story-telling boy I would flog it out of him. Truth, boy—always stand by the truth! It was only this time last year that I was carrying a load of goods down the mountain for a family the same as yours, and there

was a little boy who went with me the same as you are going now. I was sure I smelt tobacco. Said I, 'I smell tobacco.' He grew red in the face, and I charged him with having some in his pocket. He declared he had none, and I said, 'We shall see what will come to liars.' I pitied him, for I knew something terrible would happen. A strap broke, and the horses started on a run, and off went the boy. I stopped them as soon as I could, ran back and picked him up insensible, with as handsome a plug of tobacco in his pocket as you ever saw, and the rascal had stolen it from his grandmother! Always speak the truth, my boy, always speak the truth!"

"And did you steal the tobacco from him?" I asked.

"No, lad, I took it and used it, because I knew it would hurt him, and I couldn't bear the thought of exposing him to his grandmother."

"Do you think lying is worse than stealing?" I asked.

"That is something we can't settle. Tobacco is very preserving and cleansing to the teeth, and I am obliged to use it. Do you see that little building we are coming to? That is Snow's store; and now, if you are a boy that has any heart—any *real* heart—and if you have saved up a few pennies, you will go in there and get a stick of candy for yourself and a plug of tobacco for me. That would be the square thing for a boy to do who stands by the truth, and wants to do a good turn to a man that helps him along:" and he looked me in the eye so steadily and persuasively that resistance was impossible, and my poor little purse went back into my pocket painfully empty of that which had seemed like wealth.

We rode along quietly after this until my companion asked me if I knew how tall I was. Of course I did not know anything about it, and wished to learn the reason of the question. He had a little boy of his own at home—a very smart little fellow—who could exactly reach the check-rein of his leading horse. He had been wondering if I could do the same. He should think we were about the same height, and, as it would be a tiptoe stretch, the performance would be a matter of spring and skill. At that moment it happened that we came to a watering-trough, which gave me the opportunity to satisfy his curiosity; and he sat smiling appreciatively upon my frantic and at last successful efforts to release the leader's head and lift it again to its check.

We came to a steep acclivity, and, under the stimulating influence of the teamster's flattery, I carried a stone as large as my head from the bottom to the top, to stay the wheels when the horses paused for breath.

I recall the lazy rascal's practice upon my boyish credulity and vanity more for my interest in my own childishness than for any interest I still have in him; though I cannot think that the jolly old joker was long ago dust without a sigh. He was a great man to me then, and he stirred me with appeals to my ambition as few have stirred me since. And "standing by the truth," as he so feelingly adjured me to stand, I may confess that his appeals were not the basest to which my life has responded.

The forenoon was long, hot and wearisome, but at its close we emerged upon a beautiful valley, and saw before us a characteristic New England village, with its white houses, large and little, and its two homely wooden spires. I was walking as I came in sight of the village, and I stopped, touched with the poetry of the peaceful scene. Just then the noon-bell pealed forth from one of the little churches—the first church bell I had ever heard. I did not know what it was, and was obliged to inquire. I have stood under the belfry of Bruges since, and heard, amid the dull jargon of the decaying city, the chimes from its silver-sounding bells with far less of emotion than I experienced that day, as I drank my first draught of the wonderful music. O sweet first time of everything good in life! Thank heaven that, with an eternity of duration before us, there is also infinity of resources, with ever-varying supply and ministry, and ever-recurring first times!

My father and the rest of the family had preceded us, and we found them waiting at the village tavern for our arrival. Dinner was ready, and I was quite ready for it, though I was not so much absorbed that I cannot recall to-day the fat old woman with flying cap-strings who waited at the table. Indeed were I an artist I could reproduce the pictures on the walls of the low, long dining-room where we ate, so strongly did they impress themselves upon my memory. We made but a short stay, and then in our slow way pressed on. My friend of the team had evidently found something more exhilarating at the tavern than tobacco, and was confidential and affectionate, not only toward me but toward all he met upon the road, of whom he told me long and marvelous histories. But he grew dull and even ill-tempered at last, and I had a quiet cry behind a pro-

jecting bedstead for very weariness and homesickness.

I was too weary when at dusk we arrived at the end of our day's progress to note or care for anything. My supper was quickly eaten, and I was at once in the oblivion of sleep. The next day's journey was unlike the first, in that it was crowded with life. The villages grew larger, so as quite to excite my astonishment. I saw, indeed, the horses and the chariots. There were signs of wealth that I had never seen before,—beautifully kept lawns, fine, stately mansions, and gayly-dressed ladies, who humiliated me by regarding me with a sort of stately curiosity; and I realized as I had never done before that there were grades of life far above that to which I had been accustomed, and that my father was comparatively a poor, plain man.

Toward the close of the second afternoon we came in sight of Bradford, which, somewhere within its limits, contained our future home. There were a dozen stately spires, there were tall chimneys waving their plumes of pearly smoke, there were long rows of windows red in the rays of the declining sun, there was a river winding away into the distance between its borders of elms and willows, and there were white-winged craft that glided hither and thither in the far silence.

"What do you think of that, boy?" inquired my friend the teamster.

"Isn't it pretty!" I responded. "Isn't it a grand place to live in?"

"That depends upon whether one lives or starves," he said. "If I were going to starve, I would rather do it where there isn't anything to eat."

"But we are not going to starve," I said. "Father never will let us starve."

"Not if he can help it, boy; but your father is a lamb—a great, innocent lamb."

"What do you mean by calling my father a lamb? He is as good a man as there is in Bradford, any way," I responded, somewhat indignantly.

The man gave a new roll to the enormous quid in his mouth, a solace that had been purchased by my scanty pennies, and said, with a contemptuous smile, "Oh! he's too good. Some time when you think of it, suppose you look and see if he has ever cut his eye-teeth."

"You are making fun of my father, and I don't like it. How should you like to have a man make fun of you to your little boy?"

At this he gave a great laugh, and I knew at once that he had no little boy, and that he

had been playing off a fiction upon me throughout the whole journey. It was my first encounter with a false and selfish world. To find in my hero of the three horses and the large acquaintance only a vulgar rascal who could practice upon the credulity of a little boy was one of the keenest disappointments I had ever experienced.

"If I could hurt you, I would strike you," I said in a rage.

"Well, boy," he replied almost affectionately, and quite admiringly, "you will make *your* way, if you have that sort of thing in you. I wouldn't have believed it. Upon my word, I wouldn't have believed it. I take it all back. Your father is a first-rate man for heaven, if he isn't for Bradford; and he's sure to go there when he moves next, and I should like to be the one to move him, but I'm afraid they wouldn't let me in to unload the goods."

There was an awful humor in this strange speech which I fully comprehended, but my reverence for even the name of heaven was so profound that I did not dare to laugh. I simply said: "I don't like to hear you talk so, and I wish you wouldn't."

"Well, then, I won't, my lad. They say the lame and the lazy are always provided for, and I don't know why the lambs are not just as deserving. You'll all get through, I suppose; and a hundred years hence there will be no difference."

"Who provides for the lame and the lazy?" I inquired.

"Well, now you have me tight," said the fellow with a sigh. "Somebody up there, I s'pose;" and he pointed his whip upward with a little toss.

"Don't you know?" I inquired, with ingenuous and undisguised wonder.

"Not a bit of it. I never saw him. I've been lazy all my life, and I was lame once for a year, falling from this very wagon, and a mighty rough time I had of it, too; and so far as I am concerned it has been a business of looking out for number one. Nobody ever let down a silver spoon full of honey to me; and what is more, I don't expect it. If you have that sort of thing in your head, the best way is to keep it. You'll be happier, I reckon, in the long run if you do; but I didn't get it in early, and it is too late now."

"Then your father was a goat, wasn't he?" I said, with a quick impulse.

"Yes," he replied with a loud laugh. "Yes indeed; he was a goat with the biggest and wickedest pair of horns you ever saw. Boy, remember what I tell you. Goodness

in this world is a thing of fathers and mothers. I haven't any children, and I shouldn't have any right to them if I had. People who bring children into the world that they are not fit to take care of, and who teach them nothing but drinking and fighting and swearing, ought to be shot. If I had had your start, I should be all right to-day."

So I had another lesson,—two lessons, indeed,—one in the practical infidelity of the world, and one in social and family influence. I have never received any since that made a deeper impression. They haunted me for many days, and brought to me a deeper and a more intelligent respect for my father and his goodness and wisdom than I had ever entertained.

"I wish I were well down that hill," said my teamster at last, after we had jolted along for half a mile without a word. As he said this he looked uneasily around upon his load, which, with the long transportation, had become loose. He stopped his horses, and gave another turn to the pole with which he had strained the rope that, passing lengthwise and crosswise the load, held it together. Then he started on again. I watched him closely, for I saw real apprehension on his face. His horses were tired, and one of them was blind. The latter fact gave me no apprehension, as the driver had taken much pains to impress upon me the fact that the best horses were always blind. He only regretted that he could not secure them for his whole team, principally on account of the fact that not having any idea how far they had traveled, they never knew when to be tired. The reason seemed sound, and I had accepted it in good faith.

When we reached the brow of the hill that descended into the town, I saw that he had some reason for his apprehension, and I should have alighted and taken to my feet if I had not been as tired as the horses. But I had faith in the driver, and faith in the poor brutes he drove, and so remained on my seat. Midway the hill, the blind horse stepped upon a rolling stone; and all I remember of the scene which immediately followed was a confused and violent struggle. The horse fell prone upon the road, and while he was trying in vain to rise, I was conscious that my companion had leaped off. Then something struck me from behind, and I felt myself propelled wildly and resistlessly through the air, down among the struggling horses, after which I knew no more.

When consciousness came back to me it was night, and I was in a strange house. A

person who wakes out of healthy sleep recognizes at once his surroundings, and by a process in which volition has no part reunites the thread of his life with that which was dropped when sleep fell upon him. The unconsciousness which follows concussion is of a different sort, and obliterates for a time the memory of a whole life.

I woke upon a little cot on the floor. Though it was summer, a small fire had been kindled on the hearth, my father was chafing my hands, my brothers and sisters were looking on at a distance with apprehension and distress upon their faces, and the room was piled with furniture in great confusion. The whole journey was gone from my memory; and feeling that I could not lift my head or speak, I could only gasp and shut my eyes and wonder. I knew my father's face, and knew the family faces around me, but I had no idea where we were, or what had happened. Something warm and stinging came to my lips, and I swallowed it with a gulp and a strangle. Then I became conscious of a voice that was strange to me. It was deep and musical and strong, yet there was a restraint and a conscious modulation in its tone, as if it were trying to do that to which it was not well used. Its possessor was evidently talking to my mother, who, I knew, was weeping.

"Ah! madam! Ah! madam! This will never do—never do!" I heard him say. "You are tired. Bless me! You have come eighty miles. It would have killed Mrs. Bradford. All you want is rest. I am not a chicken, and such a ride in such a wagon as yours would have finished me up, I'm sure."

"Ah, my poor boy, Mr. Bradford!" my mother moaned.

"The boy will be all right by to-morrow morning," he replied. "He is opening his eyes now. You can't kill such a little piece of stuff as that. He hasn't a broken bone in his body. Let him have the brandy there, and keep his feet warm. Those little chaps are never good for anything until they have had the daylight knocked out of them half-a-dozen times. I wonder what has become of that rascal, Dennis!"

At this he rose and walked to the window, and peered out into the darkness. I saw that he was a tall, plainly dressed man, with a heavy cane in his hand. One thing was certain: he was a type of man I had never seen before. Perfectly self-possessed, entirely at home, superintending all the affairs of the house, commanding, advising, reas-

suring, inspiring, he was evidently there to do good. In my speechless helplessness, my own heart went out to him in perfect trust. I had the fullest faith in what he had said about myself and my recovery, though at the moment I had no idea what I was to recover from, or, rather, what had been the cause of my prostration.

"There the vagabond comes at last!" said the stranger. He threw open the door, and Dennis, a smiling, good-natured looking Irishman, walked in with a hamper of most appetizing drinks and viands. An empty table was ready to receive them, and hot coffee, milk, bread, and various cold meats were placed one after another upon it.

"Set some chairs, Dennis, and be quick about it," said Mr. Bradford.

The chairs were set, and then Mr. Bradford stooped and offered my mother his arm, in as grand a manner as if he were proffering a courtesy to the Queen of England. She rose and took it, and he led her to the table. My father was very much touched, and I saw him look at the stranger with quivering lips. This was a gentleman—a kind of man he had read about in books, but not the kind of man he had ever been brought much in contact with. This tender and stately attention to my mother was an honor which was very grateful to him. It was a touch of ideal life, too, above the vulgar, graceless habits of those among whom his life had been cast. Puritan though he was, and plain and undeemonstrative in his ways, he saw the beauty of this new manner with a thrill that brought a crimson tint to his hollow cheeks. Both he and my mother tried to express their thanks, but Mr. Bradford declared that he was the lucky man in the whole matter. It was so fortunate that he had happened to be near when the accident occurred; and though the service he had rendered was a very small one, it had been a genuine pleasure to him to render it. Then, seeing that no one touched the food, he turned with a quick instinct to Dennis, and said: "By the way, Dennis, let me see you at the door a moment."

Dennis followed him out, and then my father bowed his head, and thanked the Good Giver for the provision made for his family, for the safety of his boy, and for the prosperous journey, and ended by asking a blessing upon the meal.

When, after a considerable interval, Mr. Bradford and his servant reappeared, it was only on the part of the former to say that Dennis would remain to assist in putting the

beds into such shape that the family could have a comfortable night's rest, and to promise to look in late in the morning. He shook hands in a hearty way with my father and mother, said "good-night" to the children, and then came and looked at me. He smiled a kind, good-humored smile, and shaking his long finger at me, said: "Keep quiet, my little man: you'll be all right in the morning." Then he went away, and after the closing of the door I heard his brisk, strong tread away into the darkness.

I have often wondered whether such men as Mr. Bradford realize how strong an impression they make upon the minds of children. He undoubtedly realized that he had to deal with a family of children, beginning with my father and mother—as truly children as any of us; but it is impossible that he could know what an uplift he gave to the life to which he had ministered. The sentiment he had inspired in me was as truly that of worship as any of which I am capable. The grand man, with his stalwart frame, his apparent control of unlimited means, his self-possession, his commanding manner, his kindness and courtesy, lifted him in my imagination almost to the dignity of a God. I wondered if I could ever become such a man as he! I learned in after years that even he had his weaknesses, but I never ceased to entertain for him the most profound respect. Indeed, I had good and special reason for this, beyond what at present appears.

After he departed I watched Dennis. If Mr. Bradford was my first gentleman, Dennis was my first Irishman. Oh, sweet first time! let me exclaim again. I have never seen an Irishman since who so excited my admiration and interest.

"Me leddy," said Dennis, imitating as well as he could the grand manner of his master, "if ye'll tek an Irish b'y's advice, ye'll contint yoursilf with a shake-down for the night, and set up the frames in the marnin'. I'm thinkin' the Squire will lit me give ye a lift thin, an it's slape ye're wantin' now."

He saw the broad grin coming upon the faces of the children as he proceeded, and joined in their unrestrained giggle when he finished.

"Ah! there's nothing like a fine Irish lad for makin' little gurr'ls happy. It's better nor whisky any day."

My poor father and mother were much distressed, fearing that the proprieties had been trampled on by the laughing children, and apologized to Dennis for their rudeness.

"Och! niver mind 'em. An Irish b'y is

a funny bird any way, and they're not used to his chirrup yet."

In the mean time he had lighted half a dozen candles for as many rooms, and was making quick work with the bedding. At length, with the help of my mother, he had arranged beds enough to accommodate the family for the night, and with many professions of good-will, and with much detail of experience concerning moving in his own country, he was about to bid us all "good-night," when he paused at the door and said: "Thank a blind horse for good luck!"

"What do you mean, Dennis?" inquired my father.

"Is it what I mane? ye ask me. Wasn't it a blind horse that fell on the hill, and threw the lad aff jist where the Squire was standin', and didn't he get him in his arms the furr'st one, and wasn't that the beginnin' of it all? Thank a blind horse for good luck, I till ye. The Squire can no more drap you now than he can drap his blissid ould hearr't, though it's likely I'll have to do the most of it mesilf."

My mother assured Dennis that she was sorry to give him the slightest trouble.

"Niver mind me, me leddy. Lit an Irish b'y alone for bein' tinder of himsilf. Do I look as if I had too much worr'k and my bafe comin' to me in thin slices?" And he spread out his brawny hands for inspection.

The children giggled, and he went out with a "good-night." Then he reopened the door, and putting only his head in said, "Remimber what I till ye. A blind horse for good luck;" and nodding his head a dozen times, shut the door again and disappeared for the night.

When I woke the next morning, it all came back to me—the long ride, the fearful experience upon the hill, and the observations of the previous evening. We were indebted to the thoughtful courtesy of Mr. Bradford for our breakfast, and, after Dennis had been busy for half the morning in assisting to put the house in order, I saw my gentleman again. The only inconvenience from which I suffered was a sense of being bruised all over; and when he came in I greeted him with such a smile of hearty delight that he took my cheeks in his hands and kissed me. How many thousand times I had longed for such an expression of affection from my father, and longed in vain! It healed me and made me happy. Then I had an opportunity to study him more closely. He was fresh from his toilet, and wore the cleanest linen. His neck was enveloped and his chin

propped by the old-fashioned "stock" of those days, his waistcoat was white, and his dark gray coat and trowsers had evidently passed under Dennis's brush in the early morning. A heavy gold chain with a massive seal depended from his watch-pocket, and he carried in his hand what seemed to be his constant companion, his heavy cane. At this distance of time I find it difficult to describe his face, because it impressed me as a whole, and not by its separate features. His eyes were dark, pleasant, and piercing—so much I remember; but the rest of his face I cannot describe. I trusted it wholly; but, as I recall the man, I hear more than I see. Impressive as was his presence, his wonderful voice was his finest interpreter to me. I lingered upon his tones and cadences as I have often listened to the voice of a distant waterfall, lifted and lowered by the wind. I can hear it to-day as plainly as I heard it then.

During the visit of that morning he learned the situation of the family, and comprehended with genuine pain the helplessness of my father. That he was interested in my father I could see very plainly. His talk was not in the manner of working-men, and the conversation was discursive enough to display his intelligence. The gentleman was evidently puzzled. Here was a plain man who had seen no society, who had lived for years among the woods and hills; yet the man of culture could start no subject without meeting an intelligent response.

Mr. Bradford ascertained that my father had but little money, that he had come to Bradford with absolutely no provision but a house to move into, that he had no definite plan of business, and that his desire for a better future for his children was the motive that had induced him to migrate from his mountain home.

After a full confession of his circumstances, which he made with the confiding simplicity of a boy, Mr. Bradford looked at him with a sort of mute wonder, and then rose and walked the room.

"I confess I don't understand it, Mr. Bonnicastle," said he, stopping before him, and bringing down his cane. "You want your children to be educated better than you are, but you are a thousand times better than your circumstances. Men are happiest when they are in harmony with their circumstances. I venture to say the men you left behind you were contented enough. What is the use of throwing children out of all pleasant relations with their condition? I don't blame you for wanting to have your

children educated, but I am sure that educating working people is a mistake. Work is their life; and they worked a great deal better and were a great deal happier when they knew less. Now isn't it so, Mr. Bonnicastle? isn't it so?"

Quite unwittingly Mr. Bradford had touched my father's sensitive point, and as there was something in the gentleman's manner that inspired the conversational faculties of all with whom he came in contact, my father's tongue was loosed, and it did not stop until the gentleman had no more to say.

"Well, if we differ, we'll agree to differ," said he, at last; "but now you want work, and I will speak to some of my friends about you. Bonnicastle—Peter Bonnicastle, I think?"

My father nodded, and said—"a name I inherit from I do not know how many great-grandfathers."

"Your ancestor was not Peter Bonnicastle of Roxbury?"

"That is what they tell me."

"Peter Bonnicastle of Roxbury!"

"Ay, Peter Bonnicastle of Roxbury."

"By Jove, man! Do you know you've got the bluest blood in your veins of any man in Bradford?"

I shall never forget the pleased and proud expression that came into the faces of my father and mother as these words were uttered. What blue blood was, and in what its excellence consisted, I did not know; but it was something to be proud of—that was evident.

"Peter Bonnicastle of Roxbury! Ah yes! Ah yes! I understand it. It's all plain enough now. You are a gentleman without knowing it—a gentleman trying in a blind way to get back into a gentleman's conditions. Well, perhaps you will; I shall not wonder if you do."

It was my first observation of the reverence for blood that I have since found to be nearly universal. The show of contempt for it which many vulgar people make is always an affectation, unless they are very vulgar indeed. My father, who, more than any man I ever knew, respected universal humanity, and ignored class distinctions, was as much delighted and elevated with the recognition of his claims to good family blood as if he had fallen heir to the old family wealth.

"And what is this lad's name?" inquired Mr. Bradford, pointing over his shoulder toward me.

"My name is Arthur Bonnicastle," I replied, taking the words out of my father's mouth.

"And Arthur Bonnicastle has a pair of ears and a tongue," responded Mr. Bradford, turning to me with an amused expression upon his face.

I took the response as a reproof, and blushed painfully.

"Tut, tut, there is no harm done, my lad," said he, rising and coming to a chair near me, and regarding me very kindly. "You know you had neither last night," he added, feeling my hand and forehead to learn if there were any feverish reaction.

I was half sitting, half lying on a lounge near the window, and he changed his seat from the chair to the lounge so that he sat over me, looking down into my face. "Now," said he, regarding me very tenderly, and speaking gently, in a tone that was wholly his own, "we will have a little talk all by ourselves. What have you been thinking about? Your mouth has been screwed up into ever so many interrogation points ever since your father and I began to talk."

I laughed at the odd fancy, and told him I should like to ask him a few questions.

"Of course you would. Boys are always full of questions. Ask as many as you please."

"I should like to ask you if you own this town," I began.

"Why?"

"Because," I answered, "you have the same name the town has."

"No, my lad, I own very little of it; but my great-grandfather owned all the land it stands on, and the town was named for him, or rather he named it for himself."

"Was his blood blue?" I inquired.

He smiled and whistled in a comical way, and said he was afraid that it wasn't quite so blue as it might have been.

"Is yours?"

"Well, that's a tough question," he responded. "I fancy the family blood has been growing blue for several generations, and perhaps there's a little indigo in me."

"Do you eat anything in particular?" I inquired.

"No, nothing in particular: it isn't made in that way."

"How is it made?" I inquired.

"That's a tough question, too," he replied.

"Oh! if you can't answer it," I said, "don't trouble yourself; but do you think Jesus Christ had blue blood?"

"Why yes—yes indeed. Wasn't he the son of David—when he got back to him—and wasn't David a King?"

"Oh! that's what you mean by blue blood, and that's another thing," I said.

"What do you mean by another thing, my boy?" inquired Mr. Bradford.

"I was thinking," I said, "that my father was a carpenter and so was his; and so his blood was blue and mine too. And there are lots of other things that might have been true."

"Tell me all about them," said my interlocutor. "What have you been thinking about?"

"Oh!" I said, "I've been thinking that if my father had lived when his father lived, and if they had lived in the same country, perhaps they would have worked in the same shop and on the same houses; and then perhaps Jesus Christ and I should have played together with the blocks and shavings. And then, when he grew up and became so wonderful, I should have grown up and perhaps been one of the apostles, and written part of the Bible, and preached and healed the sick, and been a martyr, and gone to heaven, and—and—I don't know how many other things."

"Well, I rather think you would, by Jove," he said, rising to his feet, impulsively.

"One thing more, please," I said, stretching my hands up to him. He sat down again, and put his face close to mine. "I want to tell you that I love you."

His eyes filled with tears; and he whispered:

"Thank you, my dear boy: love me always. Thank you." Then he kissed me again and turned to my father. "I think you are entirely right in coming to Bradford," I heard him say. "I don't think I should like to see this little chap going back to the woods again, even if I could have my own way about it."

For some minutes he walked the room backward and forward, sometimes pausing and looking out of the window. My father saw that he was absorbed and said nothing. At length he stopped suddenly before my father and said: "This is the strangest affair I ever knew. Here you come out of the woods with this large family without the slightest idea what you are going to do— with no provision for the future whatever. How did you suppose you were going to get along?"

How well I remember the quiet, confident smile with which my father received his

strong, blunt words, and the trembling tone in which he replied to them !

"Mr. Bradford," said he, "none of us takes care of himself. I am not a wise man in worldly things, and I am obliged to trust somebody ; and I know of no one so wise as He who knows all things, or so kind as He who loves all men. I do the best I can, and I leave the rest to Him. He has never failed me in the great straits of my life, and He never will. I have already thanked Him for sending you to me yesterday ; and I believe that by His direction you are to be, as you have already been, a great blessing to me. I shall seek for work, and with such strength as I have I shall do it, and do it well. I shall have troubles and trials, but I know that none will come that I cannot transform, and that I am not expected to transform, into a blessing. If I am not rich in money when the end comes, I shall be rich in something better than money."

Mr. Bradford took my father's hand, and shaking it warmly, responded : "You are already rich in that which is better than money. A faith like yours is wealth inestimable. You are a thousand times richer than I am to-day. I beg your pardon, Mr. Bonnicastle, but this is really quite new to me. I have heard cant and snuffle, and I know the difference. If the Lord doesn't take care of such a man as you are, he doesn't stand by his friends, that's all."

My father's reverence was offended by this familiar way of speaking a name which was ineffably sacred to him, and he made no reply. I could see, too, that he felt that the humility with which he had spoken was not fully appreciated by Mr. Bradford.

Suddenly breaking the thread of the conversation, Mr. Bradford said : "By the way, who is your landlord ? I ought to know who owns this little house, but I don't."

"The landlord is not a landlord at all, I believe. The owner is a landlady, though I have never seen her—a Mrs. Sanderson—Ruth Sanderson."

"Oh ! I know her well, and ought to have known that this is her property," said Mr. Bradford. "I have nothing against the lady, though she is a little odd in her ways ; but I am sorry you have a woman to deal with, for, so far as I have observed, a business woman is a screw by rule, and a woman without a business faculty and with business to do is a screw without rule."

In the midst of the little laugh that followed Mr. Bradford's axiomatic statement he turned

to the window, and exclaimed : "Well, I declare ! here she comes."

I looked quickly and saw a curious turn out approaching the house. It was an old-fashioned chaise, set low between two high wheels, drawn by a heavy-limbed and heavy-gaited black horse, and driven by a white-haired, thin-faced old man. Beside the driver sat a little old woman ; and the first impression given me by the pair was that the vehicle was much too large for them, for it seemed to toss them up and catch them, and to knock them together by its constant motion. The black horse, who had a steady, independent trot, that regarded neither stones nor ruts, made directly for our door, stopped when he found the place he wanted, and then gave a preliminary twitch at the reins and reached down his head for a nibble at the grass. The man sat still, looking straight before him, and left the little old woman to alight without assistance ; and she did alight in a way which showed that she had little need of it. She was dressed entirely in black, with the exception of the white widow's cap drawn tightly around a little face set far back in a deep bonnet. She had a quick, wiry, nervous way in walking ; and coming up the path that led through a little garden lying between the house and the street, she cast furtive glances left and right, as if gathering the condition of her property. Then followed a sharp rap at the door.

The absorbed and embarrassed condition of my father and mother was evident in the fact that neither started to open the door ; but Dennis, coming quickly in from an adjoining room where he was busy, opened it, and Mr. Bradford went forward to meet her in the narrow hall. He shook her hand in his own cordial and stately way, and said jocularly : "Well, Madame, you see we have taken possession of your snug little house."

Her lips, which were compressed and thin as if she were suffering pain, parted in a faint smile, and her dark, searching eyes looked up to him in a kind of questioning wonder. There was nothing in her face that attracted me. I remember only that I felt moved to pity for her. She seemed so small, and lonely, and careworn. Her hands were the tiniest I had ever seen, and were merely little bundles of bones in the shape of hands.

"Let me present your tenants to you, Mrs. Sanderson, and commend them to your good opinion," said Mr. Bradford.

She stood quietly and bowed to my father and mother, who had risen to greet her. I

was young, but quick in my instincts, and I saw at once that she regarded a tenant as an inferior, with whom it would not do to be on terms of social familiarity.

"Do you find the house comfortable?" she inquired, speaking in a quick way and addressing my father.

"Apparently so," he answered; and then he added: "we are hardly settled yet, but I think we shall get along very well in it."

"With your leave I will go over it, and see for myself," she said, quietly.

"Oh, certainly!" responded my father. "My wife will go with you."

"If she will; but I want you, too."

They went off together, and I heard them for some minutes talking around in the different parts of the house.

"Any more questions?" inquired Mr. Bradford with a smile, looking over to where I sat on the lounge.

"Yes, sir," I replied. "I have been wondering whether that lady has a crack in the top of her head."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if she had a very, very small one," he replied; "and now what started that fancy?"

"Because," I continued, "if she is what you call a screw, I was wondering how they turned her."

"Well, my boy, it is so very small indeed," said Mr. Bradford, putting on a quizzical look, "that I'm afraid they can't turn her at all."

When the lady came back she seemed to be ready to go away at once; but Mr. Bradford detained her with the story of the previous night's experiences, including the accident that had happened to me. She listened sharply, and then came over to where I was sitting, and asked me if I were badly hurt. I assured her I was not. Then she took one of my plump hands in her own little grasp, and looked at me in a strange intense way without saying a word.

Mr. Bradford interrupted her, with an eye to business, by saying: "Mr. Bonnicastle, your new tenant here, is a carpenter; and I venture to say that he is a good one. We must do what we can to introduce him to business."

She turned with a quick motion on her heel, and bent her eyes on my father. "Bonnicastle?" said she, with almost a fierce interrogation.

"Oh! I supposed you knew his name, Mrs. Sanderson," said Mr. Bradford; and then he added, "but I presume your agent did not tell you."

She made no sign to show that she had heard a word that Mr. Bradford had said.

"Peter Bonnicastle," said my father, breaking the silence with the only words he could find.

"Peter Bonnicastle!" she repeated, almost mechanically, and continued standing as if dazed.

She stood with her back toward me, and I could only guess at her expression, or the strangely curious interest of the scene, by its reflection in Mr. Bradford's face. He sat uneasily in his chair, and pressed the head of his cane against his chin, as if he were using a mechanical appliance to keep his mouth shut. He knew the woman before him, and was determined to be wise. Subsequently I learned the reason of it all—of his silence at the time, of his reticence for months and even years afterward, and of what sometimes seemed to me and to my father like coolness and neglect.

The silence was oppressive, and my father, remembering the importance which Mr. Bradford had attached to the fact, and moved by a newly awakened pride, said: "I am one of many Peters, they tell me, the first of whom settled in Roxbury."

"Roxbury?" and she took one or two steps toward him. "You are sure?"

"Perfectly sure," responded my father.

She made no explanation, but started for the door, dropping a little bow as she turned away. Mr. Bradford was on his feet in a moment, and, opening the door for her, accompanied her into the street. I watched them from the window. They paused just far enough from the driver of the chaise to be beyond his hearing, and conversed for several minutes. I could not doubt that Mr. Bradford was giving her his impression of us. Then he helped her into the chaise, and the little gray-haired driver, gathering up his reins, and giving a great pull at the head of the black horse, which seemed fastened to a particularly strong tuft of grass, turned up the street and drove off, tossing and jolting in the way he came.

There was a strong, serious, excited expression on Mr. Bradford's face as he came in. "My friend," said he, taking my father's hand, "this is a curious affair. I cannot explain it to you, and the probabilities are that I shall have less to do with and for you than I supposed I might have. Be sure, however, that I shall always be interested in your prosperity; and never hesitate to come to me if you are in serious trouble. And now let me ask you never to mention my name to

Mrs. Sanderson, with praise; never tell her if I render you a service. I know the lady, and I think it quite likely that you will hear from her in a few days. In the mean time you will be busy in making your family comfortable in your new home." Then he spoke a cheerful word to my mother, and bade us all a good-morning, only looking kindly at me instead of bestowing upon me the coveted and expected kiss.

When he was gone, my father and mother looked at each other with a significant glance, and I waited to hear what they would say. If I have said little about my mother, it is because she had very little to say for herself. She was a weary, worn woman, who had parted with her vitality in the bearing and rearing of her children and in hard and constant care and work. Life had gone wrong with her. She had a profound respect for practical gifts, and her husband did not possess them. She had long since ceased to hope for anything good in life, and her face had taken on a sad, dejected expression, which it never lost under any circumstances. To my father's abounding hopefulness she always opposed her obstinate hopelessness. This was partly a matter of temperament, as well as a result of disappointment. I learned early that she had very little faith in me, or rather in any natural gifts of mine that in the future might retrieve the fortunes of the family. I had too many of the characteristics of my father. I see the two now as they sat thinking and talking over the events and acquaintances of the evening and the morning as plainly as I saw them then—my father with his blue eyes all alight, and his cheeks touched with the flush of excitement, and my mother with her distrustful face, depreciating and questioning everything. She liked Mr. Bradford. Mr. Bradford was a gentleman; but what had gentlemen to do with them? It was all very well to talk about family, but what was family good for without money? Mr. Bradford had his own affairs to attend to, and we should see precious little more of him! As for Mrs. Sanderson, she did not like her at all. Poor people would get very little consideration from an old woman whose hand was too good to be given to a stranger who happened to be her tenant.

I have wondered often how my father maintained his courage and faith with such a

drag upon them as my mother's morbid sadness imposed, but in truth they were proof against every depressing influence. Out of every suggestion of possible good fortune he built castles that filled his imagination with almost a childish delight. He believed that something good was soon to come out of it all, and he was really bright and warm in the smile of that Providence which had manifested itself to him in these new acquaintances. I pinned my faith to my father's sleeve, and believed as fully and as far as he did. There was a rare sympathy between us. The great sweet boy that he was, and the little boy that I was, were one in a charming communion. Oh God! that he should be gone and I here! He has been in heaven long enough to have won his freedom, and I am sure we shall kiss when we meet again!

Before the week closed, the gray-haired old servant of Mrs. Sanderson knocked at the door, and brought a little note. It was from his mistress, and read thus, for I copy from the faded document itself:—

THE MANSION, BRADFORD.

"MR. PETER BONNICASTLE:—

"I should like to see you here next Monday morning, in regard to some repairs about The Mansion. Come early, and if your little boy Arthur is well enough you may bring him.

"RUTH SANDERSON."

The note was read aloud, and it conveyed to my mind instantaneously a fact which I did not mention, but which filled me with strange excitement and pleasure. I remembered that my name was not once mentioned while Mrs. Sanderson was in the house. She had learned it therefore from Mr. Bradford, while talking at the door. Mr. Bradford liked me, I knew, and he had spoken well of me to her. What would come of it all? So, with the same visionary hopefulness that characterized my father, I plunged into a sea of dreams on which I floated over depths paved with treasure, and under skies bright with promise, until Monday morning dawned. When the early breakfast was finished, and my father with unusual fervor of feeling had commended his family and himself to the keeping and the blessing of heaven, we started forth, he and I, hand in hand, with as cheerful anticipations as if we were going to a feast.

AT HIS GATES.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHILE her mother was thus occupied Norah was taking her fill of pleasure. She "danced every dance"—beatific fulfilment of every girlish wish in respect to a ball. She was so young and so fresh that this perpetual motion filled up the measure of her desires, and left her little time to think. To be sure, once or twice it had come over her that Ned, poor Ned, was not here to share in all this delight; and if Norah had been destitute of partners, or less sought than she thought her due, no doubt her heart would have been very heavy on account of Ned. But she had as many partners as ever a neophyte could claim, and she had no time to think. She was as happy as the night was long. The dancing was delightful to her for itself, the music was delightful, the "kindness" of everybody, which was Norah's modest, pretty synonym for the admiration she received, and she asked no more of heaven than this, which she was receiving in such full measure. To be sure, her mother's disappearance disturbed her for the moment. But when Mrs. Dalton had sworn by all the gods that Mrs. Drummond was not ill, Norah resigned herself once more to her happy fate.

There was, at the same time, a special point which exhilarated Norah, satisfied her pride, and raised her spirits. During all the festivities of the afternoon she had kept Cyril Rivers at arm's length. Perhaps if he had not shown so much anxiety to approach nearer, Norah would not have felt the same satisfaction in this, but his explanation, it was evident, was hanging on his very lips, and she had triumphantly kept him from making it. The same process was repeated in the evening. She had rushed into a perfect crowd of engagements in order to escape him. Poor Charlie Dalton, whom Clara had no longer any thought of, and whose occupation for the greater part of the evening was standing about, dolefully gazing after her, was pressed unceremoniously into Norah's service. Once, when she happened to be disengaged and saw Cyril approaching, she was so lost to all sense of shame as to seize him breathlessly by the arm. "Dance this dance with me, Charlie," she whispered impatiently.

"Why must I dance?" said the poor boy, who had no heart for it.

"Because I am determined not to dance with him," said Norah, energetically leading off her captive. And thus she kept the other at a distance, and kept him from speaking; but perhaps she would have been less rigid in evasion had he been more indifferent to the opportunity. It was late in the night, after supper, when he secured her at last.

"Miss Drummond, you have avoided me all night——"

"I!" cried Norah, "but that is ridiculous. Why should I avoid you, Mr. Rivers? Indeed I am sure I have spoken to you at least a dozen times this evening. It is not one's own fault when one is engaged."

"And I have been so anxious to see you—to explain to you," he cried, his eagerness, and the long, tantalizing delay having overcome his wisdom. "I have been quite miserable."

"About what, Mr. Rivers?"

"About what you must have thought very abominable behaviour that day at the pictures; fancy, it is two months since, and you have never allowed me a moment in which I could say it till now."

"At the pictures?" said Norah, feigning surprise. "I don't think we have seen you very often lately, Mr. Rivers; and two months is a long time to remember. Oh, I recollect! you left us in a hurry."

"My mother had come to look for me—there was some business in hand that I had to be consulted about. I cannot tell you what a wretched ass I felt myself, dragged away without a moment to explain—without even time to say, 'This is my mother.'"

"Mr. Rivers," said Norah, drawing her small person to its full height, and loosing her hold of his arm, "I think it would have been good taste not to say anything about this. When we did not remark upon it, why should you? I am only a girl, I am nineteen, and I never disobeyed mamma that I know of; but still, do you think I should have let her carry me off like a baby from my friends whom I cared for, without a word? There are some things that one ought not to be asked to believe. You were not obliged to say anything at all about it. I should like to be polite, but I can't make myself a fool to please you. And, on the other hand, you know Lady Rivers is nothing to us. I did not ask to be introduced to her, and poor mamma was too ill even to know. Please

don't say any more about it. It would have been much better not to have mentioned it at all."

"But, Miss Drummond!—?"

"Yes, I know. You wanted to be polite. But never mind. I am quite, quite satisfied," said Norah with a gleam of triumph. "Look here! Let us have Katie for our *vis-a-vis*. Don't you think Clara Burton is looking quite beautiful to-night?"

Mr. Rivers did not reply. He said to himself that he had never been so completely snubbed in his life. He had never felt so small, so cowed, and that is not pleasant to a man. Her very pardon, her condonation of his offence, was humbling to him. Had she resented it, he had a hundred weapons with which to meet her resentment; but he had not one to oppose to her frank indignation, and her pardon. And yet, with curious perversity, never before had Norah seemed so sweet to him. He had felt the wildest jealousy of poor Charlie during that dance, which he went through so unwillingly, and but for the cheerful strains of the Lancers, which commenced at this point, and set them all—so many who enjoyed it, so many who did not enjoy it—in motion, it was in his mind to commit himself as he had never yet done—to throw himself upon her mercy. This thought gave to his handsome face a look which Norah in her triumph secretly enjoyed, and called "sentimental." "But I am not one of those girls that fall down and worship a man, and think him a demigod," Norah said to herself. "He is no demigod! he has not so much courage as I have. He is frightened of—me! Oh, if Ned were but here!" This last little private exclamation was accompanied with the very ghost of a sigh—half of a quarter of a sigh, Norah would have said, had she described it—Ned was afraid of her too, and was not the least like a demigod. I do not defend Norah for her sauciness, nor do I blame her; for, after all, the young men of the present day are very unlike demigods; and there are some honest girls left in the world capable of loving a man as his wife ought, without worshipping him as his slave, and without even bowing herself down in delicious inferiority before him, grovelling as so many heroines do. Norah was incapable of grovelling under any circumstances; but then she had been brought up by her mother in the traditions of womanly training, such as they used to be in a world which we are told is past.

This is the very worst place in the world for a digression, I allow; it is to permit of the dancing of that figure which they were just

about to commence. Clara Burton was dancing in the same set, with Mr. Golden. And as her own partner after this little episode was for some time anything but lively, Norah gave her mind to the observation of Clara. Clara and Mr. Golden were great friends. She had said to Lord Merewether that he was like papa, but it may be doubted whether papas generally, even when most indulgent, are looked up to by their children as Clara looked up to her father's friend. All Dura had remarked upon it before now; all Dura had wondered, did the parents see it? What did Mrs. Burton mean by permitting it? But it never once entered into Mrs. Burton's cool, clever little head to fancy it possible that the attractions of such a man could move her child. Everybody in the neighbourhood, except those most concerned, had seen Clara wandering with this man, who was nearly as old as her father, through the Dura woods. Everybody had seen the flushed, eager, tender way in which she hung upon him, and looked up to him; and his constant devotion to her. "If I were you I should speak to Mr. Burton about it," the rector's wife had said half a dozen times over; but the rector had that constitutional dislike to interfere in anything which is peculiar to Englishmen. That night Clara was beautiful, as Norah had said; she was full of agitation and excitement—even of something which looked like feeling; her colour was splendid, her blue eyes as blue as the sea when it is stirred, her hair like masses of living gold, her complexion like the flushings of the sunset upon snow. As for her partner, a certain air of warning mingled in his assiduity. Once Norah saw him hold up his finger, as if in remonstrance. He was wary, watchful, observant of the glances round him; but Clara, who never restrained herself, put on no trammels to-night. She stood looking up to him, talking to him incessantly, forgetting the dance, and, when she was compelled to remember it, hurrying through the figure that she might resume the intermitted conversation. Gradually the attention of the other dancers became concentrated on her. It was her moment of triumph, no doubt—her birthday, her coming of age as it were, though she was but eighteen—her entry, many people thought, into the glory of heiress-ship. But all this was not enough to account for the intoxication of excitement, the passion that blazed in Clara's eyes. What did it mean? When the dance was over, the majority of the dancers made their way into the coolness of the conservatory, which was lighted with soft lamps. Mr. Rivers

took Norah back to Mrs. Dalton. His dark eyes had grown larger, his air more sentimental than ever. He withdrew a little way apart, and folded his arms, and stood gazing at her, just, Norah reflected with impatience, as a man would do who was the hero in a novel. But very different ideas were in Norah's mind. She seized upon Charlie once more, who was sentimental too. "Come out on the terrace with me. I want to speak to Clara," she said. They were stopped just inside the open window by a stream of people coming in for the next dance. Norah had been pushed close to the window, half in half out, by the throng. This was how she happened to hear the whispered talk of a pair outside, who were close by her without knowing it, and whom nobody else could hear.

"At the top of the avenue, at three o'clock. Wrap a cloak round you, my darling. In the string of carriages ours will never be noticed. It is the best plan."

"And everything is ready?" asked another voice, which was Clara's.

"Everything, my love! In an hour and a half——"

"For you! I could do it only for you!"

In a minute after the two came in, pushing past Norah and her companion, who, both pale as statues, let them pass. The others were not pale. Clara's face was dyed with vivid colour, and Mr. Golden, bending over her, looked almost young in glow of animation and admiration with which he gazed at her. Charlie Dalton had not heard the scrap of dialogue, which meant so much; but he ground his teeth and stared at his supplanter, and crushed Norah's hand which held his arm. "That fellow!" Charlie said between his teeth. "Had it been some one else, I might have borne it."

"Oh, Charlie, take me back to your mother," cried Norah. Her thoughts went like the wind; already she had made out her plan, but what was the use of saying anything to him, poor simpleton, to make him more unhappy? Norah went back, and placed herself by Mrs. Dalton's side. "I do not mean to dance any more. I am tired," she said; and though the music tempted her, and her poor little feet danced in spite of her, keeping time on the floor, she did not change her resolution. Mr. Rivers came, finding the opportunity he sought; but Norah paid no heed to him. The men whose names were written upon her card came too, in anxiety and dismay. But to all she had the same answer, "I am tired. I will dance no more to-night."

"Let me look at you, child," said kind Mrs. Dalton; "indeed you look tired—you look as if you had seen a ghost."

"And so I have," said Norah. She felt as if she must cry. Clara Burton had been her playfellow, almost her sister, as near to her as Katie, and as much beloved. What was it Clara was going to do? The child shivered in her terror. When the dancers were all in full career once more, Norah put her mouth close to Mrs. Dalton's ear and whispered forth her story. "What can we do? What can we do?" she asked. It would be impossible to describe Mrs. Dalton's consternation. She remonstrated, struggled against the idea, protested that there must be some mistake. But still Norah asked, "What can we do? what can we do?"

"My dear Norah! see, they are not near each other—they are not looking at each other. You have made a mistake."

"Why should they look at each other? everything is arranged and settled," said Norah. "Mrs. Dalton, if you will not come with me, I will go myself. Clara must not be allowed to go. Oh, only think of it! Clara, one of us. I have made up my plan, and if you will not come, I will go myself."

"Norah, where will you go? What can you do—a child? And, oh, how can I go, and leave the girls?" replied Mrs. Dalton in her distress.

"You can leave them with Charlie," said Norah. It had struck two before this explanation was made, and already a few additional guests had begun to depart. There was very little time to lose. Before Mrs. Dalton was aware she found herself hurried into the cloak-room, wrapped in some wrap which was not hers, and out under the moonlight again, scarcely knowing how she got there.

"This is not my cloak, Norah," she said piteously; "my cloak was white."

"Never mind, dear Mrs. Dalton; white would have been seen," said Norah, who was far too much excited to think of larceny. And then, impetuous as a little sprite, she led her friend round the farther side of the lawn, and placed her under the shadow of a clump of evergreens. "There is a brougham standing here which never budges," whispered Norah, "with a white horse. I have seen him driving a white horse. Now stand very still. Oh, do stand still, please."

"But, Norah, I see no one. It is Mrs. Ashurst's old white horse; it is the fly from the inn. Norah, it is very cold. Our car-

riage will be coming. If it comes while we are gone——”

Norah grasped her tremulous companion by the arm. “You would go barefoot from here to London,” she said in her ear, with a voice which was husky with excitement, “to save any one, you know you would; and this is Clara—Clara!”

Some one came rapidly across the green—a dark-veiled, hooded figure, keeping in the shadow. The morning was breaking in the east and mingled mysteriously with the moonlight, making a weird paleness all about among the dark trees and bushes. There was such a noise and ceaseless roll of carriages passing, of servants waiting about, of impatient horses, pawing and tossing their heads, that the very air was full of confusion. Mrs. Dalton’s alarm was undescrivable. She held back the impetuous girl by her side, who was rushing upon that new-comer.

“Norah! it is some lady looking for her carriage. Norah!”

Norah paid no heed; she rushed forward, and laid hold upon the long grey cloak in which the new-comer was muffled. “Clara!” she cried. “Oh, Clara! stop, stop! and come back.”

At this moment there suddenly appeared among them another figure, in an overcoat, with a soft felt hat slouched over his face, who took Clara by the hand and whispered, “Quick! there is not a moment to lose.”

“Is it you, Norah?” said Clara from under her cloak. “You spy! you prying inquisitive!—Go back yourself. You have nothing to do with me!”

“Oh, Clara!” cried the other girl, clasping her hands, “don’t go away like this. It is almost morning. They will see you—in your ball dress. Clara, Clara, dear! Hate me if you like—only, for heaven’s sake, come back.”

And now Mrs. Dalton crept out from the shadow of the bushes. “Mr. Golden, leave her. Let her go. How dare you over-persuade a child like that? Let her go, or I will call out to stop you. Clara!”

He pushed them apart—one to one side, one to the other. “Quick,” he cried, with a low call to a servant who stood close by. “Quick, Clara! don’t lose a moment.” He had pushed them aside roughly, and stood guarding her retreat, facing round upon them. “What is it to you,” he said, “if I am employed to take Miss Burton to her father? You may call any one you please—you may go and tell her mother. I am coming—now, for your life!”

The brougham dashed off with dangerous speed, charging, as it seemed, into the mass of carriages. There was a tumult and trampling of horses, a cry as of some man hurt; but all that the two terrified women on the lawn saw was Clara’s face, looking back at them from the carriage window, with an insolent, triumphant look. She had partially thrown off her cloak, and appeared from under it in her white dress, a beautiful strange vision—and then there came the sound of the collision and conflict, and the struggles of horses, and the cry. But whoever was wounded, it was not anybody belonging to that equipage. The white horse could be traced down the avenue like a long, lessening streak of light. So far, at least, the scheme had been successful. They were gone.

Norah could not speak; she walked about upon the lawn, among the servants, wringing her hands. The morning dew, which was beginning to fall, shone wet upon her hair.

“What can we do—what can we do?” she cried.

“My dear child, we have done all we can. Oh, that foolish, foolish girl! Norah, your feet must be wet, and so I am sure are mine; and your pretty white tarlatan all spoiled. Oh, heaven help us! is this what it has all come to? I dare not send Charlie after them. Norah, run and call Mr. Dalton. He might go, perhaps. Norah, oh, you must not go alone,” cried the rector’s wife.

But Norah was gone. She rushed into the house, through all the departing guests, her cloak and her hair all wet with dew. She made her way into the ball-room in that plight, and rushed up to Mr. Dalton, and led him alarmed out into the hall. Mrs. Dalton followed, and was slowly gathering up her dress. Her heart was full of dismay and trouble, that Clara should thus destroy herself—break her parents’ hearts! And Norah must have certainly spoilt her pretty new dress. “One would not have minded had it done any good,” she murmured within herself. When they met the rector in the hall, a hurried consultation ensued.

“Take our fly, George,” said Mrs. Dalton heroically. “We can get home somehow. Take it! They cannot be very far gone—you may overtake them yet.”

“Overtake them! though I don’t even know which way they have gone,” said the rector, fretful with this strange mission. But, all the same, he went off, and hunted out the fly, and offered the driver half a sovereign if he could overtake the brougham with a white

horse. But everything retarded Mr. Dalton. His horse was but a fly horse, not the most lively of his kind. The man had been drinking Miss Burton's health and was more disposed to continue that exercise than to gallop vaguely about the roads, even with the promise of an additional half-sovereign. Mrs. Dalton, in the meanwhile, threw off her borrowed cloak, and went into the almost deserted ball-room in search of the mistress of the house, and Mary and Katie, wondering and shivering, standing close to Charlie, who was their protector for the moment, made a group round Norah in the hall, with the daylight every moment brightening over their faces, weariness stealing over them, and mystery oppressing them, and no appearance of either father or mother, or the fly!

Norah leant against Katie's shoulder and cried. After all her impetuous exertion the reaction was sharp. She could not give any explanations, but leant upon her friend, and cried, and shivered.

"Oh, where can mamma be? Where is the fly? Oh, Norah, have my cloak too; I don't want it. How cold you are! Charlie, run and look for the fly," cried Katie. They stood all clinging together, while the people streamed past, getting into their carriages going away. The daylight grew clearer, the sun began to rise, while still they stood there forlorn. And what with weariness, what with wonder and anxiety and vexation, Mary and Katie were almost crying too.

Finally Mrs. Dalton appeared, when almost all the guests were gone, with a flush on her kind face, and an energy which triumphed over her weariness. "Come, children, we must pluck up our courage and walk," she said. "Take up your dresses, girls, and help Norah with hers. Poor child, perhaps the walk will be the best thing. It is no use waiting for the fly."

Then Charlie came back to report that the fly was nowhere visible, but that some one who had been knocked down by a runaway horse was being carried up to the house, much injured. "A white horse in a brougham. They say it took fright, and dashed down the avenue; and they are afraid the man is badly hurt," said Charlie. The ladies shuddered as the poor fellow was carried past them, his head bound round with a handkerchief stained with blood. They were the last to leave, and came down the steps just as this figure was being carried in. It was broad daylight now, and they all felt guilty and miserable in their ball dresses.

This was how the last ball ended which was given by the Burtons in Dura House.

They walked down weary, feeling some weight upon them which the majority of the party did not understand, all the length of the leafy avenue, where the birds were singing, and the new morning sending arrows of gold. The fly, with Mr. Dalton in it, very tired and fretful, met them at the gate. He had not so much as come within sight of the brougham with the white horse. But yet he was ready to go up to the great house as duty demanded, to put himself at the service of its mistress. Charlie, enlightened all in a moment as to the meaning of the night's proceedings, went with him, like a ghost of misery and wrath. The girls and the mother went home alone through the sunshine. And the echoes grew still about that centre of tumult and rejoicing. The rejoicing had ended now; and, with that feast, the reign of the Burtons at Dura had come to an end.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A SUMMER night passes quickly to those who have need of darkness for their movements. When Mrs. Drummond found herself at liberty to carry out the plan she had formed, the time before her was very short. She went back to the kitchen, and called Susan to her. Mr. Burton woke up as she came in, and they had a hurried consultation; the consequence of which was that Susan was sent to the stables, which were not very far from the garden door of the Gatehouse, to order a carriage to be dispatched instantly to pick up Mr. Burton at the Northgate, two miles off, in the opposite direction from the village. He could walk thus through the ground by paths he was familiar with, and drive to a station five miles further off on another railway. So readily do our innocence and ignorance fall into the shifty ways of guilt that this was Helen's plan. He was to wait here till Susan returned, and the experiment of her going would be a proof if the way was quite safe for him. When Susan was gone Mrs. Drummond returned alone to where her guest sat before the kitchen fire. She had her blotting-book under her arm, and an inkstand in her hand. "Before you go," she said in a low voice, "I want you to do something for me."

"I will do anything for you," he cried—"anything! Helen, I have not deserved it. You might have treated me very differently. You have been my salvation."

"Hush!" she said. His thanks recalled her old feelings of distrust and dislike rather

than the new ones of pity. She put down her writing things on the table. "I have my conditions as well as other people," she said. "I want now to know the truth."

"What truth?"

"About Rivers's," she said.

"Helen!"

"It is useless for you to resist or deny me," she replied, "you are in my power. I am willing to do everything to serve you, but I will have a full explanation. Write it how you please, but you shall not leave this place till you have given me the means, when I please and how I please, of proving the truth."

"What is the truth, as you call it?" he said sullenly; "what have I to do with it? Drummond and the rest went into it with their eyes open; all the accounts of the concern were open to them."

"I do not pretend to understand it," said Helen. "But you do. Here are pens and paper. I insist upon a full explanation—how it was that so flourishing a business perished in three years, where those books went to, which Robert was so falsely accused of destroying. Oh, are you not afraid to tire out my patience? Do you know that you are in my power?"

He gave an alarmed look at her. He had forgotten everything but those fables about feminine weakness which are current among such men, and had half laughed in his sleeve half an hour before at her readiness to help and serve him. But now all at once he perceived that laughter was out of place, and there was no time to lose. The reflection that ran through his mind was—All must come out in a week or two—it will do her no good; but it can do me no harm. "If I am to give an account of the whole history it will take me hours," he said. "I may as well give up all thought of getting away to-night." But he drew the blotting-book towards him. Helen did not relax nor falter. She lighted another candle; she left him to himself with a serious belief in his good faith which startled him. She moved about the kitchen while he wrote, filling a small flask with wine out of the solitary bottle which had been brought out for his refreshment, and which represented the entire cellar of the Gatehouse—even brushing the coat which he had thrown aside, that it might be ready for him. The man watched her with the wonder of an inferior nature. He had loved her once, and it had given him a true pleasure to humble her when the moment came. But now the ascendancy had returned into

her hands. Had he been in her place how he would have triumphed! But Helen did not triumph. His misery did not please, it bowed her down to the ground. She was sad—suffering for him, ashamed, anxious. He did not understand it. Gradually, he could not have told how, her look affected him. He tore up the first statement he had commenced, a florid, apologetic narrative. He tore up the second, in which he threw the blame upon the ignorance of business of poor Drummond and his fellow-directors. Finally he was moved so strangely out of himself that he wrote the simple truth, and no more, without a word of apology or explanation. Half-a-dozen lines was enough for that. The apology would, as he said, have taken hours.

And then Susan came back. By this time he had written not only the explanation required of him, but a letter to his wife, and was ready to try his fate once more. Helen herself went with him to the garden door; the path through the woods was dark, hidden from the moonlight by the close copses and high fence, which it skirted for many a mile. And there would not be daylight to betray him for at least an hour. He stood on the verge of the dark wood, and took her hand. "Helen, you have saved me; God bless you," he said. And in a moment this strange episode was over, as though it had never been. She stood under the rustling trees, and listened to his footsteps. The night wind blew chill in her face, the dark boughs swayed round her as if catching at her garments. A hundred little crackling sounds, echoes, movements among the copse, all the jars and broken tones of nature that startle the fugitive, made her heart beat with terror. If she had felt a hand on her shoulder, seizing her instead of him, Helen would not have been surprised. But while she stood and listened all the sounds seemed to die away again in the stillness of the night. And the broad moonlight shone, silvering the black trees, out of which all individuality had fled, and the music from Dura came back in a gust, and the roll of the carriages slowly moving about the avenue, waiting for the dancers. And but that Helen stood in so unusual a spot, with that garden door half open behind her, and the big key in her hand, she might have thought that all this was nothing more than a dream.

She went in, and locked the door, and then returned to Susan's kitchen. It was her turn now to feel the cold, after her excitement was over; she went in shivering, and drew

close to the fire. She put her head down into her hands. The tears came to her eyes unawares, weariness had come upon her all at once, when the necessity of exertion was over. She held in her hand the paper she had made Burton write, but she had not energy enough to look at it. Would it ever be of any use to her? Would he whom it concerned ever return? Or was all this—the picture, the visit to the Exhibition, the sudden conviction which had seized upon her—were these all so many delusions in her dream? After a while Miss Jane, all unconscious, excited with her unusual pleasure, and full of everything she had seen, came and sat by her and talked. “I told Susan to go to bed,” said Miss Jane; “and I wish you would go too, Mrs. Drummond. I will sit up for Norah. Oh, how proud I was of that child to-night! I suppose it’s very wrong, you know—so my mother says—but I can’t help it. It is just as well I am a single woman, and have no children of my own; for I should have been a fool about them. The worst of all is that we shan’t keep her long. She will marry, and then what shall we do? I am sure to lose her would break Stephen’s heart.”

“She is very young,” said Helen, who answered for civility’s sake alone, and who with all the heavy thought in her heart and apprehensions for the fugitive, would have given much to be left to herself.

“Yes, she is young; but not too young to do a great deal of mischief. When I saw all those men on their knees before her!” cried Miss Jane, with a laugh of triumph. She had never been an object of much admiration or homage herself; men had not gone on their knees to her, though no doubt she was more worthy than many of the foolish creatures who have been so worshipped; but the result of this was that Miss Jane enjoyed heartily the other revenge which other women had it in their power to take for all the slights and scorns to which she and her homely sisters had been subjected. She liked to see “them” punished, though “they” were an innocent, new generation, blameless so far as she was concerned. She would not have injured a fly; but her face beamed all over with delight at the thought that it was Norah’s mission to break hearts.

Thus the good soul sat and talked, while Helen listened to every sound, and wondered where was he now? what might be happening? She did not even hear what was being said to her until Miss Jane fell into a moralising vein. “The Burtons are at the height

of their splendour now,” she said. “I never saw anything so grand as it was. I don’t think anything could be grander. But oh, Mrs. Drummond, people’s sins find them out. There’s Clara getting bewitched by that man; everybody could see it. A man old enough to be her father, without a scrap of character, and no money even, I suppose. Think of that! and oh, what will all their grandeur do for them, with Ned at the other end of the world, and Clara throwing herself away?”

“Oh, hush, hush!” cried Helen. “Don’t prophesy any more misfortune; there is enough without that.”

And five minutes after Norah came to the door, surrounded by the party from the Rectory, all pale and terror-stricken, with the news which they felt to be so terrible. “Clara has gone away!” They stood at the door and told this tale, huddled together in the fresh sunshine, the girls crying, the elder women asking each other, “what would the Burtons do?” “She was almost rude to me. She sent me away,” Mrs. Dalton said, “or I should have stayed with her. And Mr. Burton is not there! What will she do?” They could scarcely make up their minds to separate, worn out and miserable as they all were. And opposite, in the morning sunshine, two men still watched the Gatehouse, as they had watched it all through the night.

These miseries all ended in a misery which was comic, had any of them had heart enough left to laugh. While she helped to undress Norah, Miss Jane suddenly uttered a scream, which made Helen tremble from head to foot. She had caught in her hands the pretty flounces of that white dress, that lovely dress, Dr. Maurice’s present, which had turned poor little Cinderella—Norah—into an enchanted princess; but now, alas, all limp, damp, ruined! even stained with the dewy grass and gravel across which it had come. Miss Jane could have cried with vexation and dismay. This was the climax of all the agonies of that wonderful night. But, fortunately, it was not so hopeless as the others. An hour later, when the house was all silent, and even Helen lay with her eyes shut, longing to sleep, Miss Jane stole downstairs again, carrying this melancholy garment on her arm. She went to Susan’s kitchen, where the fire was burning, and, spreading it out upon the big table, took it to pieces to see what could be done. And then she made a discovery which drew from her a cry of joy. The dress was *grenadine*, not *tarlatan*! Dear, ignorant reader, perhaps you do

not know what this means? but well did Miss Jane understand. "Grenadine will wash!" she said to herself triumphantly. She was a clever woman, and she was not unconscious of the fact. She would wash and starch with any professional. Accordingly, she set to work with scissors and soap and starch and hot irons; but, above all, with love, love, which made the fingers cunning and the courage strong.

Mr. Burton made his escape safely. He had reached the North-gate before the dog-cart did, which came up for him just as the morning was breaking. With this delay it so happened that when he reached the station to which he was bound a brougham with a white horse appeared in sight behind, and gave him a thrill of terror; it was not a likely vehicle certainly for his pursuers; but still it was possible that they might have found nothing more suitable had they got scent of him at Dura. He sprang out of the dog-cart accordingly, and took refuge in one of the corners of the station. It was a junction, and two early morning trains, one up and one down, passed between four and five o'clock. Both parties accordingly had some time to wait. Mr. Burton, skulking behind anything that would shelter him, made out, to his great amazement, that the other traveller waiting about was his friend Golden, accompanied by a cloaked and veiled woman. The fugitive grinned in ghastly satisfaction when he saw it. He had no desire just then to encounter Golden, and in such companionship he was safe. It was a lovely morning, fresh and soft, cooler than July usually is, and the pair on the platform walked about in the sun, basking in it. He watched them from behind a line of empty carriages. The woman, whoever she was, clung close to her companion, holding his arm clasped with both her hands; while Golden bent over her, with his face close to her veil. "I wonder who she is? I wonder what they are doing here at this hour? I wonder if he has been to Dura? And, by Jove, to think of his going in for that sort of thing, as if he was five-and-twenty!" Mr. Burton said to himself. He was full of curiosity, almost of amazement, and he longed to go and sun himself on that same platform too. But he was a fugitive, and he dared not. How could he tell who might be about, or what Golden's feelings were towards him? They had been very good friends once; but Burton had stood by Golden but feebly at the time of the trial about Rivers's, and Golden had not stood by Burton warmly during the time of difficulty which had culminated in ruin. He watched

them with growing curiosity, with a kind of interest which he could not understand—with—yes, he could not deny it, with a curious wistfulness and envy. He supposed the fellow was happy like that, now? And as for himself, he was not happy—he was cold, weary, anxious, afraid. He had a prison before him, perhaps a felon's sentence—anyhow, at the least, a loud, hoarse roar of English society and the newspapers. If he could but succeed in putting the channel between him and them! and there was that other man, as guilty as himself, perhaps more guilty ("for he had not my temptations," Mr. Burton said to himself. "He had not a position to keep up, an expensive establishment, a family") sunning himself in the full morning light, waiting for his train in the eye of day, not afraid of anybody—nay, probably at the height of pleasure and success, enjoying himself as a young man enjoys himself! When the pair approached a little closer to his hiding-place than they had yet done, Burton, in his haste to get out of the way, slipped his foot, and fell upon the cold iron rails. He rose with a curse in his heart, the poignancy of the contrast was too much for him. Had he but known that his appearance would have confounded his old friend, and set all his plans to nought! Could he but have imagined who it was that clung to Golden's arm!

But he did not. He saw the up-train arrive, and the two get into it. He had meant to go that way himself, feeling London, of all refuges, the most safe; but he had not courage to venture now. He waited for the other train going down into the country. He made a rapid calculation how he could shape his course to the sea, and get off, if not as directly, perhaps more securely. He had found a dark overcoat in the dog-cart, which was a boon to him; he had poor Helen's flask of wine in his pocket. And as he got into the train, and dashed away out of the station and over the silent, sunshiny country, where safety lay, Golden and Golden's companion went out of Mr. Burton's mind. He had a hundred things to think of, and yet a hundred more. Why should he trouble himself about that?

Thus the night disappeared like a mist from the face of the world, and the 7th of July, an ordinary working day like the others, Saturday, the end of a common week, rose up business-like and usual upon a host of toiling folk, to whom the sight of it was sweet for the sake of the resting day that came after it. Old Ann, from Dura Den, drove her cart with the vegetables and the big posy for the sick gentleman, under Stephen's window, and wonder-

ed that it should still be closed, though it was ten o'clock. Susan, very heavy-eyed and pale, was cleansing and whitening her steps, upon which there had been so many footsteps last night.

"Well, Susan, you *are* late," said old Ann.

"Our folks were all at *that* ball last night," said Susan, "keeping a body up, awaiting for 'em till morning light."

"Well, well, young folks must have their diversions. We was fond of 'em oursels once on a day," said the charitable old woman.

Across the road the blinds were still down in the Rectory. The young people were all asleep; and even the elder people had been overcome with weariness and the excitement through which, more or less, all of them had gone. Before old Ann's cart resumed its progress, however, Stephen's window had been opened, and signs of life began to appear. About eleven Mrs. Drummond came down-stairs. She had slept for an hour, and on waking had felt assured that she must have been dreaming, and that all her vision of the night was a delusion, but her head ached so, and her face was so pale when she looked at herself in the glass, that Helen trembled and asked herself if this was the beginning of a fever. Something must have happened—it could not all be a dream. She knelt down to say her prayers in front of the table, where her picture, her idol, was. And then she saw a paper, placed upright beneath it, as flowers might be put at a shrine. She read it then, for the first time, on her knees. It was the paper that Reginald Burton had written, which she had taken from him in her weariness without being able to read it. Half-a-dozen lines, no more. She did not understand it now. But it was enough, it was final. No one, after this, could throw reproach or scorn upon her Robert's name.

Robert! This night had been like a year, like a lifetime. It had made her forget. Now she knelt there, and everything came back to her. She did not say her prayers; the attitude sometimes is all that the heavy-laden are capable of; of itself that attitude is an appeal to God, such as a child might make who plucked at its mother's dress to attract her notice, and looked up to her, though it could find no words to say. Not a word came to Helen's lips. She knelt and recollected, and thought—her mind was in a whirl, yet it was silent, not even forming a wish. It was as if she held her breath and gazed upon something which had taken place before her, something with which she had no connection. "I have seen the wicked great in power, like a

green bay-tree; and I passed again, and lo! he was not." Was that the story, written in ruin, written in tears? And Robert! Who was he—he who had stretched out his hands to her in the depths of despair, from hell, from across the Atlantic, from—where?

Helen rose up piteously, and that suspense which had been momentarily dispossessed by the urgency of more immediate claims upon her attention, came back again, and tore her heart in twain. Oh, they might think her foolish who did not know! but who else except Robert could have seized her very heart with those two up-stretched hands of Dives, hands that could have drawn her down, had she been there, out of the highest heaven? She could trust no longer, she thought, to the lukewarm interest of friends—to men who did not understand. She must bestir herself to find out. She must find out if she should die.

Thus, with dry, bright eyes, and a fire new-lit in her heart which burned and scorched her, she went down-stairs into the common world. "I will bring your breakfast directly, 'm," said Susan, meeting her in the passage, and Helen went into the old, ghastly drawing-room, the place which had grown so familiar to her, almost dear.

Was it the old drawing-room she had lived in yesterday? or what strange vision was it that came across her of another room, far different, a summer evening as this was a summer morning, a child who cried "Mamma, here is a letter!" Nothing—nothing! only a mere association, one of the tricks fancy plays us. This feverish state, this sudden swimming of the head, and wild question whether she was back in St. Mary's Road, or where she was, arose from the sight of a letter laid awaiting her in the centre of a little round table. It lay as that letter had lain some years ago, in which he took his leave of her—as a hundred letters must have lain since. A common letter, thrown down carelessly, without any meaning. Oh, fool, fool that she was!

CHAPTER XL.

MRS. BURTON was alone in her deserted house. The house was not deserted in the common sense of the word. Up-stairs at this very moment it was buzzing with life and movement; and the young men in the smoking-room—men who had come from town, from their duties and their pleasures, expressly for the ball—were commenting to each other carelessly upon the absence of their host. "Young Burton has been off for six months on a wandering fit, and old

Burton is up to the eyes in business, as usual," Cyril Rivers explained, who was not unfriendly to his entertainers; while the Marchioness, with Lady Florizel in the room of state up-stairs was commenting upon Clara's behaviour, and declaring her intention to leave next morning. "Fortunately, Merewether has not committed himself," the Marchioness was saying. In another room of the house, Mrs. Burton's two aunts, flanked by their two maids, were shaking their heads together in mingled sorrow and anger. "Depend upon it, something will come of all this," Mrs. Everest said, as she put on her night-cap; and Aunt Louisa cried, and exclaimed that when Clara entered on such an extravagant course she always knew that some chastisement must come. "I would shut that child up, and feed her on bread and water," cried the stronger-minded sister; and so said the maids, who thought Miss Clary was bewitched—and with such a man!

While all this was going on, little Mrs. Burton was alone in the ball-room, which was still blazing with lights. She was seated wearily in a big chair at one end. But for her diamonds, which sought the light, and made a blaze of radiance round about her, like the aureole of a saint, she would have been invisible in the great, spacious, empty room. A deserted ball-room has been so often described, that I will not repeat the unnecessary picture. This ball-room, however, had not a dismal aspect; everything was too well managed for that. The flowers, arranged in great brilliant banks of colour, were not fading, but looked as brilliant as ever; the lights shone as brightly. Except for some flowers dropped about from the bouquets of the dancers, some shreds of lace and tulle torn from their dress, it might have been before instead of after the ball. Mrs. Burton was seated at the further end. She sat quite motionless, her hands crossed in her lap, her diamonds reflecting the light. What a night this had been for her! The other parties concerned had each had their share—her husband his ruin, her child her elopement; but this small woman with her hands clasped, with this crowded house to regulate and manage, with her part still to play in the world around her, knew all and had all to bear. She sat thus among the ruins, nothing hid from her, nothing postponed. Through her slight little frame there was a dull throbbing of pain; but her head was clear, and did not lose a jot of all that fate had done, of all it had in store. She did not complain. She had foreseen much; she

had gone forward with her eyes open; she had even said that were her husband to be bankrupt in two days, she would give a ball on the intermediate night. If it was a brag, she had excelled that brag; she had given her greatest ball, and marked her apotheosis, on the very night when he was flying from justice. And no good angel had interfered to soften to her the news of those successive blows. She had herself opened the ball with old Lord Boabdil—the man of highest rank present; and it was when she had resumed her seat after that solemn ceremonial that Golden, whom she hated, approached her, and whispered in her ear the news of her husband's ruin. She had been prepared for the news, but not then, nor at such a moment; nevertheless, she stood up and received the blow without a cry, without a moment's failure of her desperate courage. And everything had gone on. She was always pale, so that there was nothing to betray her so far as that went, and her cares as hostess never relaxed. She went from side to side, dispensing her attentions, looking after everybody's comfort as if she had been a queen, and all the time asking herself had he been taken? was he a prisoner? how much shame should she have to bear? Then, when the slow hours had gone on, and the insupportable din about her seemed as if it must soon come to an end, there arrived that other messenger of woe, poor kind Mrs. Dalton, with tears in her eyes, and a voice which faltered. "The rector has gone after them. Oh, will you let me stay with you? Can I be of any use to you?" Mrs. Dalton had sobbed, attracting, as the other woman—the real sufferer—knew, the attention of those groups about, who had no right to know anything of her private sorrows. "It is not necessary. My father is here, and my aunts. I can have everything done that is wanted," Mrs. Burton replied: and she had turned round to show some one who came to ask her where the basket was with all the ribbons, and flowers, and pretty toys for the cotillion. Through all this she had stood her ground. She had shaken hands with the last of her guests and had seen the visitors to their rooms before she gave in; and even now she was not giving in. Had any one entered the empty room, Mrs. Burton would have proved equal to the occasion; she would have risen to meet them—have talked on any subject with perfect self-command. But fortunately no one came.

Poor old Mr. Baldwin had arrived at Dura only that night. He had heard a great many

disquieting rumours, and he was very unhappy about his son-in-law's position, and about the way in which his daughter took it. Even the fact that she had her settlement scarcely consoled him; for he said to himself that the creditors would "reflect" upon all this extravagance, and that even about the settlement itself a great deal would be said. He had hovered about her all the evening, looking wistfully at her, inviting her confidence; but Mrs. Burton had not said a word to him, even of her daughter's disappearance. She had felt no impulse to do anything about Clary. Whether it was that all her energy was required to bear up against those successive blows, or if her pride shrunk from informing even her own friends, or finally, if she felt it useless, and knew that now no person on earth could compel the self-willed girl to return, it is certain that Mrs. Burton had "taken no steps." Even now she did not think of taking any steps. She allowed her father and her aunts to go to bed without a word. She sat and pondered, and did nothing. Alone in that great blazing deserted room—alone in the house—alone in the world: this was what she felt. Out of doors the birds were singing and the sun shining; but the closed windows admitted only the palest gleam of the daylight. When the servants came to tell her that Mr. Dalton was at the door, asking to see her, she sent him a civil message. "Many thanks; but her father was with her, and could do all she wanted." Then her maid came to ask if Mrs. Burton did not want anything, and was sent away with a wave of her hand. Then the butler came timidly to ask should they shut up? was master to be expected? At that summons Mrs. Burton rose.

"I am tired," she said, putting on her company colour; for Simmons the butler was as important in his way as old Lord Boabdil. "I was glad to rest a little after all the worry. Yes, certainly, shut up, and let everybody go to bed. I do not expect your master to-night."

"If I might make so bold, madam," said Simmons, "Tom the groom have just been in to say as orders was took to the stables to send the dog-cart for master to the north gate, and as he took him up there and drove him to Turley station, and as he gave him this note, and said as it was all right."

"All right!" She repeated the words, looking at him with a ghastly bewilderment which frightened the man. And then she recovered herself, and resumed her former

composure. "That will do, Simmons. Your master had a—journey—to make. I was not aware he would have started so—soon. Have everything shut up as quickly as possible, and let all the servants go to bed."

She went up-stairs, emerging all at once into the full morning sunshine in the hall, which dazzled and appalled her. The light dazzled her eyes, but not her jewels, which woke at its touch, and blazed about her with living, many-coloured radiance. A little rainbow seemed to form round her as she went up-stairs. How her temples throbbed! What a dull aching was in every limb, in every pulse! She went into Clara's room first. She was not a very tender mother, and never had been; yet almost every night for seventeen years she had gone into that room before retiring to her own. Clara's maid was seated, fast asleep, before a table on which a candle was burning pitifully in the full daylight. The room looked trim and still as a room does which has not been occupied in that early brightness. The maid woke with a shiver as Mrs. Burton entered.

"Oh, Miss Clara, I beg your pardon," she said.

"It is no matter. My daughter will not want you to-night. Go to bed, Jane," said Mrs. Burton. "And you can tell Barnes to go to bed. Neither of you will be wanted. Go at once."

When she was left alone, she cast a glance round to see if there was any letter. There was a little three-cornered note fastened on the pincushion. She took that into her hand along with her husband's note, which she held there, but did not attempt to read either. With a quick eye she noted that Clara's jewel-case and all the presents which had been showered upon her that morning—her eighteenth birthday—had gone. A faint, mechanical smile came upon her face, and then she locked the door, and went to her own room.

She sat down there again to think, with the diamonds still upon her and all her ornaments, and the two letters in her hand. Why should she read them? She knew exactly what they would be. The one she did open after a long pause was Clary's. The other—had she any interest in it? It gave her a sensation of disgust rather. She tossed it on the table. Clary's note was very short. It ran thus:—

"DEAR MAMMA,—Feeling sure you never would consent, and as we both know we could

not live without each other, I have made up my mind to leave you. I shall be Mrs. Golden when you get this, for he has prepared everything. We start immediately for the Lakes, and I will write you from there. Of course it would have been nicer to have been Lady Somebody; but then I never saw any one who was half so nice as he is; and he hopes, and so do I, that you will soon make up your mind to it, and forgive us.

"Your affectionate

"CLARA.

"He bids me say it is to be at St. James's, Piccadilly, and that if you inquire, you will find everything quite right."

Mrs. Burton tossed this from her too on to the same table where the father's letter lay unopened. The scorn with which they filled her stopped for a moment the movements of that wonderful machine of thinking which nothing had yet arrested. It was "human nature" *pur et simple*. Clara had taken her jewels, had made sure it was "all right" about the wedding; and the father had sent the same message—"all right." All right! A smile flitted across the pale, almost stern, little face of the woman who was left to bear all this, and to bear it alone. Most other women would have made some passionate attempt to do something—to pursue the one or the other—to go to their succor. Mrs. Burton had no such impulse. She was like a soldier who has fought to the last gasp; she stood still upon her span of soil, her sword broken, her banner taken from her; nothing to fight for any longer, yet still, with the instinct of battle, holding out, and standing firm. So long as there was any excuse for keeping up the conflict, she would have borne every blow like a stoic; but what she could not bear was the thought of giving in; and the hour for giving in had come.

Must it be told? Must she acknowledge before the world that all had been in vain? that her husband was a fugitive, her daughter the victim of a scoundrel, her family for ever crushed down and trampled in the dust? To everything else she could have wound up her high courage. This was the only thing that was really hard for her, and this was what she had to do. How much, she wondered, would she have to suffer? Probably Mr. Burton would be taken, tried, share the fate which various men whose names she knew had already borne. Should she have to go to him? to visit him in his prison? to read her own name in the papers—"Mrs. Burton spent an hour with the prisoner,"

"His wife was present?" She clasped her small, thin hands together. For a long time she had wondered whether when it came she would feel it. She could have answered her own question now. Ruin, shame, public comment, sudden descent from her high estate, humiliation, sympathy, even pity—all these were before her, and it would have been hard for her to say which was the worst.

The young men roused her with their voices as they came up-stairs. It was not worth while going to bed, she heard one say; a bath, and then a long walk somewhere before breakfast was the only thing possible. This called her attention to the clock striking on the mantelpiece. Six o'clock! No longer night, but day! She rose, and took off her jewels and her evening dress. It troubled and tired, and irritated her to do all this for herself; but she succeeded at last. A nightly vigil, and even all the emotion through which she had passed did not make the same difference to her colourless countenance which it would have done to a more blooming woman. When she knocked at her father's door, and went in to his bedside to speak to him, he thought her looking very much as usual. He thought he must have overslept himself, which was likely enough, considering how late he had been last night, and that she had come to call him and have a chat with him before all her fine people came down to breakfast. It was kind of Clara. It showed, what he had sometimes doubted, that she was still capable of recollecting that she was his child.

"I have come to tell you of some things that have happened," she said, sitting down in the big chair by the bed, "and to ask your advice and help. Some strange things have happened to-night. In the first place, papa, you were a true prophet. Mr. Burton has been obliged to go away."

"To go away?"

"Yes, to escape, to fly—whatever you call it. He is—ruined. I suppose he must be worse than ruined," she added quietly; "for—I hear—the police—"

"Oh, Clara! Oh, my poor, poor child!"

"Don't be sorry for me, papa. Let us look at it calmly. I am not one to cry, you know, and get over it in that way. So far as I have heard yet, he has got off: he reached Turley station this morning, I suppose in time for the train. Most likely he has money, as he has not asked for any, and he may get safely off. Stop, papa; that is not all I have to tell you. There is something more."

"Clara, my own poor girl! there can be nothing so bad."

"Some people would think it worse," she said. "Papa, don't say any more than you can help. Clara has—eloped. She has gone off with Mr. Golden, whom you all forgave, whom I hated, who was—her father's friend."

The old man gave a great cry. Clary was his grandchild, whom he adored. He loved her with that fond, caressing, irresponsible love which is sometimes sweeter than even a parent's love for his own child. It was for others to find fault with, to correct, her; the grandfather had nothing to do but admire, and pet, and praise. "Clary!" it was but the other day that he told her stories as she sat on his knee!

"Yes, Clary. Here is her note, and here is—Mr. Burton's. They are both gone. All this has happened since last night."

"Clara, what o'clock is it now?"

"Half-past six," she said, mechanically taking out her watch, "and fortunately nobody will be stirring for some time at least. Papa, what are you going to do?"

"I am going to get up," he said. "Clara, there is still time. If I can get up to town by the first train, I may be in time to stop it yet."

"To stop—what?"

"The marriage, child, the marriage! Clary's destruction! Go away, my dear, and let me get up."

"It would be of no use," she said. "Papa, when Clary has made up her mind, nothing that we can say would stop her. You might do it by law, perhaps; but she will never come home again—never hear reason. I know her better. There were a great many things I wanted to ask about——"

"Leave me just now, for heaven's sake, Clara! I must try, at least, to save the child."

She rose without another word, and went away. A smile once more stole upon her face, and stayed there, rigid and fixed. He might have been of a little help to herself; but he thought of Clary first—Clary, who was obstinate, and whom nothing could move—who was coaxing and winning to those who loved her, and would persuade the old man to anything. Well, Mrs. Burton said to herself, she had hoped for his help for a moment; but now it was clear that she must do everything for herself.

She went down-stairs, and took down a cloak which hung in the hall, and wrapping it about her, stepped out into the fresh air.

That, at least, might help her, though nothing else would. She walked down to the avenue, to the skirt of the woods. Like a cordial the soft air breathed about her, and gave her a certain strength. She was not a woman who cared about the meaner delights of wealth; all these she would have given up without a pang. But to exchange this large, free, lofty life which she had been leading for the restrained and limited existence of her father's house—to be no longer entire mistress of her own actions, but to be bound by her father's antiquated notions, by what Aunt Everest and Aunt Louisa thought proper—that would be hard to bend her mind to. To give up Dura for Clapham! Even that she could do stoically, and no one would ever be the wiser. But to bear all the shame, all the comments, a husband in prison, a story of romance of real life, ruin of the father, elopement of the daughter, in the newspapers! Mrs. Burton gave no outward sign of the struggle that went on within her, but she clasped her little thin white hands together, and she recognised at once, wholly and clearly, without any self-deception, what she would have to bear.

She waited there till her father came up to her on his way to the station. He stopped and told her he would come back as soon as he could.

"Most likely I will take Clary to Clapham first," he said. "Better than here, don't you think? She might be frightened to face you after her folly. My dear, take a little courage, if you can. The innocent child has given us all the clue that is necessary—St. James's, Piccadilly. No marriage could take place before eight o'clock, and I shall reach there soon after—in time to prevent that, at least. I will take her to Clapham, and then, my dear, I will come straight back to you."

"Very well, papa," she said.

In her heart she wondered at his simplicity, at the folly of his hopes; but what was the use of saying anything? If it pleased him to do this, if this was what he thought best, why, let him do it. Let every one act as it seemed good in his own eyes.

"And by-the-bye, Clara, one thing more," he said—"Ned's address. Where is he now? I must telegraph at once for him."

Then some faint semblance of the tigress guarding her young appeared in Mrs. Burton.

"Ned! Why should Ned be brought home? Why should he be involved in trouble he has nothing to do with? He is out

of it; he, at least, is safe. No, papa; I will not have him brought back."

"Clara, you are mad, you are incomprehensible!" cried her father. "Give me the boy's address."

"I will not," she answered, looking at him.

The woman had come to light in her at last—the woman and something of the mother. As a daughter she had neglected none of the observances of respect. She had been dutiful, though she had long been an independent agent, and had forgotten the very idea of obedience. But never had she defied her father before. She did it now calmly, as she did everything. She had upheld her family and its importance as long as mortal strength could do it; but now, when that had failed, she would at least defend her boy.

"Clara, you astonish me. I could not have believed it of you," said her father severely.

But he had no time to remonstrate or to command. He had to hurry away for his train. And she stood and looked after him, her breath for the first time quickened with excitement, her resolution bringing a certain colour to her cheek. Ned was safe, and out of all this trouble. It was the only gleam of comfort in her clouded sky. He who should bring her boy back to undergo all this shame and suffering was her enemy, though it were done on the specious pretence of serving her. Bringing her son back to support and help her: the man who did it would be her enemy. She could do without the help and support. She was ready to bear anything, since it must be borne. What relief could it afford her to know that another suffered too, and that other her son? She went back to the house with quickened steps under the sway of the thought, that Ned, at least, was safe, and kept out of it. She was not the kind of woman who would complain of bearing anything alone.

Breakfast was a very late and straggling meal that day at Dura; but Mrs. Burton was the first at the table—before even the young man who had proposed a bath and a walk instead of sleep. The breakfast was as sumptuous, as well served, as usual, and there were the same number of servants about, the dogs, as usual, on the lawn, the man with the post-bags, as usual, visible coming up the avenue. The eye would have seen no indication of any change. But Mrs. Burton made a calm little speech to every new group, which had the most curiously disconcerting effect upon her guests. She

said to them that family circumstances compelled her to make preparations at once for leaving Dura; that some things had happened which she need not tell them of—family events—which had changed all her arrangements. She hoped, under these circumstances, they would pardon, if she said plainly——

"Oh, yes, certainly. Not another word," the visitors cried, dismayed. They all gazed at each other, and whispered over their tea-cups when her back was turned. They heard her say the same thing to one party after another—even to the Marchioness herself, who had come down fully primed, meaning to overwhelm Mrs. Burton with a theatrical leavetaking.

"Why, why, why!" she cried in her wrath, "you mean that you want to—get rid of us, Mrs. Burton!" and her hair stood on end upon her noble head.

"I am afraid, without making any mystery of it, that is what I do mean, Lady Upshire," said the woman who was only the wife of a rich City man—a *parvenue*, one of the *nouveaux riches*—fixing her blue eyes calmly upon her splendid guest.

"What pluck she has!" the young men said to themselves. They almost cheered her for her dauntless front. And they were all gone by two o'clock—marchioness and maidservant, guardsman and public servant—every visitor, gentle and simple. They disappeared as if by magic. What questions they asked each other, what speculations they entertained among themselves, Mrs. Burton neither knew nor cared. The first thing was to be free of them, and when the afternoon came, she was alone with the startled servants and her two aunts, to whom as yet she had given no explanations, and whose private opinion, stated a hundred times that morning, was, that at last beyond all controversy, Clara must be mad.

CHAPTER XLI.

MR. BALDWIN came back to Dura in the afternoon, worn out and disappointed—foiled by the simple fact, which had never occurred to the old man as possible, that Clara—his innocent Clara—had wittingly or unwittingly given a false indication, and that St. James's, Piccadilly, knew nothing of any such marriage. Mr. Baldwin drove to all the hotels, to all the churches, he could think of, from St. James's, Camberwell, to St. James's, Kentish Town, but in vain. Just when it was too late to follow them further, he discovered

an anonymous little chapel which he must have passed a dozen times in his journeys, where the ceremony had actually taken place. Charles Golden to Clara Burton. Then he had gone to the Northern Railway Station, and discovered that they had left by the eleven o'clock train. All he had done had been to verify their movements. The poor old man aged ten years during this running to and fro. He went back to his daughter worn out and miserable. Little Clara, the pride of the family, with all her beauty, her youth, and the possibilities that lay before her! "Now I know that we may go too far in carrying out the precepts of Christianity," he groaned, when his sympathetic sisters came to console him. "We thought he had repented, and we took him back to our hearts." In this, however, poor Mr. Baldwin deceived himself. Golden had been received back into their hearts, not because he had repented, but because the scandal against him had died into oblivion, and because in their souls even the honest men admired the consummate cleverness of the rogue. And in this point, at least, Mr. Golden had not been mercenary; he had actually fallen in love with Clara Burton, knowing the desperate state of her father's affairs—affairs which were so desperate, when he was called on to help in regulating them, that he had been "obliged to decline" the task. Golden had a little Sybarite "place" of his own on the shores of the Mediterranean. So many scraps of money had adhered to his fingers in his various commercial adventures, though these adventures were always unfortunate, that he could afford himself that crowning luxury of a beautiful wife; and then Mr. Baldwin was a rich man and a doating grandfather, who after a while would be sure to forgive.

As for Mrs. Burton, she had expected her father's failure, and was not surprised or disappointed. She had given her daughter up, not with any revengeful or vindictive intention, but simply as a matter of fact. "Oh, don't curse her, Clara!" Aunt Louisa sobbed in the midst of her tears. And then indeed Mrs. Burton was surprised. "Curse her! I have no intention of cursing her," she said. Clara had taken her own way; she had pleased herself. What she had done was quite easily to be accounted for; it was human nature. Mrs. Burton was not subject to passions herself, but she recognised them as a motive-power; and though perhaps in her inmost heart there was a sense of shame that *her* child should be violently moved by

those lowest, almost brutal, forces (for so she deemed them), yet her intelligence understood and allowed the possibility. Clara had acted according to her nature; that was all that was to be said. She had laid an additional burden upon her family—or rather upon her mother, the only one of the family left to bear it; but then it was not natural to Clara to take account of what other people might have to bear. Thus Mrs. Burton accepted it, making no complaint. If it gave her any additional individual pang for itself, and not merely as part of the whole, she at least said little about it, and made no individual complaint.

But there came a moment when actual feeling, emotion not to be disguised, broke forth in this self-possessed woman. She had decided to remain at Dura till further news, and until her husband's affairs could be fully examined into, and though her aunts went home, her father remained with her. Two long days passed over without news. On the third, Tuesday, Mr. Baldwin went to town to make what inquiries were possible. As yet there had been but vague hints in the newspapers—rumours of changes affecting "a well-known name in the City"—and the old man had hesitated to show himself, to ask any questions which might, as he said, "precipitate matters." "While we are in ignorance, quiet is best," he had said; but when the third day arrived, though Mrs. Burton still bore the suspense like a stoic, Mr. Baldwin could not bear it any longer. When he was gone, she showed no signs of impatience; she went about her business as usual, and she had a great deal to do. She had begun at once to wind up the accounts of the house, to arrange with her servants, to whom she was a just and not ungenerous mistress, when they should go, and what would be done to find them places. But when the languid afternoon came, her energy flagged a little. She did not allow, even to herself, that she was anxious. She went into the great drawing-room, and sat down near a window from which she could see the avenue. Perhaps for the first time, the impulse came into her mind to prefer a smaller room, to take refuge somewhere else than in this waste of damask and gilding; but if such was the case, she restrained and condemned the thought. She was herself so small, almost invisible, in the great silent place, full of those mirrors which reflected nothing, those chairs where no one sat. No marble statue with a finger on its lip was ever so complete an embodiment of silence as she, seated there all alone, motion-

less, looking out upon the road. It might have been hours before any one came. A summer afternoon, slow, languid, endless, one vast blank of drowsy calm and blazing sunshine, the wind too listless to blow, the leaves too heavy to wave, everything still, even the birds. But at last, at last some one came—not Mr. Baldwin's slow, heavy old steps, but rapid young ones, light and impatient. She gazed at the speck as it gradually approached, and became recognisable. Then her heart gave a great unexpected, painful throb. Ned! Her last little gleam of satisfaction, her last comfort, then, was not to be. He was not out of it, safe, as she had hoped, but here to bear all the brunt, to share all the shame. She tried to get up, to go and meet him, but sank back, faint and incapable, in her chair, trembling, sick to the heart, overwhelmed for the first time.

He came in, bringing a gust of fresh air (it seemed) with him. He was dusty, and pale, and eager.

"Mother!" he cried, as he came up to her.

She held up her hand with a gesture which was almost passionate, repelling him.

"Oh, Ned, Ned! why have you come here?"

"Don't you want me, mamma?"

He kissed her as he spoke, and put his arm round her. If she had been another kind of woman, he would have sobbed on her breast, for the lad's heart was very sore.

"No, I do not want you," she said. "I thought you were safe. I thought you were out of it all. I was ready to bear anything—it cannot hurt me—any scorn. But you, a boy, a lad, with all your life to come! Oh, Ned, Ned, why have you come here?" She had never done it before in all her life. She did not embrace him, but clutched at his arm with her two hands, and shed passionate, hot tears. "I do not want you! I do not want you!" she cried, and clung to him. "I wish you were at the end of the world!"

"Oh, mother!" cried the boy.

He was fond of her, though perhaps she had never done anything to deserve it. And she—loved him. Yes. All at once she found it out, with a mother's passion. Loved him so that she would have been glad never to see him again; glad to be cut in pieces for him; glad to suffer shame, and pain, and misery, and ruin alone, that he might be out of it. This, which she had scarcely suspected, she found out at last.

But when this moment was over, and the

fact that he had come was indisputable, and had to be made the best of, Mrs. Burton recovered her usual calm. She was ashamed of herself for having "broken down." She said it was fatigue and want of sleep which had made her weak, and then she told him all the circumstances dispassionately, as was natural to her. He himself had been summoned by a telegram from Golden. He had been at Dresden when he received it, and he had travelled night and day. But why from Golden, he said, a man whom he hated. "Your mother wants you here. There has been a great smash, and your presence is indispensable," was what the telegram had said. But I will not attempt to describe how the little, pale, dispassionate mother told the tale, nor how the young son, full of youthful passion, indignation, rage, and grief, heard of his family's downfall, and the ruin of all its prospects and hopes.

When Mr. Baldwin came back, he brought news still more overwhelming. The fact which had made further concealment impossible, and had driven Burton to flight, was the winding-up of a trust account for which he had been responsible. The property had been invested by him, and he had paid the interest regularly; but it was found that not a penny of the original capital remained; he had appropriated all. When it was known that he had disappeared, other inquiries had been at once set on foot, but kept carefully out of the papers, lest his escape might be facilitated; and then such disclosures were made as Mr. Baldwin could only repeat bit by bit, as his strength permitted. The old man cried like a child; he was utterly broken down. It had even come out about Rivers's, he said. One of the missing books, which poor Drummond had been accused of destroying, had been found in a private safe, along with damning accounts, which the unhappy man had not been able to destroy or conceal, so quickly did his fate overtake him. The unhappy man! Both Mr. Baldwin and Mrs. Burton remembered the time when Robert Drummond had been thus described—when all the newspapers had preached little sermons about him, with many a repetition of this title—articles which Burton had read, and shaken his head over, and declared were good as sermons, as warning the ignorant. This flashed upon Mrs. Burton's mind, and it came more dimly to her father. Fortunately, Ned's misery was not complicated by such recollections; he had enough without that.

"But the general impression is that he has escaped," said Mr. Baldwin; and he gave

them the vague account which had been given to him of the two futile detectives, who had watched the fugitive into a house, and kept in front of it, putting the inhabitants on their guard, while he was smuggled out by a side-door. No doubt he had escaped. And it was known that he had money; for he had drawn a large sum out of the bank the day before.

"I am glad you have come back, Ned," the grandfather added. "It is you who ought to manage all this, and not your mother. Of course she has her settlement, which nobody can touch. And I think now, my dear, that you should leave Dura, and come with me to Clapham. You will have your aunts' society to make up a little, and it will be more convenient for Ned."

Mrs. Burton looked at her son almost wistfully.

"Ned, is there any sacrifice I can make that will induce you to go away?"

"None, mother," he said, "none. I will do anything else that you ask me. But here I must have a will of my own. I cannot go away."

"Go away!" said Mr. Baldwin. "I don't know how he has got here; for your mother would not let me send for you, Ned; but of course your place is here. It will be very painful—very painful," said the old man. "But you have your settlement, Clara; and we must hope everything will turn out for the best."

"My mother will give up her settlement, sir, of course," said Ned. "After what has happened, she could not—it would be impossible—What! you don't see it? Must not those suffer who have done the wrong?"

"Ned, you are a fool," said Mr. Baldwin, "a hot-headed young fool. I see your sense now, Clara. That scoundrel, Golden, has sent for him only to increase our vexation. Give up her settlement! Then pray how is she to live?"

"With me," said Ned, rising up, and standing behind his mother's chair. He would have taken her hand to sustain him, if he could; but she did not give him her hand. He put his on the back of her chair. That, at least, was something to give him strength.

"With you!" Mr. Baldwin was moved by this absurdity to something of his former vigour. "It would be satisfactory, indeed, trusting her to you. I will have no Quixotical nonsense brought into this. That is my affair. I am the proper person to look after my daughter's settlement. It is the only comfort in a bad business. Don't let me hear any more of such childish folly."

"It is not folly," said Ned firmly, though his voice trembled. "I am sure my mother feels like me. We have no right to keep anything while my father has been spending other people's money; or if we have a right in law——"

Mrs. Burton put up her hand to stop him. It was the first time in her life that she had allowed herself to be discussed, what she should or would do, without taking any share in it. The fact was, the question was a new one—the problem quite strange to her. She had considered it as certain up to this moment that her settlement belonged to her absolutely, and that her husband's conduct one way or other could have no effect upon her undoubted right. The problem was altogether new. She put up her hand to interrupt the discussion.

"I have not thought of this," she said. "Ned, say no more. I want time to think. I will tell you to-morrow what I will do."

Against this decision there was not a word to say. The old man and the boy gave up their discussion as suddenly as they had begun it. Let them argue as they would, it was she who must settle the question; and just then the great bell rang—the bell which regulated the clock in the village, and warned all the countryside when the great people at the great house were going to dine. The ears which were accustomed to it scarcely noted the sound; but Ned, to whom it had become a novelty, and as great a mockery as a novelty, started violently, put up his hands to his ears, and rushed out into the hall, where Simmons stood in all the splendour of his evening dress.

"Stop that infernal noise!" cried poor Ned, in a sudden outburst of rage and humiliation. He felt tempted to knock down the solemn spy before him, who already, he saw, had noted his dusty dress, his agitated face.

"Happy to see you home, sir," said Simmons. "Did you speak, sir? Is there anything as I can do for you?"

"The bell is not to be rung any more," said Ned, walking gloomily off to his room.

It was the first sign to the general world that the grandeur of Dura had come to an end.

A mournful dinner followed, carefully cooked, carefully served, an assiduous, silent servant behind each chair, and eaten as with ashes, and bitterness, and tears, a few faint remarks now and then, a feeble attempt, "for the sake of the servants," to look as if nothing was the matter. It was Mr. Baldwin chiefly, a man who never could make up his

mind that all was over, who made these attempts. Mrs. Burton, for her part, was above all pretences. Her long stand against approaching ruin was over; she had laid down her arms, and she no longer cared who knew it. And as for Ned, he was too miserable, too heart-broken, to look anything but overwhelmed with sorrow and shame, as he was.

In the evening he strolled out, feeling the air of the house insupportable. His mother had gone to her room with her new problem which she had to solve, and Mr. Baldwin was tired, and fretful, and anxious to get to bed early, feeling that there was a certain virtue in that fact of going early to bed which might redeem the unusually disturbed, excited life he was leading—a life in which he had been fatally entangled with ruins, and elopements, and sitting up half the night. Ned, who had no mind for sleep, and no power of thinking which could have done him any good in the circumstances, went out disconsolately, saying to himself that a stroll in the woods might do him good. But when he had reached the top of the avenue, where the path diverged into the woods, some “spirit in his feet” led him straight on. Why, he asked himself, should he go to the village? why should he go to the Gatehouse? Yes, that was where he wanted to go—where his foolish heart had gone before him, courting slight and scorn. Why should he go? If she had sent him away then with contumely, how much more now? Then if she had but looked upon him kindly, he had thought he had something to offer her worthy her acceptance. Now he had nothing, and less than nothing—an empty purse and a dishonoured name. Ned slouched his hat over his eyes. He would go and look at the house, look at her window. If he might see her face again, that would be more than he hoped for. Norah could be nothing—nothing to him now.

So saying, he wandered down the leafy, shadowy way. The sun had set, the grey of the evening had come on. The moon was past the full, and rose late. It was one of those soft, tranquil, mournful summer evenings which fill the heart with wistfulness and longings. The water came unbidden into poor Ned's eyes. Oh, what ruin, what destruction had overwhelmed him and his since last he walked down that path! Then everything that life could offer to make up for the want of Norah (though that was nothing) lay within his grasp. Now, though Norah was clearly lost, everything else was lost with her. He saw no hope before him; his very heart

was crushed. A beggar, and more than a beggar; a man who did not know how to dig or how to work; the son of a father who was disgraced. These were miserable thoughts to pour through the mind of a young man of twenty-one. There have been others who have had as much to bear; but they, perhaps, had no Norah to complicate and increase the burden. As he drew near the Gatehouse, his heart began to beat louder. Possibly she would not care to speak to him at all, he thought. How quickly she had dismissed him last time, when he had no stains upon him, as he had now!

He drew his hat still more over his brows. He walked quickly past the Gatehouse. The windows were all open, and Stephen Haldane sat within, in an interior faintly lighted up by the candles which Miss Jane had just set down upon the table.

“Don't shut my window yet,” he heard the invalid say. “My poor window! My chief pleasure!”

It was strange to Ned to hear those words, which seemed to let him into the very secret of the sick man's life.

“And a capital window it has been too,” said Miss Jane briskly, thinking of the book, and the money it had brought in.

Ned slackened his steps when he had passed. There had been something at one of the windows on the other side—something, a shadow, a passing gleam, as of a pale face pillowed upon two arms. The poor boy turned, and went back this time more slowly. Yes, surely there was a face at the window. The arms were withdrawn now. There was no light inside to reveal who it was. Only a something—a pale little face looking out.

Back again—just once more, once more—to have a last look. He would never see her again, most likely. As far away as if she were a star in heaven would she be henceforward. He would pass a little more slowly this time; there was no one about to see him. The road was quieter than usual; no one in sight; and with his hat so over his eyes, who would recognise him? He went very softly, lingering over every step. She was still there, looking out, and in the dark with no one near her! Oh, Norah! If she could but know how his heart was pulling at him, forcing him towards that door!

He thought he heard some sound in the silence as of an exclamation, and the face disappeared from the window. A moment after the door opened suddenly, and a little figure rushed out.

“Ned!” it said, “Ned! Is it possible?”

Can it be you? And, oh, what do you mean walking about outside like that, as if you knew nobody here?"

"Oh, Norah! I did not know if I might come," said abject Ned.

"Of course you may come. Why shouldn't you come? Oh, Ned, I was so lonely! I am so glad to see you! I did not know what to do with myself. Susan would not bring in the lamp, and I am so afraid of this room when it is dark!"

"How you once frightened me about it!" he said, as he went in with her.

His heart felt so much lighter, he could not tell how. Insensibly his spirits rose, and with a sense of infinite refreshment, and even of having escaped from something, he went back to the recollections of his youth. Such an innocent, simple recollection, belonging to the time when all was pleasure, when there was no pain.

"Did I? But never mind. Oh, Ned! poor Ned! have they brought you here because of all this trouble? I have so much to say to you. My heart is breaking for you. Oh, you poor, poor, dear boy!"

This was not how he had expected to be spoken to. He could scarcely see her face, it was so dark, what with the curtains at the windows and the shadows of the lime-leaves; but she had put her hand into his to comfort him. He did not know what to say; his heart was torn in twain, between misery and joy. It was so hard to let any gleam of light into that desperate darkness; and yet it was so hard to keep his heart from dancing at the sound of her soft, tender voice.

"Norah," he said, "Oh, Norah! it will not be so very bad if you are sorry for me. You would not speak to me last time. I thought I might, perhaps, never see you again."

"Oh, Ned! I was only a child. How foolish I was! I hoped you would look back; but you never looked back; and we who have been brought up together, who have always been—fond of each other!"

"Do you? do you? Oh, Norah! not just because you are sorry? Do you care—a little for me? Speak the truth."

"Ned, Ned, I care for you more than anybody—except mamma."

There was a little silence after this. They were like two children in the simplicity of their youth, their hearts beat together, their burdens—and both the young shoulders were weighed down by premature burdens—were somehow lightened, they could not tell how.

After a while, Norah, nestling like a little

bird in the dark, said softly, "Do you mind sitting without the lamp?" and Ned answered, "No." They sat down together, holding each other's hands; they were not afraid of the dark. They poured out their hearts to each other. All his sorrows, all his difficulties, Ned poured into Norah's sympathetic bosom; and she cried, and he consoled her; and she patted his hand or his sleeve, and said, "Poor boy! Poor, dear Ned!" It was not much. She had no advice to give him, not many words of wisdom; but what she did say was as healing as the leaves of that tree in Paradise. Her touch stanch'd all his wounds.

"I have something to tell you too," she said, trembling a little, when all his tale had been told. "Ned, you have heard of poor papa, my father, who died before we came here. Oh, Ned! listen. Stoop down, and let me whisper. Ned, he did not die ——"

"Norah!"

"Hush. Yes; it is quite true. Oh, don't be frightened. I can't help being frightened staying here alone. Mamma went to him yesterday. Oh, Ned! after seven years! Was there ever anything so strange?"

"Poor Mrs. Drummond!" said Ned. "Oh, Norah, thank God! My father has not done so much harm as I thought. Are you all alone, my own darling? I suppose she was so happy to go."

He said this with a strange accent of blame in his voice. "For her own selfish happiness she could leave Norah—my Norah—all alone!" That was what the young man, in his haste, thought.

"I think she was frightened too," said Norah, under her breath. "She did not understand it. It is as if he had been really dead, and come alive again. Mamma did not say anything; but I know she was frightened too."

"Norah, most likely he hates us. If he should try to keep you from me——"

"Oh, Ned, do you mean that this means anything? Do you think it is right? We are all in such trouble, not knowing what may happen. Do you mean," said Norah, faltering and trembling, "do you mean that this means—? Is it—being engaged?"

"Doesn't it, dear? Oh, Norah, what could it mean else? You would never have the heart to cast me off now?"

"Cast you off! Oh, no, Ned! Oh, never, Ned! But then that is different. We are so dreadfully young. We have no money. We are in such trouble. Oh! do you think it is right?"

"It can't be wrong to be fond of each other, Norah; and you said you were—a little."

"Yes; oh, yes! Oh, Ned! do be satisfied. Isn't it enough for us to care for each other—to be the very best, dearest friends?"

"It is not enough for me," he said, turning his head aside, and speaking sternly in the dark.

"Isn't it, Ned?" said Norah timidly. "Ned, I wish I could see your face. You are not angry? You poor, dear boy! Oh! you don't think I could have the heart to cross you? And you in such trouble. Ned, what must we do?"

"You must promise me, Norah, on your

true and faithful word, that you will marry me as soon as we can, whatever anybody may say."

Norah in her alarm seized at the saving clause which staved off all immediate terms.

"When we *can*, Ned?"

"Yes, my own darling. You promise? I shall not mind what happens if I have your promise—your faithful promise, Norah."

"I promise you faithfully, Ned—faithfully, dear Ned!—when we can—if it should not be for years."

"But it shall be!" he cried; and then they kissed each other, poor children! and Norah was sitting by herself crying when Susan brought in the lamp.

(To be continued.)

THE DEMONS OF THE SHADOW.*

I.

In the city of Rome, an old fable relates, there was once a statue which stood with an extended finger, on which was written, 'Strike here!' There were many profound theories as to the meaning of this queer inscription; but at last an ingenious individual observed some peculiarity about the spot on the ground where the shadow of the finger fell. He marked that spot, and at midnight began to dig there. He came, it is said, to a room underground, containing boundless treasures. So much of the story will answer my purpose, as I invite you to pass for a time into the region of shadows. Scholars in Solar Mythology have shown the birth of gods and goddesses in the sun; but every bright deity has a corresponding shadow. The races of men have not generally observed that these shadows also point to the sun: it is rare that we meet in their Sacred Books anything so optimistic as the ascription, in the Persian Litany of glory, to Yezdan "who causeth the shadow to fall:" the shadows cast upon the world by the shining moral sentiment have been personified as demons antagonistic to the resplendent deities. Yet on the finger of each luminous form Mythological Science reads the inscription, 'Strike here;' and our task is to mark the shadow, dig beneath it, and gather such treasures as we may find.

In the study of Mythology it is a primary con-

dition of getting at the truth to obey the motto of an American college, "Orient thyself." To bring the glowing images of the East here is to see them harden into stone. Our Western literalism turns ideals into idols. We must rather transfer ourselves to them; we must 'orient' ourselves. Out of an age and country where we live amid the habitual recognition of natural forces, we must transport ourselves to an age when no scientific eye looked upon Nature. The stars ascended in obedience to arbitrary command; the sun is a chariot driven by a refulgent deity; the tree is the bower of a wood-nymph; the fountain leaps from the urn of a naiad. In these gay costumes the laws of Nature masqueraded until Science struck the hour for their unmasking. The costumes and masks have become materials for the study of the history of the human mind, but to know them we must translate our senses back into that phase of our own early existence; carrying only our Western eyes with us.

The early worship of our race was born out of the first wonder with which man looked up to the heavens above him. The splendors of morning and of evening; the azure vault painted with frescoes of cloud, or blackened by the storm, or radiant with constellations; these awakened imagination, kindled admiration, and at length adoration in the being who had managed to raise his eyes above the earth.

We sometimes find an impression that human worship began with low things,—trees

* Delivered before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, by Moncure D. Conway.

and reptiles, stocks and stones,—and from these gradually ascended to the celestial grandeurs. But the accord of this theory with our modern idea of evolution is apparent only. The real progress here is from the far to the near, from the great to the small. Indeed it is probably inexact to speak of the reverence for such low objects—as trees and serpents, beetles in Egypt, or weeds and worts in Germany—as a primitive *worship*, at all. Such things were not considered intrinsically sacred until long after the origin of their sanctity was forgotten; and even now, ages after their symbolical character is lost, the surviving superstitions about them indicate their original connection with the worship of the heavens. No two religions could, at first sight, seem farther apart than the worship of a snake, and that of the glorious sun. Yet every Egyptian temple is covered over with the symbol of the alated sphere,—the sun, or celestial circle, winged with serpents. The fire of the sun was detached for special worship by the Persians, who also held in high sanctity the purifying element, water. Now in some of the most barbarous regions of the world we find the sanctity of fire and water associated with the worship of the serpent. A negro who resided for some time in the kingdom of Dahomey told me that the sacred serpents are there kept in a grand house. They sometimes crawl about the fields. One day a mulatto from some distant region met one of these divinities taking his constitutional crawl, and killed it. The people, learning that one of their gods had been killed, took the offending mulatto and surrounded him with a circle of brushwood. Having then provided themselves with heavy sticks, they set fire to the brushwood. The mulatto broke through the circle of fire and ran for his life. The negroes pursued, striking him with their sticks. At length the poor fellow, smarting from the flame, rushed into a river. But when he entered the water the pursuit ceased, and the victim was made to understand that, having gone through both fire and water, he was now purified from his offense, and might come out with safety. But we need not go so far as Egypt or Africa for our examples of the relationship between the lowest and the highest objects which have been held sacred. The word ‘witch’ comes from the Saxon *wikke*, related with *wig*, ‘holy’; * and there is

* The words ‘witch’ and ‘wizard,’ notwithstanding their apparent resemblance, are unrelated to each other. Wizard is from *wise*, and means only a ‘wise-acre,’ ‘cunning man.’

no doubt that the witches of old times were at first practicers of some of the old idolatrous rites of Paganism, as we shall more fully see hereafter. In the old trials it was shown that the witches were accustomed to draw a mock zodiacal circle on the ground, recalling thus the ancient astrology, and that they used in their pretended divinations rue and vervain, and other plants well known in Indo-European Mythology. But mark, the witch always alleged that the rue or vervain, or whatever herb was used, had to be gathered at a certain hour of the night or day, at a certain quarter of the moon, or from some spot where sun or moon did or did not shine on them. Thus the plants had a relationship to star-worship as definite as that of the astrological circle drawn around the witch’s antics. And in remote districts, where magical weeds are still used by herbalists to heal diseases, the custom of gathering of such simples at certain holy seasons of the year preserves the fact that they were originally symbols of things higher than themselves.

The tendency to connect the least of earthly objects with the heavens is indeed very ancient. In one of the hymns of the Atharva-Veda it is said: “This Earth belongs to Varuna, the King (of Heaven, *Oupavog*), and the wide sky: he is contained also in this drop of water.” He who was contained in a drop of water might be represented also in a flower, a leaf, or in any of those animals which became transfigured in the zodiac.

The period of religious worship to which I have been referring is the very earliest with which we are acquainted. It is a period in which no generalization of elements afterwards called evil had been made, such as is represented by an Archfiend. There may have been a giant here, or a dragon there, for the all-conquering Sun to slay; but these were referred to no central origin. In the Rig-Veda the Maruts, storm-gods, are adored as allies of Indra; Yama, Death, is adored. A hymn to the gods says: “No real foe of yours is known in heaven, nor on earth.” (Rig-Veda I. 39.) “The storms are thy allies.”

But it is easy to see what must occur if this happy family of sun-god, and storm-god, and fire-god, and their innumerable subordinates, should be divided by discord. A struggle of hostile forces in the heavens would be reflected in the earth also, and a sharp antagonism be imagined between animals, plants, or men, as they were supposed to be in the service of one or the other of the contending Powers. And that was precisely what did occur. The

primitive Pantheism was utterly broken up : in its place the later ages beheld the Universe as the arena of a tremendous conflict between good and evil deities, who severally marshalled each and everything, from a worm to a world, under their flaming banners.

Nor is it difficult to see how this transformation must have occurred. The elements of it existed already in those at first insignificant exceptions to the general harmony of the gods, represented in the occasional demon or dragon they had to slay, though such evil beings might at first be mentioned mainly to show their helplessness before the might of gods. These evil beings were born out of the structural workings of the human mind so soon as it began to philosophize on a Universe it had at first simply looked upon with fear or admiration. Let us suppose ourselves to be in a tropical land : we have watched the rosy morning as it passed to a dazzling noon ; then, at mid-day, the sun is blotted out by a cloud, the sky grows black, it is a sudden night lit up only by the forked lightning which strikes tree, house, man, with angry thunder-peal. Now here in England, where little is known of storms that shake the nerves, and in an instructed age, you would not regard such a storm as an enemy of the sun, but as a superlative effect of the sun ; nor, if an eclipse occurred, would you fancy a dragon had swallowed the sun ; but a few thousands of years ago, when you all lived in the far East, you could not conceive how a luminary, whose very purpose of existence was to scatter light, could be a party to his own obscuration. You then looked with pity upon the ignorance of your ancestors who had sung hymns to the storm-gods, simply because they had a barbarous admiration of everything powerful, or, if not, a dread which assumed the language of homage. And you and I then came, by irresistible logic from the premises assumed, to that dualism which long divided the visible, and still divides the invisible universe into two hostile camps. This was the mother-principle out of which demons proceeded. But as yet they are comparatively unimportant, because not the incarnations of any great Principle of Evil in the Universe. That conception was the product of the Moral Sentiment. Only that intensest light could cast so black a shadow athwart the world. In the early ages, when *virtus* meant strength, it was enough to imagine a Hydra simply to testify the heroism of a Hercules. In the ages when the Intellect alone was curious about phenomena, a dragon might be fancied big enough to swallow the sun, and so ac-

count for an eclipse. But when the childhood and the boyhood of mankind had passed, and the moral nature had further unfolded, the wild and destructive forces of the external world were interpreted by the devastations of evil among men, by the furies of passion, disease, sin, death. The birth of the Moral Sentiment inevitably led man to attribute all that was best in outward and in human nature to a good deity, and it was the simplest demand of logic as well as of piety that such a deity should be relieved of responsibility for the sins, miseries, and deformities which existed. It will thus have appeared to you that it required an advanced stage of human development to attain the idea of a powerful Malignant Spirit. There are evidences of long periods in which no such belief existed, simply because the Moral Sentiment was but rudimentary. When man, instead of merely flattering his god, or trembling before him, began to think upon him, this dread theory arose. Theology and the Devil were born at the same hour. Belief in a good God seemed compatible only with the hypothesis of an independent source of all evil.

The atmospheric conditions, so to say, having thus been prepared in the human mind for the production of devils, the particular shapes or names they would assume in the imaginations of men would be determined by a variety of circumstances, ethnical, climatic, political, or even accidental. They would, indeed, be rarely accidental, but Professor Max Müller, in his notes on the Rig-Veda, has called attention to a remarkable instance in which the formation of an imposing mythological figure of this kind was probably determined by an accident. There appears in the earliest hymns the name of Aditi, as a Holy Mother of many gods, and thrice there is mentioned the female name of Diti. But there is reason to believe that Diti is a mere reflex of Aditi, the *a* being dropped originally by a reciter's license. The later reciters, however, regarding every letter in so sacred a book, or even the omission of a letter, as of eternal significance, Diti—this decapitated Aditi—was evolved into a separate and powerful being, and every realm being occupied by its god or goddess except the newly-discovered department of absolute evil, she became in the puranic mythology the mother of the enemies of the gods, the Daityas. It may be—who knows?—owing to that accident that the Furies and the Vices have been with such scandalous constancy described in the feminine gender !

But such accidents would rarely affect more than the *name* of an evil spirit. The conception itself would almost certainly be derived from objects in apparent opposition to the good deity. Thus darkness being directly opposed to light, and cold to warmth, the worship of the Sun would imply the diabolical character of Darkness and of Frost. And all things that give pain—lightning and tempest, ferocious animals, deadly plants—would be naturally regarded as the fatal brood of Darkness, so soon as its personification had taken place.

But while these natural forces decide the general principles of Demonology, other considerations must be brought to the estimate of the various and sometimes anomalous forms and designations representing evil. The great demons and devils of nations, whatever be the blackness of character with which they were subsequently invested, bear traces of having been previously gods. Nothing is more clear in mythological science than the fact that at least every great typical Devil was once conceived of as a deity, and has been somewhere and somehow degraded and outlawed. The proofs of this are derived from language and from popular conceptions. A lady told me that a friend of hers was asked in Hampshire, "Do you make your children curtsy when they pronounce the name of the devil? I do. I think it's safer." It is droll enough to find this bit of ceremony toward the devil surviving in a family of high position in an English county; but there is some reason to believe that the name which this lady taught her children to speak only with awe is substantially the same with the word 'deity.' The Sanskrit *Dyu*, Zend *dev*,—meaning 'the shining one,' became in Greece Zeus; in Latin it became *Dius-pater* (Jupiter); in Anglo-Saxon it became *Tiw* (whence *Tiwsdaeg*, or Tuesday), the god of war. The same root *Dyu*, certainly survives in *deuce*, and probably in *teufel* (whence our devil), although this German word would seem to have been at least influenced by the Greek *διαβολος*. Cox and some others do indeed trace *διαβολος* itself to *Dyu*. Max Müller has called attention to the fact that in the gypsy language of Europe the word for god is still *devel*. But there is nothing doubtful about the word *demon*. This word, which now means an evil spirit, originally meant the reverse. The Demon of Socrates was the alleged inspirer of his wisdom. Plato declares that the good when they die become 'demons.' He says: "Demons are

reporters and carriers between gods and men." Philo uses the word 'demon' as synonymous with angel. Here also is a being of light transformed into a fiend. Then there is a sort of nickname for an evil spirit, our familiar word *bogie*. It comes from *bog*, the Slavonic word for god. Appearing here in the West as *bogie*, *bugaboo*, *bugbear*, the word began as the "Baga" of the cruciform inscriptions, a name of the Supreme Being, and as Bhaga, Lord of Life, in the ancient Hindu mythology from which (Bhaga) may have come, Bhoot, the popular name in India for an evil spirit. In the 'Bishops' Bible' the passage occurs, 'Thou shalt not be afraid of any bugs by night:' it has been altered to 'terror.' The common name for the devil, Old Nick, is traced by Grimm to Nixy, a water-spirit, from the Greek *νικω*, to swim. I shall have hereafter to give my reason for tracing it to the Christian Saint Nicholas. But whether it be traced to one or the other, the word equally represents the degradation of the title of a good to that of an evil being.

When we come to the names of particular evil beings we find the same law of declension prevailing. Lucifer—light-bearing—is the fallen angel of the morning-star. Loki, the nearest thing to an evil power which the Northern mythology had, is from German *leucht* (Greek *λυκη*), whence our own word light. Pluto, the Greek god of the dark under-world, is simply the word *πλοῦτος*, wealth. Siva, the Hindu god of destruction, is thought by some to be a word derived from *Deva*, which, as we have seen, means a god of the day; others say it means 'the good,' or well-being. There is good ground for believing that the great Spirit of Darkness in Persia, Ahriman, bears in his name the certificate that he was originally Varuna (*Ουρανός*), the sky. In a story of the Masnavi,—a famous Persian Mystic Poem,—Ahriman is mentioned with Bahman as a fiend, of which class are the Magian devils generally; which, the sacredness of fire being considered, shows their high origin. Avicenna says that the geni are ethereal animals. The name of the chief devil in the Coran is Eblis, who was cast down from heaven because, when all other beings worshiped Adam, as they were commanded, he refused on the ground that it was beneath his dignity, as an ethereal being, to worship one formed of clay. The word Eblis is no doubt *diabolos* Arabised, and is therefore probably related to *dev*, the deity. Another Mohammedan name for the

devil is Azazel. This word is rendered "scape-goat" in the Bible; but the truth is the Israelites were required to offer up one goat to Javoe (Jehovah) and one to Azazel—showing him to be a god. The Hebrew names for evil beings—Belial and Beelzebub—are traceable to Baal, the Sun, though these words aim to caricature that rival deity. Another devil of theirs, Lamael, seems to mean the Left Hand of God. Of Satan I shall have much to say hereafter, and need now only remind you that his first appearance, recorded in the Book of Job, is among the sons of God. Not the least significant of these indications of the celestial origin of demons is the widespread belief that they are lame. Hephæstus and other gods we know were lamed by their fall out of heaven, and to their lameness we can trace that of our European Diable Boiteux, or devil on crutches. The German demon Weiland was lamed by a similar fall. But it is extremely remarkable that we should find an exactly similar set of limping devils all around the world. The Namaquas have a demon of pain whose name is Tsui-knap, 'wounded knee.' Livingstone says of the African Bakevains, 'their god has always a crooked leg, like the Egyptian Thau.' In Mainas, South America, they believe in a treacherous devil, Ucchuckachai, who lures people to destruction, but the huntsmen say they can never be deceived if they examine the demon's foot-track, on account of the unequal size of the two feet. The Australians have a belief in a devil, who is very black, and causes diseases, though they say he taught them many of their national songs. They are particular in describing the 'Briam' as deformed in his lower extremities. We cannot say that all these superstitions floated from a common center; but it is very certain that the demon limp refers to the fall from heaven, and the crooked legs to the crooked lightning.

There is little reason to doubt that the very horns popularly attributed to the devil may be satisfactorily traced to a nimbus of light, such as Satan is pictured wearing in various relics of early Christian art, one of which has been copied in M. Didron's 'Christian Iconography.' In various ancient languages—as the Hebrew—the same word means 'horned' and 'rayed,' and it is by a confusion of the two ideas that the head of Moses has been portrayed with horns, an idea that was strong enough to cause Michel Angelo in his great statue of Moses to give the patriarch horns of great size. The horns

attributed to fauns and satyrs may originally have had as high an association as the lunar horns of Diana. At any rate, the horns represent a misunderstood and degraded aureole of light. The cap of the Jewish High Priest had two curved horns rising and approaching each other at a bend near the points. The tiara of the Pope, though invested with triple crowns, is plainly the cornute ecclesiastical head-dress of the East whose points have met at the top; and this pontifical cap is thus traceable to the same origin as the devil's horns, and the horns of many wood-deities, such as those that used to haunt the Campagna. So soon as these deities were degraded the cornua of light were at once associated with those of animals, the goat, etc., and subsequently painted as such; but the farther we go back in our observations of antiquarian art, the more nearly do we approach the age when the horns were curves of light.

By what process has this wholesale degradation of deities into devils taken place? We shall find the history suggested in the German word *Abgott*, and the English word *Bigot*. *Abgott* means an idol—literally an ex-god, a deity dethroned and superseded by another. *Bigot* is 'by god,' and meant originally one who held on to his belief in the old god after others had transferred their faith to the new one. He was a 'bigot,' because he stuck by his god, and we apply the term to one who adheres obstinately and narrowly to any dogma which is questionable. These two words bring us to consider the influence upon religious conceptions of the struggles which have occurred between races and nations, and consequently between their religions. We must remember that by the time any tribes had gathered to the consistency of a nation, one of the strongest elements of its coherence would be its priesthood. So soon as it became a general belief that there were in the Universe good Powers to be worshiped and evil Powers to be feared, there must arise also a popular demand for the means of obtaining the favor of the good, and security from the evil; and this demand has never failed to obtain the supply of priesthoods claiming to bind or influence the preternatural beings. These priesthoods represent the strongest motives and fears of a people, and they were gradually intrenched in great institutions involving powerful interests. Every invasion, or collision, or mingling of races thus brought their respective religions into contact and rivalry; and as no priesthood has ever been known

to consent peaceably to its own downfall, and the degradation of its own deities, we have perpetual wars for religious ascendancy. It is not rare to hear sects among ourselves accusing each other of idolatry. In earlier times the rule was to call their opponents' gods devils. There is no region whose early religious history better illustrates what had become the settled habit of pious rivals in this regard than this in which we dwell. Gregory the Great wrote to his missionary in Britain, the Abbot Mellitus, second Bishop of Canterbury, that "whereas the people were accustomed to sacrifice many oxen in honor of demons, let them celebrate a religious and solemn festival, and not slay the animals to the devil (*diabolo*) but to be eaten by themselves to the glory of God (*ad laudem Dei*)."

And thus the wholesale devotion of meats to those deities of our ancestors whom the Pope pronounces devils, which took place at Yule-tide, has been Christianized into our more comfortable Christmas dinner. This was the fate of all deities which Christianity undertook to suppress. But it had been the habit of religions many ages before. They never undertook to say that the gods they were suppressing did not exist. That would have been too great an outrage on popular beliefs; and besides, each new religion had an interest of its own in preserving the basis of belief in these invisible beings. Disbelief in the very existence of the old gods might be followed by disbelief in that of the new. So they maintained the existence of the native gods, but called them devils. Sometimes wars or intercourse between tribes led to their fusion; the battle between opposing religions was drawn; in which case there would be a compromise by which two or even three or four deities became united in one, receiving thus equal homage. Thus we have the triad of Hindu religion—as Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. It is probable that each of these had been exclusive tribal deities, and that their unity was signaled by the political unity of India. But more often the religious difficulty could not be settled in this way. The most powerful priesthood generally carried the day, and they used every ingenuity to degrade the gods of their opponents. Thus the agathodemons were transformed to kakodemons. The serpent, worshiped in many lands on account of its celestial symbolism, might be adopted as the support of Vishnu in India, might be associated with the rainbow in Persia—where a rainbow is still called the heavenly serpent;—but where its worshipers

were conquered the jeweled reptile was cursed, and became the very genius of evil.

We are not left to conjecture as to this degradation of deities. There are historical records of it. One of the most interesting of these is contained in the Sacred Books of Persia. In that country, more perhaps than in any other, the great religions of the East contended in those deadly struggles which were probably instrumental in causing some of the early migrations to Western Europe. That great celestial war between Ormuzd and his hosts of Light, with Ahriman and the hosts of Darkness, corresponded with a violent theological conflict, traced throughout the Persian Scriptures, the triumphant end of which was that the Zoroastrians had converted the *devas* into devils. Let us read some specimens of their denunciations of the deities they were suppressing:

"From the beginning there were two Spirits, each active in itself; they are the good and the bad, in thought, in word, and in deed. Choose ye between them: do good, not evil." . . . "All your *Devas* are only manifold children of the Evil Mind, the *Laoma* of Lies, from whom proceed the treacherous acts for which you are notorious in the seven regions of the earth." . . . "You have invented all the evil which men speak and do, which is indeed pleasant to the *Devas*, but is devoid of all goodness, and perishes before the true insight of the wise."

That, you will perceive, is pretty strong language. It says plainly, Ours is the true god; your god is a devil. And the Parsee, instructed by such teachings, to this day uses the word *deva* as we use the word *devil*—both being, as we have seen, substantially the same as *deus*, god. We may note here a transformation in Persia of deity into demon, and demon into deity, which will illustrate completely what I have said. In the early hymns of India, the appellation *asura* is given to the gods. *Asura* means 'spiritual.' But in process of time *asura*, like *δαίμων*, came to have a bad meaning: the gods were called *suras*, the demons *asuras*, and were said to contend against each other. But in Persia the *asuras* recovered their divinity by giving the name *ahura* to the supreme deity—Ahura-mazda (Ormuzd), the 'living creator.' And we find also the King of Hindu gods, Indra,—the Sun,—named in Zoroastrian religion as one of the chief councillors of the wicked Ahriman, Prince of Darkness!

But in every country conquered by a new religion, there will always be found some, as

we have seen, who will hold on to the old deity under all his changed fortunes. These will be called 'bigots,' but still they will adhere to the ancient belief and practice the old rites. Sometimes, even after they have had to yield to the popular terminology, and call the old god a devil, they will find some reason for continuing the transmitted forms. It is probably to this fact that we must attribute some at least of those rites of the East denominated devil-worship. The most famous of these are the so-called Yezedis. This Assyrian sect is denounced by the Mohammedans for worship of the devil, or of the Evil Principle in Nature. We have been told that they justify this by saying that the Divine Being, on account of his inherent goodness, requires no propitiation, but the powerful and malignant spirit must be conciliated. This is on the principle of the Irishman who, being under sentence of death, was asked if he was not afraid to meet his God, "Not in the least," he replied, "it's that other party I'm afraid of." But the story of the Yezedis, like that of the Irishman, is no doubt mythical; or at any rate the acknowledgment of their deity as evil was probably an after-thought. For we find that their chief object of worship is the figure of a certain bird *Taous*, a kind of peacock. This bird Professor King of Cambridge traces to the fabled Phoenix of Egypt, which was said to return to Heliopolis at the end of every five hundred years, there to burn itself to ashes on the altar of the Sun, and rise again from its ashes. Now the name Yezedis is simply Izeds, *genii*; and we are thus pointed to Arabia, where the belief in *genii* is strongest. There we find Mahomet rebuking the popular belief in a certain bird called *Hamâh*, which was said to take form from the blood near the brain of a dead person and fly away, to return, however, at the end of every hundred years to revisit that person's sepulchre. This bird clearly symbolizes the immortal principle. To worship that is by no means to worship the devil; and to call the Yezedis devil-worshippers simply implies that Mahomet regarded every god a devil but his own. The Yezedis are simply a people who hold on to the more ancient deity of a region which has generally been converted to Allah.

We may detect some lingering protest against this wholesale degradation of popular deities by their conquerors in the proverb that the devil is not so black as he is painted.

The most common name for the devil in

France, perhaps, is *Bon diable*. Sir Walter Scott knew in his time parcels of ground set aside, not to be touched by the cultivator, for the habitation of the evil being who, if denied his wild refuge, might disturb the farm. And this parcel of ground was called the 'Guid man's Croft.' Perhaps it was some of this lingering popular respect which showed itself in Burns's genial address 'to the Deil,' and his hope that 'Auld Nickie Ben' might improve:

Ah, wad ye tak a thocht an' mend.'

It is not, however, necessary, and not at all a part of our argument, that these kindly expressions for the devil should be referred to the survival of some dim tradition of his originally divine estate. Such expressions are known in some cases to have been mere euphemisms, intended at first to soothe the pride and to appease a dreaded potentate by flatteries.

It will readily occur to every one that a rationally conceived devil would not be repulsive. To do the work of temptation we might expect a demon to assume the form of an angel of light, but by no means to approach his intended victim in any horrible shape, such as would repel every mortal. We shall see hereafter that the great representations of evil which have been imagined by the religious sense have never been hideous; much less have the demons and devils which have been from time to time manufactured, so to say, for barbarous peoples out of their previous deities been at first ugly. The gods might be described as falling swiftly like lightning out of heaven, but in the popular imagination they retained for a long time much of their original glory. The very hideousness of the ordinary representations of devils, imps, etc., in religious art attests that there were certain popular sentiments lingering about the gods which had to be distinctly reversed. It was because they were thought beautiful that they had to be painted ugly; it was because they were still secretly believed—even among converts to the new religion—kind and helpful, that there was employed such elaboration of hideous designs to degrade and deform them. How this process occurred in Southern nations I shall have to describe more particularly hereafter. It is at present sufficient to point it out as it took place in our own Northern race, in order that you may not suppose that the traditional blackness or ugliness of devils as now thought of militates at all against the fact that they were the popular deities, before they were deform-

ed. As already intimated, the reverse is the truer inference. If the object of Christian art had only been to represent an evil Spirit, a malign Tempter, it would have made him fascinating rather than horrible. But the design was not that; it was to arouse horror and antipathy for the native deities to which the ignorant clung tenaciously. It was to train children to think of the still secretly-worshipped idols as frightful and brutal beings. It is important, therefore, that we should guard against conusing the speculative attempts of the human mind to symbolize pain and evil with the ugly and blackened demons of popular superstition oftenest pictured on church walls. These are not genuine demons, but are purposely degraded and caricatured deities. Let any one look at the grinning, bestial forms carved about the roof and cornice of any old cathedral,—that at York, for example. If, as is supposed, such horrible animal forms were first put on Christian churches to represent the demons—that is, the pagan deities—driven from the interior by potency of holy water, who can imagine that they are anything, more than carved imprecations? Was it to such ugly beings that our ancestors consecrated the holly and mistletoe, or associated with their flowers, fruits, and homes? They were caricatures by missionaries made to repel, as the images of saints beside them were carved in beauty or portrayed on radiant windows to attract. If the pagans had been the artists the good looks might have been on the other side. What those gods and goddesses really were to their worshipers, you will know much better by studying their latest forms,—the Fairies. That goddess who in Christian times was pictured to affrighted peasants as a hag riding on a broom-stick, was in the earlier age called Hertha, the Earth, who not only gave our ancestors the word *hearth*, but was associated with the most sacred feelings clustering around the hearth. She was the goddess of the heart and the home. She was called Mother Rose; distaff in hand, she watched over the industrious at their work; she hovered near the cottage, perhaps to find there some weeping Cinderella and give her beauty for ashes.

II.

ON the eve of that New Year's Day on which President Lincoln had announced his intention of proclaiming the emancipation of all the slaves in the United States, I was present at a watch of prayer held by negroes in America. When the midnight hour was

approaching, the African who led the meeting invited them to usher in the New Year with a prayer that the President might be kept firm in his purpose. Satan, he said, was out in great power that night. He was at Washington whispering in the President's ear, trying hard to dissuade him from liberating the slaves, and so overthrowing the diabolical kingdom. We are here, he said, to watch, and see that he does not succeed. Satan will manifest himself among us during this prayer; but do not be alarmed: it will be his dying agony. When the negroes all knelt down, and the prayer had proceeded a little, there came a loud hiss, then another, and another, from various parts of the room. The excitement was intense; ejaculations and imprecations broke forth from hundreds; at last there came one long, enormous hiss, and all was still. The midnight hour was tolled, and the negroes arose, sang a hymn, and dispersed, satisfied no doubt that their particular devil was dead. This little supernatural drama represented the form which the great conflict between Light and Darkness assumed in their case. Slavery was their Dragon; President Lincoln their Saint George. Yet I could not but reflect that at that moment the dusky brethren of those negroes in Africa were listening to the serpent's hiss as to the voice of a god. Nay, the American negro preserves the solar and celestial origin of the Serpent in his devout belief that no snake can die so long as the sun shines on him. Crush it as you will, the serpent will not die until sundown.

Mr. Ruskin, speaking of Turner's picture of the dragon guarding the Hesperides gardens, said that he considered its scientific conformation, so early as 1806, when hardly a single saurian skeleton existed within the artist's reach, to be one of the most curious exertions of the imaginative intellect in the arts. Thereupon a critic in the *Athenæum* wrote: "Mr. Turner himself informed us that he copied the dragon from a pantomime at Drury Lane theater." I have no doubt the interpreter of Turner was nearer right, and that the dragon gained much from the artist's mind that was never seen at Drury Lane. But there seems to me something admirable in that artist's respect for the conventional and popular notion. The dragon is a fable, and being such, not only is the interest of it purely human, but its form can only be viewed as fossilized and embedded in the traditional conception of the vulgar, who retained belief in it longest. The solar symbolism of Saint George and the Dragon could in some re-

spects hardly be brought out more accurately, however rudely, than it was in a pantomime of the last Christmas, in London. The girl representing Saint George had a panoply dazzling like the sun, of which the hero is a myth: the saint is at first imprisoned in a cavern by an enchantress whose somber raiment recalls the Night, from whose sway the hero will break at last, and appear on that white steed of the morning to encounter the dragon of darkness. This theatrical dragon had a crocodile body with serpent's tail ending in a spear-point. The neck was long, sharply vertebrated; the head crested, and somewhat griffin-like; the colors green—denoting the sea from which rise the vapors—and brown, denoting the cloud they form; and red eyes and mouth, recalling the lightning. Let us pass from the amusing combat on the stage to Turner's superb picture in the National Gallery, Apollo slaying the Python,—that we may remember how much Art and Thought may evolve from the commonest fragments of ancient fable. The mighty folds of the Python, if they bear us back to the fire-breathing storm, bear us also onward to the great Wrong which, gliding from century to century—casting generations like skins—draws round each age and nation its horrid coil. And the god there, if his darts be resolved in the past to sunbeams, reflects the likeness of each hero in the long line of dragon-slayers,—even to Turner's great interpreter, our chivalrous knight of the 'Saint George's fund,' who, while many have a profound interest in any saint stamped on a sovereign, is one of the few who see in that coin a golden dart to hurl at the dragons of to-day.

The appearance of the image of Saint George and the Dragon on the new sovereign suggests much. To the credit of human nature be it said, it requires a long time for a religion to pass from the heart of man to his pocket. Yet on old Roman coins we find the same emblem, only on them the hero is named Bellerophon, the white horse on which he rides is Pegasus, and the dragon is the Chimæra. So anciently had the story had its day and become currency. But from the dawn of history to the present time that myth has been the moral currency of the race. It has been adapted to every climatic variation, and to every moral condition. The fiery vapor breathed out by the dying Python in Turner's picture tells his origin in the cloud which the sun vanquishes. In the Dragon of the Hesperides it is the fiery simoom, sweeping in whirlwind-coils over the

desert, hard by the luxuriant fringes of Africa, where lay the gardens of the daughters of Hesperus; as the Hydra (water) it is the many-headed cloud, imprisoning the rain; as the Egyptian Typhon it is the blighting tornado, after whom the typhoon wind and the deadly typhus are named; as the throttling snake Ahi of Hindu mythology it is Night, or as Vritra, who stole Indra's cattle and hid them in a cavern, it is the cloud which brings the hurricane without yielding the milk of rain. They are all the brood of Night—of the dark and evil Powers.

The myths of Zeus burying Typhon beneath the mountain through which he belches volcanic fire; of Hercules slaying Cacus, Hydra, and other monsters; of Perseus slaying the Gorgon; the victory over the Python which gave Phœbus his title, Pythian Apollo,—from *απολλυμι*, to destroy, a name transposed in the allegory of Bunyan, where the monster is Apollyon, at whom Christian hurls his darts;—all these, and a thousand others, are demonstrably myths of the Sun, breaking out of the darkness, or pursuing his irresistible course over cloud and storm. Often we find that the object of the hero's combat is to rescue some fair goddess or maiden. Apollo slays the Python which is pursuing his mother Leto; Perseus rescues Andromeda; Saint George saves the Egyptian princess. This fair woman is the rosy dawn which the Night pursues. When the dragon guards treasure,—as the Hesperides gardens, or the realm of Pluto (wealth),—it signifies the rainless cloud withholding from the earth the water needed to bring forth its riches. This symbol of the dragon as cloud appears in the Psalm: "Thou breakest the heads of leviathan in pieces, and gavest him to be meat to the people inhabiting the wilderness." (The Septuagint says to the Ethiopian people, reminding us of that dragon-guarded Hesperian garden of Africa.)

But why was the serpent in some regions chosen to be, beyond all other animals, the earthly counterpart of every blighting element in nature, and the symbol of evil? Or why, on the other hand, did it become in other regions the good demon, the genius of wisdom, whispering to Esculapius and Hygieia the secrets of healing, to Minerva wisdom, opening to man the knowledge of good and evil?

The serpent is mysterious to us; to the savage mind he was mystical. Slipping from skin to skin, he seemed able to renew his youth, and his coil suggested the daily circle of the Sun. The brilliancy of his colors re-

lated him to the rainbow, or on the other hand might be supposed to come from the gems of the earth into which he crept. He visibly wore the rubies and sapphires amid which he dwelt, and which he was supposed to guard. His swift movement without feet suggested the movement of sun or star; and the mystery that the merest touch of his fang, hardly visible, was more fatal than a large wound from any other animal suggested supernatural power. Then his forked tongue. What else was forked? The lightning. He was the sinuous lightning of heaven embodied. And as the lightning was the forked tongue of the cloud, the cloud was a flying serpent. To fly he must have wings: imagination easily adds them, and you have the dragon. The conventional dragon has indeed some traits of other animals, the crocodile body, and often the eagle-head; but the oldest forms of it are simply those winged serpents with reared heads which we find sculptured on the ancient Greek and Roman Sarcophagus, where they are yoked to the chariots of deities. It is almost exclusively in this flying or dragon form that the serpent is described as the enemy of the gods. On earth, and wingless, he is oftener the agent and guard of the gods set to watch treasures, for that endowed with supernatural intelligence, and armed with powers of life or death. But, as the winged hurricane or threatening cloud, he is a rebel angel, trying to resist the sun, and reach the throne of heaven. As the beautiful but dangerous agent of the heavens—whose star-gems seemed to spot him—man venerated or sought to conciliate him.

But to this general homage there were exceptions. The Semitic tribes hold that it was in the form of a serpent that the Spirit of Evil tempted the first man and woman to their fall. The Persian myth is, that when Ormuzd, the deity of Light, out of two intertwining trees created a man and woman—named Meschia and Meschiane—the wicked Ahriman formed a two-footed serpent of lies, Ash-Mogh, who by a bribe of fruit and milk corrupted their nature. The common theory of the Fall, and the consequent identification of Eve's tempter as the devil, is comparatively modern. The Hebrews derived from their tradition no such idea about the serpent. Even after the mysterious curse of the serpent recorded in their sacred books, we find Moses lifting up the serpent as a helpful form, and the same image receiving homage in the temple down to the time of Hezekiah. We also find the seraphim rep-

resented by Isaiah as paying homage to Jahor, Seraph being but the Hebrew word for serpent. The Hebrews, as they mingled more with other nations, got the idea of evil spirits which they had not originally, and had various names for them,—Belial, Beelzebub, Satan, Samael,—but they had no association with the snake, which would make the advice startling, "Be ye wise as serpents."

Mr. Ferguson suggests that the curse on the serpent in Paradise was really a curse on serpent-worship. While I have no idea that such is the meaning of the narrative, there can be little doubt that the identification of the serpent with Satan by Christendom was a curse upon serpent-worship. In various countries where Christianity tried to propagate itself—in Greece especially—it encountered this reverence for the serpent as an Agathodæmon, and then it began to be remembered through what form man had been tempted of old. And though the serpent had been described simply as the subtlest of beasts, to the Christians, superseding the serpent religion, he became the old dragon, the favorite form of the Wicked One. So the serpent took his place among the many other deities degraded into devils. I recently examined, in Rome, a very ancient sculpture found in a catacomb, which represented Adam and Eve beside the tree and serpent, and before them was an altar, denoting that they had been paying divine homage to the serpent. This altar an angel had just overturned. It is a record of the struggle which primitive Christianity had with serpent-worship. Nor was this suspicion of the serpent as a seducer without reason. So strong was the belief in the divine and beneficent nature of the serpent that it lingered among Christians themselves sufficiently for one powerful sect to call themselves Ophites,—from the Greek Ophis, a serpent,—and to twine a living serpent around the chalice of the Eucharist. Of the Ophites Tertullian writes, "Serpentem magnificent in tantum ut illum etiam Christo preferant." This sect got their serpent deity from Egypt, where the genius of the Sun was adored as Chneph, a serpent. It is curious to read the reasonings by which they maintained that the serpent was an emblem of the Messiah. Their fundamental text was, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so shall the Son of Man be lifted up." But it is of more mythological importance to consider their version of the part performed by the serpent in Eden. They held that at the summit of the Universe there was a Supreme Being, but at

a lower point there was a powerful Demiurgus, named Ildabaoth, "Son of Darkness." It was this Demiurgus who created man, but created him a miserable being, who crawled on the earth as a worm. But there was a Heavenly Mother who, hating Ildabaoth, endowed man with a soul, by virtue of which from being a worm man rose to a knowledge of those regions which were higher than Ildabaoth. The Demiurgus, jealous that there should be a being superior to himself, wished to make him—out of sheer revenge—equal to God himself. And for that purpose he formed a holy Serpent, a shape whose sanctity and wisdom Eve so well knew that she at once accepted his advice about the fruit, by eating which man became as a god in knowledge. The idea here is that the divinity of the serpent was self-evident to Eve, and that her belief was justified by the reception of that divine knowledge which we owe, as the Ophites claimed, to the serpent.

Now when we come to search into the story of Eden, we find that what we commonly know as a mere fragment, is a large mythology in the sacred books of the East. The Magian legend is, that at the gate of Paradise there were two guards,—the Cherub and the Seraph. The Cherub was four-footed, winged, and with four faces,—the faces of man, lion, ox, and eagle. It is easily identified with the griffin, the fabulous monster spoken of by Herodotus and Pliny as guarding the gold-bearing fields. The name indeed is the same. *Cherub* is the same as Sanskrit *grih*, Greek *γρῦψ*, German *greifen*, English *grip*; and the office of this guard at the gate of Paradise was to grab any one who tried to enter. The Seraph was a fiery serpent, whose business was by fatal bite to protect the garden. Of these two guards the serpent proved treacherous. A superior angel—whose motives are variously ascribed to a passion for Eve with jealousy of Adam (Rabbi Jarchi) and to envy of Adam's happy estate (Josephus)—induced the serpent to lend him his form. Eve, knowing that the serpent was the divinely appointed protector of the garden, did not suspect the treachery. There has been a great deal written about the curse pronounced on the serpent, that it should forever crawl on its belly in the dust. This seemed to suggest that previously it had not so crawled. We find ancient Rabbins surmising that it was in the shape of a camel, and imaginative Mohammedans that the serpent had two legs which Michael was com-

missioned to cut off with the sword of God. The ingenious Dr. Adam Clarke was of opinion that the serpent had previously been an ape! It seems to me that there is a trace of the doctrine of metempsychosis in the sentence. To the oriental eye every animal held a human soul trying to climb into higher form. The curse on the serpent was that the soul in it should never transmigrate. It was nailed to the dust forever.

The reappearance of the Seraph along with Cherubim in the ornamentation of the Jewish temple, and its continuance in our emblems to this day, shows that the early myths were unable to blast the reputation of the serpent as an Agathodæmon. In India there are distinct traces of the Shemitic narrative, such as the bruising of the serpent's head. There are ancient representations of Krishna treading on the serpent's head, and there is at this day a popular explanation of a certain mark on the head of the Cobra snake as having been left there by the heel of Vishnu; and yet the serpent in India is held in the highest reverence, and the Cobra in particular enjoys the rank of a Brahmin of the highest caste.

Indeed the distance to which this story has traveled is the marvel of mythological science. The echo of it is found in the idle story of Pliny, that in a crowd of many men and only one woman a snake will leave all the rest and attack the woman. M. J. Michélet (*La Sorcière*) finds something profound in this especial association of woman with demons. Her inspired nature may as easily be possessed by evil as by good impulses. He remembers the Sibyls and Circes, and after them that the witches and sorcerers were chiefly women, and says 'Satan retourne à son Ève.' M. Reuss (*La Sorcellerie*) assigns as a reason why witches have been chiefly women,—about 8 to 1,—says it is because man, being stronger, is more capable than women of obtaining what he desires, while woman in her feebleness flies to seek external aid. In her weakness, especially in the middle ages, Satan found a re-enforcement of his appeals. But the fact seems to me to find a nearer explanation in the relation of witchcraft to Paganism. Women hold on to a religion more devoutly than men. They held on longest to the pagan deities and rites after they had been declared accursed, the gods declared not evils, and their rites sorcery. To return to the narrative of Eden, we find it clearly interwoven with the Scandinavian myth of the universe-tree Yggdrasil, whose every root a serpent gnaws,

and around whose central bloom coils Jörmungandr,—‘vast serpent.’ The very name of the realm around which that serpent stretches, with tail in mouth, is Midgard,—so curiously resembling ‘midst of the garden,’—while the snakes that gnaw the roots are called the sons of Grafvitnir, a name meaning knowledge. Here, too, the serpent is associated with intellectual subtlety.

We are now prepared to see how this mighty and universal combat between light and darkness—sun and cloud—has been spiritualized. I have said that the symbolical forms of evil have been the changing shadows of the growing and glowing moral sentiment of man. In India the first form of the combat is between Indra, the sun, and Vritra, the rainless, blighting cloud. He is the biting snake. But Indra afterwards has another combat to destroy Ahi, the throttling snake. “Indra,” as the Rig-Veda recites, “the wielder of the thunderbolt, dug our channels; he smote the cloud (Vritra), the blockader of the waters; he the fair-handed, the impeller, has brought us on our way; by his command we flow broad rivers. Ever is that heroism of Indra to be proclaimed when he cut Ahi in pieces, with his thunderbolt he smote the surrounding obstructors; the waters flowed, seeking their goal.”—(Rig-Veda III. 33.)

Through Ahi the cloud is spiritualized; for Ahi reappears in the Sanskrit *amhas*, sin. In Greece this serpent's name *Ahi* reappears in the word *echidna*, adder, but also in *agos*, sin. In Latin it becomes *anguis*, snake, and *angustia*, a strait, from which we get our word ‘anguish.’ Professor Max Müller well says: “All who have seen and contemplated the statue of Laokoon and his sons, with the serpent coiled around them from head to foot, may realize what those ancients felt and saw when they called sin *amhas*, the throttler.” Our word adder is simply the German word *Natter*, a snake, from which the letter *n* has been transposed to make the *an*. It therefore goes back to the Sanskrit root *nah*, to bind, and is thus a descendant of that great demon worm that bound Laokoon, and the throttling Ahi whom Indra vanquished.

But that classic combat did not linger only as a name in Germany. Let us visit the famous old city of Worms, and its very name reminds us that we are in the neighborhood where Siegfried slew the dragon, and made himself invulnerable by bathing in its blood, with the exception of one spot where the leaf fell on him. They will show you at Worms the place where the conflict took place, and also the Rosengarten,—so called still,

—where the enchantress dwelt whose guard was the dragon. Here the monster does but reflect the barbaric virtue of physical courage. In the famous Missal of Worms (10th or 11th century) you will find the translation of the story in a picture of Christ with the demon Death beneath his feet, whom he is slaying with the cross for a spear. Wandering southward, perhaps to visit the Passion-play at Oberammergau, we cross the charming lake called Wurm-see. There you will learn that it is so called from a dragon which once devastated the country, but was destroyed by pious monks. But they will point you also to a little “Island of Roses” there which will remind you of the dragon-guarded Rose-garden of Worms, the Hesperian gardens of Greek fable, and of Paradise with its guarding seraph.

Returning homeward then, we no sooner reach the shore of England than we meet our Cerberus in the form of a customs officer, above whose head goes on the well-known struggle of the lion and the unicorn. That familiar device has a curious history, but one too long to be repeated here. But I may say that we can trace the unicorn back until it becomes a wicked dragon in the forests of Armenia, and the genealogy of the lion is equally traceable to a holy beast of the same region. It was a very ancient superstition in India and Persia and Armenia, that the most ferocious animals respected pious hermits, were converted by them in the woods and became friends with them. Christian hermits were afterwards said to be similarly befriended. Thus King Henry of Brunswick when a pilgrim in the Holy Land found one of these holy lions fighting a dreadful horned dragon. He took the part of the lion and slew the dragon. The grateful animal followed his deliverer back to Brunswick, giving him the title of Henry the Lion. This story was told of another saint, the combat being near Rome; but there the dragon had become a unicorn, the legend in other respects being exactly the same as other dragon stories. There were many romances of this kind floating hither from the East in the time of the crusades and pilgrimages. Such stories found the soil already prepared for them in the tales of kindred origin and significance,—of fierce-seeming beasts whom fair maidens found good-hearted. It was not difficult for a race that had “Beauty and the Beast” for its favorite story to call a loved king the lion-heart. But so it is, that though the British lion may be thought of now as the royal animal whose fierce roar is heard

round the world, he originally came to us as a pious and Christian-like animal, and his contest with the unicorn is the ancient conflict of sun and cloud, god and dragon. Though, as the British emblem, the lion be never so ferocious, he is really there a Saint George in disguise. In astrology lion meant the Sun's house. In Mithraic symbols the lion, with rayed head, is often represented destroying the serpent; indeed the Priests of Mithra were called Lions. In the conflict of the holy lion with the unicorn the old combat has been translated into the conflict between Christian and Pagan. The unicorn is a fabulous form derived probably from the rhinoceros; it is spoken of in the Bible as a symbol of terrible strength, and in after ages it attained a sanctity through the belief that it was the guardian of St. Justina in her solitude. But it was not always so. Its horn was the symbol of pagan hostility, and it took the place of the dragon in the legend of which I have spoken. The horse-like shape of the unicorn may have seemed particularly appropriate at a time when the consecration and sacrifice of the horse to Wodin by our Teutonic ancestors led the Christian fathers to ascribe the demonic character to that useful animal, which led to the discontinuance of horseflesh as food. To similar exigencies, arising in the course of the conversion of the Pagans, may be attributed the evil name which fell upon various other animals which Christianity held accursed simply because paganism held them sacred. The raven, visibly carrying the night on its back, was the bird that whispered to Odin the secrets it discovered on its flight, and when Odin was declared a devil, the raven was esteemed a demon bird. It is said that even Voltaire was troubled if he heard the croak of a raven on his left. Yet its original association was high. It was pictured sitting on the strings of Apollo's lyre; and though black, it was so only that it might be for the sun-god a better night-watchman, to report what has occurred whilst his own eye was withdrawn from the Earth. To the Parsees the raven is still the carrier between Earth and Heaven, and the dead are left on mountains frequented by that bird, that through them souls may pass to paradise. Freyia, the Scandinavian Venus, had her chariot drawn by two cats; and when, anathematized by the missionary, Freyia's day—Friday—became unlucky, the cat became uncanny. The witch was associated with a cat, and there are people who still dislike a cat, and hold a black one particularly diabolical. Many a

cat has been sacrificed over a supposed witch's grave to keep her from wandering after death. I was in Moscow when some women in the neighborhood sacrificed a cat, a dog, and a cock, to allay the cattle plague. They harnessed a woman to a plough, ran a furrow around their cattle, slew and buried the animals at the junction of the furrow, crying "Cattle plague, spare our cattle; we offer you cat, dog, and cock." In this case, however, the cat must have been devoted on account of its sanctity, for there is no demonism associated with it there, but the reverse. In Russia a cat may enter a church and be welcome, but if a dog enter the whole congregation would rise up to expel it. I once asked a peasant in that country why this was, and she told me it was because once the devil tried to enter paradise in the shape of a mouse. A cat and a dog were on guard at the time. The dog allowed the mouse to pass, but the cat pounced on it, and so enjoys the credit of having foiled Satan in this manoeuvre.

The demonism of the dog has been more universal than that of any other animal not fabulous. The fidelity of the dog has in the last centuries worn out the evil suspicions of him in this country, and yet I remember a newspaper correspondent thought the howling of a dog at Sandringham, in the night of December 9th last, important enough to report to a shuddering country. I read lately of a dog in a German village which was supposed to have announced so many deaths that he became an object of general terror, and was put to death. It seems to be only as foreseeing death, or as able to see invisible beings, that superstitions concerning the dog survive in this country; but in the witch-times there perished many a poor creature the only evidence of whose sorcery was fondness for a black dog. In Germany the belief in the diabolical character of the dog is so powerful that it was able to upset the equanimity of Goethe himself, whom we find ending his connection with the Weimar theater because a learned dog was shown on the stage, and even on one occasion apostrophizing a dog as a demon which wished to possess his soul. He would seem to have dwelt upon that poodle circling around Faust, from which Mephistopheles presently emerged, until it had upset his nerves; but it is remarkable that Goethe's notion should coincide so nearly with that of the Parsees of Surat, who venerate the dog above all other animals, and who, when one is dying, place a dog's muzzle near the person's mouth, and

make it bark twice, so that it may catch the departing soul and bear it to the waiting angel.

As the Magians pictured Paradise guarded by a griffin and a seraph; so the Hindoos pictured the abode of the gods guarded by two dogs, the morning and evening twilight; these reappear in Orthros and Kerberus, the guards of the Greek Hades. In 'Orthros' the name of Vritra reappears; in Kerberus we have the Indian Sarama,—the dog who proved a treacherous guard and was slain by Indra. Hence the Russian peasant comes fairly by his story of how the dog admitted the mouse-devil into Heaven; and the English peasant by his epithet "hell-hound." But in Hindu mythology the two dogs do not bear an evil character. In a funeral hymn of the Rig-Veda (X. 14) addressed to Yama, King of Death and of Immortality, we read: "By an auspicious path do thou hasten past the two four-eyed brindled dogs, the offspring of Sarama, then approach the bountiful Pitris who rejoice together with Yama. Intrust him, O King Yama, to thy two watch-dogs, four-eyed, road-guarding, and man-observing." "The two brown messengers of Yama, broad of nostril and insatiable, wander about among men: may they give us again to-day the auspicious breath of life that we may see the sun." And now, three thousand years, perhaps, after this was said, we find the dog still regarded as the seer of ghosts and the watcher at the gates of death, of whose opening his howl forewarns. In Germany the dog sacred to Odin, afterwards the hound of his demon chase, had his diabolism intensified by his relationship with the wolf, which was sacred to Mars in Greece, and to Odin in the North. The wolf gained a sanctity in Rome somewhat similar to that of the lion elsewhere which made the British emblem. The fierce animal was found good-hearted enough to suckle Romulus and Remus; and there were wolf-festivals, the well-known Lupercalia. No one can look upon the form of the wolf of the capital without recognizing that it was meant as a sacred object. There was also a legend of certain Hirpini, or men who had been changed to wolves in punishment for having killed some sacred wolves which had seized flesh from an altar. Of the corresponding superstition, which in the North, and in France, took an awful shape, I shall have to speak hereafter.

None of these animals, however, have played so large a part in demonology as the dragon and the serpent. How enormous

that part is we may estimate by the extent to which their legends cover this country, where serpents are few and comparatively harmless. The localities, of which there are many in every country, named after the devil,—as Tchern, Chernaya, Tchernigof in Russia, Tchernetz in Wallachia, Tchernovitz in Poland, all referable to the ancient god Tchernibog, now made into Tchor, the devil; the many Teufelsbergs and fels in Germany, are generally represented in England by names which record the conflicts of heroes with monsters. We have indeed our Devil's Dykes and Devil's Dens, our Devil's Bit Mountains and Devil's Punch-bowl in Ireland, and sagas tell of terrible encounters with the evil one in most of these places, sometimes in his own shape. But it is to our Wormleys and Wormfields, Wormfords and Wormbridges, to our Lindleys and Lindisfarnes, that we must look for the chief traces of these mythical conflicts. The old battles of Indra with Vritra, of Apollo with the Python, have been repeated here scores of times. Need I tell you of how the serpents were expelled from Ireland, or how in the same way St. Petroc in Cornwall expelled a huge snake, significantly near the mount named after St. Michael, the angelic dragon-slayer? In Mordiford church, Herefordshire, there lingered until lately the stained window showing how the dragon of that region was slain; while the legend of the Laidley Worm—that is, the Loathely Worm—is well known. In the *Border Minstrelsy* we read that

"The wode Laird of Larcestoun
Slew the wode worm of Wormestoun
And wan all Linton parochine."

(It will be remembered that Dante calls Kerberus a worm, and Milton so designates Satan.) Linton, like Lyndhurst, comes from lind, a fiery serpent; and it is probably from lind that we get the name of our so-called blind-worm—that is, shining worm, for the animal has very good eyes. It is still the custom when the new Bishop enters the diocese of Lockburn for the lord of that domain to meet him in the middle of the river Tees and present him with an ancient sword, saying, "My Lord Bishop, I here present you with the faulchion wherewith the champion of Conyers slew the worm, dragon, or fiery flying serpent which destroyed man, woman and child; in memory of which the king then reigning gave him the manor of Lockburn to hold by this tenure, that upon the first entrance of every Bishop into the country the faulchion

should be presented." There is wrapped in this legend, probably, the fact that one Conyers afforded Bishop Flambard a safe retreat from the Scotch invader Comyer, whom he afterwards brought to kneel at the Bishop's feet.

The most interesting of all these mythical worms in England is that of Lambton. Not long ago I visited that region near Newcastle and had pointed out to me the well into which the little worm was thrown, and the hill around which he coiled nine times when he emerged as a monster. The story runs that the young Knight of Lambton employed all Sunday fishing in the Weir, to the great scandal of church-goers. Once he caught a small worm, which he threw into a well. There it swelled to vast dimensions. The young knight, however, went off to the holy wars in Palestine. When he returned he found the neighborhood in great trouble. The monster lay on his hill, demanded nine cows' milk daily, and if one cup less were offered devastated the village in his wrath. Various knights had attacked him vainly, for when cut in two the worm pieced himself together again. The knight whose Sunday fishing had caused all this trouble resolved to encounter the worm. He was told by an oracle that he would succeed if he armed himself with a coat of mail covered with razor-blades, and met the monster in the river; but that after slaying him he must sacrifice the first living thing he met, or if he did not no Lambton would die in his bed for nine generations. He did so. He enticed the worm into the river Weir; it coiled around the razors of his armor and was cut to pieces: the pieces could not now join together again, because the current bore them away. In the *Rig-Veda* (I. 32) we read this of Indra's conflict with the dragon Vritra: "The waters carry away the nameless body of Vritra, tossed into the midst of the never-stopping, never-resting currents." Our Lambton hero, on coming from this victory, met first his own father. As he could not

sacrifice him, the doom passed on the family, and everybody you meet in that region will inform you that, strange to say, no Lambton has ever since died in his bed—the doom having ended with the late Earl of Durham, who, they affirm, died in his chair. No element of the solar myth is wanting here. The razors on the armor, as portrayed on the ancient statue at Lambton castle, are rays of light. The growth of the monster from a small worm is the twilight increasing to midnight. The worm piecing itself together again when cut in two, is the hydra-head growing out again after Hercules has cut it off; that is, so often as the sun dispels the night, the night grows together again. And thus we find the ancient Vritra, Python, Hydra, living on to reflect every evil as it comes in history,—Paganism as conquered by some princely saint, miasma as conquered by some enterprising drainer of swamps, or at length Sabbath-breaking, as illustrated to Northumbrian boys by the terrible story of the Lambton worm. Not less striking is the form assumed by the same idea in a story which German mothers tell their little ones. Once upon a time a little boy and his sister went into the field to gather strawberries. When their baskets were full they met an aged woman, who said she was very hungry, and asked for some of the berries. The girl emptied her basket in the old woman's lap; the boy said he had not gathered berries for old women, and passed on. The aged woman was really a powerful fairy. She called the children back and gave each a little box. The girl opened hers, and there came out two white worms which soon grew to gorgeous flies, and gradually to angels, who bore the fair child away to paradise. Out of the boy's box came two little black worms which grew to be enormous serpents. They coiled around him, drew him into the dark forest, where he is still held by their mighty folds, an example to all little listeners of how the small beginnings of evil may swell to evil habits whose strength cannot be broken.

GUENDOLEN.

SHE is so fair, I thought, so dear and fair !
 Maidenly beautiful from head to feet,
 With pensive profile delicate and sweet,
 And Titian's color in her sunny hair.

So fair, I thought, rejoicing even to note
 The little flexible, transparent wrist,
 The purple of the gold-clasped amethyst
 That glittered at her white and slender throat :

The tiny ear, curled like a rosy shell ;
 The gentle splendor of the wide brown eyes,
 Deep, lustrous, tender, clear as morning skies :
 The full, sad lips,—the voice that like a bell

Rang thrilling with a music sweet and wild,
 High, airy-pure as fluting of the fays,
 Or bird-notes in the early summer days,
 And joyous as the laughter of a child.

Dearest, has heaven aught to give thee more ?
 I thought, the while I watched her changing face,
 Heard her fine tones and marked her gestures' grace,—
 Yea, one more gift is left, all gifts before.

We go our separate ways on earth, and pain,
 God's shaping chisel, waits us as the rest,
 With nobler charm thy beauty to invest,
 And make thee lovelier ere we meet again.

THE TICTOM DEFICIT.

It was Mr. Jerry Tictom's delight to sit before a brisk hard-wood fire with a pair of heavy brass-headed tongs in his hand. Whenever he saw the brands about to fall, he prevented it by laying them tenderly one upon another.

The andirons often reflected his thin delicate features, making them round and full with a merry laugh upon them. It was an old trick of the andirons, and the wonder of it to Tictom had ceased long ago.

The fire was wife and family to Jerry—comfort and company. The care of it had grown upon him like a passion. The flames painted his thoughts and in return required of him something, he knew not what to name it, if 'twere not reverence.

Mrs. Holm, his long-time landlady, humored his ways. She gave over to his keeping the fire upon the old-fashioned hearth in

the old-fashioned parlor as trustfully as though Jerry were a later Prometheus.

Filled with a happy consciousness of his responsibility, Jerry's care went a step further. The wood whereof the fire was made he ordered himself of the dealer. Many a cargo did he examine before he ordered the winter supply. He knew better than the dealer the individual merits of the different kinds of wood. He reveled in the sweet savor of the silvery birch ; he gloried in the red heart of the oak, brave to the core ; but it was for the sweet-breathed, rifted pine that he reserved his love, and for which, as it fell to sudden ashes, he sorrowed in the chimney corner. Perhaps he imagined a day when it may have hidden some sweet soul of a dryad.

Each year, for the whole month of September, he hired Tonny Teet the wood-

sawer, who would make no other engagements. Certain as September came Tonny, a self-conceited, active little old man with a wooden leg, who seldom confessed his ignorance of anything, but who was easily put down, for all that.

How wholly Jerry gave himself up to enjoyment of an afternoon, when with Tonny on the spot and the day's sawing begun, he sat upon a throne of logs, snuff-box in hand, his gold-headed cane under his arm, his autumn surtout buttoned about his wisp of a body, and watched the dust fall damp and odorous to the music of the saw.

Then Jerry would dream and murmur:—"My life, how like a tree it is! The Springs give and the Autumns take away; bird-songs and winds from many ways and summer memories are woven into every fiber of it, yet the cutter comes, and the sawer like Tonny Teet here, and the heart is cut in twain; the dust, sweet-smelling, falls, the fire gladdens and all becomes ashes, ashes, ashes." But, as Thackeray says, "what an old, old simile that is, between man and timber!"

He was fond of comedy, though, to his knowledge he had never been within a thousand miles of a theater, and Mr. Teet, the wood-sawer, was a comedian of the first water, little as he knew it.

Over and over again Teet had played a play, and Mr. Jerry had witnessed it, and both called it the "*story of taking the frigate.*"

Any less conceited soul than Tonny would have quailed before this undertaking.

In his little person he was to represent, (in war-time,) what was supposed to be a great merchant-ship of the enemy, lying nearly becalmed off Thacher's Island. He was also to personate a pinkey of about fifty tons, hurriedly manned and armed, creeping out as a Yankee privateer to surprise and capture her. The pinkey was to approach within gunshot of the merchantman and call upon her to surrender or be sunk without quarter. The ship was then to throw off disguise and bear down as a frigate upon the pinkey, while the latter continued the combat undis-mayed.

Whoever has played a character at all, may appreciate the difficulties besetting Mr. Teet. With legs that were not mates under him, they seemed insurmountable. There was also a lack of stage properties which left more to be imagined than is wont.

The wood-yard was to be the bay. Large logs of wood were loaded and primed and laid in parallel lines upon gun-decks of fancy. Two strips of red and blue flannel, hoisted

upon a couple of clothes-poles, were to signal "England expects every man to do his duty" of the sullen man-of-war, and "Don't give up the pinkey" of the Yankee privateer. Fancy was to nail them to the mast. With this utter lack of sea-room and scenic properties, he was to present to the excited audience (Mr. Tictom) all the incidents of the unequal and desperate encounter.

As the whole affair was to be at the expense of Mr. Tictom, it seemed proper that he should have some choice in the conduct of it. So the sawer deferred to his employer's views.

"Shall we spare the prisoners?" said Teet.

"Certainly, Tonny, don't for goodness' sake shed any blood."

Tonny looked upon his employer with something like—it could have been only the shadow of—contempt. To expect a sea-fight—to behold all the pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war—with real gunpowder—and not a drop of blood drawn! O timid Tictom!

Jerry was to let fall his bandanna when ready for the affair to begin. With his eye upon the signal, the sawer waited with a slow-match of oakum to touch the first gun, which he announced would be from the pinkey. The handkerchief fell and the latter called upon the ship to surrender or be sunk. There was a grim silence on board of the bulky merchantman, which the pinkey attributed to fear. But the silence was soon broken by a frigate's broadside, and Mr. Teet's personation of surprise was admirable. He allowed his wooden leg to shiver with it.

Tonny stumped from one line of loaded logs to the other. Both shot handsomely, presenting to the audience a perfectly brilliant though somewhat bewildering scene.

Such was the celerity of Tonny's movements, that now and then Mr. Tictom lost the situation completely, and only recovered it by chance, or when Teet struck some familiar attitude of which he knew the meaning by heart.

Of a truth there were times when either the player's art was at fault or the spectator's fancy failed him, for often it was impossible to see in Teet other than the prosaic little wood-sawer. It was a trying moment to the looker-on when—the pinkey having tacked to deceive the enemy—Tonny stumbled and nearly fell into the jaws of the frigate.

Mr. Tictom played the part of the statesman to perfection. He sat upon an embankment, out of harm's way, crying, "Never sur-

render! don't give up the pinkey!" Perhaps it was easy to show good statesmanship, but for poor Teet, bearing the burden of the day,—personating alternately the scorn of the frigate and the daring of the pinkey, with broadsides to be given and taken, holding the doubtful poise of battle now on this side, now on that,—it was not so easy. When he felt the perspiration running from the scuppers, as it were, and after the last shot had been fired, he allowed the pinkey to escape. He sat down upon the wood-horse, hot, breathless, and content.

For himself, he would rather have fought both craft, bobstay to yard-arm, to the bottom, but the limits prescribed by Mr. Jerry forbade such a bloody conclusion; so he invented the darkness and the escape of the pinkey in it as a masterly maneuver, which, under Providence, it was.

Tonny considered it no mean triumph, that, during the conflict, he succeeded in bringing Mrs. Holm to the window with curiosity in her face and her right hand over her good ear.

"Well done," cried Mr. Jerry from his safety-seat, "well done, Tonny Teet," and hurried down therefrom, went into the house and brought out to the thirsty actor a glass of wine that had not seen sunlight for twenty years. Jerry saw this battle fought over and over in the winter fire, always hearing in the crackling of the forestick the smack of Tonny's lips over that annual glass of wine, a fitting *finale*.

But let it not be concluded that this play as now played was the sudden offspring of Mr. Teet's genius. When Mr. Tictom heard it first it was a simple rill of a story, trickling shyly along from the lips of the lively old wood-sawer. Mr. Tonny told it without illustration, except here and there a wave of the hand; then at a later telling he set the wood-horse to represent one thing, and a pile of saw-dust another. And again—for by such slow marches perfection comes—the falling of the beetle upon the axe made thunder,—though of a rather thin quality. The loading of the logs as cannon for the engagement was a thought of later growth, a flash of inspiration like, which only visits genius. Thus the story grew to a play, and the play had grown and was growing with every repetition thereof. But for Jerry and Tonny it continued to be the "story of taking the frigate," and no play at all.

Luckily Jerry was a bachelor. As head of a household the time devoted to the "story" would have been required to quiet the baby,

and thought, which was now clear as a spark, would have been bewildered in seeking for the hidden ills of infancy.

He lived in an ideal world in which he made ecstatic journeys. In our bread-and-butter world he traveled very little. Here he was punctilious and methodical to an ace. The business of his life demanded it, for he was the executive officer of a moneyed institution. For a certain part of the day his mind fluttered among notes, bills, discounts, and balances, at the beck and call of the trader, the borrower, and the money-changer of Seetown. But when he placed the key in the satchel and drew the string thereof, his other life, of which we have had a glimpse, began, to continue until the opening, next morning, of the Seetown Bank.

It was an old institution. Tonny Teet was its messenger, a connection which contributed not a little to his self-importance, and in his own eyes he knew the mysteries of finance and the function of money about as well as President Grim himself. Tonny's associates regarded him as an oracle upon all questions relating to monetary affairs. Only one man ever dared to doubt him.

"How long ago, Teet," said Jesper Frown at Snugg's tavern, where a circle was gathered one winter evening, "did the Bank begin business?"

"Well," replied Tonny, drawing a full breath and pausing in his way to give due weight to his words, "they say her charter,"—the bank was always feminine to Tonny—"was brought over in the Mayflower."

"Well, an' how many year ago was that?" queried Frown, who always wore his name on his forehead, all the plainer now, as he thought Tonny's answer vague and evasive. Frown was a rival wood-sawer without a bank connection, and could not endure Teet's show of superiority, especially as he knew he could saw the messenger's legs off—metaphorically, ay, and—one of them at least—literally.

"Sir," answered Tonny, drawing a breath not quite so long and pausing a little longer, "I don't jist remember myself now, but I've heard my father say 'twas jist arter the Revolution."

"An' I," said Jesper, with the air of a man who knows he is driving the last nail that can be driven in an argument, "an' I've hearn my gran'ther say the Seetown Bank is as old as the Christian era."

The hearers concluded the weight of the evidence was with Jesper, as a gran'ther of course is higher authority than a father.

Tonny was silent, and the star of his destiny declined thenceforth at Snugg's tavern. How delightful is the pursuit of an enemy who hath a wooden limb! What odds in life have we over a man with a crook in his eye! Our manners—are they not sweeter than his manners? Our aims, nobler than his aims? Our virtues, greater than his virtues?

If Tonny had been made as his Maker left him; if the surgeon and the joiner had never had a job out of him, he would doubtless have continued, quoted some great gran'ther, and conquered. But Tonny, alas! crippled in limb, felt crippled throughout—in heart, and hope, and tongue—and was silent.

It is hoped, however, the reader is persuaded that the bank was no monetary mushroom.

It was old and honored and solid. No vote of the directors suspending specie payments sullied the records of Jerry Tictom's bank. It favored the lowly and needy. It turned a deaf ear to speculators, holding them little better than imps from the deeps of eternal darkness. Its new notes were sweet and crisp, and old Parson James took them gladly for wedding-fees from any lucky groom. Its old notes were soft and silky, and grew softer and silkier with well-doing. And so the promises to pay of the Seetown Bank were piously laid away by many an old lady to pay her funeral expenses. Old, old bills of the old, old Bank, how many of you, having properly buried your possessors, are coming back to the counter to claim your places among the canceled and redeemed!

The bank, being old, believed in the old. No man under threescore was ever a director in it. Among its presidents none had died under ninety. Its officers had been few, for they had lived long and dropped like ripe apples from the functional bough. Longevity was a cardinal virtue there. Even "the boy," Jerry's assistant, had lately celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his wedding-day.

It opened and closed—the lucky old institution—in happy ignorance of any such bank-term as "irregularity."

One afternoon in the month of October, President Grim with a city visitor was sitting in the directors' room. The visitor was a bank director, and the talk naturally turned upon bank doings. Finally the President fell to eulogizing their cashier, Mr. Tictom.

"From the day of his appointment," said he, "five-and-twenty years ago, down to this day, his cash has not varied the shadow of a

mill. Why, sir, he is wheat; he is gold. He is certain as—as—Norman's woe," continued Mr. Grim, who, at home with *per cent.*, seldom undertook to navigate a simile. But now being a little enthusiastic he ventured it and became shipwrecked upon the reef. He half suspected something was wrong about the comparison, but hastened on:—"Here, sir, is the resolution our Board passed only yesterday." The President turned the leaves of the old record book reverently, and showed it to his visitor in a handwriting round and even as print:—

"Voted, That our confidence in Mr. Jerry Tictom, now and for five-and-twenty years last past our beloved associate and cashier, increases with every day and grows from year to year, like some old oak with its roots in the ground, and its tops in the summer air, that the birds may build in the branches thereof."

It may strike the critical reader that the wording of this vote was rather above the mean of corporation resolutions. The labor of drawing it had been allotted to Mr. Muse, who had a local reputation as a poet.

"Put heart in it," had been the only injunction of the President, who was all heart.

"Not too formal," said director Mixx, whose good-nature overflowed in his face like the juice in a cut orange.

"Rest assured," was the response. Thus the heart in the resolution must be credited to the President; the lack of formality to Mr. Mixx, and the poetical figure of the oak to the drawer himself, who happily sustained, in his own mind, his reputation.

It is true, Mr. Snap made his usual ill-humored remark, which nipped Mr. Muse's delight over his success in the bud.

"Roots in the ground! Who in the deuce," asked that cross-grained gentleman—"I say, who in the deuce ever heard of their being anywhere else?"

The city visitor, to whom such a resolution was as new as a primer, congratulated the bank upon the possession of such an officer.

At this moment the door of the directors' room opened and "the boy" beckoned to the President. Mr. Grim was in a happy mood. His eighty summers seemed like down under his feet. Excusing himself, he entered the room where the beloved Mr. Tictom had been "getting up his cash" for the day.

Alas! What is human perfection? What is an accountant but a sailor at sea with the chances of shipwreck all about him?

The glancing eye of the President detected something wrong in the room. "The boy" had a tear in his eye and was wiping his spectacles. The fire had been neglected—a sorrowful sign. The fore-stick had wasted to a couple of fallen brands that shed their white ashes as the President passed the hearth. The tongs were not in their accustomed corner of the fire-place.

Mr. Tictom—fastidious, trusted, and punctilious Jerry Tictom—was no longer immaculate. There was an ink-spot on his right wrist-band; otherwise he was neat as ever, but nervous. He was about to launch a thunderbolt at the heart of the President of Seetown Bank. He looked incapable of it—the neat, pure, idealistic Jerry. He seemed so little like Jupiter,—that little figure in a high-collared, mouse-colored coat. He even smiled, or strove to. But smiles and murder have gone hand in hand.

"Mr. Grim," said Jerry, in a voice soft and supplicating,—a thought too tender for a thunderbolt,—“I regret to say, sir, my cash is short.”

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Mr. Grim, and sank back overcome in an oaken chair. More brands fell apart, and a cloud of ashes went up the chimney from the uncared-for fire.

"A deficit! Tictom, a—what?" Were the walls of the universe—the Seetown Bank—crumbling? It was a dream. How queerly dreams come! No, no, Jerry Tictom, he was no dream. The tear of "the boy" was no dream. And he himself, Greeley Grim—was he a dream? No, he was a fact, and "the boy" was a fact. But Tictom, what was he?

"Are you sure?" queried the President finally.

"Sure," replied Jerry.

"How much?" Mr. Grim shivered. Every one of his eighty winters seemed snowing their snows upon his unprotected head.

"Six cents!" responded the cashier pathetically.

"Tictom," said the President,—'tis surprising how laconic we can be when dealing with misfortune! Tictom had always the "Mr." from the President until this unhappy moment; the cashier felt the change, and many of the planets of perspiration upon his bald head rolled from their places and became unhappy spots of Tictom upon the floor.

"Tictom," said the President, solemnly, "if 'twas a thousand dollars, I'd draw my check for it; but a *cussed* four-pence-ha-

penny deficit! 'Tis damnable, Mr. Tictom,"—Mr. T. felt thankful for the restoration of the title,—“I'll go home.”

"The boy" helped him on with his sur-tout; he proceeded to his visitor in the other room, and they withdrew.

The cashier dismissed "the boy" and was alone with his sorrow—his first error. He put away the bills and the cents, the silver and the gold, that seemed to have no value in them now. He whetted his knife and cut a quill for to-morrow's work, but he spoilt it; another and another likewise. He gave up the pen business. He raked the coals upon the hearth, covered them carefully with ashes, and, simple as was the proceeding, he drew comfort from it.

Locking the bank he turned towards home. As he passed the church-yard he paused longer than usual before a moss-covered stone with the inscription—"Sacred to the memory of Ruth,"—moss concealed the remainder, except the figures "18." Then he thought of the same words "to the memory of Ruth," graven on his heart, which the moss could never reach to cover.

At the tea-table he left his toast scarcely tasted. Good Mrs. Holm, suspecting some freak of appetite, sent Joanna, her trustiest maid, to the closet for a jar of strawberry jam. He declined it. Though she could conceive of no ill beyond the reach of her jam to cure, she lamented now that she had spared her quince jelly.

Her alarm was fully aroused when, later, Jerry did not call for his evening doughnut and glass of milk. She immediately put some thoroughwort on the hearth to steep. Then her womanly fancy conjured a thousand possible contingencies. She opened her Bible to look at Jerry's signature at the bottom of a Seetown Bank bill, between the leaves of the book of Job!

"If anything should happen to Mr. Tictom," she said to herself as she smoothed out the note tenderly, "I would name my parlor tongs after him." And with this consoling promise her heart grew happier.

Jerry meanwhile sat in the old parlor before a cheerful fire of birch and pine-wood. He would have taken flight into his ideal world, but the day's disaster held him down. Nevertheless, fire and tongs had for him their wonted charm.

Well for him who, after some misfortune of the day, can retreat to the chimney corner and throw evil forebodings upon the evening back-log!

He felt like some great captain who has

lost a battle; we all know how. For are we not all captains of something in our little way? Have we not all had our losses of battles, or marbles, or sweethearts, or chances of promotion?

Hours went. Out of the birch and pine boughs came to him all kinds of woodland melodies and the garnered fragrance of twenty summers.

Next morning he approached the day's labor with reluctance. The fire was perfect, and the woman who put the room to rights had added many a womanly touch that he felt.

But he must begin the day with an entry unheard of in the books—those stately, scrupulous volumes of the Seetown Bank. A "Suspense" account! The word had a fearful look in English. If he only knew Greek, that he might put it in that character!

He looked out of the window upon the wharf at which a Nova Scotia schooner was unloading wood. He watched as it came tumbling out. What a landscape is to the painter, what a block of marble is to the sculptor, a cargo of wood was to Jerry Tictom; he confessed its capabilities, but he could not bury himself now in their contemplation.

Jesper Frown was sawing wood near by, thinking of Tonny Teet and wishing he were a messenger of the bank. "But he will drop off one of these days," thought Jesper, "and then—." Now Frown was the senior of Tonny by ten years, but "all men think all men mortal but themselves."

"If I were only a wood-sawer," thought Jerry.

The negro steward of the schooner was deep in the, to him, intellectual employment of frying flap-jacks for the captain's breakfast. Occasionally he went from caboose to cabin with the product of his art, returned and began again his labor with sleepy unconcern. Jerry looked and wondered if he had any suspense account,—if Sambo's cash was ever short! Perhaps not; yet Sambo had his troubles—a tale of unrequited affection, too unhappy for this page. Once in his little journey the darky rolled his eyes unwittingly toward the window where Mr. Tictom stood, and that person drew back out of sight, feeling that everybody and everything, from the negro to the ruler on the desk before him, knew of his misfortune.

He turned to his ledger. No; he would not give "Suspense" the honor of a full page. So he placed it under "Collection."

Dr. Suspense
To error

.06

Every letter of the word looked to him as though raised upon the page.

The news of the error had traveled from one director to another with a speed which would have surprised electricity. The weekly meeting came, the records of the last meeting were read, and the resolution stared the Board in the face. What should be done?

President Grim now regretted his advice to the drawer to "put heart in it." Mr. Mixx now wished it had been a little more formal; and Mr. Muse, why, as the words lay there dry and cold in black and white, they did look a little high-flown, though while they were wet and warm he thought them uncommonly neat.

Mr. Vent, who had had a winter's experience in the State Senate, and had grappled with all manner of parliamentary difficulties, moved it be "laid upon the table." As it was already upon the record, the President ruled the motion "out of order," thereby wounding the pride of the mover, who contended that if he knew himself anywhere it was among parliamentary problems.

Mr. Wright, a genuine Jackson man, moved "it be expunged." This was lost, because the Board wished to avoid anything that looked like leaning to Jacksonism.

Mr. Snap had maintained his wonted ominous silence during the debate. Finally, he snarled out in his way,—"Let the blasted tree keep its roots in the ground; why don't you give Tictom leave of absence and increase his salary?"

This suggestion, uttered almost at random by the speaker, was met favorably. There came near being a split upon the salary question, a few maintaining that four hundred and fifty dollars was liberal pay. At last it was voted as follows:

"That Mr. Tictom be requested to take a month's vacation,—that his salary be raised to five hundred dollars per annum, and that Mr. Amos Meeker, the assistant, be appointed acting cashier during the absence of Mr. Tictom." The meeting adjourned.

It was now Mr. Grim's turn in the thunderbolt line. He looked as little like Jupiter as Jerry, yet there was a dignity almost Olympian in the manner with which he announced the vote of the Board to the unhappy cashier.

Mr. Tictom was bewildered. A month's vacation! Why was that? A month's leave of absence! Where could he go? What could he do? The winter's wood was all in-doors.

For a quarter of a century, every work-

day, he had left widow Holm's door, turned down by the church, lingered a little before that old slate slab in the church-yard, near the fence, nodded to every one he met, adding a smile if 'twas a child or a stockholder, entered the bank, mended his pens, debited, credited, paid and received moneys, and returned again to muse before the fire in winter, or to watch a bed of growing pansies in spring and summer. And now, to find all this interrupted! It was a fearful thing to come upon him in his old age. A younger man—"the boy" now—would have gloried in it, but to Jerry it brought only distraction.

And that fifty dollars additional to his salary! Another embarrassment. The quarter-days now came around so fast he could not spend his income, and his last six months' salary lay undrawn. Why did the Board add to his perplexities at this crisis?

Jerry could think of nothing more pathetic than parting with a key, and he would have esteemed an ex-turnkey the most unhappy man living. For five-and-twenty years he had carried the bank keys in a little satchel in his left breast coat pocket, near his heart, and the frequency with which he placed his hand upon his breast to assure himself of their safety led Mrs. Holm to imagine him troubled with an affection of the heart.

To turn the keys over to another, though it were to Amos Meeker, cost him an effort, but they were delivered without a word.

He had somewhere read that travel was a great solace to troubled souls. He would take a far-off journey. There was an old aunt of his, living fifteen or twenty miles away among the hills, if living at all,—God bless her,—whom he would visit, and cheer in her lonely days.

So little was he accustomed to journey, that he would have started with simply a bundle-handkerchief with his *bonnet de nuit*, a change of linen, and a few ounces of snuff. But the more worldly-wise widow would not have it so. So Mr. Tictom became to Mrs. Holm as clay in the hands of the potter.

She bade Joanna bring down a trunk from the garret.

"It was Seth's," she said, "but Seth being dead will not need it again."

She took out the woolens, examined them diligently, hoping to come suddenly upon a rogue of a moth, but in vain.

She urged upon the yielding bachelor a

blood-stone, to stay bleeding of the nose if attacked; making the same cheerful remark about it that she made upon the trunk. She put aside some other valuables for him; some horse-chestnuts as a charm against rheumatism; a few herbs,—wormwood for his appetite, if it should fail him; lungwort for cough, if he should have any; a packet of pennyroyal and thoroughwort for miscellaneous ailments to which he might be liable away from home.

The traveler around the world to-day takes only a tithe of the precaution which the good lady took for her favored boarder against the ills which might beset him.

And the boarder of to-day—are the woolens ever taken unseasonably out of Seth's trunk for him? Doth any landlady part with her pennyroyal for his sake? If the tea and toast do not tempt, is the present Joanna sent for a jar of strawberry jam, I wonder?

Mr. Tictom took all this regard for him in good part. The amiable man would not have objected to a touch of rheumatism for the sake of pleasing the lady and proving the power of the chestnut charm, but he did not care to go far in consumption for the chance of being—perhaps—brought back with lungwort.

All the town knew of his intended departure and the why and hour thereof, and as the early stage-coach made its last tarry at Tappaan's corner, many of the townspeople were already there to bid him "good-speed." Tonny Teet was there in his official coat, wiping something out of his eyes—saw-dust, maybe. Jesper Frown stood aloof as became a rival wood-sawer without a bank connection; luckier than Tonny, there was nothing in his eyes to wipe away.

The driver clucked, snapped his whip in the ear of the nigh leader, and the coach rolled away, Mr. Tictom within and Seth's trunk on the rack behind.

We do not propose to follow that morning coach. Only one remark has come to us of the conversation within it on that day. It was made by a little old gentleman of the reader's acquaintance to his neighbor, the only time he opened his lips to speak for the journey. "I had no idea the world was so large," he said, as he looked abroad for a moment out of the moving window. This world had always seemed very little to Jerry.

Mr. Tictom had not been absent more than a fortnight when he received two letters post-marked "Seetown." One was in the handwriting of President Grin, and the other

was evidently directed by the *ci-devant* "boy." Had the bank fallen? No, no; that could not be.

Which should be opened first? The decision fell upon that of the Meeker. He pecked at the seal nervously with his thin fingers. Then suddenly he plunged in and read:—

SEETOWN BANK,
SEETOWN, Oct. 29, 18—.

MR. JERRY TICTOM:

Respected Sir: In a crack of the floor.

Yours forever and ever,

AMOS MEEKER, Acting Cashier.

Mr. Tictom was amazed as he had never been before at the information. It was very meager, not to say misty. "Poor Meeker," he said, "the promotion has upset him."

He had forgotten the other letter. He recalled it now, opened it mechanically, and read as follows:—

SEETOWN BANK,
SEETOWN, 29th Oct., 18—.

MR. JERRY TICTOM:

Dear Sir: That cussed four-pence-ha'penny deficit has turned up

Verily yours,
GREELEY GRIM, President.

All was clear; he had opened the wrong letter. Together the letters were intelligible enough. The delightful news had been put in two sheets by the happy officers for fear one should miscarry.

In due time Mr. Tictom returned, looking ten years younger. Mrs. Holm attributed this effect to the herbs she had so thoughtfully provided, and thenceforth, whenever the virtue and efficacy of herb-tea were doubted or assailed, she triumphantly quoted Mr. Tictom and his recovery from his trouble.

The kindly bachelor never hinted that nut and herb charm and panacea had made pictures for him in the evening fire in the country.

In after days this episode in the annals of the Seetown Bank was alluded to as "the Tictom deficit."

KATE PARKMAN'S WEDDING DAYS.

KATE PARKMAN, my heroine, is rather a difficult person to introduce; because she does not accord, because she is at variance with society, unconventional, headstrong, young, at odds with the world, poor, vigorous, unguided, violent, keen-sighted, red-haired, willful, independent, a music-teacher, a disputant, upright, clever, candid, a lover of ease, out of place even in the family circle.

For her there is no family circle. She usually sits apart in a distant corner behind her piano, and, when she rises to join her brothers and sisters, it is like the coming up of a gloomy yellow-red moon, causing silence and awe and dispersing the social mists of comfort and sympathy that gather around the hearth-stone.

When her little sisters hear her quick, decided footsteps, they pick up their dolls with anxious looks, for Kate might tread upon them; the boys get out of the large chairs and stop throwing sofa cushions; they pretend to read or retire to the staircase or street for free, noisy enjoyment.

Even James, the first-born, and head of the house, shows his sense of her presence by lowering his tone, or by ceasing a contented whistle behind his book, and often, uncon-

sciously, changes his seat nearer to little Jane, the mother-sister, who is ever mending something for the children, seldom lifting her patient eyes or speaking, and yet it is as natural to gather near her as it is to disperse at sight of Kate.

The Parkman mother is not dead; she is only incapable! A woman made for a prosperous life-journey; gentle, amiable, submissive, very refined and beautiful; utterly without qualities for struggling with poverty and seven children in whom, except in little Jane, she can recognize nothing of herself.

She seems to look at the situation as purely accidental. When her children appeal to her she says something inconsequent and shuffling in reply; she is entirely self-sacrificing and very grateful for what destiny accords her; she is motherly in accepting crusts for herself, and would like to spread them with her neighbor's sweetmeats for her children.

Of Kate she is very proud, and enjoys more than anything the evenings that she spends at concerts.

On the evening in which we present our heroine her mother does not expect her to come home to dinner. The children feel

unusually secure. "Sister Kate is not coming home, she's gone to a concert," they say, cheerfully.

The dolls' house was before the drawing-room grate, the boys were falling over the arms of the sofa, assisted by a friend or so, Jane was trying a tune on the piano, and James was reading the newspaper and smoking, his heels upon the mantel-piece.

Enter Kate, very pale, looking straight forward as if there were no one in the room. The children have so much headway in their play they cannot break off suddenly. A strange boy trips and falls against her. Jane stops her tune and James's heels come down upon the curly head of a little one.

"Why! my dear Kate, I thought—" says Mrs. Parkman. She seldom finished a sentence.

"I'll get your dinner," says Jane the ready; and James, glancing at her from behind the newspaper, sees that in her eye which makes him decide to give her his seat near the fire and to leave the room. The boys tumble out as well, and Mrs. Parkman says to the little girls, "Perhaps you'd better—" They understand, and Jane, coming in with her sister's dinner, helps them carry off the dolls' house to their mother's bed-room, promising them a story as compensation for the disappointment of an evening in the drawing-room.

"You changed your mind about the concert?" asked Mrs. Parkman; "take your soup while it is hot, my dear."

"No, I did not change my mind," answered Kate. "Mrs. Jones forgot to leave my money for me; she had an engagement to dinner, and was going to the opera; one of the twins has scarlet fever."

"Scarlet fever!" said Mrs. Parkman, "it's infectious, how provoking! but never mind, I'm sure she'll—"

"What?" said Kate.

"Have it for you the next time, my dear."

"Have scarlet fever for me next time?" said Kate, laughing disagreeably, and eating very fast.

"No, you know I mean the money next time; if you'd only thought to mention it last night I might have asked Mr. Thurston."

"What could you ask Mr. Thurston, mother?"

"I was going to say that I might have asked him—he is so fond of music, and is always glad to go anywhere, he would have taken you, or he would have sent George."

"Mother," said Kate, leaving her dinner,

"you know that I never shall go anywhere with Mr. Thurston or George. I think them very selfish to come here so often in the evening. They know that is the only time I have for practicing."

"What, George! I thought you liked George. You always play duets with him when he comes, and often you laugh and talk together just as Mr. Thurston and I used to when—"

"I play duets with George because it is better than doing nothing; but he knows, and his uncle knows, that they are wasting my time."

"My dear, you can't be always studying and working! You must have recreation. It has pleased me so much to see you and George together—just as we used to be."

"Just as you used to be—when, mother?"

"Just as I used to laugh and talk with his uncle when— How long it is ago!"

"I have no time for laughing and talking and dribbling at fussy little music! If Mr. Thurston does not see that I cannot give three or four evenings every week to him and his nephew, you must tell him so, or I shall have to tell him myself very plainly." Kate was growing emphatic. "But it makes no difference to him; he only cares to amuse himself! He's as selfish a man as I know. I hate to be poor!"

"Hush, Kate, I hear them coming! pray don't—I'll intimate it to Mr. Thurston, or you might to George—but don't offend him, you have no idea how angry you look: sit down again."

But Kate stood erect before the fireplace, her pale eyes burning green with rage at her mother, and at the same time a look of humor about her mouth that Mr. Thurston recognized and understood.

"I hate to be poor!" Kate shrieked as they entered,—George timidly, for he did not understand her; his uncle smiling and shaking hands, and looking full in Kate's face, encouraging her mood.

"Why shouldn't you be poor, Kate?" he said. "Isn't there a skeleton in every house? There are much worse skeletons than Poverty."

"You don't know what you are talking about," answered Kate. "Poverty is the worst skeleton that there can be in any house."

Mrs. Parkman made an imploring little sign to her as Mr. Thurston seated himself; but it was too late! She was irritated by Mr. Thurston's quiet air of possession and by George's dejection. She thought him stupid not to assist her, and dull not to find any fun

in the discussion. His hopeless expression as he fumbled in her mother's work-basket made her quite reckless.

"Poverty," she continued, "is worse than crime, sickness, death, or disgrace! It is a mammoth skeleton composed of all these minor skeletons, and no one can stand up against it!"

"She doesn't mean anything," said Mrs. Parkman, weakly.

"It is the worst possible curse, the most blasting, insinuating, all-pervading, dire, overwhelming, crushing, grinding—"

"Couldn't you use forcible language?" suggested Mr. Thurston. "Couldn't you play an accompaniment to make your words stand out in a stronger light?"

"I'd like to beat a tattoo on the skulls of the rich by way of accompaniment," she answered. Her lips were compressed; but still there was the smile in the corners of her mouth which led Mr. Thurston on.

"She's very tired to-night," Mrs. Parkman murmured. "Mrs. Jones's child has scarlet fever."

"I am not tired at all, and I will talk like a beggar for once in my life. If we were in our proper sphere among the lowest beggars we might bite each other and fight for food; but that vindictive luxury is denied us, for we are among the shabby-genteel poor."

She burst out laughing, and pointed with oratorical gesture to one of the little boys, who ran through the room chased by Jane; his hat had a ragged rim, one of his stockings had come down, and he shuffled in his large shabby shoes. Jane caught him and carried him out howling.

"The Shabby-genteel Poor' is the subject of my discourse this evening," she continued. "The uses of adversity! Sour are the uses of Adversity! Fiendish is the purpose of Poverty. I address myself now to the light-haired youth, as yet unawakened, who affects to converse apart and have no interest in the subject."

Mr. Thurston laughed, but George would not by any look show that he thought her amusing.

"To the light-haired youth," she said, "I would recommend a cup of cold poison, if he be poor. Sense, Wit, Beauty, Wisdom, Philosophy, Knowledge, shall avail him nothing. His classical nose must be brought to the grindstone, his pauper divinity must shape his end!"

"Sounds well; but is a little obscure," said Mr. Thurston; "aren't you getting good-humored, Kate?"

"I am not getting good-humored and I wish you would not interrupt me. To be Poor is to be wretched, just as surely as to be good is to be queer! To be cheap is to be nasty! To be poor is to be hideous! To be poor is to be mean or reckless! To be poor is to be cruel or indifferent! To be poor is to be narrow-minded or skeptical! To be poor is to be hard-hearted or crazy. To be poor is to be Kra-Kru-Kreck-Kreeee—which means all these bad things and much more that I am too starved with hunger, cold, and weakness to express; but you may see it written in my Parkman, poverty-pointed phiz,—only don't dare to stare at me impertinently," she said, going up to Mr. Thurston, and shaking her fist at him.

He clapped his hands and said, "Very fine, splendid! you've not your equal in the Woman's Rights Convention! You are a little profane, but that is borne off in the final explosion."

"I don't think you ought to encourage her, Richard," said Mrs. Parkman, "she might get into a habit of—"

"It is too late, my dear Mrs. Parkman; she has studied in private, she's finished. Look at George, was there ever a more convinced expression, and look at me: I am fixed. Nothing can turn me. Poverty is the wickedest, meanest, dirtiest skeleton that ever took possession of a house. It does everything that is bad except cramp one's genius. You must admit, Kate, that you could not talk so forcibly if you were rich, and you would never have mastered music as you have without the spur of Poverty."

"If I were rich I should have a warm room to study in, and I should not have to waste three or four evenings every week on you and George."

"If you were rich you would have more time to cultivate manners, and to be less saucy to old gentlemen, little girl."

"Kate, do come and play a little for me," interrupted George.

"Yes, Kate, do," urged her mother. "Perhaps, after all, the concert was poor, and you might not have been in time, or something."

"That's the hardest thing of all," said Kate to George. "Mother thinks I can found my views of life upon a disappointment about a paltry old concert."

They sat down to the piano, and Kate looked so pale and worn that George's heart ached.

"Oh, don't have views of life and opinions and things," he said. "Tell me what's wrong."

What is it about the concert? Why are you so fierce about Poverty to-night especially?"

"There's nothing particularly wrong to-night," she answered. "I was going to a concert and Mrs. Jones forgot to leave me the money."

"Kate, if you would ask me to take you where you want to go, it would be kind and right. Sometimes I think you disregard me utterly." He played a doleful little air on the piano and did not look at her as he spoke.

Kate understood him, and felt that this was the time to be very clear and explicit.

"George," she began, "I never ask any one to take me anywhere: I go to the Opera and to concerts as a student; as you go to your affairs in the morning. Music is to be my profession."

George meandered off into another tune, while he thought that he could offer her nothing but sympathy and devotion.

"Don't drum now," she said; "I have something to say to you, and I want to hear what mother and your uncle are talking about."

"I suppose he is making love to her as usual; you don't care about overhearing that," said George bitterly.

"No, I'm very tired of the whole thing, and I was quite in earnest when I said that you and he wasted too much of my time. You must stop coming here so often. It would be better if you did not come at all."

"How hard you are! You can tell me not to come here as you would tell a man at the door not to bring door-mats for sale again. Is it really nothing to you whether I come or not?" The poor little tune faltered.

"You make me very hard, George! I must tell you plainly that this is miserable foolery; it can have no end for you and me. Mother and Mr. Thurston will not see it, and I must put a stop to your coming here, and if possible to your uncle's visits."

"My visits will end very soon, Kate. I shall be sent to the House in Japan next month. My uncle sees more than you think. He considers this a good time to promote me. I am not grateful."

"I think it is time he thought of you and your mother and sisters. I hope you will be promoted and will not be poor any longer. What did my mother mean then? Did you hear her say 'I wish I thought so, but Kate was'—"

"I am not listening to your mother! Will it make no difference to you whether I am

in the world or not? Going to Japan without you is going out of the world to me."

"It must be done," Kate said firmly. "You must go out of my world and I must not let it make any difference to me."

"Am I to go away without any hope that you will care for me, or write to me, or wish for my return? I dare not say any more. You are so cold!"

His wandering on the piano ceased. He looked at her hopelessly, and Kate might have said something too kind if Mrs. Parkman had not just then said distinctly—"Kate will never listen to you, she is too proud—when she knows your motive. You know she was not in earnest, that's only her way; don't attempt it."

"I suppose my uncle is about to propose to you, and you can't listen to two men at once," said George, rising.

"Don't be silly, George; he's going to give me a grand piano, or a course of classical music! You won't let me hear a thing!"

"Yes, I'm going off; you can listen to all they say, and make the most of it. I give up any hope of your even looking at me for a few moments," said George.

"Don't be a boy, let's both join in their conversation and ask whether it be a piano or a daughter," proposed Kate, laughing.

"Kate, one moment for my sake; if it be a plan for you to marry my uncle, tell me what you will say and do?" said George.

"I should be so angry and so hurt that I should say 'Yes' without hesitation; but Mr. Thurston would understand me and would retire in confusion, I know."

"Then you refuse to regard me in the matter at all?"

"My dear fellow, I may not regard you at all."

George almost ran out of the room into the night. The blow was so sharp and sudden. Kate, who had filled his life, now seemed years and years away! He ran and sang and was a madman; he had lost himself and her!

Had he lost her? What had she said? Could he make it out through the time that he had been humming and drumming? "No, my dear fellow, I may not regard you at all." Did she know what she had said? Did it mean outer darkness for evermore? No hope, no chance, never a thought for him? Would not her lonely life make her think of him sometimes? but his uncle would ask her to marry him, and she had said that she should say "Yes" in her anger. His uncle would not understand that she was hurt and

insulted ; he must have decided that it was the best thing to do, otherwise he would not have proposed it. And by this time it might all be fixed. Why had he left her alone to be insulted ? He would run back to her before it was too late.

Perhaps it was his mad fancy, after all, and he should find Kate quietly practicing and his uncle lingering over his good-night.

The going back was not so easily accomplished. George had no breath, no strength. Long after midnight he toiled up to his room in the fifth story of a boarding-house, flung himself upon his bed, and tried to think what was to be done if the worst had happened.

The worst would be that his uncle had proposed and Kate had accepted him. At the thought he sprang up and wrote notes to both of them. And so he passed the wretched night, and fell asleep at dawn, wishing that the good ship might founder that bore him away from Kate.

Kate had been much astonished to see him run so madly out of the room : she had not meant to deal him such a blow.

He had been ever kind and thoughtful for her : she thought him in her heart as knightly as his uncle, more so. "George is incapable of such selfishness as Mr. Thurston's," she said to herself. "He loves more, and yet he will never come here again now that he knows it is wrong. Mr. Thurston will come as he chooses and murmur to mother, and chaff me, and listen to my music, and give the children presents." And so thinking she closed the piano and walked to the door.

Mr. Thurston said a word or two almost in a whisper to her mother, and then to her : "Don't go, Kate, I have something to say to you."

Kate returned and stood before him, looking her most defiant.

Mrs. Parkman made a rustling as if she were preparing to leave the room, when Kate said in a voice of command—

"I had rather not be left alone with Mr. Thurston."

"I'm sure, my dear, you can't object to my going."

"I had rather not be left alone with Mr. Thurston," she repeated, so fiercely that Mr. Thurston smiled.

"Are you afraid to hear what I have to say to you ?" he asked. "Perhaps it is a new experience."

"What have you to say to me, Mr. Thurston ?" she said, looking at him very coldly.

"Do, Kate, dear, if you only knew what it was, you'd prefer—indeed I really must not—"

"I really must insist upon your staying in this room until Mr. Thurston leaves it."

"Your mother wishes to save you the embarrassment of listening to my suit, Kate ; but I am not a young man and I am old-fashioned. I have asked her consent. I would make you my wife. You have known me all your life."

He looked down at her so kindly as he spoke that she did not feel insulted ; it was a cruel fate, she thought, but her lot in life had never been happy ; perhaps he had some good reason for doing this.

"May I ask you, Mr. Thurston," she said, "why you do not make this proposal to my mother ?"

Mrs. Parkman hid her face in her hands.

"She doesn't know, Richard—about her father—if your father—" she sobbed.

"Your mother is not convinced that your father is dead. There is no certainty, you know."

"We know that he was shipwrecked ten years ago ; we know that he was not saved with the men in the boat who did come back, and—"

"Don't talk about it, Kate, I could never do it, never ; there might come a time,—but no, there never could come a time, and you could be so happy."

"I suppose you mean that it will be great happiness to me to accept Mr. Thurston ?"

"Yes, my dear, if you'd only think so, I could die happy, then, and the children could—"

"Live happy, I suppose," suggested Kate.

"That's it. We would all be so happy together, and you could not feel then as you do now about poverty, because you would be rich and need never teach music."

"You give me, then, to Mr. Thurston, mother," said Kate. "Do you accept me, Mr. Thurston ?"

"I have asked you to be my wife," he said.

"I thank you ; I thought, a few hours ago, that I could do anything to escape the daily struggle ; but I can't. You will pardon me. Good-night."

In her own room she sat down and wrote to George, who seemed all that she had to care for her in the world. The temptation to write him a love-letter was very strong. If he were going away it might not be so wrong. They were so young and willing to work, why should they not have a sweet

future to look forward to? George would be the happiest of men if she gave him but the faintest hope, something to live for during the long separation.

But the unwritten love-letter made the written note stern and cold.

"DEAR GEORGE—Your uncle did ask me to be his wife, and I found I could not. He did not make me angry enough. I am going to work harder than ever. There must be no more humbug practicings. Don't come to see us except to say good-bye, if you do soon go to the House in Japan.

"Remember me always as your friend,

"KATE PARKMAN."

As she finished her note to George she heard Mr. Thurston going; he called her at the foot of the staircase and she went down to him.

"Good-night, my child, I am sorry to have offended you," he said. "Your mother is much troubled. Will you go to her now and comfort her if you can?"

He held out his hand as she tried to pass him without a word.

His gentleness made her pause for a moment.

"We will understand one another in time, Kate," he said, "at least don't make me feel that I add to your cares. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, Mr. Thurston, 'there are worse skeletons than poverty.'" She had tried to answer gayly, but her voice died away and there were large tears in her weary eyes.

He said again, "Good-night, my child," with such infinite tenderness that his words were a blessing and a balm, but she hardened her heart and went back to her room.

"I will not go to mother just because he asked it," she thought. "I would not know how to comfort her." But often in the night she woke to remember that Mr. Thurston had thought of her, and seemed sorry for her; and that he had asked her in vain to do something for him. She wished she had gone back into the drawing-room just to see whether her mother looked ill; why should she? She would try to talk it all over to-morrow. What a long night it was, how kind Mr. Thurston was, how strangely George behaved; and so she fell asleep. Very early in the morning, before light, little Jane came to her room and touched her gently.

"Kate," she said, "I don't know what is the matter with mother."

Kate sprang up and looked at her little sister; her heart seemed to stop as she tried to read the frightened face of the child.

"Is she dead, Jane? Tell me the worst now."

"I think she's very ill; she told me to come for you, and she looks so queer."

"She can speak, then!" cried Kate.

What a relief it was that her mother had sent for her. All her strength returned; she was with her in a moment, calm and sensible.

"Kate," said Mrs. Parkman, "this is paralysis, I fear. I was very dizzy last night when I went to bed, and I can't move my left hand; it is very numb."

Kate put her arms around her and lifted her up in bed. "It's nothing to be alarmed about," she said in a very steady voice: "now try to put your hand to your head; let me give it a good rubbing first."

"You're always so cool and quiet, Kate, when there is anything really the matter; don't cry, Janey, dear, sister Kate is making me feel better already."

"Can't I take a candle and wake up James, and send him for the doctor, Kate? I won't be a minute."

"Why, yes, that's the very thing to do, and ask Maria to make up this fire, so that the room will be warm and comfortable when the doctor comes. Better, mother?"

"I really believe I am. I wish I had sent for you sooner. At first I was afraid I couldn't speak, and then I was afraid of another stroke. Call James, Janey. Kate," she whispered when the child was out of the room, "you will take my place if I should be a cripple, and don't think Richard Thurston ought to marry me—that's over long ago; and be very kind to him, for he's the best man that ever breathed; say you'll try to take my place and be a mother to the children."

"I'll do my best, mother," said Kate, in a choked voice; "no one can ever take your place."

"You make me so happy, Kate. I shall soon be well now: tell Janey I am going to sleep, and that I feel a great deal better, poor little child."

Kate found it hard to comfort little Jane, when her own agony was so great. She had had little experience as a nurse. It seemed unnatural to her that her mother should fall asleep so quietly, looking as if she had no care in the world.

Perhaps she would never wake again!

Perhaps she would only wake to bless them all and say good-bye, and she would never have a chance to tell her anything to make her last hours happy.

The thought seemed to be unbearable!

She saw James come in and look at his mother before he went for the doctor, she watched the servant make the fire, she knew that little Jane was dressing the children, that the boys had come down stairs and had been quieted by the words "your mother is very ill:" she knew that she could not sit and stare at her mother for ever: at last she heard the doctor's voice and ran to her room.

Her hands shook so violently that she could hardly put on her clothes; she cried a little when Jane came in and helped her, and said: "The doctor wants to see you, sister Kate."

"I believe you are an angel-child, Janey," she said, and kissed her as she left the room.

"Mother must be dying," thought little Jane, with a great ache in her heart.

Mr. Thurston and George came while Kate was talking with the doctor. James had brought them. It was a great relief to see Mr. Thurston come in. He took the doctor aside and talked a long time to him; and Kate went to her mother. The doctor had given her many directions; it was real happiness to do something intelligently. Mrs. Parkman was cheerful, only the stricken arm and pale face told the tale.

She was to be kept perfectly quiet: above all she was to suffer no mental agitation. The doctor would come again in the evening.

The doctor came that evening and many evenings, and many mornings during the long winter months; and still Kate had to take her mother's place. In the spring Mrs. Parkman was able to sit up the greater part of the day; but she was very weak, and the house was still silent and sad.

George had gone to Japan, Mr. Thurston came but rarely in the evening, Kate had resumed her music lessons and had a fine class. James was getting on well, too, and helping to hold up the old house. Little Jane was always the angel. But the wolf was still at the door. These young people had long and serious debates to keep their mother from knowing how poor they were. Little Jane was admitted to a seat in the family council, and she proposed the wisest expedients; but there was the pitiless pile of bills ever increasing! Kate had been gloomily overlooking them one evening, and doing sums until her brain was addled.

"I am going to throw them in the fire, James," she said, desperately; "I can't bear them in my sight any longer."

"It isn't James, it is Richard," said a voice behind her.

"All the better, mother will be so glad to see you; she is almost herself again."

Mr. Thurston sat down to the table with Kate, and took up her pile of bills, and her paper covered with the wretched little sums.

"I am delighted to hear the old impatient tone," he said. "Are these what you can't stand?"

"Yes, 'the butcher and baker and candlestickmaker;' I'm tired of their society," she answered.

"And you are trying to fight them all single-handed?"

"Gracious! no—very much helped by James, and really we have managed wonderfully."

"You have fought a good fight this winter."

"Mr. Thurston, I have been wanting to tell you ever since mother's illness that I know how wicked I was."

"Don't look repentant, child. I have come to ask a favor. You would do almost anything to make your mother well again, wouldn't you?"

"Almost anything, I believe," she said.

"Would you pack up your clothes, and hers, and go off to my lodge in the country with me, and leave the scholars, and leave the house and children to blessed Jane and James, and be my child for a few months and help me take care of your mother? Do say you will help me!"

Kate put her hands over her face to conceal her tears. The fight had been to no purpose then: she could not conquer alone. Her mother was to be lifted out of this slough of weariness and want by some one else. The magic touch of wealth! Just a touch! And she had dug and delved and striven in vain.

"Jane might go with you and mother!" she said, taking down her hands.

"Jane might go, I know," said Mr. Thurston.

"She's more helpful than I am, and so sensible."

"And she would go without a word," said Mr. Thurston; "but—"

"And I could go on with my scholars then."

"And we could come back and find you dead," he said. "Do you want to die and go to another country before you have seen anything pleasant here? Do you want to flit away and leave little Jane with your burden to take up? Or do you want to be good?"

"I don't want to be good until I have to."

Mr. Thurston laughed. "I don't doubt it, Kate," he said. "Don't think I feel like a conqueror; keep your sword; have your little rebellions as often as you choose, but help me this time for your mother's sake. Will you?"

He took her thin, blue-pale hands in his, and waited for her answer.

She threw back her head and said bravely, "I will," and left the room to bring her mother in.

James, Kate, and little Jane held a more serious council in private. They made lofty terms of capitulation, and James used obscure phrases which he said meant business transactions.

Just as they had appointed James to thank Mr. Thurston, and to explain to him how they proposed to manage while Kate was away, he came in upon them and kissed little Jane, and shook hands with James, and said he was so rejoiced that their mother and Kate and he were going off to leave them to take care of themselves, and were not coming back till Mrs. Parkman was well and Kate weighed two hundred pounds!

"Is Kate ill?" said James, as if he had never thought of that before.

"Yes, my boy," said Mr. Thurston, "the doctor says if she is not taken out of this, he will not answer for the consequences; that's the reason I wish to go to-morrow, or the next day at the furthest."

"I could pack them up to-night," said practical little Jane.

"You most blessed of children! I believe you could and would," said Mr. Thurston, kissing her again as he left them.

"You didn't say anything to him, James!"

"No, I'm on his side if you are ill. I think you might have told me before."

"I am not ill, only tired," she answered; and went to her room to realize that she had given up—surrendered unconditionally.

It frightened them all the next day, to see her lie on the bed and watch them pack, and write notes to her patrons, without one word of remonstrance: she even listened to the doctor's orders, and finally allowed James to carry her to the carriage. She looked so happy and placid too! It was a sad puzzle!

Mr. Thurston ran back a minute to comfort little Jane, who was crying.

"This is just the finest thing in the world," he said; "she'll not be ill now that she has given up."

"She looks like a stained-glass angel," said Jane; "so white, and her hair so red. I can't bear it."

"I'll tell her," said Mr. Thurston, "and I'll write to you what she says; good-bye again, Janey."

"He's just the dearest old fellow in the world," said James; "he's thought of everything for us all."

"If they only come back well," said little Jane; "but I'm afraid: and it's so dreadful not to know what they are doing all the time, and how they are, and what they want."

"Would you like to have a magic mirror?"

"No, I'd be afraid of that, too. I'm afraid of everything since mother has been ill."

"If we only had George here now in the evening, to come in and talk about them," said James.

"Yes, that would be the best thing, because he seems to care as much as we do."

"He's in love with Kate, so he cares more," said James, in a tone of experience.

Jane had her private opinion, that no one loved more, or could be more anxious than she was; certainly George could not have been happier than she, when her first letter came from Mr. Thurston. It was written on the night they arrived at his Lodge. He gave the best news of their journey, and said Kate would write herself in a few days, and that her mother would keep a journal for her.

"Which will be better than a magic mirror," said James.

Kate's first letter was to George. She tried to write to Jane, but she was "not sober enough," she said.

"MY DEAR GEORGE:—No one except King David the Psalmist could do justice to this dear beautiful Paradise.

"I have been lying on my back in the sound of mighty waters, looking up, up, up at the huge rocks and cliffs, and river-banks, watching the thistle-down float like stars above me, looking at chance wild-flowers growing on kind, protecting shelves in the rocks, feeling so good and praiseful, and thinking that I would write all about it to you if I could begin to tell you anything. Nothing can be told with pen and ink!

"If you were here I should not talk to you about it!

"If you wish to realize your insignificance, come here where nature is so grand and glorious, and yet so gentle and tender.

"Just at the edge of the terrace and lawn that slopes from the house the river rushes by—I mean it leaps, and roars, and claps its hands and falls over a precipice, and then flows on quite mildly not many rods below us.

"Above this waterfall, and within sight, is another fall, obscured a little by the trees,

but ever shimmering and beckoning and throwing up white shapes, that gleam and glisten and laugh, and bend, and disappear and come again.

"You can take a boat and row to this upper fall and be drenched by the spray; you can wander off to wild-woods, you can take beautiful drives, you can climb down the river-banks, and get into the almost dry bed of the river in some places, and feel as far away from mankind as Robinson Crusoe.

"Mother is almost well again. Mr. Thurston brought us here to separate us from home toil and struggle that we might get strong. I was exhausted after the winter of work and nursing.

"I have been wanting all this time to tell you, George, how kind Mr. Thurston has been ever since you left. I can understand it all better now when I see his life here.

"He is as wide-spreading, and protective, and grand, as one of his ancestral oaks. I feel of so little importance that I do not even suffer from past misconduct to him.

"I think he feels grateful to me for not marrying him in my wrath, and I think he is as sweetly and blindly in love with mother as he was twenty years ago, or whenever it was that they were young and happy. His devotion to her is partly habit now, I suppose, and it is his nature to be kind to the weak and unprotected.

"You can fancy what peace and rest it is to mother to live and breathe here, with never a shade of anything disagreeable, not a ripple on the smooth waters.

"This is not a large house; it has a great many little low rooms opening upon a balcony in the second story.

"The first night that I came I crept out upon the balcony into an atmosphere of damp woods, into the darkness and into the rushing sound of water. There was the huge white phantom of the waterfall within a stone's-throw.

"I leaned against the house, which seemed to be moving to the water, and soon the moon-rose for me behind the trees; that was almost too much. I have found out by some chance remarks of the country people that my father was born here.

"*'James Parkman's daughter,'* one man said, *'red hair and down look.'* This was not complimentary. I fancy that the tenants do not smile upon me as I drive about with Mr. Thurston, and so I am conscious of my down look.

"They owe James Parkman's daughter a grudge for being his daughter.

"I don't like to ask Mr. Thurston about the past yet, lest it should hurt him to have to tell me. Mother has evidently made visits here in her young days.

"I wonder if what Mr. Thurston is enjoying now can be any the least compensation to him for what he has suffered here? I do not believe he refers to the unhappy time by any word or look.

"George, good-bye. I have not answered your love-letters, because it is not well for you to be as constant to me as your uncle has been to my mother.

"I am always your friend,

KATE PARKMAN."

"I can't get over the moving-off sensation," said Kate one evening at sunset to Mr. Thurston. "I feel as if the house and lawn and trees were all going to the water whenever I look at the falls."

"Let's take a boat and row to the upper fall, Kate. You'll feel very steady when you come back after seeing so much water in motion above you, and the banks are beautiful in this light. I'll hail a boat; they keep them on the other side, generally."

Mr. Thurston walked to the edge of the terrace and made a signal to a woman on the other side of the narrow stream. A man came out of a cottage, got into a boat, and rowed over.

"Do come, mother," said Kate. "It's so peaceful here, I am sorry that I suggested rowing. I just made that foolish remark by way of moving off myself, to leave you two old lovers alone."

"Kate! hush, my dear. Mr. Thurston might hear you."

"Well, won't you come, mother?"

"No, I'd rather sit here. I never did like going so near to the upper fall. Ask Mr. Thurston to ask that man to row you. I suppose he goes there very often."

Kate walked to the boat and gave her mother's message.

Mr. Thurston smiled. "This young lady's mother will not trust her with me," he said to the man in the boat. "Do you know the pull to the upper fall?"

"Ever since I was a boy," said the man; "been up there twice to-day."

Kate looked at the man at the oars as she stepped in and made a grimace uncomplimentary.

"What's your name?" said Mr. Thurston to the man.

"James," answered the man, shoving off the boat. "Both of you sit down in the stern; the lady is light weight."

"Mother would not come with me," said Kate. "She's afraid. She says she never did like this row."

"There's nothing to be afraid of," said Mr. Thurston. "It's a stiff pull among the rocks in the current near the upper landing. Sometimes you can't get as near to the falls as you would like, but there are always rocks to step out on up there. Look at those two little wrens high up among the wild flowers on the right bank; why aren't they in their nest asleep at this hour, like orderly young birds?"

"There's a snake there," said James.

"Don't let's go, then!" said Kate.

"We are not going to the snake, Kate; it wouldn't wait for us if we were."

"I don't like any of it!" she said.

"Not the flowery banks, all awake and sparkling with color, and the old woods above going to sleep in the yellow light?"

"I don't like any of it," persisted Kate.

"Shall we turn back, then?"

"Yes, and come again another evening with you," she whispered.

"We'll go back, James," said Mr. Thurston.

The man obeyed, rowing, as he turned, nearer the opposite bank.

"Cross now," said Mr. Thurston, "or you'll get below the landing on our side."

Kate gave a sigh of relief. "What a goose I am," she said. "I feel quite safe because we are rowing for our side."

"Yes, you are a goose; we are in the swiftest current now; it grows very rapid here so near the lower fall. What are you about, man?"

The man had made one or two strokes towards the falls, to frighten Kate, Mr. Thurston thought: he was now keeping in one place by rowing vigorously.

"What are you about?" said Mr. Thurston, louder.

Kate turned very pale, and clutched Mr. Thurston's arm.

"I want to say a few words to you, Dick Thurston," answered the man, "about that young lady at your side. Are you going to marry her?"

He threw his head back, and his hat fell off, but Mr. Thurston knew him to be James Parkman as soon as he said Dick Thurston; before he showed his great shock of red hair and his bad eyes.

"I am going to marry her," he answered breathlessly, as a man with a rope about his neck would answer the hangman.

"That's all!" said James Parkman, still

keeping the boat from going forward by strong back-strokes.

"I wish to tell you and her that you have your choice between going over these falls, and swearing here to me that you will marry very soon. I'll give you two weeks for settlement. You know me well enough to know that I mean what I say. I'll shoot you as sure as there are woods to hide in, if she is not your wife before this moon wanes. Do you swear, Dick?"

"I do swear, to save her life, and because she is already my choice."

"You're a liar! Do you swear, Kate?"

"Yes; don't go nearer if you are my father!"

"I don't care about going over the falls any more than either of you," said the man, with a leer. Pulling with all his might he gained the landing in a few moments.

When Kate stepped out of the boat, Mr. Thurston turned to Parkman and said: "You are as base and miserable a bully as ever! Do you suppose I can't have you arrested as surely as you are found lurking about my grounds?"

"Play your own game, Thurston; you know mine. I shan't be found anywhere. I'll give you two weeks! I've not forgotten the old days, nor have you. You may support my wife as her son-in-law. I'll give my daughter to you, as my wife's father gave her to me! Kate is waiting for you!"

"Will nothing move you, Parkman?"

"Nothing; not all your money in a pile. You know that I loved my wife when I married her. You know that she loved you. If you had gone off as you might have done, I should not have gone to the dogs. The sight of you rising as I sunk made a brute of me. I am a brute; but she is my wife, and you are a dead man if you are not Kate's husband in a fortnight."

"I tell you, Parkman, that I shall set your daughter free;" but Kate had joined them again.

"Father, I do not wish to be set free," she said. "You need not watch for Mr. Thurston's life. We will be married when you propose, I promise you most solemnly."

"Bless you, my children!" said the man, and rowed across the stream.

Kate and Mr. Thurston were silent until they drew near the placid mother, who said: "What a short time you were. I hardly missed you. Did you like the falls, Kate? I remember a four-leaved clover you found for me on that bank—do you, Richard?—that time, you know."

"Perfectly!" he answered.

"You gave it to me, and said it was good luck!"

"And wasn't it?"

"Perhaps it was, if I had only known it!"

"You like Mr. Thurston much better than you did!" said Mrs. Parkman, on the following day to her daughter, seeing Kate preparing for a drive. "If you only knew him!"

"I'm likely to make his acquaintance soon, mother," said Kate. "I have decided that we had better be married." She left the room as she said this: she had been trying for some hours to devise a plan for breaking the news to her mother in case she and Mr. Thurston should think it best to keep their promise to Mr. Parkman.

"She's a very queer girl!" thought Mrs. Parkman. "I believe now she's falling in love with Richard; but that's not so strange either! What will he do next?"

It was a very silent drive; for a long time neither Kate nor Mr. Thurston spoke. They had come out with the intention of having a plain talk, and that alone made them quiet.

Finally, when Mr. Thurston turned his horse's head homeward, Kate, looking up at him frankly, said: "We have not made much progress. I could talk if I knew what I wished to say, and I would know—" She hesitated, and turned her face away.

"And I know what I wish to say, Kate," he said; "but I don't know that you will rightly interpret me, and I don't know how much of the old aversion remains."

"Was it aversion?" she said. "Yes, I did hate you, and now I love you; but it is not the for-better-or-for-worse-until-death-does-part feeling."

"No—I can't expect that; but if you think I can make you happy and that you will not grow restless and impatient of me—for I shall be very devoted, child!"

"I am afraid," said Kate, "that we never can be honest and tell all to each other. It might have been possible if the time were not so short, but we can't get over the fact that we are marrying one another to save our lives and for expediency. You would never."

"Yes, Kate, I would, though very gradually and with infinite caution; I would have tried one day to make you think there is something in me to love and honor, but now you must know that my life is not in danger! That's all nonsense!"

"Will not my father shoot you, as he said

he would? I am almost afraid to speak by these trees for fear he is near us."

"Your father will make the attempt, but there are ten chances to one that he will not succeed. I have taken some measures to have him arrested for threatening our lives, but I have no idea that he is within fifty miles of us now."

"Do you think he would have drowned us?"

"I know he would: he would not have gone so near the falls if he had only intended to threaten. If I had made a motion towards him he had only to drop the oars, and we were gone."

"Then we will be married next week, if you please. Or even if you had rather not. Isn't it the best thing we can do? I wish you wouldn't look glum."

"It's the best thing I can do; but I will not consent to the sacrifice if it will be unhappiness for you. I wish you had some decided feeling; in other words, I wish you cared for me as I do for you. I care for you with all the heart I have left, and my love increases daily."

"You may know, Mr. Thurston, that this will be my happiness. I have made up my mind. I have not dreamed, like other young girls, of love in a cottage. I like you more and more. If I had never known George it would be better for me now; but that would have been giving you too much. I will try to forget my Love's young dream."

"Are you bound to George in any way?"

"I owe him no allegiance; he does not know how much I think of him. He thinks me cold and cruel, and so he can bear to hear that it is all finished, irrevocable. He will be angry at first, and then he will get sound and well."

"Poor boy!" said Mr. Thurston—but he did not allow himself to dwell upon what he thought a boyish fancy. He was dreaming a new dream for himself.

"Shall I break it to the mother, or will you?" he asked.

"We'll both break it to her very cheerfully. I think it would kill her to know that my father is alive and threatening your life. We'll be very bright about it!"

"It's very easy for me to be bright about it. I can forget that I am an old fellow—old enough to be your father, as people say."

"We will not mind what people say. Let's just be married next week and say no more about it."

"Oh, George! George!" she thought, and cried a very little behind her veil with her

face turned from him ; but she was all smiles when they reached the house, and so gay in the evening that her mother asked her what made her so happy, and then she told her, assisted by Mr. Thurston. He acted his part miserably. Indeed it was not an easy part to take before the old love ; and the gallant bearing of the new only made him awkward.

"How happy would I be with either," Kate whispered to him as she left the room. She wrote a long, sensible, straightforward letter to George, and then broke down and shook her fist at Fate.

Inevitably, and very quickly, the wedding-day came. At the last moment Mrs. Parkman did not feel well enough to drive to the church. That was awkward, too, but everything about it had been awkward, and Kate said to Mr. Thurston as she got into the carriage with him, "If you were not such a fine, gentle grand, old fellow, I would not be well enough either for this little drive to-day."

"Then I would send for the parson to come to you, for married I will be," said Mr. Thurston.

"I'm glad you are taking a more encouraging view of things," said Kate, and they did not speak again until they came to the ford below the lower falls.

As they approached the water Mr. Thurston said, "Suppose you sit on the back seat ; there are bad holes here, and the water may come into the carriage."

"I'd rather sit here where I can see," Kate answered, indifferently.

They were in sight of the church, and it was all so unlike a wedding, except that the bell was ringing and the friends and tenants were assembling.

The horse plunged in and struggled to the shoal water on the opposite side of the river.

"Stand still here a moment," said Kate, with a forced laugh ; "do you feel very sorry for us?"

"I am as happy as I can be, Kate. Don't hesitate now. Trust me awhile and then try to love me."

There was that in his voice which made her almost happy. She turned to him for the comfort his good smile ever gave her ; as she turned her eyes caught an object in some bushes in the stream which transfixed her with horror. She tried to speak ; but all life seemed to leave her ; she leaned heavily against Mr. Thurston, and groaned.

He thought her strength had suddenly gone—that she had been overtaxed and could endure no more.

"It shall not be," he said, with a sigh, and turned the horse's head homeward before she could speak.

She put out her hand to stop him and whispered, "In the bushes, between the rocks, a man washed there, his face down, red hair," then all her voice coming back, she said quite calmly, "I know that it is my father."

"Your father—where? It can't be true ; he's gone," Mr. Thurston answered, feeling as he spoke that it was true that James Parkman was a drowned man, lying there on his face.

"I'll take you home first, Kate," he said.

She shut her eyes and whispered, "Drive to those bushes in the water first."

In a moment she felt the carriage grate on the stones, then stop ; the bushes swept across the window ; she knew that Mr. Thurston had jumped on a rock.

"He's in God's hands," he said.

She looked up and saw him bending tenderly over her father's form ; he had lifted his head and was looking into the staring eyes.

"I shall have to leave him and take you home to your mother."

He got into the carriage and comforted her with the full strength of his tenderness. Mrs. Parkman and the servants stood smiling in the hall to receive them. Kate had no expedients ; she allowed Mr. Thurston to lift her from the carriage and carry her by them all.

The congratulations on the servants' lips died away, and the smile on Mrs. Parkman's face was fixed. "You were not long !" she said.

"Better luck next time !" said Mr. Thurston. "John, drive to the church and tell them that we found a man drowned in the stream, and that Miss Parkman is overcome. Ask some men to wait there for me. I'll be back on horseback in a few minutes."

"A man drowned ! Who is it?" said Mrs. Parkman. Then Kate fainted—filling up the pause in the best manner possible. As soon as she opened her eyes Mr. Thurston rode off to the drowned man and to the church.

On the next day the priest read the funeral service instead of the marriage service.

Mr. Thurston's men dug James Parkman's grave. No one knew what name the body had borne in life.

Kate knew at what hour her father was buried, and when Mr. Thurston came home from his funeral she met him and said, "May

God forever bless you !” And she talked more than usual to her mother that evening to keep her from wondering why Mr. Thurston was so grave and silent.

She also persuaded her mother to retire early ; and as they left Mr. Thurston, she saw his head droop, and his smile vanish, as if he could no longer endure.

“What a strange fate,” she thought, “that he should be ever doomed to suffer through us ! He was almost my husband yesterday and he was half glad ; now there is no reason why he should not one day marry her whom he has dreamed of all his life, and I don’t believe he knows how to feel. Suppose he should hold me to my engagement just to stop vibrating, and suppose I should say no, which would be pushing him motherward, how queer it would be, especially if she refused him !”

Kate mused over the situation, and tried to fancy herself in his place until she began to feel a pendulum motion. “And it is all because he is so good and constant to us,” she thought. “There must be some reward at last, and I will go down to show him that I, at least, know what he has done for us to-day. How dreary it all was !”

She went direct to Mr. Thurston in her vigorous, straightforward way, and stood at his side.

He did not lift his head from his hands at first, and when he did, he said : “Why did you come to me ?”

“To tell you something, to make you know that I wish I could show you how much I feel all that you are doing for us always, and more particularly to-day—” she said, hesitatingly.

“Go away, my child,” he said, solemnly. Then, taking her outstretched hand, he kissed it and said, “If you stay, I shall tell you how of all womankind I would have you for my wife.”

Kate, with a great pang that she should be inflicting pain when she came to soothe and heal, tried to draw her hand from his.

“No, child, it is too late now, I can’t let you go. Sit down by me and let us talk it all out, as you would say.”

He got up and gave her a low chair by his side, now looking manfully in her face and smiling at her dismay.

“I feel like Sir Andrew Burton,” he said, taking her hand again.

“A little I’ve hurt but not yett slaine,
I’ll but lye down and bleed awhile—
And then I’ll rise and fight againe !”

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Kate’s tears fell upon his hand ; she rested her head upon his knee like a tired child, and could not answer him a word.

He stroked her hair gently, and said, in a voice not altogether clear at first :—

“I, who have almost been your husband, have never yet told you how much I love you. I did not know myself until I rode back from the church yesterday, alone, and felt that to-day’s funeral would be instead of yesterday’s wedding.

“Don’t cry, my child ! I ought not to have thought of making you my wife. I rejoice that I was prevented ! It would have been taking advantage of you ! But when I asked you to come here with your mother I did not know that I cared more about your coming than I did about her restoration to health. I was finding that out when your father threatened our lives. Still, I did not intend to annoy you, and I did intend that George should have every chance, although I was deceived and thought you did not care for him. And now I love you so much more than myself that I can begin a new life in you and him. I will send for your young lover. He shall be as my son and you shall be as my daughter. Lift your head and say good-night to me.”

“I can’t,” she murmured.

Then he lifted her head, and kissed away her tears, and said, “Good-night. God bless you.”

Very erect and valiant he led her to the door, into the moonlit hall, and watched her creep up the staircase slowly : then he turned back into the room that had been filled with her, and walked to the lonely hearth-stone and sat down again.

He stretched forth his hand as if to touch the soft hair that he knew was not there.

’Twas the lying down to bleed awhile that he had spoken of to Kate ; for all the old wounds opened and his heart was very sore within him. “At the end of all these years I have nothing to call my own,” he thought. “For her mother’s love I have given up everything that makes life fragrant : I have separated myself from mankind : I have built a wall of defense about my heart, and have led a selfish, solitary life ; and this is the well-deserved, selfish, solitary end. James Parkman, looking in at me now, need not envy me ; he has been actively bad and is consumed away, and I have done nothing good and am here with a little time left to go on amusing myself in my own way.

“I may sustain the character of a benefactor and keep alive a few people who are ne-

cessary to me, or I may shake off the old life and renew myself, and, with my heaped-up riches, repair some of the evil I have done, thanking God if it be not too late."

His sister came before him as she had been in her youth, his comrade and delight, until they had quarreled about his first love, and he had banished her with all others.

He would send for her and her daughters and George, and if she could forgive him years and years of neglect they could at least make the young people happy.

So he mused till the gray dawn looked in, and his heart was lighter than Kate's when she heard him go to his room at day-break and thought that he had sat up all night sorrowful.

"I've written for George," he said to her the next morning at the breakfast-table.

"Have you written for George?"

"For George?" said Mrs. Parkman. "Isn't he doing well in Japan, Richard? I thought he wouldn't. I didn't want him to go when I heard of their habits!"

"I want him at home, Mrs. Parkman; he is to be my son and Kate is to be my daughter. I hope, that is, that she will smile upon him when he returns. That's a propitious blush, Kate."

"Then have you given up the other plan?"

Kate had been blushing painfully; now she could not help laughing to hear her marriage with Mr. Thurston alluded to as the other plan.

"I've given up the other plan," said Mr. Thurston. "I am not going to propose to Kate once a week, Mrs. Parkman. Her chance is gone! It is George or nothing now! He is a good boy."

"Very queer about that man who was drowned," mused Mrs. Parkman. "If you had not seen him it would not have happened; but you might have gone on, only Kate didn't want to. I remember how high that water used to be."

Mr. Thurston looked at Kate and resolved that one of the active things to be done that day was to tell Mrs. Parkman that her husband was really dead, that Kate might be spared any further allusion to her first wedding-day.

"I can tell her best, Kate," he said, after breakfast, "it must be done; go off to walk now."

He had a way of talking to Kate's thoughts that surprised her very much.

"Angel, angel, angel!" she said, and gladly obeyed him. She was not only set

free, but her liberator seemed light-hearted and unconscious that he was showering down blessings.

"How long shall I walk in this Arcadia?" she asked herself. "Shall I be turned out? Will a storm arise? Will some one die at home? Will George be kept from me?" She found her mother very quiet when she came back from her walk; but Mr. Thurston was still talking to her, and making vague, wild plans for the future.

He had told her everything that he proposed doing: that he would beg his sister to come and live with him; that he was going to take Kate away from them and give her to George; so, of course, he must do the little he could to supply her place by pushing on James, and providing for the children in the mean time; and finally he announced his intention of marrying blessed little Jane.

"But that is a joke!" suggested Mrs. Parkman.

"Yes, that is one of my jokes," said Mr. Thurston. "I am going to be very facetious for several months to keep up Kate's spirits. How would you like to go to San Francisco to meet George, Kate?"

"That is also one of your happy little jokes. I should not like to go anywhere to meet anybody."

"She mustn't think of it," said Mrs. Parkman, "she'll have so much to do now to get ready, you know."

"Then I must go home," said Kate. "There was no sweat of the brow in Paradise."

"Don't let's spoil everything by preparations," said Mr. Thurston; "we'll have our own way for once. George is ordered back; all he has to do is to come. You are brought here and have to stay."

"Have to stay! what a relief! Do you hear, mother?"

"Leave the rest to me! Some day or night you'll find assembled, marshaled by little Jane, the Parkmans, boys and girls. My sister—"

"How glad I shall be to see Julia again," said Mrs. Parkman, "but she never liked me, Richard."

"Her daughters—I'm ashamed to say I don't know their names—and suddenly George will be jerked in like a puppet on the stage—then we will all fall to and embrace and forgive and forget and get married. Curtain falls."

"I think I could bear it on those conditions," said Kate, "and if we don't refer to them again."

"Those are the conditions, then, fixed and unalterable. Let's dismiss the subject and ride till tea-time."

"How you would spoil children, Richard!"

"Don't you see that Kate can't bear any more sensational performances? They don't suit her; she's getting white again."

"Is it sensational to sew on one's wedding clothes?" asked Mrs. Parkman.

"No, it is much worse; it must be like lying for nights on your arms waiting for an attack."

"You always had odd ideas about everything."

"Kate, put on a riding-dress; I feel like breaking our necks," was the answer.

And so that happy summer passed!

Calmer and deeper was Mr. Thurston's smile of content as he watched Kate.

She talked to him as a bird carols to the sky, more freely than a maiden to her lover.

"My blessed old blue heaven," she would say, "don't ever float away from me, and come up black. I feel like grasping at everything as it passes, all this delicious fragrant green, all this quiet smiling world unfolding to sweet sounds, distant tinklings, gentle rustlings, as we ride along. It is not always May, I know, but I feel as if it might be as long as I have you."

Only the loving, beautiful smile by way of reply.

"I suppose you wonder what more I could say to George when you smile at me in that way," Kate would go on. "I wouldn't say any of these things to him. I'll be very humbly happy, should he come back to me; but he will be so happy himself that there will not be much talking! It's so bewildering as it is, that I do not think much of a greater, dazzling light." The greater, dazzling light, as Kate in her confused imagery called George's appearance, came upon her very quietly and unexpectedly, one afternoon in the autumn.

She heard Mr. Thurston drive up to the door, and was about to go down to him to ask

for letters, when the sound of two persons made her pause.

"Turn to the right hand at the head of the staircase, and you'll find my room at the end of the gallery. She'll think it is I."

Kate turned to escape; but why should she, how could she? She turned again and stood firmly to receive him.

He saw her at the first turn in the staircase, gave one appealing glance, turned very pale, and held on to the banisters, pulling himself slowly towards her, staring as at a vision.

"Is it true, Kate?" he whispered.

"I don't know."

"Did you let him send for me? Are you to be my—" His head fell upon her hand, Mr. Thurston's footsteps below approaching nearer and nearer!

George clinging to the banisters, trying to stand—"Come up quickly," said Kate, "there's something queer the matter with this boy."

Mr. Thurston ran up to find him ignominiously seated on the top step. He looked at them very kindly and passed on without a word.

When the wedding-day came it was very much as Mr. Thurston had predicted. They fell to and embraced, forgave and forgot, and got married—and the curtain falls. One master-stroke of Mr. Thurston Kate always alluded to as "that heavenly thing you did for me."

He brought together the respective families and bore them all off in a few hours after the wedding, leaving George and Kate at the Lodge.

The wedding guests took the wedding trip, which, in Mr. Thurston's opinion, was the proper method.

"They need change, and variety, and consolation; if George and Kate feel an aching void they may come with us, but they shall have a choice."

"Angel! angel! angel!" were Kate's last words.

THE CLOSED GENTIAN.

I CLIMBED one day upon a great, high shelf
 Where God rare things doth hide,
 And found a poem that had writ itself
 Against the mountain side.

A plant whose green spires something barely grew
 Held at its short, brave tips
 Full-clustered flowers of vivid purple-blue,
 Yet bud-like, with shut lips.

The delicate corollas swelled unsheathed
 From calyx-cradles small
 In tender bells, with clear-curved veinings wreathed
 That, closing, sealed them all.

I said, It is The Gentian ; and I sought
 For an unfolded one,
 Just veiling with sweet fringes its heart-thought
 Of gladness from the sun.

Vainly. It never opened, some one said.
 The strange, fair bud was all :—
 A bright hope only half interpreted,
 And shrivelling to its fall.

I would not think it. Surely never so
 The blessed types are set.
 Still I went looking, wistful, to and fro,
 The perfect word to get.

'Twas there for reading. God's rhymes take large room,
 With answering meanings rife :
 Not far from the "closed gentian" shone white bloom
 Of "Everlasting Life !"

HAWTHORNE'S LAST BEQUEST.

It is a singular coincidence that America's greatest painter and her greatest literary artist should each have left an unfinished work ; and this, in each case, not merely unfinished, but altered from the original plan, so that we have a glimpse of the two successive designs. In the case of Allston's "Belshazzar's Feast" there is such grandeur of conception and such beauty of detail, that one can disregard the almost grotesque re-tracing of some of the chief figures, and the obliteration of the king's face. In Hawthorne's *Septimius Felton* the principal personage remains fortunately intact, and the shifting and re-arrangement touch only his relations to the

rest. There is of course an irreparable loss when a really great creation misses one atom of its completeness, but in Hawthorne's novel, as in Allston's picture, we may find compensation in the closer view of the methods of the artist. It is so often tantalizing to see only the completed task, and to have to guess at the successive steps of its development, that we all sometimes yearn to arrest the enchanter at the very height of his magic, and study the motion of his wand in air. It is not enough to know that these wondrous walls must have been reared in music ; we wish to be present while the work goes on. In reading *Septimius Felton*, it is as if the

veil were lifted while yet the incantation is sounding and the rite proceeds.

There have been few literary surprises more complete than the discovery among Hawthorne's papers of an unpublished novel. It was not at all his practice to have two works on the stocks at once, and the unfinished condition of the *Dolliver Romance* had seemed to stop all further expectations in that direction. He returned from Europe in 1860, and it appears from the almost explicit statement on the twentieth page of *Septimius Felton* that it was begun in 1861, during the first mustering of volunteers in the Free States. This was the very time when, according to the supposition of his wife,—as expressed at the end of his French and Italian Note-Books,—“the breaking out of the war stopped all imaginative work in him and all journalizing.” But I was once told by Mrs. Hawthorne that her husband rarely spoke of a literary work till it was finished; and he was at this time residing at “The Wayside” in Concord, where the erection of a tower for his study gave him unusual privacy, and where he moreover, as he wrote to Mr. Fields, spent much time in “trudging to and fro” on the very foot-path which poor Septimius is described as having worn.

About the house where Hawthorne dwelt there hung a tradition of a deathless man, which tale Thoreau had repeated to him (*Yesterdays with Authors*, p. 110), and there can hardly be a stronger combination of internal evidence than that which shows the book to have been written in that place and at the above time. It would appear from the statement of Mr. Fields that the *Dolliver Romance* had been planned before the war, but it is not distinctly stated that Hawthorne mentioned his proposed story by name, and as nobody then suspected the existence of *Septimius Felton*, it is possible that he may, after all, have referred to that, since it must have preceded in order of time. In that case he probably brought it into its present shape, then rejected it, and began the *Dolliver Romance*, perhaps in 1863. The fact that even in the early chapters of this last book he had already introduced the mystic potion, the strange flowers, and at least the hint of the deathless man, shows that he had finally abandoned the earlier work, of which these were the essential stage-properties.

It is altogether more satisfactory to think that the *Dolliver Romance* occupied his last thoughts. For though *Septimius Felton* may be in some respects his maturest

work, yet it is unquestionably and by its very plan the most painful—for what can be sadder than an unsuccessful quest for earthly immortality, except perhaps a successful one?—and we should all prefer to believe that the noble Hawthorne filled that palace of his brain with brighter fancies ere he died. His death took place in 1864. Four years previously, one of his acutest critics had written, in an essay which Hawthorne himself called “keen and profound,” this hopeful prediction,—“In the many works which he may be expected still to write, it is to be hoped that his mind will lose some of its sadness of tone, without losing any of its subtilty and depth.” Of the two works that actually followed, one shows only a deeper pathos in its theme, while the other shows, even in its early chapters, indications of fulfilling the ideal of the critic's wish. In this last creation, the lovely child Pansie, like the rich and joyous blossom whose name she wears, would seem to spread “a light of laughing flowers” over Hawthorne's grave.

It is naturally interesting to trace back in the author's printed Note-Books the origin of this romance. The thought of deathlessness in its various aspects goes back to 1840, when he wrote: “If a man were sure of living forever here, he would not care about his offspring”—(*American Note-Books*, i. 107)—a passage written, be it observed, long before this most loving of parents had a home or children of his own. The description of the change undergone by the young officer's face after death may be found recorded in 1837, in the same volume; as also the incident of a mystic flower growing on a grave, which dates back to 1836. Even the bloody footprint seen in the streets occurred to Hawthorne's imagination in 1850, five years before he saw it on the door-step of Smithell Hall. And the path by which the author came to the final conception of Septimius himself may be sought through such memoranda as this, written in 1837: “A person to spend all his life and splendid talents in trying to achieve something totally impossible,—as, to make a conquest over nature.” (*American Note-Books*, i. 97.)

The author's own impressions of a period of civil war are woven into the very being of Septimius, and appear upon him like a birth-mark, from the beginning. “This war in which the country was so earnestly and enthusiastically engaged, had perhaps an influence on Septimius's state of mind, for it put everybody into an exaggerated and unnatural

state, united enthusiasms of all sorts, heightened everybody either into its own heroism or into the peculiar madness to which each person was inclined; and Septimius walked so much the more wildly on his lonely course, because, the people were going so enthusiastically in another" (p. 81). Finer still is the passage where the lonely man listens, when the Concord Fight has "long since rolled out of reach and almost out of hearing. It seemed to have gathered about it the whole life of the land, attending it along its bloody course in a struggling throng of shouting, shooting men, so still and solitary was everything left behind it. It seemed the very midland solitude of the world where Septimius was delving at the grave" (p. 40). In the whole literature of our civil strife there is no more vivid description than this of the way the sounds of a skirmish pass away into the distance; and yet it is the work of a peaceful novelist, who sits down at the wayside to describe a scene in the Revolutionary War.

The work involved in the creation of such a character as that of Septimius is far more difficult than to produce the *Frankenstein* of Mrs. Shelley. That was an attempt at a being who should be human in form and in some intellectual aspects, but non-human in origin, relationship, and conditions. But he was created full-grown; there was no development, no gradation; no steady superinducing of the preternatural on the natural. In the case of Septimius, on the other hand, the human being is first drawn in ordinary relations, then gradually removed from them by the very anticipation of success. It is essential to his concentration of purpose that he should taste in advance, through consciousness, this terrible isolation at which he aims. He must go through all the alternations of hope, fear, toil, obstruction, success, implied in such a search; and as he approaches final triumph, there must come new and profounder alternations of joy and despair. Every fine gradation of infinitely varied feeling, by which his strange lot foreshadows itself, must be painted into the canvas; a hundred separate tragedies would be easier to depict than this which combines so many in one. The element of the supernatural must here be projected on a mortal life; the hero is mortal in his ties, immortal in the realization of his dreams. It costs an effort even thus feebly to draw the outline of what such a creation must be. Yet Hawthorne created it.

The wonderful skill of the picture is best

proved by a fact which hardly occurs to the reader till he has closed the book—namely, that Septimius, after all his labors, never actually wins his earthly immortality. So intensely does he live in the anticipation, that the reader lives there too, and forgets, till long afterwards, the non-fulfilment. As from that high creation of art, Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle," we go home with the impression of "my dog Schneider" as one of the most important of the *dramatis personæ*, nor does it occur to us till next morning that the dog himself never appeared for one moment upon the stage; so the reader inevitably looks back upon this book as the imaginary history of a deathless man, though the actual deathlessness is what the seeker fails to obtain. The manner in which Hawthorne by sheer power of fancy antedates for us the actual experience of the man, and makes his ultimate failure yield to our imagination the same fruit as if the poor fellow had succeeded, seems to me one of the very greatest triumphs in all literature. The romancer has in a manner discounted for us the debt of nature, and whether it is ever actually paid in full, in this particular case, is of no importance. Instead of being "in at the death" we have to all intents and purposes been in at the deathlessness.

It will always remain a question whether an author of equal power, but of more genial mental habit, might not have added something lovable to this dark hero, by infusing into him a more unselfish ambition. Why should not the love of his fellow-men have entered largely into the original dreams of Septimius? Might there not have been an element of sentimental fanaticism, if you please, introduced as the motive power, and subtly intertwined with egotism, as we often see it in life? To watch over one's children's children, to see the fulfilment of one's dreams for man, to observe the growth of human brotherhood,—might not Septimius have sought immortality for these things, and the result have proved less distasteful? Surely the most conservative among us, the gloomiest theologian, the most incredulous politician, still nourishes in secret his little hope for man; and I suppose the editor of the *Daily Cynic* sometimes yearns to live a hundred years and see some New Jerusalem based on his own editorials, where the Civil Service Reform shall be universally adopted, and every printer's devil be selected by competitive examination. Could there be no gleam of such generous impulse for Septimius? Grant that the most benevolent soul, if cursed

with an isolated deathlessness, might find his heart at last grow cold for want of individual ties,—nevertheless the vital warmth would last long enough to give a glow to the book, and it would not leave its readers, as it now does, admiring and numb.

Not that Septimius does not, when sure of success, include among his fantastic reveries some projects for the good of man,—but these form no part of his original impulse, and hardly suggest more solid purpose than Sibyl's high intent of reforming the wardrobe of her sex. They all seem at best but the lavish philanthropies of men of enormous wealth, who give away money to amuse themselves. In the first longings of Septimius there is nothing of the sort, and if we look back on those of Hawthorne's early stories which run most parallel with this, we find the same omission. In the "Great Carbuncle," for instance, each of the group of treasure-seekers is "impelled by a selfish and solitary longing,"—to quote the author's own words,—except two young lovers, who only desire the wondrous gem that they may hang it in their cabin, and see each other's faces. It is not hinted, even as one among the varied forms of crazy fanaticism, that any seeker might wish for the treasure in the interest of mankind. The types of character take the same range in that early tale as in this later one; there is self-seeking ambition, contrasted with an innocent domestic life, and that is all.

In dwelling upon this point, the comparison with Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein* recurs again. The hero of that story, scarce human in form, is wholly human in sympathy, craves love, finds his happiness in it, and thus saves the tale from being utterly repulsive. In *Septimius Felton*, on the other hand, this original defect not only vitiates the principal figure, but also the subordinates, and that inevitably. You can hardly surround a deathless man with lovable people, and have him hold to his purpose; the thought of isolation would become too terrible. Yet had Septimius been a man of lofty aims, those around him might possibly have been painted as noble, for he might still have consented to survive them, carried on by enthusiasm. But his character being pitched on a lower key than this, it is necessary that those around him should be lower still; his life on earth must be on the whole so unattractive that even the forlornness of a selfish immortality will not be much worse; therefore his sole living relative must be drawn as repulsive, his physician as odious, and even

his betrothed as unearthly, leaving no lovable character in the book save two ignorant and innocent young people, much like those in the "Great Carbuncle." Even these live only for themselves, in harmless mutual absorption, except where Robert Hayburn, by volunteering for the war, brings into the book some flavor of manly life. Thus, while the scene is laid at the most utterly self-sacrificing period, perhaps, that our history ever saw—the outbreak of the Revolution—the picture gives but this one casual glimpse of high purpose, and reflects only the hurry and bustle of the time, not its nobleness.

That a woman can readily sacrifice herself for the man she loves is recognized here, as always, by Hawthorne; but the possible power of self-sacrifice in a man which might lead him to accept misery like that of the Wandering Jew from some fancy of doing good by it,—this motive, which might have kept the book within the pale of warm human sympathies, is ignored. I waive the moral question; but it seems to me irresistibly clear that this is a defect of art. It was one of the profound critical sayings of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, that we need in fiction to "hear the excuses men make to themselves for their worthlessness." And in painting morbidness, a thing even more painful than worthlessness, we need the relief of some generous excuse for the wanderings of the mind.

Conceding this as a defect in the original plan,—perhaps the very defect, did we but know it, that caused the author to lay aside his work,—it must be admitted that the actual execution is masterly, even tried by the accustomed standard of Hawthorne. Few things in the English language, I fancy, are more subtle and delicate than the analysis of this singular character. And with what unsurpassed fineness of touch is the general regimen laid down, as quoted from the imaginary scroll, for him who would concentrate all his powers on the mere prolongation of life! I know not where to find, since the famous "Indenture" in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, so much profound insight in so few words; and Hawthorne's statement indeed differs from that only as the blade of Saladin from that of Richard. I quote a few sentences:—

"Keep thy heart at seventy throbs in a minute; all more than that wears away life too rapidly. . . .

"Hate not any man nor woman; be not angry, unless at any time thy blood seem a little cold and torpid; cut out all rankling feelings, they are poisonous to thee. If in

thy waking moments, or in thy dreams, thou hast thoughts of strife or unpleasantness with any man, strive quietly within thyself to forget them. . . .

"Do some decent degree of good and kindness in thy daily life, for the result is a slight pleasurable sense that will seem to warm and delectate thee with felicitous self-laudings, and all that brings thy thoughts to thyself tends to invigorate that central principle, by the growth of which thou art to give thyself indefinite life.

"Do not any act manifestly evil; it may grow upon thee, and corrode thee in after-years. Do not any foolish good act; it may change thy wise habits. . . .

"Say thy prayers at bed-time, if thou deemest it will give thee quieter sleep; yet let it not trouble thee, if thou forgettest them." (pp. 128-29.)

With easy and unerring delineation, Hawthorne here touches the points where selfishness and unselfishness apparently blend into one, so that each may wear the mask of the other. The precise middle ground where angel might meet fiend, and fiend meet angel, and each be bewildered on finding in the other's action some semblance of his own, was never so marked out before.

Even in the earlier part of the romance, before the great change of plot by which Rose ceases to be the heroine and becomes simply the sister, there is visible an exquisite skill in the handling. The war's excitements first draw these ill-mated lovers together, and afterwards, as the action grows intenser, the same influence draws them apart. "If it had not been in the day of turmoil, if he had asked her in any quiet time, when Rose's heart was in its natural mood, it may well be that with tears and pity for him and half-pity for herself, Rose would have told Septimius that she did not think she could love him well enough to be his wife" (p. 48). But afterwards, when the young man has slain and buried the English officer, and looks down from the hill on Rose's cottage, she does not seem the same as before this profound experience. "Somehow or other she was translated out of the ideality in which Septimius usually enveloped her, and looked little more than a New England girl, very pretty indeed, but not enough so perhaps to engross a man's life and higher purposes into her own narrow circle; so at least Septimius thought" (p. 52). Note the delicate guardedness, so characteristic of Hawthorne, of the "so at least" and the "little more;" and presently comes the generalization, based on one of

those deep truths which he never fails to recognize, that neither love nor friendship can ever rest in a simple withdrawal of itself, but "if we suffer ourselves to be drawn into too close proximity with people, if we over-estimate the degree of our proper tendency towards them, or theirs towards us, a reaction is sure to follow" (p. 50).

As for the shifting of plan itself, and the introduction of the weird Sibyl as a substitute for the innocent Rose, we shall never know, probably, whether it was a real change in the artist's design, or whether the original combination was merely an experiment, hampered by a suspicion that, after all, it might not serve. At any rate we can now see that the change was inevitable. In the first part of Goethe's *Faust* as in *Septimius Felton* the profoundly intellectual hero loves an untaught village girl; but in the second part of each work, a heroine must be substituted who shall represent all that is ideal in the lover's soul. She might make him, perhaps, "immortal with a kiss," but in neither case is she brought near enough to daily life for kissing. Even in the earlier love of Septimius, he is reported never, after the first instant, to have "touched those soft, sweet lips, where the smiles dwelt and the little pouts" (p. 69). Only poor Sibyl, after drinking the draught of immortality which she knows to be but poison, offers to embrace her lover and then forbids it, lest he share her death. And, indeed, the love of Goethe's *Faust* for the phantom Helena seems almost a warmer and more human thing than that of Hawthorne's hero for this weird and bloodless being. The artist, by a syllable, extracts all color from the lover's dreams as from the cheeks of his mistress. "Oh! what bliss, if that pale girl might set out with him on his journey!"

And, indeed, the freezing of carbonic acid gas is not so far beyond the ordinary coldness of ice, as is the utter extraction of heat from life in Septimius beyond the coldness of one of Flaubert's or Feuillet's heroes. Those mere burnt-out craters of evil passions are trivial beside this concentration of pure intellect on self-refrigeration. Indeed, it is one of Hawthorne's most wonderful touches to depict the elixir of life, when concocted, as being deadly cold, instead of warm. "Septimius pondered upon it, and thought he saw that life itself was cold, individual in its being, a high pure essence, chastened from all hearts; cold, therefore, and therefore invigorating" (p. 197).

Painful as may be the theme of this book,

I do not see how any one can help dwelling with delight on the fine details of its execution. The annotations and memoranda, made here and there by Hawthorne himself, only add to the interest; it is delightful to have constantly these glimpses at his process, and to see the master's hand not in the architecture alone, but in the fragments of scaffolding that still stand. The little hints inserted here and there in italics,—*"Perhaps there might be something fantastically gay in the language and behavior of this girl."* *"Make this legend grotesque."* *"He sees a spider dangling from his web and examines him minutely."* *"The rampant unrestraint, which is the characteristic of wickedness,"*—these unconscious revelations of secret method, like the innumerable sketches by the old masters preserved in picture galleries, bring us nearer in imagination to the artist than does even the completed work.

There still remain, too, little roughnesses which the author's delicate revision would have swept away; as the enumeration of "beautiful flowers" under the head of "tender greenness" in the very third line of the story;—the ungrammatical "and which," at the bottom of the first page;—the seeming to include Rose Garfield among her own progenitors, on the second; the awkward occurrence of "now" and "then," "before" and "floor," in ungraceful proximity on the third page;—and just below, the abrupt "so it was" and "passed through Cambridge" [college];—these trifles and such as these have interest because they prove, what I for one never doubted, that Hawthorne's pages owed something of their delicious smoothness to the use of the file. And the fact that these

small unevennesses occur chiefly in the early part would seem to show either that the author went naturally at a smoother pace when well on his way, or else, which is quite as likely, that the editor's hand grew skilful by practice, and retouched almost insensibly such slight matters as those named above. Larger things—such as the omission in the original description of the hero to speak of that admixture of Indian blood which is afterwards so constantly mentioned (pages 31, 32, 46, 48, 54, etc.)—these are judiciously left untouched.

For one, I confess to having found in this painful book an irresistible and entangling charm; partly, perhaps, because its strangest scenes are still laid amid the familiar rural scenery of Concord; but more, no doubt, because it is the last intellectual bequest we can hope to receive from its author. No other important fragment of his unpublished literary work is likely to reach our hands; nor is there any quarter whence we can look for any work of kindred quality, within the limits of the English tongue. The intellectual life of the mother country is turning more and more away from all that is imaginative, and passing into science. Among Americans the artistic tradition still lingers in prose-writing, and will linger, at least, while Emerson and Holmes shall live. If ever Harte resumes the pen which won for him his early triumphs, or Howells consents to trust his delicate fancy among the depths as well as in the shallows of existence, we may have new creations that shall alleviate our loss in Hawthorne. Till then, we can only dwell, with avaricious minuteness of study, upon these his latest words.

AN EXPEDITION WITH STANLEY.

THE thousand noises from the great square drifted lazily to my lazier ears; gradually became indistinct, confused, then were gone; and I was kindly awakened by the grave waiter, who motioned gently towards the plate of oranges, and informed me that I had fallen asleep.

It was pardonable; there were only two other persons at table, and both nodded drowsily. One old gentleman's napkin was splashing in his coffee-cup; and on the stern, bronzed face of a tall hidalgo a black and blue fly wandered at his own unsavory will.

Although in Spain, I had had no *siesta* that day; none indeed since I entered the country. *Siesta!* I had had no sleep at all. I had rattled down from Paris in the express train, past dreaming Bayonne, luscious Biarritz, pensive San Sebastian, barren Irun; along the picturesque line of rail, perched high among the mountain crags, or running by the side of fertile fields, with long white roads zigzagging in and out among the trees: had come into that waste land in the midst of which Madrid stands, forlorn and dull; and had even been into the tumult of the

revolution at Saragossa, whence I had on this very morning returned.

So I slept at the dinner-table; and no sooner had the waiter left me than plump went my head into the orange plate, and I was dreaming once more.

I was aroused by the sound of a fresh voice eagerly pronouncing my name. "Well! well! here is another government spy, I thought; and turned confusedly. A short, swart, energetic young man, plainly dressed, and with his hat in his hand, was rapidly questioning the hotel clerk, whose office overlooked the dining-room. Finally, with an impatient gesture, he turned away and came towards me. He accosted me in Castilian, whereupon I shook my head. Then he burst into a gratified laugh, and seizing my hands, said:

"It's all right. You are——, aren't you. They said at the Legation that you were going to Valencia, and I go too. Stanley——; John Hay mentioned me, didn't he. It's all right. Train leaves in an hour. I'll jump into the carriage, get a clean shirt, and be back in fifteen minutes. Are your papers ready? Yes. We must be off to-night, or the thing will be over before we get there."

All this in a breath; and he was gone, not even waiting to hear my rapturous assent to his proposition, or rather his command.

And so we were going to Valencia, into the thick of the fighting; and this was Stanley. Valencia had heretofore been a bug-bear in my eyes; but now the trip had a charm and a tinge of pleasure in it. Here was a companion who could talk Spanish, a brother of the craft, and the very perfection of activity. He would overcome any obstacle that proved too much for me.

I was at the hotel door in ten minutes, and shortly after he came hurtling over the pavements in a little coach, crying loudly to the coachman to whip up, and threatening him with direst vengeance if we missed the train. We arrived at the station two minutes before the long line of express carriages, crowded with cloaked and heavily-armed officers, started; and it was not until we were rattling along the rail at twenty miles an hour (that is express speed in Spain), that I had an opportunity to study my companion's face.

The head was small, but well fashioned, and poised upon a shapely neck; the movements were quick as those of a bird, and graceful withal; the eyes seemed always looking far away, at something beyond, to be reached and won; the facile lips were never at a

loss for some deft expression, which came pat home to the thought; and the brow fairly shone sometimes, when the whole features were aglow with the enthusiasm which seemed to permeate every fiber of the man's being. The quaintness, oddity, picturesquequeness of the face when the lips were telling some dashing adventure of travel; the cosmopolitan breadth and untamed vigor of thought which I afterwards learned so heartily to love; the sublimated vagabondage which now and then illuminated the countenance, or crept almost imperceptibly into the conversation, were all exhibited in an hour. I had made up my mind, ere we had smoked our second cigar, that my companion was honest, original, and wise.

He had no unpleasant self-consciousness; his mind was as healthy as his body; as guiltless of vanity as was his frame of infirmity. He plunged at once into a sparkling account of his Abyssinian adventures, for which I had asked him; and although he naturally was the hero of his own tale, still he seemed to fancy the Stanley of whom he spoke some person in whom he was not immediately interested, and did not hesitate to mention his faults and discouragements freely. The evening wore rapidly away; and as I was listening to the story of the "looting," after the taking of Magdala, the train came to a stop at Albacete, and Stanley, springing to the window, began eagerly demanding news of the loiterers about the station. A little dark-browed man, with a pale, scared face, bustled into our compartment. Very bad news, Señores; the line was probably cut;—yes, railway as well as telegraph;—and it was by no means certain that we should succeed in reaching Valencia until after the horrors of the bombardment had begun. What, then, would become of his poor wife? Stanley fell into a spirited conversation with the Spaniard, and I dozed in a corner.

When I awoke it was broad daylight, and the sun was beating into the cushioned compartment with terrible force. Some kindly hand had screened my unconscious head with a map while I slept; and as I struggled into a waking mood, Stanley, fresh as a daisy, smoking a cigarette and eating an orange alternately, smiled, and said:

"The sun was baking you, my boy."

By and by we came into a mountainous land, where it was colder, and the sky became gradually overcast. Here and there along the line we began to see soldiers. Now a detachment of the Municipal Guards, with their cocked hats and angular uniforms; now

some liners, straw-sandaled, carelessly clothed, and dirty! From time to time the train stopped, and we saw a detachment of soldiers from the forward cars going ahead to inspect a bridge, or to peer into the edges of the ravines, making sure that no insurrectionists were near, and that the rails were still whole.

At last we reached Encina, whence a branch line of rail led down through a rich and romantic country to Valencia. The little station was crowded with gruff officers and brutal-looking soldiery; and the scared Spaniard who accompanied us sank into a helpless little heap when told that the *republicanos* had cut the railway line, and that there was no means of communication with Valencia. We breakfasted hastily, while officers packed themselves into the train bound for Alicante, and Stanley soon discovered that, by going on to that ancient town, we could reach a steamer which would take us around the coast and land us in Valencia harbor next morning.

So when the train started for Alicante, we went with it. The sun had reappeared, and now was shining with dazzling fervor. The shepherds leading their flocks along the steep hillsides had thrown aside their cloaks, and the flocks themselves sought refuge beneath the trees. Great patches of vineyard, the purple grapes hanging darkly beautiful among the leaves, dotted the banks; a muleteer, with his little barelegged daughter mounted behind him, was urging his capricious steed along a pathway near a torrent; women, with the haughty ancient Moorish look upon their faces, were laboring in the fields; half-naked children gamboled by the side of the rivulets; and afar off rose a great craggy peak, on which we could see a knot of men gathered, and could mark the sheen of the weapons which they upheld in the sunlight.

There was a low timorous shriek from the engine, and the train came to a full stop. A group of officers consulted together. We had been approaching a long ravine, through which rapidly coursed a deep stream, and on the bridge over this stream forty or fifty men were gathered awaiting our arrival. Were these the *republicanos*?

A file of soldiers, led by a stout youth of an officer, left the train, and set out at once for the bridge. No friendly signal came from the group; no white flag was waved; and Stanley, leaning out of the car window, knocked the ashes from his cigarette and said, musingly

"Well, I guess we are pinched this time!"

But no! for when the file of soldiers reached the bridge there were embracings and welcomings, and we were signaled to come on. It was only a detachment of the Guardia Municipal watching over the ravine and its approaches, and bidding us be of good cheer, for the road was clear to Alicante. So on we lumbered once more.

We slept; we waked; we ate pomegranates: and meantime the lusty sun poured down unrelentingly, waking the fair land into tropical fervor and voluptuousness. Towards slumbrous noon, when we had been lulled into a blissful repose by the atmosphere of sweet tranquillity which pervaded all the land, we came suddenly into a country where a palm-tree now and then showed its graceful form; where luxuriant foliage on every hand solicited admiration; where the vineyards were richer, the grapes darker than in the sections through which we had already passed; and where hot breaths from some far-off sea now and then smote upon our faces. The brown-eyed vagabond at the wayside station looked laughingly into our faces, and shouted, "Long live the Republicans!" or muttered the crooning andante of some Carlist song. Women, pale and trembling, crept into the compartments, with baskets crammed with lint and bandages on their arms, and sat mute, sorrowful-eyed, awaiting the arrival at Alicante. An old man in a conical-shaped hat, and with a shepherd's crook in his hand, stared at us for some moments after he had taken his seat in our compartment, and finally ventured the inquiry, in the majestic, exalted manner of the questioning Spaniard:

Did the Señores know whether or not the bombardment at Valencia had begun? Because he was fearful that his son was behind the barricades, and he was very much afraid that Gen. Alamenos would give no quarter.

The Señores did not know, and the old peasant relapsed into moody and suspicious silence.

At last, as the afternoon was wearing away, Stanley sprang back from his position at the compartment window with a great cry. There! a turn in the railroad, which wound sinuously in and out among the hills, had revealed to him the *Mare Tyrrhenum æquor*, the Mediterranean, the glorious blue and purple and gold in the odorous distance, the sunlight streaming over it and making an inspiring shimmer on the crawling waves. Stanley was at his best now; he dragged me

to the window, and pointing to the superb expanse of lonely sea, cried out :

"That is life ! There's freedom for you ! I can breathe now !"

Away, as far as the eye could reach, we could discern a great blue peak, rising out of the kaleidoscopic waters, sublime, grandiose, magnificent ; and around its lofty height hovered a wisp of cloud, whose white folds set off in strong relief the intense colors of the great sea-bounded eminence. Beyond the plains which the train now rapidly traversed ; beyond the vineyards, and the palm-trees, and the white winding roads, with low thatched cottages scattered along them ; beyond the groves of orange and the luxuriant thickets ; away over the great expanse of water, was Africa !

We came to Alicante, where a huge yellow peak, with a ruined castle perched upon its summit, affronted the sky ; a lean and scraggy town, the streets dirty and filled with noisome stench, straggled along the palm-girt shore. There had been a revolution in the forenoon, but it had been summarily quelled, and only a few disordered avenues, and here and there a perturbed crowd bore witness to the recent struggle. We were ushered into a room in a hotel overlooking a sleepy beach, along which a row of pensive palms was ranged ; and where bathers were lazily lying upon their backs, and kicking at the surf which ran mischievously up to titillate their heated frames. In the great harbor lay ships of all nations ; and Stanley, looking from the balcony, with a sponge in one hand and a clean traveling shirt in the other, cried out :

"There is an American bark ; let us go and see the captain. He, at least, will tell us what he does know of the troubles at Valencia !"

It was a wise proposal, because the Spanish officials at the port were all seized with a sudden and lamentable dullness ; they deprecated our forced journey to Valencia ; not because there was any danger : oh no ! but because we might be subject to inconvenience consequent on the severe military regulations then prevailing in the port of Valencia. Could we not postpone our visit ? Absolutely impossible. What was the news from the bombardment ?

Ah ! Señores, they did not know that there was any bombardment. And thus far and no farther extended their information.

A grimy boatman, with a handkerchief illustrated with portraits of Prim and other governmental authorities bound around his head, under his black six-cornered hat, rowed

us to the American bark. From the cheery New Bedford captain and his wife we learned that the condition of affairs at Valencia was critical. The situation was briefly as follows :

Thirty thousand mountaineers, peasants, and superb marksmen, all armed with rifles, had descended into the ancient and glorious city of the Cid, and held it in insurrection. They had come from their mountain homes to protest against the accession to the Spanish throne of the youthful and effeminate Bourbon, the Duke of Genoa, who had been pulling over his books at Eton in England, but who had been suddenly elevated to the dignity of a monarchical candidate by the machinations of the intriguing government which then held Spain in its hands. These mountaineers had but a dimly defined idea of the grandeur of the struggle in which they were engaged ; they were determined at all hazards to do their duty, and blindly imagined that the republicans throughout the rest of Spain were following them, or acting in concert with them. They were making a great protest against kingship, an appeal for the self-government of which they were as yet hardly capable ; and in the very rudeness and readiness of their strength were Spartan-like. They were no fighters from cities, with relaxed muscles and timorous hearts ; but stalwart men, with the instincts of the mountaineer, and filled with the vindictive savagery of the uneducated and enraged Spaniard. They had sworn to do their part at Valencia ; how valiantly they did it, history hereafter shall tell. Against them, the Madrid government had already sent eighteen thousand well-drilled troops of the regular army, under Gen. Alamenos ; and these troops, after ineffectual efforts to take the barricades in the narrow and tortuous streets by assault, had been disposed for the bombardment of the town.

Thus much we learned from the good American captain, who was anxious to dissuade us from attempting an entry into the siege-stricken town. But, if we were resolved to leave, a small steamer would start from Alicante for the Grao port, three miles from Valencia, that evening.

We did leave, and, buoyed gently and almost noiselessly forward on the bosom of the great purple water, lay at morning in the Grao, hearing in the distance occasional volleys of musketry, and now and then the dull thud of cannon.

Stanley, who had hustled on shore in a small-boat so hastily that I could not follow

him, was soon rowed back, and sang out to me, while his face shone with excitement :

"The wagon is ready, and we must make haste, for the bombardment has already begun. Come!" impatiently; and I hurried over the ship's side.

We were soon seated in a *tartana*, a straw-bottomed, two-wheeled vehicle of the most rickety description, and, drawn by a moribund horse, set off up the Alameda, a noble tree-bordered avenue leading directly to one of the gates of Valencia. As far as the eye could reach this avenue was crowded with persons fleeing from the bombardment. A glance at the crowds was sufficient to assure us that we had at last got beyond Europe. I had heard that the Pyrenees shut out Europe from Spain, but never before had I realized the fact. What were these swarthy men, these tall, voluptuously formed, dark women, who trod the ground like kings and queens? They were not Europeans; there was a hint of Oriental magnificence and stateliness in their carriage and their manner of speech.

All this I said to Stanley; and he pointed carelessly out beyond the throbbing rim of the purple sea, and said:

"Certainly; Africa lies over there, and we are on old Moorish ground. You are on the soil made famous by the Cid."

Among the vast throngs of affrighted citizens who had fled the town, we saw here and there tall figures, with gayly colored handkerchiefs bound about their heads, and wearing bright-hued blankets, gracefully draped from one shoulder. Their sinewy arms were bare, and each right hand grasped a long, glittering rifle. There was dignity and stoicism about these mountaineers, which strongly reminded one of the deportment of the American Indian; yet the mountaineers, although filled with many savage instincts, were neither ignorant nor brutalized. They had dim fore-shadowings of what the much-longed-for republic in Spain should be, and the courage to protest against any attempt to slay that republic. But the yoke of Amadeus was nevertheless finally slipped over their necks.

And here they stalked among the forlorn citizens, glaring angrily at the outriders from the beleaguering cavalry, who sometimes rode them down because they seemed to be meditating a fight outside the walls. From the gates of the town long processions were pouring out, men and women bearing beds and bedding on their backs, and little children struggling along under heavy loads of household utensils. Carts and horses were in such

demand that the drivers stood, pale with fright, to see the maddened populace fight for their possession; and every time that the crash of a shell was heard in the town, a wail of misery and fear rose from the perturbed mass of fugitives.

At the gate by which we desired to enter, we found a post of soldiery, who pointed laughingly at our valises, and asked if they contained anything to drink. While Stanley treated them to a sober and decorous wine which we had purchased at Encina, the driver of our *tartana* jumped down from his seat, threw our valises on the ground, and stretched out his hands for his fee.

"But you are surely going to carry us into the town and to the hotel," said I to him via Stanley.

"Not at all, *hombre*," he answered, via Stanley: "if you wish to get your necks broken, go; but I shall risk neither my horse nor my life."

A curious crowd gathered instantly; and the *tartana* driver, examining the coins which we had paid him, moved off sullenly, muttering something about mad Englishmen who were always in the way when there was a row in progress.

Stanley then formed the baggage into a square heap, mounted on it, and harangued the multitude. "Come, *hombres*!" he said, "surely a little fire is not going to frighten you. We are travelers on important business, and very anxious to reach the *Fonda de Paris*; who will show us the way, and help us carry our traps. Will you? or will you? or will you?"

The only answer was a scornful *Ca! hombre!* (Pshaw! man!) Do you think we wish to be killed!

At this moment, just as the noises of the bombardment were beginning to wake up in earnest, and occasional groups of barefooted soldiery came running breathlessly out of the town, declaring that the shells were as thick as paving-stones in the barricades, Stanley repeated his invitation; and there stepped into the circle gradually widening around us a slender youth of sixteen, who resolutely took up the valises and said:

"I will go, Señores. Let us make haste."

Stanley paused only a moment, to give those who had refused the mission a bit of satire, then sprang through the gateway of the town after the boy, and I brought up the rear.

It was still early morning, and sultry and confined. A light mist, which seemed to blow inland from the sea, spread its thin

veil above the town. The streets nearest the fortifications were deserted; but as we reached the populous quarters, and began to enter alleys and avenues through which a team could hardly have been driven, so narrow were they, we found hundreds of persons gathered, listening anxiously to the sounds of conflict in the town's center. From time to time our youthful guide turned back, with his hand upraised, and said *Fuego!* then we wound our way into some other dark alley, and through some other lane, and thus in half an hour, by skirting around the fighting, managed to reach the great square, at one end of which our Mecca, the *Fonda de Paris*, was situated.

Stanley headed the procession as we entered the square, and he wheeled around with his face all aflame once more, for a musket bullet whistled close to him, and a second one followed it so speedily that I began looking very anxiously to see whence came these unpleasant messengers.

There was a huge modern block on the side of the square opposite us, and crouching along its sides were three or four hundred soldiers,—officers, with drawn swords, standing beside them, and motioning their commands. No one spoke in a loud voice. Had the soldiers fired the two shots at us?

No; they were motioning to us to go back; but they did not menace us. Again those mysterious rifle-cracks, and the *pp-ss-t* of the bullets! Stanley leaped into the middle of the square, and cried loudly to me to come on. The young Spaniard would gladly have laid down his mission then and there; but Stanley, with a loud shout, pointed to the *Fonda de Paris*, which was on the other side of a narrow and black-looking street from the modern block behind which the soldiers were crouching. So, despite the warnings of the soldiery, we all set off at full run across the square.

As Stanley was about to go across the street to the hotel, he suddenly paused and we came up. "Look you," he said to me, "this officer says there is a barricade two hundred yards up this alley-way; and the *insurrectos* have sworn to shoot any one who shows his head in front of it. I am going to leap first; you know the reputation of Valencian marksmen; here goes!"

He took my valise in his hand, and cleared the street at two bounds, hurrying up a side alley which led to the rear of the hotel. But as he took the second leap, three sharp *pings* broke on the air, and three bullets hurled

by. He was not hit. The Spanish boy went next, with the other valise; and I must own that I hesitated a whole minute, and then cleared the street at one jump.

In a few moments we were ensconced in the dining-room of the *Fonda de Paris*, and the little French landlord had just brought us a draught of wine, when there was a most terrific howling and cursing in the back-yard, the fences were leveled by some sappers, who did their work *presto!* and about a thousand infantrymen scurried through the yard. They were endeavoring to surround the barricade whence we had so lately been saluted. For a few minutes the cracking of musketry was terrific; then the bugles sounded a retreat; a wounded officer, his head bent on his breast, was carried away on a litter extemporized from four muskets; a long procession of Sisters of Charity, with hands folded meekly on their breasts, were allowed to pass through the barricades and come down to the hospitals; and blood-stained litters were brought out from the rear of our hotel, with clenched hands and distorted limbs appearing under the edge of the canvas coverings.

This was the seventh day of the siege, and there was no longer to be any mercy for the *insurrectos*. To tell you the truth, said the little French landlord, whispering to me, all the Valencians are in sympathy with the insurrectionists, and would give them aid if they dared; but as it is, the poor devils are compelled to live on watermelons and such things as they found in the central market when they took the town, and are therefore starving at present. But they have written upon the walls, "Death to thieves!" and that, you see, forbids any one of the insurrectionists to take anything by force.

We had breakfast soon after, and such a breakfast! Stanley and I had the appetites of Gargantuas; but the other guests of the house, who had been undergoing the excitements of the fighting for a week, were not hungry, and were decidedly nervous. People had a very uncomfortable habit of dropping their food and crying, "What's that?" in voices of alarm at the slightest noise. One of the waiters had been singularly unfortunate. While looking out at a window on the third day of the insurrection, a bullet struck him lightly on the top of his head, making a long, narrow groove in the skull. This made him so frightfully nervous that his strength suddenly failed at most inopportune moments; and if he was passing the grapes or the cheese, he was almost sure to drop it in your lap, or, in an absent way, to forget you en-

tirely. The bill of fare was pork, bread, cheese, grapes, wine; it was all that was left in the house.

Our room, at the front of the hotel, looked out upon the very square we had so recently crossed; and by a little adventurous peering, we could see the barricade behind which the republicans held guard. They had raised a mass of stonework so high that there were three rows of loopholes for musketry; and whenever the attacking soldiery came up the narrow street, they were met by a murderous fire, which soon compelled them to retreat. By the close of the second day of our sojourn at the *Fonda* nearly all the officers who ate at our frugal table had bandaged heads, and one or two were more seriously wounded.

Ah! it was a hard and bitter fight, and the republicans stood bravely to their guns. There were nine hundred and thirty-nine barricades in Valencia, and thirty thousand armed men to defend them. The bombardment was not begun until after the very last summons that could be given with dignity; for the Spanish generals did not wish the name of having torn the "garden city," the pearl of Spain, the old home of the Cid, to pieces.

Stanley was indefatigable. He was up at dawn, risking his head on the balcony, spying out the insurgents; and once he drew the fire so closely that a bullet grazed his hair. He came in, and sat down upon the sofa very quietly for a few minutes; then he said, thoughtfully: "It was an error of judgment to turn my back to those fellows for a moment. I could have seen the flash and dodged, had I been looking towards them."

We barricaded our room very securely, and did not venture far from those protecting barricades, as a bullet often whistled through the room, and cracked the glass in our windows. When the bugles blew, and the charge was once more tried, we perforce flocked to the windows; although we knew there was imminent danger.

On the third day of our stay a group of officers gathered near the fountain in the great square, and presently sent a soldier with a flag of truce into the narrow alley at whose head stood the fateful barricade. The soldier hesitated; he felt that he was taking his life in his hands; but the officer struck him heavily with the flat part of his sword. *Anda!* he said, and the soldier went on. A bullet sped past him—another—another; but they did not hit him. He advanced boldly to the barricade, and suddenly up from the stonework arose a huge olive-faced fig-

ure, with bared head and arms—a handsome, sinewy, mountaineer Apollo. The olive-faced figure leaped down, the soldier unwound his flag; it was a sheet: the two entwined it about them, and together they marched to the square. The news was carried back into the town, and the dull firing in the distance gradually ceased. The deputy from the barricade bowed graciously before the Captain-General of the province, who was seated among the officers, and listened to the terms of surrender. He mused, walked thoughtfully up and down, then made an angry gesture, and, once more bowing, returned swiftly to the barricade.

"Heads in!" cried Stanley; "there will be shooting now!"

And there was shooting! The troops made their last desperate attempt to take the barricade, and were repulsed with heavier slaughter than before. But new regiments meantime packed the square. General Alamenos meant business now: and the thunders of the bombardment in the town grew momentarily louder. The leaden hail was thick and deadly; the ground was strewn with the dead and dying, and the bugles were once more sounding a retreat, when there was suddenly a great commotion, and a joyous outcry at the barricade. A white flag was raised in air, and soldiers and mountaineers were fraternizing in the most cordial manner. What could it mean?

Two brothers, one at the head of a band of *insurrectos* behind this key-barricade, the other leading a company of Prim's soldiers, had met for the first time for a score of years. The leader of the soldiers called to his long-lost brother to cease firing, and to come and embrace him! 'Twas done; and from that episode followed the peaceable arrangement of an honorable surrender. In a few minutes soldiers and mountaineers were munching bread and drinking wine together, and began tearing down the barricades. The thunders of the bombardment had ceased. Here and there an elegant mansion had been wrecked; the saints had been hurled from their shrines in the vast market-place; the blood-stained pavements bore witness to the bitterness of the struggle. But the mountaineers could even have fought against hunger. They only gave up when they were allowed to depart in peace, with arms in their hands.

Stanley reported the insurrection with the most careful fidelity. We visited the leading Generals who had commanded the attack, and compared their statements with those we had received from the rebels themselves.

That very evening we climbed to the top of the old Cathedral tower, and, in the glorious autumn sunset, looked down upon such a vision of beauty and peace as has rarely been vouchsafed us. Valencia, hidden among orange-trees, and with here and there a tall dome rising in graceful Mauresque curve from the foliage; the perfume from the great bosquets in the suburban gardens faintly borne to us on the evening breeze; the sloping hills, with their ancient amphitheaters; the great expanse of the sea, with the crags rising out of its waves: all these made a perfect picture; and there was not a murmur of insurrection or of war to be heard in all the country round.

One morning after my return to Paris the servant entered my room with coffee and a telegram. The dispatch was from Stanley, and ten minutes after it was received, in walked the sender, airily but angry. Why had I not met him? Because of the prevalent Parisian custom of not delivering a telegram until half a day after it came. And he was compelled to pardon me.

Stanley was bound on some mysterious

mission, but his lips were sealed. His visits to the young *Herald* manager at the Grand Hotel, his journeys to London, his purchases, were all tabooed subjects; and when he came back wearily at night to my quarters we talked of anything rather than his new journey. The atmosphere of Paris stifled him; he did not like so much brilliancy and fashion; he abominated the boulevards, and detested the theater.

At last one November day we started from the Grand Hotel in Paris, in an overloaded cab, for the Lyons railway station; and Stanley was off. He was more impetuous than ever on this day of departure, and so angry with the slow-footed Parisian coach-horses, that he persisted in getting out and walking.

Boxes, bundles, trunks, were all registered; tickets secured; and Stanley turned to me: "I may not be back for many years," he said; "but I *shall* come back. Good-bye!" And the train bore him away to Marseilles, Suez, Aden, Persia, Thibet, Zanzibar, and Livingstone!

Come back! I knew he would. He is not one of those who get lost.

EVERY DAY.

Oh, trifling tasks so often done,
 Yet ever to be done anew!
 Oh, cares which come with every sun,
 Morn after morn, the long years through!
 We shrink beneath their paltry sway,—
 The irksome calls of every day.

The restless sense of wasted power,
 The tiresome round of little things,
 Are hard to bear, as hour by hour
 Its tedious iteration brings;
 Who shall evade or who delay
 The small demands of every day?

The boulder in the torrent's course
 By tide and tempest lashed in vain,
 Obeys the wave-whirled pebble's force,
 And yields its substance grain by grain;
 So crumble strongest lives away
 Beneath the wear of every day.

Who finds the lion in his lair,
 Who tracks the tiger for his life,
 May wound them ere they are aware,
 Or conquer them in desperate strife,
 Yet powerless he to scathe or slay
 The vexing gnats of every day.

The steady strain that never stops
 Is mightier than the fiercest shock;
 The constant fall of water-drops
 Will groove the adamant rock;
 We feel our noblest powers decay,
 In feeble wars with every day.

We rise to meet a heavy blow—
 Our souls a sudden bravery fills—
 But we endure not always so
 The drop-by-drop of little ills;
 We still deplore and still obey
 The hard behests of every day.

The heart which boldly faces death
 Upon the battle-field, and dares
 Cannon and bayonet, faints beneath
 The needle-points of frets and cares;
 The stoutest spirits they dismay—
 The tiny stings of every day.

And even saints of holy fame,
 Whose souls by faith have overcome,
 Who wore amid the cruel flame
 The molten crown of martyrdom,
 Bore not without complaint alway
 The petty pains of every day.

Ah, more than martyr's aureole,
 And more than hero's heart of fire,
 We need the humble strength of soul
 Which daily toils and ills require;—
 Sweet Patience! grant us, if you may,
 An added grace for every day!

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Père Hyacinthe's Marriage.

ABOUT three years ago, Charles Loyson, now known as Father Hyacinthe—a name given him by the religious order to which he belonged—landed in New York, having left his convent and thrown off the authority of his ecclesiastical superiors. The act which led to this temporary expatriation was one which brought about his head the hottest lightnings and loudest thunders of his Church. He had been the Superior of the Monastery of Barefooted Carmelites

in Paris, and the most brilliant pulpit orator, perhaps, whose voice had ever been echoed by the walls of *Notre Dame*. Protestant Christendom threw wide its arms to receive him, but he sadly shook his head, and declared his undying adhesion to the Catholic Communion. He loved his Church, but he would not submit to those arbitrary decrees which crushed his manhood, and curtailed the liberty by which Christ had made his followers free. He would not, and could not, consent to be a puppet, and all that was

chivalrous and liberty-loving in human nature sprang to his side in cordial sympathy. Every decent Protestant American would have sheltered him, feasted him, and, if need had been, fought for him; for his act was recognized as one of splendid heroism.

The abjuration of the vows of his religious order and the steps accompanying it were not entered upon by the eloquent monk without a full knowledge of what would result. He could not have failed to know that when he forsook his convent he laid aside forever a high honor of his Church, and that the great throng of brilliant men and women whom he had charmed by his eloquence in *Notre Dame*—men and women who would have been proud to strew his path with flowers, and crown him with every privilege of their society—would turn their backs upon him with disgust, and regard him as an apostate. He could not have failed to know that he stepped from an assured position into a terrible disgrace, among all those whom he had loved, and that, instead of being courted and caressed, he would be proscribed, maligned, and, if possible, crushed. He could not have failed to know that every possible effort would be instituted by the Church to which he had devoted his life, and to which he still clung as his spiritual mother, to make the whole future of his career a path of thorns. He knew what he was leaving; he knew whither he was going. He was not led away by any youthful enthusiasm. In the calm counsels of a mature manhood he deliberately chose to be loyal to his conscience, and to take as the consequence of that loyalty the loss of place, the excommunication from his church, and all the disgrace, misrepresentation, misconception, and persecution which that church could inflict. By going over to the Protestants, he would have gained the proudest honors Protestantism had to give. This he knew, and this did not move him. No, he would stand alone, clinging to his own Church though spurned, and laboring for reform in his own Church and the liberty of those whose necks were under its yoke though they might slay him.

This was the man who, in 1866, stood day after day, and preached in *Notre Dame* to throngs so great that some could only see him from afar, and catch those utterances on love and marriage and home which seemed to be almost divinely inspired—that thrilled through the very heart of Paris. We do not believe that there exists in human language so noble a tribute to the nature and influence of true marriage and home as is to be found in these discourses. It was in France, where love is a by-word, and marriage a prudential arrangement, and home a dream without a name, that such words as these were spoken:—

“Love! This is the word which we must have courage to pronounce, if we would express the essence of the conjugal relation, its inmost principle and law. I know well that this word is exposed to the sneers of skepticism, which knows no greater chimera—next to God—than love. I know, too—O wretched and miserable fact!—that it wakens in the mind the recollection of numberless abuses, and unequaled desecra-

tions. But what matter the abuses! What matters the shame of the sinner! Thank God, my heart has remained pure, my reason has continued sound, and, preacher of the Gospel as I am, teacher of the understanding and heart of man, it is my right, my duty, to speak of love. Yes, love. And if our morals are going to ruin, if the basis of the family is undermined, if domestic society leans and totters like a ruined edifice, it is because men have forgotten to put love at the foundation of the house, the love of two beings who love each other in honor, in respect, in holiness.”

“I proclaimed thee, O my God! as the type of the great fellowship of mankind. I hail thee now, I venerate and I adore thee as the especial type of the society of home.

“Yes, the Lord is God, he is the father, and within himself is his own glory; for ‘the Word is the glory of God.’ He ‘thinks of his glorious Word, in substance and in person, his beautiful and living Reason, his Son.’ He contemplates his Word and in this meditation, from the two, the Father and the Word, proceedeth the Holy Spirit—that is, love—love in substance and in person. And the Father and the Word abide in it! The cycle of divine life is consummated. God is complete, God is blessed. And there are three that bear witness in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Spirit; and these three are one!

“Now there are three also that bear witness on earth. Man is not satisfied with his own solitary personality; he also must have his glory; and, like God, he must have his word, his beautiful reason made visible, his sweet and strong conscience to surround him with its sweet, pure light. And with this blessed image, called, like the Word, ‘the express image of his person,’ the stainless mirror of his beauty, with her he begets his son, a third self—a third term common to the husband and the wife, in which their love becomes incarnate, and fixes itself, and abides. Like God in heaven, so man is complete and blessed on the earth, and there are three that bear witness—the father and the wife and the child, and these three agree in one.”

Thus we arrive at our hero's idea of love and marriage, long before marriage was contemplated by him, or seemed even ultimately possible to him. Driven by the encroachments of Rome upon the liberty of his conscience, he leaves his convent, and then follow three years of loneliness and proscription. No man, whether under vows of celibacy or not, who could utter these words in Paris, could fail to entertain the opinion that arbitrary and enforced celibacy was a horrible crime against human nature, and against the God of human nature. He meets a woman whom he loves. The woman is known in America, and known to be abundantly worthy of the love he bestows upon her. It would be a sufficient recommendation to her that such a man as Father Hyacinthe could give his heart to her. He not only gave his heart to her, but his hand. He did this as he had done everything that led to it, in the spirit of heroism. He knew how wildly and shamefully the act would be misconstrued, but love had taught him his duty and he did it. He had no choice but to do it. Love to him was something divine. It was in the line of his life to take it, and to hallow it by rela-

tions the most sacred upon which man can enter. The hearts of all true lovers and husbands indorse his act; and human nature and God's truth are weaker than we think if there are not thousands of the Catholic clergy who sympathize with him entirely. It is his protest against a foul wrong inflicted upon a class in the name of religion, and it will have a powerful influence as such.

In the light of all we have written, and we believe it to be all true and rationally incontrovertible, what are we to think of the flings at this marriage which have been indulged in by a portion of the Protestant press of America? We have seen nothing meaner or more outrageous than the light remarks that have been uttered about "pretty widows," and the "weakness" of yielding to their blandishments. None but a base or thoughtless man could have written such insults, or indulged in such insinuations; and every writer who has been guilty of them ought to hang his head with shame in a community and country where love holds the honor and home the sacredness accorded to them here. It should be enough that Romanism will make this marriage the instrument of the abuse of motives which are above any disinterested man's suspicion. For Protestantism to join in this abuse is to condemn itself. It is a very dirty bird that befouls its own nest, and no Protestant, liberty-loving American can afford to abuse a man for acting upon the principles and adopting the policy which have given to America her pre-eminence of purity in domestic life.

Civil Service Reform.

THERE is no single agency within the reach of the American people which would do so much for the purification of their politics as a reform—radical and thorough—of the civil service. We are glad, on the whole, that it is not a party project, for it leaves us at liberty to discuss it, and renders it easy for pure and true men of all parties to unite upon it. Under the present rule of practice, every representative in Congress claims the privilege of dividing and awarding the federal patronage of his district. He relies upon this for securing his own election, and preserving intact his influence among his constituents. He sells himself to the office-seekers of his district to win his place, and they sell themselves to him for what he pledges to them in case of his election. It is notorious that if the President interferes with the assumed right of the congressman in this matter, and makes an appointment independent of him, he brings upon himself the enmity of the latter—personal and political. The President is made to feel that he cannot afford to act independently, whatever his convictions may be; and few, if any, who have occupied the Presidential chair have found themselves strong enough to disregard the rule. The entire civil service, from the top downward to the lowest bottom, thus becomes a matter of bargain and sale. Personal fitness for service has been for many years a secondary consideration,

in elections and appointments. The man who can do the most for his party and his friends wins the day.

There is really very little chance for argument in the matter. The advocates of reform, in any open meeting of intelligent and fair men, would carry nine in every ten of them by a simple statement of their position. Everybody knows that competitive examinations for all offices demanding definite technical knowledge on the part of those appointed to them, and permanence in office during a competent discharge of duty, would secure a class of public servants vastly superior in capacity and morality to that which now occupies the offices under the federal patronage. It can never be a good class of men who are willing to take an appointment to-day which they may lose to-morrow, through no fault of their own. Political "bummers," men who have failed in business, drifting and unsteady men, adventurers, riff-raff, captains of low crowds—all sorts of men who have nothing to lose, seek for these places and get them. The machine could not be made to run without some good men, of course, who stay on and on through many administrations; but the mass of those who come and go in public office are men who have no fitness for their place, and are never selected on account of any supposed fitness for it.

The foreign appointments of the government are almost uniformly made without reference to good qualifications. So, instead of having a class of courteous and accomplished gentlemen in the foreign service, we have a multitude of bores who are not only unable to speak the language of the people among whom they are located, but are ignorant of that one language which is current at all the courts,—men who are in the hands of their clever clerks, and play at business and diplomacy at arm's length. To three or four of the higher foreign governments we are obliged to send good men, to save ourselves from disgrace and difficulty, but places at the inferior courts and the multitude of consular offices are parceled out, as a rule, to a set of men whose sole recommendation is either that they have worked hard to get somebody elected to office, or that they have powerful political friends. The one native American consul whom we met during a long wandering over Europe who was a gentleman, thoroughly conversant with his business, and who performed it himself, we encountered the other day in Central Park, long since relieved of his office, to make room for a political favorite. A place in the home or foreign employ of the government ought to be so honorable and reliable as to command the best men for life, and to awaken among the best youth of the country industrious preparation. It is as necessary that we be served well in civil as in military affairs, and that we secure men educated to the service. It is as legitimate to have a school, supported at the expense of the government, for the education of men for civil office, as it is to have a school for education for the army and navy. We saw in the late civil war just how little political qualifications were

worth in military life, and they are worth just as much and no more in the civil department of the government. Either the diploma of such a school, or the certificate of a board of examiners, themselves beyond the reach of political considerations, should be required of every man who seeks an office under the federal government.

Without a reform in the civil service, we cannot hope for any improvement in the political morals of the country. The present system of elections and appointments stands squarely in the way of all reform. So long as office is regarded as party property and spoil, our politics and our political men must remain corrupt. The whole system is vicious, root and branch; and the grand difficulty of reformation rests in the fact that the men whom we call upon to institute it are indebted for their office mainly to the system itself. They do not dare to institute a reformation which would weaken their power to carry out their own selfish ends, and execute the promises they have made to others. There is, therefore, not a man in Congress who votes against civil service reform who will not bear careful watching.

Prayers and Pills.

A SINGULAR article, containing an unprecedented proposition, appeared in the July *Contemporary Review*, entitled: "The Prayer for the Sick: Hints towards a serious attempt to estimate its value." Prof. Tyndall regarded it as of sufficient importance to claim from him a word of introduction. He thinks it quite desirable to have clearer notions than we now possess of the action of "Providence" in physical affairs. The proposition of the writer is to establish a scientific, experimental test of the power of prayer in the healing of the sick. He asks: "that one single ward, or hospital, under the care of first-rate physicians and surgeons" (including Sir Henry Thompson, we presume the reputed author of the proposition), "containing certain numbers of persons afflicted with those diseases which have been best studied, and of which the mortality rates are best known, whether the diseases are those which are treated by medical or by surgical remedies, should be, during a period of not less, say, than three or five years, made the object of special prayer by the whole body of the faithful, and that, at the end of that time, the mortality rates should be compared with the past rates, and also with that of other leading hospitals, similarly well managed, during the same period." Prof. Tyndall, in his introduction, says: "Two opposing parties here confront each other—the one affirming the habitual intrusion of supernatural power, in answer to the petitions of men; the other questioning, if not denying, any such intrusion."

It seems, therefore, that the whole question of Providence and prayer is to be decided by this experiment, and it will also be seen that Christianity itself will thus be placed on trial. This is rather a

large matter to be disposed of in the ward of a single hospital, and, as there is so much at stake, both parties ought to be well agreed as to the fairness of the experiment.

It is to be remembered, to begin with, that a proposition of this kind could not possibly come from a man who, conscious of his own unworthiness, and humbly subordinating his will to that of God, expresses his earnest desires in prayer. No Christian and no body of Christians—not even "the whole body of the faithful"—would consent to have the question of God's providential interference in human affairs decided for the world by the strength of their hold upon the Almighty arm, through the medium of their prayers. The experiment would be preposterous, and almost blasphemously presumptuous. No body of reverent Christian physicians would engage in such a competition. With all the fair seeming of the proposition, it is evidently impossible to be acted upon. The issue is tremendous. The whole question of the supernatural in human affairs, and the whole question of Christianity based upon it, would be involved in that issue; and every Christian would shrink in terror from the presumption that the power of his poor petitions was relied upon to decide so vital a matter. So, if the experiment were tried, it would be instituted and executed by men who believe neither in prayer nor Providence, and who would conduct it with reference to their own ends. The world would not trust them, and the world ought not to trust them.

But supposing the physicians were equally divided between Christian and unchristian, and that the two bodies were placed in watch of each other: would it be altogether fair to give the ward or hospital subjected to the experiment any medical treatment whatever? Physicians make mistakes sometimes, and thwart the God of nature, who happens at the same time to be the God of Providence. Evidently a hospital without, would offer a fairer chance for experiment than one with, physicians. Then, if the result were not on the side of the skeptics, would they admit that the God of Providence cured the patients in answer to prayer, or would they claim that the unaided power of nature was the healing agent? Who knows, in this world of medical empiricism, whether the great obstacle to the efficacy of the prayers of the faithful is not the medical profession itself? And who knows that Providence does not withhold its cures that the world may learn, in the long years, that it is best to do without the medical profession altogether?

We take it for granted that the writer of the strange proposition we are considering belongs to what is denominated "the regular profession." Now if there is anything thoroughly well known among the people, it is that "the regular profession" object to any system of treatment not "regular," and doubt the reality of any cure not wrought by "regular" means. Is there any medical society that would permit its members to co-operate with irregular measures like

those which this man proposes? Would not this be equivalent to a consultation with Providence—a practitioner not recognized by the societies generally? Is prayer regarded as an article of the *materia medica*? Is not this whole proposition grossly irregular, and does it not become the profession to set upon this writer who thus proposes to compromise his position and make an example of him? If not, then we have a proposition to make which is entirely practicable. It is one in which a great multitude of people would be much interested. Let us institute an experiment to see what system of medicine Providence favors. Our doctor of the *Contemporary Review* is utterly impracticable, but he manifests a disposition to try experiments, and shows a healthy fearlessness of professional proscription. We propose, therefore, that a hospital be run three years by the regular profession, then three years by, say, the hydropathists, and then three years by the homœopathists. Let each body of practitioners have the benefit not only of the "general prayer," or prayer for "all men," but of special prayer. Thus the moral effect of the use of material remedies would be secured to all, and we should learn what system of medicine Providence favors, or the one which interferes least with its laws. Here now is something entirely practical, and there are many people interested in the decision of this question where one is seriously in doubt about the other. The world is immensely, nay vitally, concerned in the decision to be arrived at through an experiment like this? Shall we have it?

We rather think not. We should really like to know which system of medical treatment the God of Providence or the God of Nature favors. Christendom must give up its Christianity or believe in prayer—prayer for the sick—prayer for the well. It will not consent that that system of religion on which is based the highest civilization of the world shall be decided for or against by the power of its prayers over Providence. No candid man would ever ask, and no sane man expect, it to do so. So we will leave the scientist to his Nature and the Christian to his Providence in the practical and most desirable experiment which we propose. Let us get at the truth. If it is not "irregular" to try an experiment with Providence, it ought not to be irregular to try one with less considerable personages. But that would put the medical profession on trial, which is so much more important an institution than Christianity that it will not be considered for a moment.

The Outsiders.

WE recently heard a preacher say, quite impressively, that often, when preaching to his own people, and looking down upon their multitudinous, up-turned faces, he saw another audience of indefinitely vast proportions beyond the sound of his voice—the great multitude that cannot hear and that will not come within his reach. He was haunted, he said, while

feeding his own flock, with a vision of the gaunt faces that stood and stared in the unapproachable and unapproaching distance. We suppose there is not one earnest preacher in this great city who is not often moved in the same way, and who will not be sympathetically touched by this representation of the great masses with whom, and with whose needs, he finds it impossible to place himself in helpful relations. How to reach with Christian truth and influence the poor, the degraded, the unbelieving, the vicious, the careless, who never cross the threshold of a church or hear the sound of a preacher's voice, is still a problem unsolved. To the poor the Gospel is not preached as it ought to be, and as it must be, before the hopes and expectations of the Christian world are realized.

There have been some observations made in the city of Boston which are suggestive of methods that deserve a trial. It seems to be proved that there is a mass of men and women who will not enter a church; and it is notorious that the largest audiences that have been gathered to hear preaching in our cities have found themselves in theaters and halls and opera-houses. It seems to be proved, also, that even free seats in churches will not attract those whom we wish to reach. They will not enter a church. Exactly why, we think they would find it difficult to tell, but such is the fact, and we have it to deal with, in the wisest way we can. Preaching has been held in Music Hall, Boston, for some years, as also in Tremont Temple. The Boston Theater, too, has been occasionally used. Whenever a really popular preacher appears at either of these audience-rooms the house will be filled, and observation has shown that all three of these places of popular amusement may be filled on a single Sunday evening, without interfering, apparently, with the size of the audiences in the churches. Observation has further shown that a single popular preacher, going from one of these places to the other, will not take with him more than a hundred of his previous audience. That is—the audience that assembles to hear preaching at Music Hall will not go to the Boston Theater, and the audience of the Theater will not show itself in Tremont Temple. These buildings are so near to each other that this fact cannot be explained on the ground that they accommodate different localities. All Boston may just as easily go to one house as the other. We are therefore led to the conviction that people will go to hear preaching where they are in the habit of going to be amused, and where they feel particularly at home. They associate these houses with their intellectual and emotional pleasures, and are glad to spend their Sunday evenings in them.

Of course it is impossible for us to say how far the rule that prevails in Boston will apply to New York; but human nature is pretty much the same everywhere, as well as human need. If it be true that good preachers will fill the theaters of New York during the long Sunday evenings of the season now already upon us, the policy and duty of the Christian

citizens of New York is laid out and defined to them. Of course it will be necessary that the movement thus suggested should sail under the broadest Christian colors—that no sectarian hand should be at the helm, and no sectarian port aimed at. What is needed is to bring the people whom we wish to benefit under the influence of Christian motives of conduct; to elevate their aims and purify their characters; to bear to them the balm of Christian comforts and consolations in the hard lives they have to lead, and to show to them that we have no selfish or sectarian schemes to advance. If they will listen to the Chapins, let them have the Chapins; if to the Collyers, let them have the Collyers; if to the Storrses and Beechers and Tyngs, let them have these, and their worthy *confrères*. Of one thing we may rest assured: that the audiences which will gather into a theater will accept no man who is simply the mouthpiece of a creed. They will listen to no man who does not come before them free, with the love of God and the love of man dominant in his heart, with good brains in his head, a thorough knowledge of human nature, and a tongue that can talk. What these people need to learn more than anything else is the uses and applications of Christianity to their every-day life and conduct. They need to have the life and work of Christ exhibited to them, and the rule of Christ explained and enforced. They need to be lifted out of animalism and unbelief into spirituality and faith; and there is not an earnest, gifted man, of any Christian persuasion, who cannot do them good.

If the Christian churches of New York cannot meet on common ground, and unite in a work like this, they will at least find in that fact the reason why they are so limited in their influence; and if the Young Men's Christian Association cannot accomplish the work, let us have an Old Men's Association that will. If it be said that money cannot be raised for so great an expenditure, we reply that money can be raised for any charity in New York that the people have faith in. A single newspaper has raised \$20,000 with comparative ease for the ministry of pleasure, comfort, and health to the poor children of the city during the past summer; and if the enterprise we propose, viz. *to throw open every theater in the city during the next four months for public worship, and furnish it with a first-rate Christian preacher*, were to be presented to the rich men of the city, properly planned and indorsed, the whole sum needed could be secured in twenty-four hours. There is no good thing that New York beneficence will not do, if it is appealed to on broad, catholic, Christian ground. It may be difficult to raise money for church-building, or to carry on the various denominational enterprises of the city, but this is a different matter altogether. It would appeal alike to those who have no church connections and those who have. There is not a man among all our millionaires who does not know that influences like that which we propose are in the interest of public order, economy, and safety, and there

are very few of them who would not respond to an appeal based upon the universal need on one hand, and universal charity on the other.

The Power of the Affirmative.

THE power of positive ideas and the power of the positive affirmation and promulgation of them move the world. Breath is wasted in nothing more lavishly than in negations and denials. It is not necessary for truth to worry itself, even if a lie can run a league while it is putting on its boots. Let it run, and get out of breath, and get out of the way. A man who spends his days in arresting and knocking down lies and liars will have no time left for speaking the truth. There is nothing more damaging to a man's reputation than his admission that it needs defending when attacked. Great sensitiveness to assault, on the part of any cause, is an unmistakable sign of weakness. A strong man and a strong cause need only to live an affirmative life, devoting no attention whatever to enemies, to win their way, and to trample beneath their feet all the obstacles that malice, or jealousy, or selfishness throws before them. The man who can say strongly and earnestly "I believe," has not only a vital and valuable possession, but he has a permanent source of inspiration within himself, and a permanent influence over others. The man who responds: "I do not believe what you believe," or "I deny what you believe," has no possession, and no influence except a personal one.

In nothing is this principle better exemplified and illustrated than in the strifes of political parties. The party that adopts a group of positive ideas, and shapes a positive policy upon them, and boldly and consistently affirms and promulgates both ideas and policy, has an immense advantage over one which undertakes to operate upon a capital of negations. The history of American politics is full of confirmations of this truth. No party has ever had more than a temporary success that based its action simply on a denial of a set of positive ideas held by its opponent. The popular mind demands something positive—something that really possesses breath and being—to which it may yield its allegiance. There is no vitalizing and organic power in simple opposition and negation. Earnest, straightforward affirmation has a power in itself, independent of what it affirms, greater than negation when associated with all the influences it can engage.

The Author of Christianity understood this matter. His system of religion was to be preached, proclaimed, promulgated. Its friends were not to win their triumphs by denying the denials of infidelity, but by persistently affirming, explaining and applying the truth. With this system of truth in his hands—so pure, so beneficent, so far-reaching in its results upon human character, happiness, and destiny—the Christian teacher commands the position. Infidelity and denial can make no permanent headway against faith, unless faith stop to bandy words with them. That is

precisely what they would like, and what would give them an importance and an influence which they can win in no other way. Why should an impregnable fortress exchange shots with a passing schooner? Silence would be a better defense than a salvo, and deprive the schooner of the privilege of being reported in the newspapers. The world whirls toward the sun, and never stops to parley with the east wind. The great river, checked by a dam, quietly piles up its waters, buries the dam, and, rolling over it, grasps the occasion for a new exhibition of its positive power and beauty. The rip-rap shuts an ocean door, but the ocean has a million doors through which it may pour its tides. Stopping to deny denials is as profitless as stopping to deny truths. It is consenting to leave an affirmative for a negative position, which is a removal to the weak side.

So a man who has really anything positive in him has nothing to do but persistently to work and live it out. If he is a politician or a statesman, or a reformer or a literary man, he can make himself felt most as a power in the world, and be securest of ultimate recognition, by living a boldly affirmative life, and doing thoroughly that which it is in him to do, regardless of assault, detraction and misconstruction. The enemies of any man who suffers himself to be annoyed by them will be certain to keep him busy. The world has never discovered anything nutritious in a negation, and the men of faith and conviction will always find a multitude eager for the food they bear. Men will continue to drink from the brooks and refuse to eat the stones that obstruct them. Even error itself in an affirmative form is a thousand times more powerful than when it appears as a denial of a truth.

THE OLD CABINET.

STANDING on the main deck of the ferry-boat, near the shore end, and facing the stream that flows up the ferry-bridge, boatward, is a middle-aged man in a greasy-gray suit and soiled neck-tie, and with a bronzed, weather-beaten face, over which you may notice a slight shadow of sadness. It might seem at first a queer uncomfortable place for the quiet little man to persist in keeping his station. You might think it remarkable that he does not get crushed under the hoofs and wheels that come scrambling and sliding around him; you might wonder that he does not take refuge in that part of the steamer in irony devoted to Gentlemen, or on the other side, called with still subtler and sharper humor, the Ladies' Cabin. You might wonder, I say, if you did not know, that he is the Man of Destiny; if you did not observe that not a driver drives aboard without taking his direction from him. A glance of the eye, a nod of the head; a beckon of the finger, a swing of the hand, and the wagon passes this side or that—to the right or to the left.

There is a singular fascination for me about this man of the imperious gesture. Every day I stand and watch him till the two long passage-ways which stretch one on each side of the engine-room are quite full; till there is no more room inside of the chains, —and the boat pushes off on its voyage to the other shore.

It is the voyage of life, I say to myself, and my little man in the greasy-gray suit is the Chance that meets us when we come aboard, and directs our way. No wonder his face is sad. It is blind enough work for him. He has no time to consider fine, far-reaching results. What he has to do with is the balance of the boat. She must be kept trim, no matter which side the coal-cart or the phaeton goes. Men and women and horses and wagons must be nothing to him save so much ballast. If the hearse happens to

be sent after the bridal coach, it is because the load of pig-iron weighed more than the McFlimsey turnout, footmen, lapdog and all,—and perhaps the bride will not look out of the window.

Yes, he is as potent and as impotent as the stone that divides the mountain brook—sending one long river line to the sunrise, and the other to the sunset. For his lines do not stop at the other end of the boat. They run far up into the city, far on into the lives of these men and these horses. No one standing here on the ferry-boat can see where they end.

There is in the little man's face something besides sadness—something very much like cruelty, I think. You may be sure that the thunder on his brows will flash into the lightning of curses, if any driver dare thwart his will. One may attempt this, but it will be a vain attempt. This embodied Chance is too sudden for him. He is under the ferryman's full dominion before the rebellion in his soul has time to organize for action. The horses strain up the steep incline, the iron hoofs seizing the slippery planks with fearful clatter; they reach the deck and surge forward under fierce headway; now the glitter of the little man's eye, the team swings to port, and the driver, with belated oaths, parts company with his starboard-bound chum of the butcher cart.

I suppose if I could fully understand my little man of the ferry, I should have a clue to the mystery of life. This element of Chance in history, what a curious thing it is! But history, after all, is something afar off. It is the Chance in our own lives that is above all things wonderful. Why, it sometimes seems that I have chanced upon everything I have had of good or ill. How often something has happened to me,—something so slight, maybe, in the outward seeming, that no one else has taken cognizance of it—and I have tried hard to remember how the world looked five minutes before.

I have some little thing to write. Will it be the same, I wonder, if I write it to-morrow instead of to-day? I sit here at the Old Cabinet, and the thoughts rush in upon me from all the darkling corners of the room; through the closed windows; from the open fireplace, where an armful of broken branches threatens the cool air. Suppose I am called to the door by a begging tramp: when I come back will I be greeted by the same ærial throng; or will one of the sisterhood turn her grieved face from me forever? As I was falling asleep last night I thought of something concerning the man of the ferry which should find a place among these paragraphs. I half believe I have remembered it; but whether that very notion were recaught and fixed on the page, just as it came to me then, or whether it fled away on the wings of a dream, I shall never know.

. . . And that slow Chance we sometimes call Fate;—how hard it is for us to believe that things are what it has made them. So little the rift in the lute. If only; if only! Ah, that first night of Mario, when the world-famous singer stood there so like himself, but with that melancholy ghost of a voice scaring us to tears! Here was the old sweetness and tenderness and art,—surely an effort might bring the old clearness and vigor and thrill!

I have a friend who thinks he can write poetry. Sympathizing as I do with this yearning of his for expression, whenever he brings me a new piece of verse to criticise, I say to myself, this time it must be a poem. But it isn't. There is no lift in it at all; not a ray of the light they talk about, that never was! And here is Ambrosia's last painting—the drawing is so careful and correct; the color is so good; the labor has been so long and loving; but it is not a picture, and it is so clear that she can never make a picture. With both would-be poet and painter, you see, it was the big Chance that came early and killed off all the little chances. They happened not to be born poet and painter, and no minor happening may relieve the monotony or lessen the pathos of their mediocrity.

It is the same in morals. Have you not said again and again of some dear fellow—this moment he is so bright and cheerful, and seems so sane; so one with these innocent, joyous companions of his; he cannot be the wreck we have thought him; now if the tempter comes he will be strong to conquer; now, at last, he will escape his fate! But alas, and alas!

And the chain of Chances that dragged those we love to the grave—thinking, sometimes, how slight the links; how easily they might have been broken and flung aside,—I tell you I have almost, for a moment, brought my dead to life!

. . . It sometimes seems that I have chanced upon everything I have had of good or ill. But looking back, I know now well why the fickle goddess of Fortune was called the sister of Law,—I know now well why in these latter days the world has found another name for both Law and Fortune.

THE begging tramp who did not come to the door, started our conversation this evening on the subject of beggars and forlorn folks in general.

It is rather interesting to see how even with some very benevolent people a moral taint is a bar to charity. Is he honest? they ask first. If that question is answered satisfactorily, their generosity knows no bounds. But if the poor fellow has the double misfortune of a light purse and a slim conscience,—then he must move on! If he is sick in body, they help him, O how tenderly! If he is sick in soul they cast him off without compunctions. If a pile of bricks falls and breaks his leg, how quickly they run for bandages; but if a sadder accident overwhelms him in moral misery, they think they do well to abandon him to his fate. They appear never to consider how brittle the legs of their own virtue; how fortunate for themselves that their ways lie not alongside of tottering moral brick-piles.

Yes, said the Present Incumbent, when we remember how easy it is for even the good to go astray, and the inconsistency of human character generally, it behooves us—

I don't believe in inconsistency of character, interrupted Theodosia. The actions we call contradictory, and the lives we call inconsistent, are plain and consistent enough when we come to study them. Every one knows, for instance, that lavish generosity and supreme selfishness may belong to the same type of character—they meet in those jolly good fellows who cheerfully take the clothes off their backs to give to strangers, and as cheerfully let their own families go naked. When humanity is thoroughly understood, there will be no more talk about inconsistency.

For my part, said neighbor Jacobus, I am tired of this everlasting balancing of qualities, this justice that consults family trees and cranial developments. What we want is a little wholesale condemnation. I should like to be able to look some man straight in the eyes and say (*sotto voce*),—My dear sir, I am happy to know that you are a perfect scoundrel, an unmitigated scamp, a person in whose rascality there is not the shadow of a shade of alleviation, for whom pity is impossible and hanging too good.

WHILE we were talking, I noticed that the Poet appeared to be copying something from the backs of old envelopes and scraps of paper which he had taken from his breast-pocket. After he had gone, I found the following verses, scribbled in lead-pencil, lying on the desk of the Old Cabinet:—

THE SONG OF A ROSE.

I loved a red rose in a garden :
My comrade leaned over the fence
And playfully plucked it thence—
Not so much as 'I beg your pardon'!

*There is one who goeth yet stayeth ;
There is one who stays yet is gone.*

*You shall weep and make your moan
On the grave of the friend who betrayeth.*

The rose that was gathered so gladly
Was dear but a little hour :
He held it at last in his power,
Nor ever the lover loved madly.

*There is heat that is colder than coldness ;
There is ice that scorches and burns.
There's a gray-eyed woman who learns
A modesty baser than boldness.*

Ah me ! my poor rose to discover
Where one had thrown it in scorn !
Sweet rose with never a thorn—
Come now to thy true, true lover !

*There is joy that pierceth like sorrow ;
There is sorrow that maketh not sick.
To-day I am glad to the quick ;
I shall laugh at the pain to-morrow.*

But alas for the vision that closes !
And alas for the day and the doom !

Where have wandered thy perfume and bloom
O my queenliest rose of all roses !

*There is light that is black as the breath is
Of hell,—and a night like the day.
There's a moment that liveth alway,
And a life that is deader than death is :*

O not that the touch of the viper
Had turned all its sweetness to sour !
I have known a fair fruit and a flower
That a hurt had made richer and ripier.

*There are nays that are loud with yeses ;
There are yeses cruel with nays.
Prithee soil me not with your praise,
And curse me not with caresses !*

In vain, O in vain to deplore it,—
The rose that was loved but a space ;
For this was its grace of grace,—
The grace of a fence before it !

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Stone Implements of Great Britain.

In a review of Evans' work on this subject a writer in *Nature* says: Those who are not already versed in the science of Archæology will be astonished to learn the infinite variety of uses to which the apparently stubborn and unmanageable rock called flint has been converted. We may perhaps doubt if in the very earliest ages it was used for purposes of warfare, and we prefer to give our progenitors the benefit of that doubt, and to believe that those were "golden ages"—times of primitive piety and peace ; and that it was only for purposes of husbandry and the chase, and domestic use, that they worked up the materials found in their plains and valleys. Thus we find descriptions of Celts, or axes for felling trees or hewing canoes, hoes, threshing-machines, as now used in the East—or perhaps harrows, scrapers for preparing skins, arrows for birds or other "small deer," knives, gouges, saws, mullers or pounding stones, chisels, hammer-axes or picks, and polishing or grinding stones, of which there must have been great need. Nor were the women of the period left destitute of their share of the stony spoil ; for we find rings, armlets, amulets, spindle-whorls, pestles, and, in the cave deposits, needles of bone of admirable workmanship, which might have been, and probably were, drilled by flint flakes.

Notwithstanding all that has been written on the subject, there seems to be still much doubt as to the uses for which some, and no inconsiderable number, of

these objects were designed. For all useful purposes it would have sufficed that the cutting edge of a stone axe should alone be polished and ground, yet it is often, indeed usually, found that the entire surfaces of the faces and sides exhibit a polish which could only have been obtained by long and apparently profitless labor. And not only so, but many of these are very fragile, being slightly made and of delicate workmanship, and others are of such small dimensions that, as Mr. Boucher de Perthes pointed out, they never could have been available for any kind of hard work. Many of these exhibit no signs whatever of fracture or even of scratching either at the butt or the edge, indications which could not possibly have been wanting had they ever been used for weapons or tools. Besides which, while many of the districts in which they are found contain abundance of rocks suitable for all ordinary purposes, these implements are often made of Asiatic stones of beautiful colors and capable of taking a high polish.

This being so, the discovery of these implements in Europe may have some bearing upon an important ethnological question. We have good reason to believe that the dolmen builders came, in the first instance, from India. May we not then regard it as possible that the fabrication of polished implements, as well as the practice of dolmen building, originated in India, where they are still retained, and that these costly polished stone implements were brought hither by our Aryan ancestors, as the Israelites carried their Teraphim about with them, or as the Trojans, after

the fall of their city, are represented in Virgil as carrying with them their household gods?

We find abundant traces of the Aryan language in our own, and of their sepulchral architecture in our dolmens; why should we not find in our fields some of their idols? It is quite consistent with, and in a certain sense confirmatory of such a belief, that in almost every country in which these things are found they are regarded by the common people with superstitious reverence, as if the practice of adoration had in the lapse of ages merged in a vague and faint tradition of sanctity. It has been usual with almost all people, in all ages, that those things which they most esteemed in life should rest with them in their graves; and as we often find the priest's paten and chalice placed in his coffin, or the Anglo-Saxon's sword and shield laid beside him in the earth, so possibly these pre-historic men may have wished that the stone idols which when living they adored—the Lares and Penates of their time—should be laid beside them in their tombs.

Winter Clothing.

In his experiments to determine the heat-conducting power of linen, cotton, wool, and silk, Sir Humphrey Davy found not only that these materials conducted heat in the order given above, linen being the best, but also that the tightness or looseness of weaving possessed an important influence. It is therefore evident that in the selection of winter clothing, and especially of that to be worn next the skin, the materials of least conducting power, as wool and silk, should be chosen, and the fabrics should be loosely woven.

As regards the external garments the same rules apply with equal force, but in this case care should be taken to remove overcoats and shawls when in a warm room; especially should this precaution be observed in the instance of the furs worn by ladies. The habit of wearing these articles for hours in succession while shopping and visiting, often so weakens the powers of resistance in the wearers that they become the ready victims of inflammations of the throat and lungs. To such an extent does this occur in New York that many of the most skillful physicians advise their patients to discontinue the use of furs, and the advice is often followed with the most satisfactory results.

Loss of Weight in Freezing Wood.

A CENTURY ago Datiband showed that when wood is submitted to a degree of cold sufficient to freeze the water contained in its texture, the wood, on being thawed, had diminished considerably in weight. This he explained on the hypothesis that the wood, in the contraction produced by the cold, had expelled a portion of the water contained in its tissues.

Hofmeister proved the loss of weight, but explained it on the theory that, in freezing, the fluids of the plant had surrendered their dissolved gases and these diminished its weight.

Studying the phenomena of freezing under these conditions, M. Ed. Prillieux thinks that since the ice

forms around the cells, the fluids contained in these organisms must pass outside of them, and consequently be more favorably exposed to the influence of evaporation, and the diminution of the weight be thus produced.

Magnetism of Iron Ships.

THE approach of the era of American iron ships renders a knowledge of the subject of magnetism in such vessels a matter of general interest. We therefore quote the following statements of the Liverpool Compass Committee as given in *Van Nostrand's Journal*:—

A definite magnetic character is impressed upon every iron ship while on the building slips, and is never afterwards entirely lost.

A considerable reduction takes place in the magnetism of an iron ship on first changing her position after launching, but afterwards any permanent change in its direction or amount is a slow and gradual process.

The original magnetism of an iron ship is constantly subject to small fluctuations from change of position, arising from new magnetic induction.

The compass errors occasioned by the more permanent part of a ship's magnetism may be successfully compensated.

The effects of listing or heeling on the magnetism which has been, as it were, hammered into the ship during her construction are treated of at length, but for the consideration of this we are obliged to refer the reader to the original article.

Can a Bird Reason?

IN an article on this subject, T. M. Brewer remarks: Of the seven kinds of the swallow family inhabiting North America, all but one are known to have undergone a more or less complete and radical change of life, seeking the protection and companionship of man, and making great and important changes in their nesting, both as to location and architectural structure.

These evidences of reasoning power in birds are by no means confined to the swallow family. We see its manifestations in the change of life and habits of even the proverbially not over-intelligent gull, which at Grand Manan, taught by generations of persecutions, and robbed of its eggs with ruthless greed by man, no longer nests on the treacherous shore, but with its clumsy webbed feet builds itself a nest in high and inaccessible forest-trees. We see it too in that intense caution, mis-called cunning, with which that poor persecuted benefactor of the farmer, the crow, is compelled to guard his hunted life. This caution has been taught him by the severe lessons of experience and by his own powers of reason. It is foreign to the crow's nature. In Nova Scotia, where our absurd prejudice against the crow has no existence, we may still find this same species as familiar as our common robin in Massachusetts. And in the West, in Iowa, for

instance, where the farmers appreciate their value and welcome them as friends, there also we find the natural, untaught, confiding crow.

Fishes' Eyes.

THE eye in the lancelet and the hag is of the simplest form, consisting of a nerve termination coated with black pigment and capable only of perceiving the presence of light. In young lampreys, while they remain buried in the sand, the eyes are very minute and undeveloped; but when they reach the adult period these organs are developed to an average size. In the majority of fishes the eyes are admirably adapted to the purposes of vision in water, and in the four-eyed fish of South America not only are the eyes very perfect, but they are also divided into an upper and lower portion, giving them the appearance of two pupils and enabling the fish to pursue its prey when out of as well as when under the water. In the catfishes the greatest variety is found in the size and arrangement of the visual organs, from the large eyes on the sides to minute ones placed on the upper surface of the head. In some of the members of this family they are so buried under the skin or incased in folds of cartilage as to be of little or no use.

Auroras and Sun-Spots.

As regards the relation of auroras to sun-spots, M. Wolf of Zurich has shown that the periodic return of auroras and magnetic perturbations coincides with that of the maximum of spots on the surface of the sun. M. Tacchini has proved for the aurora of Feb. 4th the presence of a great number of spots on the day preceding and following, with a maximum at the time of the appearance of the aurora, together with many protuberances and brilliant flames.

Loomis, on the other hand, has collected the observations for nearly two centuries, and shows that while the solar spots and appearance of auroras coincide, the periodicity does not hold for polar regions, where the number of auroras is the same daily, at least in the winter months, and does not vary sensibly from one year to another. De la Rive agrees with Loomis that it is not the number of auroras but their intensity that varies, which explains why there should be nearly the same number at the poles, while only the greater ones are at times visible in the lower latitude.

Transmission of Education.

MR. L. HUNT relates that, having purchased an uneducated Skye terrier, he with great difficulty taught him the accomplishment of "sitting up." The long course of tuition was not owing to any especial stupidity on the part of the dog, for when this trick was acquired he learned many others with great ease. In course of time the Skye became the father of a family, and one of his daughters, who had never seen her father, was in the constant habit of "sitting up," although she had never been taught to do so,

and had not seen other dogs sit up. Mr. Hunt adds, she is especially given to this performance when any other dog is being scolded. Whether this is an instance of helping a fellow-animal, of which Darwin gives so many curious instances, or whether the dog simply hopes to avert the passing storm from her own head, the fact appears patent, that this dog inherited the impression that "sitting up" has some special virtue for turning away wrath.

The Death of the Evergreens.

In a paper read by Mr. S. B. Parsons before the Rural Club of New York, the author said: It must be recollected that we often have a warm season in January, and sometimes in March, succeeded by intense cold, but without any injury to plants. The last winter was one of very steady cold, and there was no warm weather either in January, February, or March. The ground has never been filled with moisture since the dry year of 1870. The rains of last summer did not penetrate deeply, and the whole of last winter was so free from rain that nearly all cisterns were exhausted. The soil therefore became as dry as dust. Now it is well known that if the root of a plant is exposed to the open air when the cold is extreme it will perish, but if it is covered in the earth it is safe. The moisture in the ground, freezing with the earth, forms a casing around the roots through which the cold cannot penetrate. But if the soil is perfectly dry, there is no solid incasement for the roots and the frost passes freely in, killing the delicate fibers. Such was the state of the soil last winter, and the result seems perfectly natural.

In the discussion which followed, Horace Greeley, the President of the Society, stated that his observations led him to the conclusion, that those evergreens died which were sheltered from the weather, while others of the same variety, standing in more exposed situations, came out in spring unharmed, or, at worst, only slightly affected; on his own farm this was almost invariably true. In the warm sunny nooks the sap started in February, then came the biting frost, and death ensued. In his opinion, two-thirds of all the evergreens that were killed, were killed by the tremendous freeze in early March, for the trees that were destroyed round about New York and on Long Island passed unscathed through the more rigorous but more uniform winter in New Hampshire.

Narrow and Broad Gauge Railroads.

FROM the report of a committee of the convention at St. Louis, appointed to investigate the merits of this question, we obtain the following extracts:—

The cost of a three-foot gauge road will be on the average less than one-half that of the present broad gauge railroads.

The expense of the transportation of passengers over each kind of road is shown by the following table, in which the number of pounds dead weight for each passenger is given.

PASSENGER CARS.

Gauge.	Weight of car in lbs.	No. of passengers	Lbs. dead weight per passenger.
Broad	38,000	56	678
Narrow	12,000	36	333

The advantage possessed by the narrow over the broad gauge is, of course, greatly increased when the cars are only partially occupied, as is so generally the case.

The Cedar of Lebanon.

THE following romantic account is given by Professor Daubeny of the difficulty Bernard de Jussieu experienced in conveying the first Cedar of Lebanon to France, in 1737. Owing to the tempestuous weather and contrary winds, the vessel was driven out of its course, and the voyage so prolonged that the water began to fail. All on board were put on an allowance of one glass of water daily. Jussieu shared his allowance with his plant, and finally arrived with it in safety at Marseilles. Here all his pains seemed likely to be thrown away, for as he had been driven by the want of a flower-pot to plant it in his hat, he excited on landing the suspicions of the Custom-House officials, who at first insisted upon emptying the strange pot to see whether any contraband goods were therein concealed.

With much difficulty he prevailed upon them to spare his bantling, and succeeded in carrying it in triumph to Paris, where it flourished in the Jardin des Plantes, and grew till it reached one hundred years of age, and eighty feet in height, when it was cut down to make room for a railway.

Iron in the Blood.

It is admitted that iron is a necessary constituent of the blood, it must be found in the food or the animal will perish. All vegetables which nourish animal life, therefore, in all probability require iron in the soil in which they grow in order to reach their full development.

Prince Salm-Horstmar made a series of experiments on the function of this metal in plant-life, and succeeded in communicating chlorosis to grass and colza by growing them in a soil free from iron; he also showed that the chlorosis disappeared when iron was furnished. Eusebe Gris, in 1849, first attached chlorosis of the leaves to a want of iron.

M. Boussingault now shows that even in the white blood of invertebrates there is almost as much iron as there is in red blood, and those plants without green coloring matter, as mushrooms, contain as much as those which are so colored.

Memoranda.

IN an article in *The American Chemist*, on the distribution of arsenic in the body, Professor J. C. Draper shows that in poisoning by this substance only a very minute portion is to be found in the muscular

tissue of the stomach after death, nearly the whole of the quantity contained in the organ being in the contents of the stomach, and only a minute trace in the muscular tissue.

A larger proportion of white flowers are fragrant than those of any other color; yellow comes next, then red, blue, violet, green, orange, brown. (*The Horticulturist*.)

The Academy of Sciences and Belles-Lettres of Caen has offered a prize of 4,000 francs for a paper on "The part played by leaves in vegetation." Papers must be sent before December 31, 1875, to M. Travers, Secretary of the Academy, Caen.

In preparing a hanging basket, select plants of a similar nature, such as like shade and moisture: the Fuchsia, Lobelia, Ivy, Geraniums, Linaria, Panicum, Gold and Silver Vinca, Ferns. A basket for a hot, sunny situation should be filled with Coleus for center, also Petunia (double), Sedums, Convolvulus minor, Nasturtiums, Bignonia, Mignonette for trailing. A Carnation will make a constant blooming center, a Coleus a brilliant one. (*American Farmer*.)

The effect of absinthe on chickens has been recently investigated by M. Z. Pussier. He finds that they die in a condition of extreme emaciation.

In arranging gardens in the spring the roots of the hardy perennials should be divided, since vigorous young shoots bear larger flowers than matted old ones.

In a communication from Natal, Mr. G. R. Blanche says: My opinion is that the unicorn existed recently in Africa, and that it is not proved to be extinct now, but that the probability of its being in existence now is very great. Mr. Blanche asks, if the unicorn never existed, why drawings of it should be made in Namaqua Land, Natal, and Cape Colony. It might be suggested that perhaps they were copied from the British representations.

An examination of twenty peach orchards in Delaware and Maryland shows that in those which were well cultivated, the buds on the peach-trees were plump and healthy, while in those which were not cultivated the buds were blighted. In the first the new wood was formed early in the season, and the buds were well matured and able to endure the winter cold, while in the latter the buds, being immature and spongy, succumbed to the action of the frost.

Incombustible clothing may be prepared by the action of the tungstate of soda on the fabric employed. In a recent paper by Mr. Patera, the author objects to this substance on account of its price, and proposes as a substitute a mixture of four parts of borax and three of sulphate of magnesia dissolved in twenty or thirty parts of water. Into this mixture the article is dipped and then dried. Another substitute is sulphate of ammonia and gypsum. These mixtures may be applied to crape, tulle, muslin, canvas, wood, and rope.

When a carpet is taken up to be cleansed, the floor beneath it is generally much covered with dust. This dust is very fine, dry, and poisonous to the lungs. Before removing it, sprinkle the floor with very dilute carbolic acid, to kill any poisonous germs that may be present, and to thoroughly disinfect the floor and make it sweet. (*Journal of the Farm.*)

Throughout the districts of France where the beligerent armies established their camps, foreign plants have appeared in profusion. Of these a large proportion are natives of Algeria and of the Mediterranean coasts. In one instance on the arid sands near Orleans, where ordinarily nothing but wretched stunted herbs are found, one hundred and fifty-seven new species have sprung up, which were not only growing luxuriantly but had also survived an unusually severe winter. The accidental acclimatization of so many species in a more northern region has directed attention anew to the subject, and experiments are to be made with a view of rendering the districts in ques-

tion more valuable agriculturally by the systematic introduction and acclimatization of plants from equally arid but warmer countries.

The berries of the mountain ash are employed in certain forest regions in Europe for the manufacture of alcoholic drinks.

M. Champouillon believes that alcohol, in lowering the vitality of the tissues, hastens their decomposition after death. Especially was this noticed as regards the time at which decomposition intervened in the bodies of the soldiers and insurgents in Paris—the former being temperate, the latter often drinkers.

Mr. Phillipeaux claims to have developed bone in the abdominal walls of a rabbit by the transplantation of periosteum from the tibia. The ossification was complete in fifty days, but at the termination of one hundred and twenty days the new bone had disappeared, having been absorbed. The results recall the experience related in Hudibras.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

A Funeral Service.

SUMMER is dead, but her fair form still lies in its accustomed resting-place. And we who loved her have not till now found it in our hearts to put it away out of our sight. But the time has come when this last office of grief and tenderness is required of us. We must bury our dead.

Every day, as we walk in the garden our hearts murmur requiem. No saucy smile, no merry twinkle of flower-cup or dance of tendril, meet us in bed or border. Where the salvia bloomed and heliotrope made sweet the air, blackened stalks tell tale of desolation. The holly-hock leaves, pendent and yellow, are heavy with silver rime, the "roses, roses all in a row," hang their heads; verbenas are brown and sear, geraniums reddened no longer nor fuchsias nod—and the rusty swords of the gladioli cumber the ground. But few blossoms remain: the chrysanthemum—the Christmas flower; snow-berries; some phlox and stocks; the frost-sweet blossoms of mignonette, and a sprig or two of the brave little Alyssum, last of the fair sisterhood, cast, as it were, by Nature's reluctant fingers upon the corpse of her fairest child.

With tender hands we proceed to our task. Every long lithe rose-stem shall have a separate grave—"Resurgam" written upon it in characters of hope. We pull at the yellowing sword-lilies, and as each comes from the ground, lo! a pair of red-brown tubers where but one went in, compound interest of the generous soil. The violets must be blanketed in soft dry leaves; pinks set deeper in the earth; the ivy on the walls be matted in warm straw, and boughs of evergreen heaped over the bed where the first spring blossoms are to appear. When all is done, each border made smooth and every bed neatly raked, the des-

olate look has vanished. There is air of promise in midst of sadness, and a mingling of hope with the farewell.

For our confidence in Nature is undying. Amid the storms and rigors of winter, when deep snows block our doors and all earth seems locked in iron, we rest on her

"Sweet records, promises as sweet,"

and trust in Spring. We doubt our fellow-men; we despair of ourselves, but we never distrust her! There is a cheerful note even in the dirge of Autumn, and the funeral service of the year, celebrated in her company, ends always with the grand and triumphant words—

"In hope of a glorious Resurrection."

Some Garden Work for November.

ALTHOUGH the garden now presents so sad and funereal an appearance, there is much that must be done therein, if we would see renewed the glories of the summer. Not only faith but works are needed now.

Geraniums, even when bitten and crumpled by the frost, are not always killed. Their succulent roots and branches may yet be brimful of life, and if we desire to preserve them for another summer, we should pull them up by the roots, cut off the latest growth, and the buds and blossoms, and hang them up by the roots to the rafters of a cool, dark, frost-proof cellar. Here they will retain their vitality until another spring. All the double and single varieties of the Zonale and Nosegay Geraniums can be treated in this manner, with perfect certainty of success.

Sweet-scented Geraniums and Pelargoniums can be kept in boxes of light, sandy soil, in a cool cellar, and a little water may be given them about once a month.

It is well, before transplanting them, to cut out the freshest growth, and trim off the lower branches and leaves.

English gardeners tell us that Scarlet Salvias can be thus treated: Cut down the stalks nearly to the roots, after all the leaves are killed, then place them in dry sand. In April, the roots will begin to grow, when they can be divided and planted in boxes or pots, or, if the season allows, can be set in the open border.

Fuchsias may be safely wintered by lifting the roots after their leaves are killed, and packing them in dry sand in boxes, then covering them with hay, and placing them in a cool cellar free from frost and damp. In England, the Fuchsia is treated like a perennial, is sheltered during the winter by mats, and trails over windows and porches like our honeysuckles. In California it grows as luxuriantly as our Lilac-bushes, attaining the same height; while we of these Eastern States tend it carefully as a lovely green-house darling.

Gladioli must not be removed to winter quarters until just before the ground freezes. The bulbs can be placed in paper bags and kept in any dry place which is frost-proof.

Hybrid Perpetual, China, Bengal and Noisette Roses can be protected in very cold localities by being covered with heavy grass sods. A shovelful of barn-yard manure or compost should be thrown closely about their roots; then they are laid carefully down upon the earth, a bed having been hollowed out for their long branches. A few shovelfuls of earth keep them in place, and grass sods, green side uppermost, are tightly fitted over them. These are trodden down on all sides, not a crevice being left into which the cold air can creep; and the garden or yard will then present the appearance of a graveyard; but the first snow hides all the elevations, and the roses are secured in warm beds.

Geraniums, Roses, Fuchsias, etc., can be buried in a trench. The trench should be dug in a location where no water will settle, and it should be three or four feet deep, certainly below the reach of the frost. Line the trench with straw, tan-bark, or coarse hay; lay the plants in a row, and cover with straw, etc. Then fill in the earth, finishing off with a ridge or roof, shaped so as to carry off the melting snow or rain.

Half-hardy woody plants can generally be successfully wintered in this manner. Try it, fair friends, and prove its truth. We all grieve to see our thrifty Geraniums, Heliotropes, etc., that have been the pride of our gardens, cut down in all their beauty and killed; but by preparing such a trench, and cutting off the blackened leaves, and the shoots of the tenderest, latest growth, we can preserve them for another year.

When our tenderer plants are safely housed, we must turn our attention to those which still retain their beauty, and must pick off all the dead blossoms

and leaves, and scatter compost or manure liberally around their roots to increase their strength and vigor.

The walks should also be kept clear of weeds and leaves, and all decayed stems, leaves, and flowers removed, so that a sober neatness may succeed the summer's brilliancy and beauty.

Perennials should now be transplanted and divided. Once in three years these plants require a division of their shoots, and a new location. Fresh loam should be added to the old bed, or a new bed prepared. No class of flowers is more desirable than perennials. They require little attention, and always repay it bounteously with their delicate or gorgeous flowers.

Peonies should be removed to new quarters at this time; they should never be disturbed in the spring.

The handsomest flowers of Asters and Zinnias should be saved for seed. Verbena seeds can easily be saved from a flourishing bed of plants, and the flowers raised from seedlings are always the finest, and bloom the most profusely.

Stockgillies should be carefully selected for seed—the double varieties never produce seed pods—but the single flowers that bloom nearest the double plants will give the best double flowers for another season.

Double Pinks rarely produce any seeds, but the single plants that come in contact with them will give the finest seeds.

Great attention must be paid to potting plants for Window Gardens. If possible, procure the soil from a green-house; the cost is trifling, and you will be fully repaid in the growth of your plants. Put a few bits of charcoal into the bottom of the pots; they serve to keep the soil sweet, and also increase the vigor of the roots. Partially fill the pot with soil and place the roots carefully in it, endeavoring to arrange them as they grew in the ground; then put in more soil and crowd it down on the roots. Much of the non-success of amateur florists results from not attending to this precaution. If the plants are loosely potted the tiny rootlets wither and die. After the soil has been firmly pressed down shake the pot vigorously, and fill it up with rich soil, but not so full that when you water it, the greater part of the water will run off at the sides, and the roots obtain but little of it. Water with warm water, never with that which is cold to the hand. Set the plants in a dark cellar or closet for three or four days unless it is cloudy. The sunlight will wilt the tender leaves and stems of any plant that is transplanted, and, once thoroughly wilted, it will take a long time to recover its vigor. If plants are potted late in the afternoon, when it is nearly dark, they stand a much better chance of success.

Fall Weather and Warm Blood.

WE should never allow ourselves to forget that nature intended us for warm-blooded animals. In this climate of surprising changes, we are very apt to forget it, especially in the fall and spring. At such

seasons, when we freeze and simmer on alternate days, there is engendered in us a certain recklessness, which takes no heed of cold or heat, dampness or dryness, and receives all temperatures with the same front, generally a defenseless one. It is certainly very troublesome to change front as often as the weather, and there is a prejudice in American minds against such change, which has a great deal to do with the rapidly increasing population of our graveyards. People like to have some stability of purpose, and if they can have it in nothing else they will try to have it in their dress. They will not make a change until they make a permanent one for the season. No matter how hot it is in the spring, they will wear spring clothes until summer, and no matter how cool it may be in August, summer clothes must be worn until fall shall actually set in. Thus oftentimes suddenly and with sad results we find ourselves approaching the condition of the fishes and lizards,—for the chill, that alert forerunner of disease, is ever ready, in our climate, to take advantage of circumstances.

We suppose that there are no people in the world so indifferent to the demands of the weather—especially cool weather—as Americans, and one reason of this is that very many of us are ashamed to keep warm. To wrap up and button up, and to put down windows whenever there is a chilling change in the air, argues, to most minds, a namby-pamby eagerness to be well that is repugnant to the hardy American soul. So, rather than be laughed at, we shiver. We prefer tragedy to comedy, the grave to the ridiculous.

But ridicule cannot arrogate to itself all credit for chilling society. Comfort and pleasurable sensation have a hand in this great work. Cool air, especially if it be also a little damp, is often extremely pleasant in its immediate effects. But what is pleasant is not always good for us. We know very well that this is true in regard to our sinful practices and wicked ways, but the most pleasant forms of sin are scarcely more delightful than to get thoroughly heated and then sit with bared throat and bosom in a good, strong, damp draught. So pleasure will not always answer as a guide, either in a physical or a moral point of view. If we want to be healthy and good, we must do some things that we don't like, and it often will happen that among these we will find the necessity of keeping warm in the fall of the year.

Fall Fires.

THE necessity of keeping warm naturally suggests fires. And why cannot we have them earlier in the fall? What is there about a fire that we should shrink from it until its warmth becomes a necessity? Cost of fuel has much to do with the late advent of warm hearthstones, but there are other luxuries which do not frighten us that are much more costly and not nearly so well worth the money that is paid for them.

Apart from its healthfulness, of which so much could be said that we will say nothing, a fire in the fall

is a luxury. Not only because in the mornings and evenings it softens the in-door air, as the sun softens the air out-of-doors at noon, but because it suggests the joys of winter at a time when its hardships are not yet known; it gives us the rose without the thorn. And if we are so conditioned as to be able to command a wood fire—never so suitable as in the mildly cold days of October and November—how can we reconcile it to our consciences to deny it to ourselves? Let us then bring

“Old wood to burn!
Ay, bring the hill-side beech
From where the owlets in ‘et and screech,
And ravens croak;
The crackling pine and cedar sweet;
Bring, too, a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug ‘neath the fern;
The knotted oak,
A fagot too, perhaps,
Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,
Shall light us to our drinking,
While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.”

And even if we have to omit the peat, and though tea shall fill our drinking-cup—let us have the fire.

The Sick-Room.

WHEN we make the sad discovery that the illness which we hoped would be but temporary, is lingering with a dreary persistency that bids fair to continue for months, and it may be for years, our first care should be to select one, and, if possible, two rooms, which may be devoted exclusively to the invalid's use.

Of course the location of the sick-room must depend principally upon the plan and situation of the house, but there are certain requisites of sunlight, fresh air, and quiet, which we should study to obtain.

The narrow limits of a city house present many disadvantages, even with all the “modern improvements.” An invalid nearly always requires perfect quiet, which in the city cannot be obtained save on the upper floors. The two large rooms on one of these floors should be devoted to the invalid, using principally that one in which the sun can all day pour its health-giving beams, and the other reserved as a sort of withdrawing room, in which the invalid should pass a portion of each day when practicable.

Between these two rooms should be two wide doors inclosing a middle space for closets, but providing that a full, free draught can at any time be obtained from front to rear, by opening the doors.

If there is a hall bed-room next to the room which is principally occupied, it may be reserved as a light closet, where a gas-stove can be kept, and various little operations may be performed to which the patient might object if done in his own room.

If the patient is unable to sit up long at a time, a large and comfortable bed should be placed in both apartments, always with the *head toward the window*. Nothing is more trying to either nerves or eyesight than light shining directly in the eyes, and even a side light, if the only one, is injurious. Many an invalid

complains that his room is too light, and demands that the blinds shall be closed, and shades drawn down, thus excluding the healing sunshine, simply because his nurse does not know enough to turn his bed around. When from any reason it is impossible to so place a patient that his back shall be to the light, a movable screen should be provided, which will protect the patient's eyes, while not excluding light or air from the room.

In a country-house the sick-rooms, where the basement is high and well-drained, may frequently be upon the first floor, without danger to the patient from dampness, or lack of ventilation, or irritation to his nerves from disagreeable sounds.

Our choice of situation in such a case would be on the first floor of a house with a very high basement. One room should open to the east and south, and the other to the south and west. Thus the first rays of the rising, the warm beams of the noonday, and the soft radiance of the setting sun should give their cheering presence to enliven the sufferer's place of imprisonment. In very warm weather it is easy to exclude the heat of the mid-day sun by blinds and shades, and at all other times light and heat are most desirable.

Both rooms should be large—eighteen by twenty feet is an excellent size; should not be separated by closets, but only by a wide door, which, when open, allows the inmates of the apartments an unobstructed view through the windows of both rooms. This openness of view detracts very much from the feeling of restraint so common and so oppressive in the rooms to which weary, chronic invalids are confined.

One of these rooms may communicate directly with the library or the family parlor; but the other, or patient's sleeping-room, should be separated from the rest of the house. Every sleeping-room should be provided with an abundance of closets, and when between two rooms they form double partitions, almost impenetrable to sound. One of these closets should be provided with a window and furnished with wash-basins, etc., as it is always disagreeable to the patient to have these articles in his own room. If the eastern or western windows can open upon a broad piazza or balcony, it will be a privilege appreciated by the invalid, as he can then often be rolled out upon it on sunny days, or, when able to walk, can take a few turns upon it.

It will frequently be impossible to secure two rooms thus situated without devoting to the invalid's use the family parlors. But let not this be considered too great a sacrifice. Persons in health can better endure to be deprived of the sun than invalids can; and if bright, cheerful, sunshiny rooms cannot be otherwise obtained, by all means let the pleasant parlors be given up to the sick one, while the healthy members of the family betake themselves to the less enjoyable apartments which the invalid would otherwise be compelled to occupy.

Where the entire dwelling is heated by a furnace, or by steam, it will probably be unnecessary to have

other means of warming the sick-room; but the fireplace should be *always* open, and kept ready for a wood or a coal fire whenever the patient shall express a desire for one. The fireplaces are excellent ventilating flues even without a fire, but are nearly perfect when supplied with a wood fire, the brisk blaze of which creates a strong ascending current, and continually carries off the ever-accumulating exhalations of the sick-room.

If there is no fireplace, a window opened a short distance from the bottom, in the room in which the patient is lying, and one let down from the top in the other large room, with the doors opened between the two, will form an effectual draught during any but the warm days of summer, and will not be too strong for the most delicate patient who is protected from the direct draught by the high head-board of the bed. In cold weather the window opened from the bottom will often be found sufficient. On very cold days we may trust to an entire change of air several times each day, effected by raising all the windows for a few moments at a time, during which the patient must be thoroughly protected by extra blankets, and a shawl about the head.

If stoves are the only means of heating the apartments, a "perpetual burner" (coal) may be used in one room to keep both at an even temperature, during day and night, but the sleeping-room should be provided with a wood stove; the brisk blaze in this answering to some extent the purpose of a fire in an open fireplace.

Many lives have been cut short by exaggerated notions in regard to fresh air. Air must be pure, but it should also be *warm*. To effect this there should be, day and night, a steady but gentle heat in the room of an invalid, accompanied by an equally steady and gentle current of fresh air.

Of Juveniles.

"There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl;
And it fell down over her forehead.
And when she was good,
She was very good indeed,
But when she was bad she was horrid."

A LADY walking through the fields one day was surprised to see coming through the buttercups and daisies a man whom she knew very well, who held by the hand, as he strolled along, a little girl, whom she also knew very well. The man was a bachelor of meditative mood, who had a reputation as a baby-hater, a despiser of children; one who held boys in aversion and who avoided girls. Some persons even went so far as to charge him (but most unjustly) with the authorship of that poetical perversion which reads:—

"A babe in a well is a house full of pleasure."

The little girl had also a reputation. She was known to be a willful, pettish, spoiled child. So perhaps it is no wonder that the lady was surprised to see

these two coming over the fields hand-in-hand, and apparently in pleasant converse.

"Why, my dear Mr. E——," she exclaimed when they met, "I thought you disliked children?"

"Oh, no!" said E——. "It isn't children I dislike, it's parents."

E—— has his reasons for making this distinction. He knew very well that in most cases out of a great many, strongly-marked disagreeable qualities in a child indicated the immediate influence of a foolish parent, and that when that influence was removed, even for a time, the child often exhibited a naturally good disposition, which was sometimes astonishing. He had noticed that children were very seldom fools, and that one of their earliest developed mental powers was the ability to read character; that a child of average intellect soon learned to see "right through" his father and mother, while its parents might be blind to the real qualities of their offspring. He had often said that, like the fish in an aquarium, children in a family could be properly looked at only by outsiders, and so, standing on the outside, he had studied children for years.

He had perhaps allowed himself to become somewhat biased in his opinion, so that his judgments of parents occasionally partook of the nature of prejudice, but in the main he was right. How could it be otherwise, when he had just had such a pleasant walk with this little girl? He had often walked with her in company with her parents, and he knew

what a terrible child she was on such occasions. She had discovered that her father and mother would become her slaves whenever she chose to make use of her various methods of subjugation, and therefore, not altogether because she wanted their attention and services, but principally from that love of power natural to humanity, she made herself obnoxious and her parents ridiculous. But with E—— the case was very different. She soon perceived that he saw through her tricks and devices, and that they had no effect upon him, and so, like a sensible girl as she was, she dropped them and became her natural self, and a very pleasant self it was. She respected E——, but she did not respect her parents. Here was the whole secret. As to love, there was no comparison. She loved her father and mother dearly, and probably did not love E—— at all, but she was a constant source of annoyance and mortification to her parents, while she was a very pleasant companion to her friend. And, on the other side, the influence of her parents was continually injurious to her, while that of E—— was a positive benefit. He was interesting to her, and as she knew she must behave herself if she wished his company, she planned her conduct accordingly.

But E—— got little credit for his admirable treatment of children. He was so uniformly opposed to their society when their parents were present—not making distinctions, sometimes, when he should have made them—that he obtained the reputation of a child-hater. And no one ever deserved it less.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Music.

THE work of last winter is bearing its legitimate fruit. The American public, like most other publics, it may be supposed, is an exacting, captious creature, and much inclined to stand on its rights. Like Robin Hood's men, it has taken an oath never to eat brown bread when it can get white; much more when it has *eaten* it,—white, fine, crisp and sweet, and got used to the taste. Never in future, we may expect, will it be possible for the wily managers to "go back on us," or to fall short, not merely of his own promise and previous performance, but of that of his more shrewd or enterprising colleagues. Time was when, all unused to artistic perfection, and unable to secure the presence of great performers in their freshest bloom and most vigorous activity, we were content to accept second-rate artists, of those who, having been of the first rank, had sunk below it by age, or bad habit, or infirmity. Sontag, and Frezzolini, and Braham, and a host of others, illustrated the tendency of European or native *impresari* to believe that anything was good enough for America; to try to palm off withered vegetables on the less exacting Western market, and to put into the blooming

harvest of Cisatlantic inexperience those well-worn sickles which had left the field of European profit gleaned and bare. But we are growing wiser. Now that we are able to return them their goods in kind, and, in art as in literature, to show that we may be in some sense not only self-supporting, but on occasion discriminating and hard to please, musical and dramatic enterprise goes more gingerly to work in securing its supply for our market. Nowadays, when a new star arises on the horizon of London, or Paris, or St. Petersburg, the far-seeing speculator fixes his telescope upon it, anxiously waiting till it shall have risen high enough and shone with sufficient luster to warrant the attempt to bring it within the occidental field of vision. When Campanini or Albani begins to stir the coterie of European criticism, straightway the fact is known, through the sensitive medium of the press, on this side the water, and immediately the whisper goes round, "When are we to have these good things in America?" And so we are beginning to have our æsthetic fruit ripe before it is—well, say *specked*, and many a light of the artist world, in the zenith of his power and fame, finds the temptations of Yankee managers strong enough to draw him

from the choicest blandishments of Old World capitals.

In business, and especially in catering to the public taste, we must have not only variety but progress. He who is not at least as clever as his predecessor comes halting off. Last year we had good artists in the noontide of their fame, and in some regards good management, accessories, and the like. This year we are promised more good artists, and plenty of them—greater variety and larger liberality in appliances. It is hard to rise above Nilsson, but, if it may be done, Maretzek means to do it with the bright, roguish, fiery little German *prima donna*, "the Berliner's Lucca." Of our own Kellogg why need we say more, to those who know her so well and so kindly, except that she comes back to us with her bird-like soprano as silvery as ever, and with the added ripeness and dignity of a fuller artistic cultivation to perfect her former girlish grace. With these two principal artists comes a crowd of subsidiary talent, of which, writing in advance, we can only say that they come well indorsed. By the time our article gets to our reader's eyes, he will have had the chance to judge of them *in esse* and not *in posse*, and so will gladly excuse us from the duty of a hypothetical criticism which he will be better able to make for himself, and with sounder data. But of what is and has been we may rightfully speak. The Strakosch concerts have begun, and have had precisely the measurable success they might properly expect. The really good material in them is, and will be, gratefully appreciated. It did not need this recent appearance to tell New Yorkers that Carlotta Patti is a clever though a faulty artist, amazing in some details of mere mechanical execution and striking ventriloquistic effect—unsatisfactory in the broader requisites of feeling, expression, and a fine poetic treatment. Carreño, with her girlish beauty, shows more than girlish promise of excellence as a pianist; and the boy violinist, Sauret, plays always with grace and delicacy—at times surprising us with the firm and assured power and intensity of manhood. Ronconi and Cary are too well known to need comment now.

But of Mr. Strakosch's great "card"—the once brilliant, admired, and petted Mario—what shall we say? How reconcile the stern requisites of pitiless truth-telling with our affectionate regard for one who has at no so long time ago given us our keenest artistic delight,—with the sympathy we instinctively feel for the impulse which brings the lyric artist again and again to the well-known scene of former triumphs? It is hard to outlive our own glory, and when Cicero wrote his *De Senectute*, to console us for the disabilities of advancing age, he forgot to make mention of those whose whole efficiency depends on the vigor and health of youthful or manly organism, and with whom white hairs and quavering voice mean not respect and obsequious observance, but penury and neglect.

But weak and painfully suggestive in its present deficiency as is the singing of the great tenor to-day, he will still attract, and the young people who go to hear "what he is like," will sit side by side with their elders who come to revive their memories of the past, and to live over, in his faltering strains, the pleasant days when they too were young, and joyous, and confident in their strength.

And, finally, with his shy, awkward bow, like a schoolboy doing obeisance to a committee man, and his long, unkempt black hair straggling over his rugged Slavonic features, the great Rubinstein steps on the stage, and without prefatory glance or gesture drops on the piano-stool and plunges into his work. For a single evening, either through personal mood or unfavorable position, we were at some trouble—let us now confess it—to judge how great he actually is. But a second hearing dispelled all doubt. Rubinstein is not only the greatest pianist we have had here, but almost out of all comparison great. *Facile princeps, hard simile aut secundum*, or any other well-worn phrase which the reader may manage to pick out of his dog-eared old Latin grammar, becomes literal in his case. In brief plain English, there is nobody like him, or who comes near it. Of course, the most immediately evident feature of this greatness is his mechanical command of the instrument, *inprimis*, the amazing hard-work of which he is capable. The mere labor of playing—well or ill—the four tremendous numbers on the last programme in which we heard him, would have reduced an ordinary day-laborer to syncope and a stretcher. But when we reflect that every note was played with the most exquisite and conscious discrimination, with the most admirable weighing of power and self-command, that every *staccato* was as sharp and clean cut, every trill as liquid and resonant as if he had been doing nothing else but practice them for an hour before, we begin to realize his power as a mere mechanician. But behind this lies the taste, and, still further, the soul and the imagination. With most pianists, even of the better class, the piano is, after all, rather an obstinate and ungrateful instrument,—a little wooden, a little mechanical, even a little *tin-kettlish* on occasion. But with Rubinstein it absolutely gives up all semblance of being a machine at all and becomes a living agent, interpenetrated by and responsive to the spirit of the master. Under his wonderful fingers it sings or thunders, murmurs or tingles, laughs or weeps, in apparent freedom from all physical law but that which puts it in immediate relation with the soul of the performer. Such soft dying resonance of single chords, such microscopic diamond-dust of trill or pearl-drop of cadenza, such infinitesimal diminution of fairy-like *pianissimo*, it will never probably be our fate to hear again. That any mortal fingers can strike a lumbering, resistant, resilient machine like a piano-key with the absolute self-command and nervous discrimination, the infinite variety of shading and flower-like softness of Rubinstein ;—

that any human power of combination can blend a series of *percussions* to the liquid resonant chant and spirit-like murmur of his *cantabile*, is a thing which—we beg pardon for the trite phrase—must be heard to be believed. If any one is inclined to deem these mere technical merits, to be acquired by the average performer through mere length and assiduity of practice, let him hear the tragic intensity of expression, the picturesque individualization in Rubinstein's "Erl-König,"—the dreamy melancholy pathos and poetic sweetness of his Romanze and barcaroles, and repent.

But why should we waste words in doing that for our reader which he will surely do for himself? Suffice it, that, so far as we can judge at present, Rubinstein is the king of pianists, royally arrayed in all the apparel and insignia,—rich in all the gifts and graces of his pre-eminent station,—exceptionally great alike in power, intensity, delicacy, sweetness, and imaginative expression. His advent here will form an epoch in instrumental art; from his achievement our own pianists must take a new departure, and from the study of his transcendent art must draw at once reproof, instruction, and inspiration.

Herr Wieniawski, also, improves with acquaintance and a larger variety in the pieces he performs. Most of the technical virtues of the violinist are his in large measure—firmness, precision, delicacy, and brilliancy, with a sound, honest simplicity in the interpretation of standard classical work, and the utmost refinement, both of execution and expression, in his performance of the more eccentric or romantic modern school of *fantasia*. If any limiting criticism be possible, it would rather be, that he seems less strong than we could wish in breadth of tone, and rich, sensuous coloring in his middle register work; and his *cantabile* hardly possesses all the pathos of which it is capable. With all the exquisite grace and facility of his rapid and ornamented passages, we have not yet heard the violin sing, and sob, and wail under his hands, as erewhile in those of technically less able performers.

Dramatic Prospects.

IN casting a glance over the dramatic field for the season, minute observation will detect a slight but still perceptible tendency towards decency. The perennial "Black Crook," it is true, still hangs low, but threatening, on the horizon of Niblo's, and is to be preceded by a burlesque in which the frankest and freest of unveiled fair, it is said, will make her first appearance before our blushing public. But these ills are remote and contingent; let us rather take comfort in the present. Though the chronic blondes have had their weary season of monotonous gayety and mediæval coquetry at Wallack's, there is certainly, for the moment at least, less interest than of old in graceful or ungraceful contours, high-heeled buskins, dyed wigs, and the *can-can*. It is a noticeable feature of the season that the old "Grand Opera

House"—unfitly so called—with its reminiscences of trap-doors and blue fire, Offenbachian jig-melodies and Erie sultanas, has passed into other hands. In the assumption of the management by Mr. Daly, we have an earnest that the entertainments presented there will be, in formal regards at least, fairly proper. The manager is wise in his generation, and while he believes in supplying the public with what it wants, is fain to recognize that there may be public and public. Perhaps, after all, the respectable classes are as good a reliance, in the long run, as the sots, gamblers, and debauchees who used to crowd the parquet at Twenty-third street and go into ecstasies over the *double-entendre* and prurient swagger of Silly or Montaland. An audience which eliminates from its numbers all who have not forgotten how to blush, must be, in the nature of things, a small and very select class, and hardly possesses the elements of permanence or wide-spread popularity. It is not surprising, then, that the good sense of the new director has laid a temporary embargo on indiscreet unveiling, and that the nondescript females who figure in that wonderful composition, "King Carrot," are "dressy," if nothing else. Even while we write, comes a whisper that the piece is voted dull without the ballet, and that the many-twinkling *tricot* is to be restored. But the rumor lacks confirmation, and we have still faith that Mr. Daly's good sense will perceive that the deficiency of his piece is radical. It wants *body*, not feet and limbs, and cannot be set on its legs by any such superficial expedient.

At the Fifth Avenue Theater, under the same management, the usual cataclysm of expensive clothes and cheap small-talk (by the title of "Diamonds," and not "Saratoga" this time) has set in with an autumnal rustle of silk and hail-storm of would-be brilliant repartee. It ought to be an encouragement to the creation of a school of genuine realism to see how eagerly the public accepts anything, however trashy, which claims that character. It is astonishing what pleasure it brings to the average appreciation, in novel, picture, or drama, to see the every-day life of average men and women carefully and minutely depicted with whatever degree of artistic skill and truth to nature the fates may permit. Nothing but this wide-spread enjoyment of common place realism—not even the fine clothes—will explain the interest with which apparently intelligent audiences will sit, night after night, absorbing the thin and tasteless, if not nauseous water-gruel of so-called "society" small-talk, and absorbed in the pinchbeck loves and sorrows of the irretrievable snobs or vulgarians who figure in the average Fifth Avenue drama. Such pieces have the advantage over the "Black Crook" and "Petit Faust" that they are usually proper enough in language and dress, and frequently free from serious reproach in general teaching and moral tone. But the more exacting friend of the drama will find them almost quite as far from the mark of good art as their more unblushing rivals. It is possible to at-

tack the foundations of all true feeling and sound morality no less effectually—if more insidiously—through the taste and the intelligence, than by that more direct appeal to the senses which constitutes the stock-in-trade of nude burlesque and spectacle. The indirect tendency of such pictures of life and manners as “Diamonds” and “Saratoga,” is to pull down all high standards and pure ideals in social or artistic life. The intellectual level of the pseudo ladies and gentlemen who figure in their tedious scenes is one from which the gradation is direct and easy to the more outspoken vulgarity or corruption of opera bouffe, or the worst of French sensationalism.

In a somewhat higher walk, “The Bells,” at Booth’s,—a bit of morbid anatomy, adapted from a well-known French piece,—has given occasion for some good acting on the part of the principal personage, and a great deal of bad on that of his subordinates. This splendid theater continues to show the same absurd contrast as heretofore between the magnificence and appropriateness of its scenery and appliances, and the more than mediocre character of its company.

The short-lived attempt on the part of an ambitious actress, at the Academy, to personate such characters as Shylock and Richelieu, is an utter, and hardly excusable, failure. It would deserve no mention, but for the occasion it offers for comment on that singular mania by which some whimsical artists are persecuted, for doing precisely what nature did not intend them to do. Mrs. Macready as Shylock, and Mr. Craig as an Oriental Princess, are appropriate pendants—equally absurd, equally hopeless, and equally melancholy.

But there are better things in store for us. The Fourteenth Street Theater, under the management of Mr. Fechter, will make a vigorous attempt, in November, to redeem the fortunes of that chronically unsuccessful play-house. Whatever may be our opinion of Mr. Fechter’s personal virtues, or of his merits as an actor,—and opinions on these points are almost as diverse as individuals,—it will hardly be denied that he possesses, as a manager, both knowledge, energy, and taste. Whatever he undertakes in the matter of theatrical enterprise will be carried through, it is pretty safe to predict, with skill and force; and it would not be strange if, out of the very large ash-heap of failure and disaster which encumbered the precincts of the old theater, should rise the phoenix success, to hover over the new.

And, finally, to round the series and come back to our first proposition—that the season promises more decency than usual—the reformed and renovated little Union Square Theater, forswearing clogs and couplets, *grivois* songs and the “walk round,” opens with one of Sardou’s pieces, translated for the purpose, and claiming to be essentially inoffensive in its morality, while it must needs show, in plot and action, the skillful touch of the master-hand which has given us “Les Villageois” and “Les Pattes de Mouche.”

On the whole, the outlook is promising, though rather in the general view than in detail. To such of these enterprises as seem in the right road, it is pleasant to be able to extend the heartiest welcome and encouragement. The power of the stage in the cultivation of the masses seems no whit on the decline—the great universal hunger for amusement and spectacle no less eager than ever. On the management which presents, the critic who records, and the public which applauds the play, lies the duty of insuring that our hours of pastime shall do us good and not harm—shall lead upward, not downward.

“The Pennsylvania Pilgrim.”

THERE are no sunsets so beautiful as those where the western horizon line is formed by distant mountain ranges. As the sun drops lower, and the light behind the mountains grows brighter, peak after peak comes into sight until the range seems to extend into the very skies. Heights we did not see by day; heights we did not dream were there, rise clear and beautiful in the golden light. On such heights, in a glorious sunset, stands our beloved Whittier, singing each day sweeter songs, in clearer voice and of wider vision. If America has any poet distinctively her own, it is John Greenleaf Whittier. The nation knows this, and loves him with the love of kin added to the love of tribute to genius. But while the first love, does not lessen, the second grows deeper and deeper; for while the philanthropist, the reformer, the hermit are as strong to-day as ever in Whittier, the artistic faculty, the surrender, the impulse, the insight, the overflow of the poet,—all these are stronger, more evident.

The long poem with which this volume opens, *The Pennsylvania Pilgrim* (J. R. Osgood & Co.), is not, as a whole, equal to some others of his, but there are lines in it of beauty and smoothness such as he has never before attained, and the picture he has created of the life of the early Pennsylvania Friends has as much atmosphere in it as a Claude Lorraine. It is, perhaps, too much to say, that twenty years ago he could not have said, when speaking of the mild climate and peaceful landscapes of Pennsylvania as probable causes of the Quakers’ serene gentleness,—

“Green calm below, blue quietness above.”

But it is not too much to say that he would not have said it; and, moreover, that few poets have ever lived who could or would have so put into ten syllables the whole of the loveliness of broad green fields lying under a still blue sky. And, speaking of the—

“Fair Fast Day mornings, steeped in summer calm,
Warm, tender, restful, sweet with woodland balm,”

—when, after the services were ended, and the elders lingered at the door, the youths and maidens rambled together in shady woods, he says—

“Did the boy’s whistle answer back the thrushes?
Did light girl laughter ripple through the bushes,
As brooks make merry over roots and rushes?”

Unvexed the sweet air seemed. Without a wound
The ear of silence heard, and every sound
Its place in nature's fine accordance found."

This last line has a depth of tone which is rare, and is brought into fine relief by the rippling laughter of the stanza preceding it.

There are in this volume twelve shorter poems, most of which have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and are well remembered by all who read them there. Of these, perhaps, "Marguerite" and "The Pageant" best illustrate and verify what we have said of the increase of the purely poetical and artistic in Whittier's verse.

There is more of the poetry of winter in the few lines of "The Pageant" than in the whole of "Snow-Bound."

"A brightness which outshines the morning,
A splendor brooking no delay,
Beckons and tempts my feet away."

* * * * *

"How flash the ranked and mail-clad alders,
Through what sharp-glancing spears of reeds
The brook its muffled water leads.
Von maple, like the bush of Horeb,
Burns unconsumed; a white cold fire
Rays out from every grassy spire.

Each slender rush and spike of mullein,
Low laurel shrub and drooping fern,
Transfigured, blaze where'er I turn."

* * * * *

"Rebuke me not, oh, sapphire Heaven!
Thou stainless earth, lay not on me
Thy keen reproach of purity,
If, in this august presence-chamber,
I sigh for summer's leaf-green gloom
And warm airs thick with odorous bloom."

And in the death-bed scene of Marguerite—the poor French girl, menial in an alien household, dying alone with the hard mistress, in her "lonesome garret"—is more subtle pathos and passion than we know where to find elsewhere in Whittier's words. The mistress's son loved Marguerite, but she has never known it. While she is dying he steals into the room, and, in spite of the bitter words of his mother, kneels by the bed and calls her by name: "Marguerite, do you hear?"

"She paused on the threshold of Heaven; love, pity, surprise,
Wistful, tender, lit up for an instant the cloud of her eyes.

With his heart on his lips he kissed her, but never her cheek
grew red,
And the words the living long for, he spake in the ear of the
dead.

And the robins sang in the orchard, where buds to blossoms
grew;
Of the folded hands and the still face, never the robins knew."

We wish Messrs. Osgood & Co. would give us all Whittier's poems in one volume. His best things are now so scattered that it is not easy to put one's hand on them. There can be no doubt that such a volume would be welcomed by every one of his lovers.

"The Maid of Sker."

THERE is no unmixed motive, and there is no such thing as simple character. All our mental analysis, either of ourselves or others, does but show us more clearly the wondrous and puzzling complexity of that mysterious net-work of sentiment, passion, thought, will, habit, and tendency which we call our *soul*. Perhaps it might be called the prominent feature of modern fiction to recognize more clearly from year to year this profound truth in nature, and to give it expression in literary creation. While the novel of Queen Anne's day treated men and women as types of a few prominent characteristics, easily determinable and equally easy to calculate on for dramatic purposes, the modern tale of society makes a large part of its stock in trade to consist in the painting of human inconsistency and inexplicable conflict or contrast of characteristics.

Mr. Blackmore's new book—*The Maid of Sker* (Harper & Brothers)—is such a book. As a novel it has little merit, and for the mere reader of interesting narrations will prove rather tedious reading than otherwise. But it has, for the judicious reader, an almost higher virtue, that of character-painting. The way in which the old Welsh sailor, David Llewellyn, while pretending to tell his long and flimsy yarn about a lot of people whom we care for but slightly, really lets us into his own queer, sly, rugged constitution, is really delightful, and what is more, instructive. Trickling along with the story, too, runs a stream of shrewd and humorous or satiric comments on men and things which are as good as moral essays, and a great deal more lively reading. The narration carries us through a series of sea-coast scenes and adventures sixty years ago, on the south shore of Wales, and the adjacent shores of Devonshire. The author's hand at description of natural scenery is as firm and bold, yet cunning, as in portrait painting. The sand-storm, old David's great catch of fish, and a score of other bits of work of a similar kind, show him a master in the difficult fine art of drawing landscape in words. Those who read for amusement merely will do best to pass *The Maid of Sker* gently by; those who read for thought and suggestion will find it repay a careful perusal.

"Smoke."

TURGENEF thinks, feels, hates like a Russian, and writes like a Frenchman. We might add that it seems as if he must have loved like a madman, and reasoned like a philosopher, all his life. The charm of the strangely-mingled passion, and analysis of passion, of history, and subtle satire on history, in his stories, can hardly be described. One cannot read them without an absorption so great as to be exhausting. It is as if, by some miracle of expanded or multiplied personality, one were to be actor, audience, and critic all at once, in a most exciting play. Whether this is a sort of fiction of which it is wholesome to read much, may

be questioned. There are certainly points in which it is liable to be false to nature; as for instance, when Turgenev, true to his own instinct of analyzing things, makes a man madly in love with somebody's else wife, and, on the eve of eloping with her, calmly recounts to her, by letter, the interruption that this will be in his plans and pursuits, the improvements on his estate, etc.; in fact, simply and directly suggesting to her that he is making a fool of himself, and knows it. One does not need to have eloped, or even to have contemplated eloping, to be sure of the absurdity of this.

But inconsistencies like this do not in the least detract from the interest with which we follow the narrative, or from the vivid consciousness which we feel of the individuality of every person introduced into it. It is only when we look back upon the story, and study it as an artistic creation, that we see where it has been improbable, or impossible. After the foot-lights are turned out, we remember that a certain man spoke, by mistake, something which his neighbor should have said; it was so true, and so needed to be said, that we did not observe, at the time, in whose voice it came.

Smoke (Holt & Williams) is one of the most powerful of Turgenev's novels. Its leading interest, like that of so many of his stories, centers in the short-lived but irresistible passion which a man feels for a woman whom he only partly trusts, respects less, and really does not love. Yet for sake of this woman he breaks his betrothal vows, abandons all the purposes and hopes of his life, and, except for her capricious and cowardly drawing back at the last moment, would have plunged with her into utter disgrace and ruin. No one who writes to-day knows so well—few who have ever written have known so well—as Turgenev, how to portray this type of madness.

His words are distinct yet reticent; intense as passion itself can be, yet forever decorous of sound; true and real, but neither naked nor drunken. His effects might well be studied by those coarse writers of whom we have too many now, whose sentences rave and reek, treating the passion of love, its symptoms and consequences, as if it were a thing for a clinique in the dissecting-room.

We are left at the end of the story,—and this is another of Turgenev's rare arts,—in doubt as to the ultimate fate, and very anxious to know more, of some of the leading characters. The hero has but just won the betrothed whom he forsook. The poor, proud, passionate, capricious woman, for whose sake he risked his soul, is still young, admired, distinguished, unhappy.

Turgenev withdraws his hand and shuts the book at the precise moment when average novelists begin to spin, and average novels become insupportable.

After all, leave-takings have one true principle. The friend who stands with his hand on your door-knob an hour, saying farewell, cools your liking, and your apartment, equally!

"My Little Lady."

It is odd that this story, being so good, is not better. The plot has more than usual interest, spite of its simplicity; the characters are well conceived, and distinctly drawn; yet there is an indefinable lack of atmosphere about the story; it is like a play well acted on a half-lighted stage. It is not easy to see precisely where the fault lies, in what the failure consists; it is perhaps inherent in the writer's own nature; as we see, every day, men and women who contrive to live eventful lives in an uninteresting way, producing no profound impression on anybody's mind, while others, without any effort on their part, give a dramatic flavor to their commonest actions, and make themselves remembered forever by each human being who crosses their path.

Or it may be merely the result of inexperience in mechanical construction and movement of narratives; if so, it will be easily conquered and soon outgrown, and the author of *My Little Lady* (Holt & Williams) will write capital stories.

It is to be doubted, however, if she (?) will ever create a character more charming and lovable than Madelon, the "Little Lady." Madelon is the only child of M. Linders, a Belgian, an adventurer, a professional gambler. When Madelon is only four months old her mother dies, and she is put out to nurse in the country. M. Linders does not see her for two years. Then, to his great surprise, he finds in his heart a passionate fondness for his little daughter, "a small piece of womankind belonging to him, who could upbraid by neither word nor look, who ran to him confidently, stretching out tiny hands to clutch at his shining gold chain, and gazing up into his face with great brown eyes that recalled to him those of her dead mother." From that day M. Linders is never separated from Madelon. And that she may never grow wise enough to "upbraid" him, he keeps her in absolute ignorance of the world; the little he cares to have her know, he himself teaches her; and she grows up, as a bee or a swallow might, chained by some strange fate to the fortunes of an adventurer. From city to city, from watering-place to watering-place they roam; living in hotels, in lodgings, always gay, never alone, but having no true home, no real friends. At last the poor, reckless, unprincipled, but loving father, dies suddenly in a Paris hotel, and the ten-year old Madelon would have been left to the mercy of the landlady, but for the accidental presence of a young English surgeon, who had seen her five years before at a German Spa, and learned to pity and love the pale, elf-like, unprotected child.

The adoration which Madelon had felt for her father she transfers to Monsieur Horace, the young surgeon; and, though he disappears from her life for years, the devotion never wavered. Madelon's life in the convent of which her aunt was the Superior, her escape, her refuge with Jeanne Marie, a village inn-keeper, her going alone to the gaming tables at Spa, to win a fortune for Monsieur Horace, her strange rencontre with

him there,—all these scenes are vividly told, and are far the best in the book.

Her marrying Monsieur Horace in the end was a matter of course; but as there was a previous *fiancée* in the case, it does not go quite as much without telling, as such endings usually do, and interest in the story is not lessened by the conclusion's being manifestly a foregone one.

Fifteen Years of Prayer.

THE noon-day prayer-meeting which was established by a city missionary, fifteen years ago, in the old Dutch Church in Fulton street, has become celebrated not only throughout this land, but almost in all lands. In natural and direct connection with it the great religious awakening of 1857-58 originated; and the extraordinary results of that great revival cannot yet be accurately estimated, because we have not come to the end of them. It is certain that the Fulton-street prayer-meeting, during the first years of its history at least, exhibited, in very striking combination, an earnest and zealous religious enthusiasm, together with a simplicity and modesty and self-restraint no less essential to its permanent and best success.

It was, of course, a somewhat perilous undertaking to give to the chronicles of this meeting a wide publicity by gathering them in book-form. But the remarkable usefulness of Dr. Prime's first volume, *The Power of Prayer*, has seemed to justify the preparation of a sequel to that volume, on the occasion of the fifteenth anniversary of the organization of the prayer-meeting. (*Fifteen Years of Prayer in the Fulton Street Meeting*; by S. Irenæus Prime; New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) Of this volume, as of the former, Dr. Prime claims nothing more than the editorial supervision. He has arranged in an orderly and very readable form the reports which have been made by a constant and intelligent attendant upon the meetings, and has added to these reports such brief explanatory comments as were suitable and needful. The character of the whole book is simply historical, the narrations being left to make their own impression and produce their fit and natural effect.

In these days, when it is fashionable in certain quarters to question the necessity and even the propriety of prayer, such books as these must certainly be useful. Making all allowance for the affectation and the cant, and the quackish ignorance which will always be found in connection with any religious movement which has become widely celebrated, there is one great truth which the reading of these pages can hardly fail to impress;—that lesson is, that prayer is the natural, the instinctive, the inevitable language of deep and genuine distress. It may seem to wise professors in their lecture-rooms, or to smart para-

graph-writers or critics, a pleasant thing to propose their arithmetical or statistical tests of the efficacy of prayer; but for all their criticism and skepticism, they will not be able to prevent the souls of men, when "in the depths," from crying out for pity and help. Of such pathetic outeries this book is full. They show how natural, how necessary, how inevitable it is for men, in spite of science and philosophy, "always to pray and not to faint."

Encyclopædias.

THERE can be no necessity for anything more than a mere announcement of the arrival of a fourth volume (from H to J) of the new Cyclopædia of Biblical and Ecclesiastical Literature, edited by Rev. Drs. McClintock and Strong, and published in admirable style by Harper & Brothers. These slow installments of the work must take their own time, of course; but when all are completed, there will be within reach a whole Library at once, for any student of the Bible. The other two Encyclopædias, competing with this for popular favor, are Smith's and Kitto's. The American edition of the former is a vast improvement on the original, and presents in irresponsible plainness the latest results of scientific research. The enlarged edition of the latter is a revision in the full light of science, and is a most valuable exponent of the staid traditions of our Christian age. But this great work now offered was needed, not only as a most creditable presentation of American industry and erudition, but to show that it is possible to be orthodox without injury to learning, and to be scholarly without losing reverence for the Word. Dr. McClintock, while ministering in the Chapel at Paris, chose his lodgings out of the city that he might give himself to earnest study for this book. And his faithful coadjutor is finishing it with equal fervor and success. It is denominational; but its generous type of Methodism will never harm anybody. It gives us cordial pleasure to commend it without reserve.

Harper's School Histories of the United States.

THE adult mind, whose recollections point to the administration of General Jackson; or perchance that of President Tyler, as the subject-matter of the last chapters of his school History of the United States, is apt to be a little surprised, on opening a school history, which treats not only of Columbus but of Lincoln; not only of John Hancock, but of General Grant. But we have made much history in the last few years, and our schools are fortunate in having it presented to them in the comprehensive and interesting form in which we find it in the two school Histories by Mr. David B. Scott, published by Harper & Bros. Abundant illustrations and maps add much to the value of these Histories, which are quite certain to become popular.

ANGLES.



THE ACUTE ANGLE.



THE OBTUSE ANGLE.



THE ANGLE OF INCIDENTS.



THE ANGLE OF REFLECTION.



THE TRY-ANGLE.



THE RIGHT ANGLE.

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NO. 2.

NEW WAYS IN THE OLD DOMINION.

THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILROAD.



HAMPTON ROADS.

IN the rapid "picturesque and antiquarian tour" which the reader is invited to make through Virginia in these sketches, the natural entrance is past the Capes into Chesapeake Bay from sea, the Gateway of Empire as it may be called, since into this noble estuary came the first Anglo-Saxon settlers of the continent of North America. Over these bright waters, in the soft vernal season when the banks were all abloom, glided the storm-tost ships of Newport, Smith and Gosnold, two hundred and sixty-five years ago, to their first anchorage opposite the point now called Newport's News, which has been selected as the eastern deep-water terminus of the great Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. This fact, which meets us at the very start, brings the ancient civilization into immediate contrast with the new development of Virginia's vast resources, and it may be well, be-

fore going further, to cast a glance at the map of the country that lies before us, and see how plainly nature has marked the spot for a great entrepôt of Commerce. Providence, said the oft-quoted wiseacre, was kind in causing all great rivers to flow by large cities, but Providence has been prodigal in its gifts to the region of the Chesapeake, and nowhere on the four continents is there a more magnificent expanse of land-locked water than this Hampton Roads, in which the navies of the world might ride at their moorings. Here upon this placid surface once lay the *Great Eastern*, and the largest ships of all the oceans may come and go at pleasure without waiting for flood tides to insure sufficient depth of water. From the map the reader may turn to the engraving of Hampton Roads, in which the artist has skillfully blended the emblems of English sover-

eignty in the Old Dominion with the present signs of a new life and energy, where the smoke of the steam-tug and the white sails of the coasting schooner make up the *chiaro-oscuro* of a most effective picture. There is the Indian princess on bended knee, presenting gifts to the Merry Monarch, with the motto encircling the device of the seal of "En dat Virginia Quartam,"* in remembrance of the loyalty which led the Virginians to proclaim Charles the Second "King of England, Scotland, France, Ireland and Virginia" two years before his restoration to the throne of the Stuarts;—and on either side we see the marine which is to take across the water far richer products, the *opima spolia* of modern industry and progress.

What a change, indeed, may it not be predicted with confidence, will be wrought in the aspect of Hampton Roads by the completion of the railroad to the Great West! Here within cannon-shot and in sight of the great ocean, yet in the safest of harbors, along-

side the piers and docks of a growing mart of trade, will lie a flotilla of which a part may well consist of English ships coming for iron and coal from the inexhaustible mines that lie in the mountain regions of Virginia. Here grain elevators as extensive as those of Chicago will rise above the sandy strip of the shore, and vast warehouses, piled with the exports and imports of many hundred thousand square miles of territory, will front the open roadstead. Here the future shipping trade of Richmond, which is destined to be the Birmingham to the Liverpool of Newport's News, will be carried on, demanding a large merchant navy of its own. Is this only a dream? Take the one important advantage possessed by this terminus of railroad transportation over all others of being one hundred and eighty miles nearer the Mississippi Valley, and estimate the saving of one cent a mile on every ton of freight conveyed to the Atlantic border for shipment, of eight or ten hours' time in the transit, and of five or six dollars in the fare of every passenger going over the line. Consider, too, that these waters of Hampton Roads are never congealed by frost, and that the railroad throughout its whole extent will

* The motto was originally "En dat Virginia *quintam*," making the Old Dominion a fifth kingdom, but, after the union of England and Scotland, it was changed to what is here given in the vignette.



MAP OF THE VIRGINIA PENINSULA.



COLONIAL POWDER MAGAZINE.

never be blockaded for a day by snow. These are facts quite independent of the general character of the road itself in passing the Appalachian chain by easy grades which admit of great economy in its administration, and they are altogether apart from those geographical conditions which give to the Capes of Virginia a peculiar relation to the Orient and the mighty highways of the globe. Let us turn to the four quarters of the compass and see where the straight line on the arc of a great circle will lead. Extend it to the east and it will enter through the Pillars of Hercules the historic sea first vexed by the keels of commerce, the Mediterranean, so lately connected by the Suez Canal with the Indian Ocean. Extend it to the west, and, after traversing the States of Virginia and Kentucky, it will cross the Mississippi just at the point where it receives its great affluent, the Ohio; whence, following the sun, it will pass by a very slight deflection through the Golden Gates into the vast Pacific, and on its further shore strike into the heart of Japan. Nor will the extension of the line north and south, on a parallel of longitude, create less surprise. Running north, crossing three or four peninsulas and passing the great city of Baltimore, the line would penetrate the vast coal region of Pennsylvania and reach the confines of the United States near the eastern extremity of Lake On-

tario; running south, it would bisect the Queen of the Antilles and hit the Isthmus of Panama near the great coffee country of La Guayra.

But speculations like these must no longer detain us *in limine*, for reverting to the map we see the two important rivers of Virginia inviting us to pursue our journey into the interior, the York and the James, both rich in historical associations; the York, forever memorable as the scene of the interposition of Pocahontas to save the life of Captain John Smith, a tender, heroic episode of the colony of which no skeptical modern criticism shall deprive us, and as the theater of the crowning victory of the Revolutionary war; the James, on whose banks was written the first literary work of the New World, Sandys's translation of Ovid; where the silk was spun that furnished the coronation robes of the second Charles Stuart, and where still stands the brick arch of the old Church of Jamestown.

Before leaving these fair waters of Hampton Roads, it would be a pleasant détour to visit the quaint old town of Norfolk, and, sketching some of its ancient streets and buildings, mark the many signs of reviving prosperity to be seen there, in new depots and freight-sheds, in a fine modern hotel, in the docks from which the fine steamships of the Allan Line now run regularly to Liverpool, and in the great oyster-packing houses which line the Elizabeth river, on whose margin the town is situated. Statistics of the



OLD CHURCH OF BRUTON PARISH.

most encouraging character, connected with the recent impetus that has been given to the trade of Norfolk, might be profitably collected from its intelligent and active men of business, such as that the production of early fruits and vegetables for the New York market has grown to be estimated at the figure of twenty millions per annum, and that Virginia last year collected the tax on ten millions of bushels of oysters, the larger part of which were sold in Norfolk. When we consider that oysters are now exported from Norfolk to England, and think what immense quantities of the bivalves will be sent to the Western States, over the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, it is indeed gratifying to be assured that the oyster-beds of this region are inexhaustible. Equally gratifying is it to know from actual experiment that these "natives" have not degenerated in size and flavor by reason of being so constantly stirred up by the tongs of the fishermen and hauled over the coals in such immense numbers by an oyster-loving community, though, like the Virginians themselves, the oysters must needs live up to a high standard of excellence to maintain their ancient renown, since Strachey, one of the early voyagers to Virginia, declares that he saw them "in whole banckes and beddes," and that some of them were thirteen inches long! *

But our route does not lie through Norfolk. It is indicated rather by the line on the map running along the peninsula from Newport's News to Richmond, "the C. & O. R. R.," on which is laid down Williamsburg. This antique town, once the capital of the State, will be waked to unwonted activ-



STATUE OF LORD BOTETOURT.

ity by the rush of the trains, when it becomes a station on one of the most important railroads in America. For the last hundred years it has been the quietest of villages, quite out of the way of progress, remarkable only for the refinement and hospitality of its little population, and for its College of William and Mary, which was a long time engaged in educating Presidents of the United States.

But the conductor now sings out "Pompeii!" and "Thyatira!" to travelers in Italy and Asia Minor, and one may perform in great part by rail Horace's journey to Brundisium, so that we need not marvel that the iron horse is ere long to snort and be watered in Williamsburg.

Here let us tarry for a little space and look around us. Dilapidated as the ancient city now appears, we shall find in it much to interest us, and Dibdin would have delighted in rambling under its ancient elms to the College library and the College chapel, could he have visited the place while yet the antique pile, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, fronted the western extremity of the principal street. This noble avenue extended in the old time from the College build-



OLD JOHN CUPID.

* *The Historie of Travaille into Virginia Britania*, etc., etc. By William Strachey, Gent. Publications of the Hakluyt Society.

ings nearly a mile in a right line to the former Capitol of Virginia, and was known as Gloucester street. It was flanked by the palace of the Governor, a spacious and even elegant building long since destroyed by fire except one wing, which still remains; the Courthouse of James City County; the old Raleigh Tavern; many handsome private dwellings; the old octagon Powder Magazine, the colonial arsenal of Virginia, from which the Royal Governor Dunmore, on the night of the 20th April, 1775, stole away the powder and thus lighted the spark of the Revolution in the Old Dominion; and the old church of Bruton parish. The last-named two buildings still stand, and our artist has enabled us to introduce them here in vignette.

The Powder Magazine is now used as the stable for the principal inn of Williamsburg, though for years it served as a place of worship for the religious Society of Baptists, a noteworthy conversion, indeed, from the purposes to which it was originally devoted. Possibly it may be found yet useful as a water-tank for "the C. & O. R. R.," which would not be so remote from its former devotional employment if, with a great Baptist divine, in a spirit of entire reverence, we may regard the churches of this denomination as water stations on the heavenly railway.

The Old Church of Bruton parish, which stands midway between the College and the site of the old Capitol, is a relic of exceptional interest for its associations. A house of worship stood upon the spot as long ago as 1665, but the present edifice was erected not long after the distinguished James Blair, Commissary to the Bishop of London and President of William and Mary College,



CORNWALLIS'S CAVE.

was chosen its minister, which event was synchronous with the accession of Alexander Spotswood to the governorship of the colony, in 1710. Commissary Blair was a man of great learning, eloquence and piety, not the least significant proof of which is to be found in one hundred and seventeen sermons which he left behind him on the Sermon on the Mount. He was a man also of great independence of character, for he was accustomed to inveigh bitterly against the sins of the card-playing, wine-bibbing, horse-racing aristocracy of the period, and he brought Whitefield into his pulpit, so that these ancient rafters of Bruton church, under which the people of Williamsburg assemble for praise and prayer every Sunday, have echoed back the lofty declamation which awed the colliers of Bristol and extorted compliments from such hopeless reprobates as my lords Chesterfield and Bolingbroke. This must have been in 1739, during Whitefield's second visit to America, toward the latter part of Mr. Blair's ministry, which extended over a space of thirty-three years.

The first incumbent of the parish who preached in the new church building had already got into serious difficulty with Sir Edmund Andros, the Governor of the colony, and he did not escape controversy with Governor Spotswood, who was a man of imperious will, as one who had served in the Low Countries on the staff of the great Duke of Marlborough was apt to be. Singularly enough, the cause of quarrel between Blair and Spotswood was very nearly the same involved in the Revolution against King George, more than sixty years later. Mr.



OLD CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN.



TREDEGAR IRON WORKS, RICHMOND.

Blair contended for the right of vestries to choose the parish clergymen, and Governor Spotswood insisted upon the prerogative of induction. Thus the battle of the rights of the people against privilege and irresponsible authority was fought in this Bruton parish one hundred and fifty years ago; fought and won, for the vestries never consented to present a clergyman for induction, and the Governor was compelled by their firm attitude to yield the point.*

The contestants in this dispute have long ago crumbled to dust, and we may say of them, like the knights in Coleridge's poetic fragment, that "their souls are with the saints, we trust;" yet looking back from the aisles of Bruton church, at this distant and passionless point of time, to their lively debate on a matter of church discipline, while acknowledging the high services of Commissary Blair, we recognize in Governor Spotswood the ablest and purest chief magistrate Virginia ever had in her colonial days, and it is because we are now making a journey along the line of a great iron road which stretches across the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies to the wide region beyond, that we linger a moment to do homage to his memory. He it was that built the first iron furnaces in the colonies. He it was that instituted the order of the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe, and the manner of its institution was this. The Governor was moved by the desire to ride beyond the sunset to the great blue mountains that formed the barrier of what was then civilized Virginia and cross it to the other side, and he collected a body of gentlemen to accompany him in the expedition. To protect the feet of the horses against the flinty stones of the upper country it was necessary to shoe them, a precaution that was never taken in the sandy districts of tide-water, and to carry with the cavalcade a large quantity of horseshoes. The Governor and his companions safely accomplished the journey, and carved the name of the King on a rock of the loftiest of the peaks they ascended (near Swift Run), which in their loyalty they called "Mount George;" another peak, in compliment to their pioneer, the gentlemen called "Mount Alexander." Of these names only the tradition survives. But it is well remembered that, on the return to Williamsburg, the Governor caused a golden

* For an interesting account of this controversy and the arguments on both sides, see Bishop Meade's *Old Churches and Families of Virginia*, text and appendix.

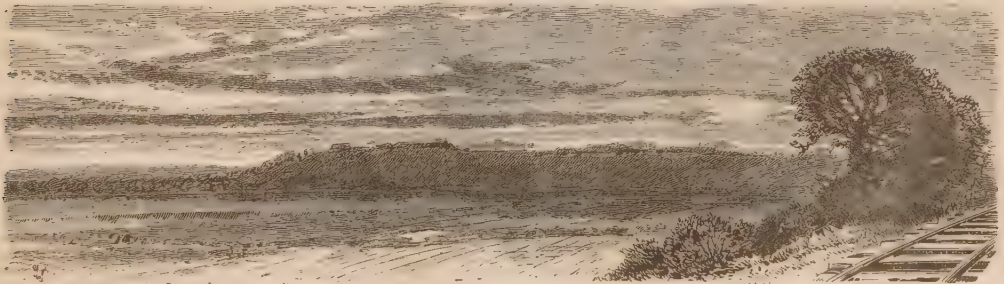
Horseshoe set with precious stones to be given to each one of his fellow-travelers as a badge of knight-hood, and the motto it bore was *Sic juvat transcendere montes*. The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, upon the completion of the line from Hampton Roads to the Belle Rivière, should erect a statue of Alexander Spotswood at the entrance to the great tunnel that pierces the Blue Ridge, as a memorial of the man who first sought a passage across the mountain, and over the archway of the tunnel should be inscribed this motto of the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe—*Sic juvat transcendere montes*.

The only statue that we shall see in Williamsburg is that of Lord Botetourt, which stands in the College grounds, having escaped the destruction that has more than once befallen the College buildings, and the chances of foreign and civil war. In the days of the Revolution, when all other monuments relating to British domination went to the ground, it was spared on account of the esteem in which Lord Botetourt was held by the Virginians as an amiable ruler. His lordship died in 1774, and thus escaped the trial to which he would have been subjected of opposing the Revolutionary movement, by which he would have been swept away as surely as Dunmore, though his resistance would probably not have been characterized by the perfidy that belongs to the last-mentioned name. The Botetourt statue shows the marks of time; and, singularly enough, the head was once knocked off in a college escapade by a student of William and Mary, who in after years became in turn Governor of Virginia, and who was among the most virtuous if not the most eminent men whose names adorn the councils of the commonwealth.



GALLEGO FLOURING MILLS.

What a most unstatuesque figure is that of old John Cupid, which has been selected by our artist to serve as a companion-piece to the marble image of Lord Botetourt! Old John Cupid is a character that no stranger that tarries for a day or two in Williamsburg can fail to notice. He is the representative of that seemingly ineradicable superstition which is yet a prominent trait in the negro character, and which the race brought with them from Africa two centuries ago. His vocation is that of physician; not after the learning of the schools, for he practices by charms and incantations, and the only pharmacopœia he employs is that of the fields. He is a witch and herb doctor, and he has great acceptance yet with the ignorant freedmen, who believe in his power not only to charm away disease, but to unravel hidden mysteries and reveal the authors of crime. No head of the Detective Police in



EARTH-WORKS ON THE CHICKAHOMINY, NEAR RICHMOND.

our large cities is more surely consulted in dark cases of robbery than John Cupid for discovering the petty thefts committed by the negroes on each other. Nor is his *métier* confined to these matters, for he is also a fortune-teller of wonderful popularity. But while we look at his bent form and marvel that he "lags superfluous on the stage" in this day of progress and enlightenment, let us not laugh at the credulity among the superstitious negroes which affords him a sort of subsistence, while the advertisements of astrologers and female soothsayers still find a column in the daily papers of our largest city.

But we must leave the ancient city of Williamsburg—"city" by a double right in the last century as the seat of government of a province and as the see of a bishopric, though we might linger in its neighborhood for weeks making excursions to the banks of the equidistant rivers of the York and the James. Yorktown, which is also to be a terminus of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, lies within a few miles of Williamsburg, and, apart from its crowning interest, is fragrant with the memories of some of Virginia's noblest sons—the Nelsons and the Pages, whose mansions yet stand in picturesque decay. "Rosewell," the old home-
stead of the Pages, lies higher up the river, and we cannot visit it; but in an excursion to the place of Cornwallis's surrender our artist sketched Cornwallis's Cave, a hole in the rocks to which the commander of the British forces retired to hold his councils of war when the cannon of Washington and Lafayette had made Yorktown too hot for him. The ruins of the old church at Jamestown, however, constitute by far the most in-

teresting memorial of the past in tide-water Virginia, and thither let us direct our steps to muse for a time upon a bygone age before seeking the points of life and activity which are to claim our attention anon.

The spot is steeped in the spirit of the past. In America we have few places that breathe of antiquity, and awaken the feeling that moves all intelligent men as they ramble among the mouldering abbeys of England or the crumbling ruins of "the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome." But at Jamestown silence and desolation brood around with the suggestion as it were of a thousand years. Lofty trees have grown up whose roots are entangled with the brickwork of the ruined tower. In the graveyard that surrounds it no stone is to be seen which is not mossy with age and whose inscription is more than faintly legible. We feel that those who sleep below are far removed from us, that they had other hopes and ambitions than ours, that they lived under social conditions as different from our own almost as those of the Crusaders. The quietude is so profound, all objects that meet the eye are in such perfect harmony with the ruin itself, that we relegate the church and the town that stood here to the dim period of poetry and tradition.

Yet it may be assumed with confidence that the destruction of the building was not more than a hundred and forty years ago. It was built, beyond a doubt, after the rebellion of Bacon in 1676, and it was in use probably as late as 1733, for in that year a silver baptismal font was presented to it which, in 1785, when the sale of the church property in Virginia was ordered by act of assembly, was given by a special clause in the statute

to the grandson of the donor. Some other pieces of the silver that belonged to this old church may be seen at this day in the Library of the Theological Seminary of Virginia, near Alexandria. Bishop Meade thought the building was not destroyed by fire, for he had seen and talked with an old gentleman who was an eye-witness of the burning of the wooden apex of the tower, an accident



MARLBED NEAR WICKHAM'S TURNOUT.



WICKHAM'S CORN-SHEDS.

which did no injury to the rest of the building. After the desertion of Jamestown, which became an inconsiderable place from the time of the transfer of the seat of the colonial government to Williamsburg, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, the old building was probably given up to the owls and the bats; little by little it went to decay, its walls disintegrated by the winter's frost, its roof carried off by a summer tornado, until only the tower was left to withstand the elements and to throw its image upon the placid surface of the river when all nature was at rest. Its reflection trembles upon the shimmering water, where the embowering foliage of the spot is agitated anew as the old tower, "bosomed high in tufted trees," fades from our vision, and we leave the site of the first Anglo-Saxon settlement of the continent in the distance.

The James River is marked by no striking scenery along its tortuous course between Richmond and Jamestown, although every mile of it is memorable as the theater of exciting events in the late civil war, and its banks are dotted with mansions whose names are familiar in the colonial records and renowned for the hospitality of their owners, the two Brandons, Westover, Shirley, and many others. As we approach the head of river navigation we pass through the Dutch Gap Canal, and not long after under the dismantled works of Drewry's Bluff, and in a few

minutes come in sight of the hill-city of Richmond, shining in the far-off prospect with its many steeples and towers and its dominating Capitol. A mile below the town, the extensive wharves and sheds of the "C. & O. R. R." are under construction, and suggest the enormous freight traffic that will seek shipment at this point.

The objects of interest in and around Richmond are numerous enough to be described with pen and pencil in a local guide-book or independent article. As few cities of fifty thousand inhabitants have so attracted the notice of the civilized world in modern times, so there are few that present so picturesque an appearance to the eye. The heights, the bridges, the gardens, the river, and the town, scattered over a wide area, make up a very striking panorama from many points of view. Two scenes only enter into our illustrated itinerary, and these refer to industrial Richmond rather than to its historic character or picturesque outlines. One of the most striking prospects is that from Gamble's Hill, from which is taken in much the greater part of the town and the rapids of the river. Our artist has confined himself in his drawing to what fills up the immediate foreground at the base of the hill, the large forges and shops of the Tredegar Iron Works, and the railway bridge beyond them. Governor Spotswood, the Tubal Cain of Virginia, of whom we have spoken, would

have rejoiced to see this immense establishment, its chimneys pouring out great masses of black smoke and its tilt-hammers ever making a mighty din, as the glowing iron comes from the red furnaces and is shaped into bars or moulded into castings. The Tredegar Iron Works was to the armies of Lee and Johnson, during the war of Secession, what the great forges of Krupp were to the Germans in the contest with France—it supplied the great guns and the small ordnance with which the war was carried on; and when

was necessary to reconstruct all the buildings and refit them with the ponderous apparatus of the iron manufacture. So greatly has the business of the company increased since, that it has been found necessary to build a railway bridge across James River to connect the works with the railroads of the State, so that the heavy castings and wrought iron manufactured therein may be sent off without the necessity of hauling them through the streets of the city to the several depots.*

This branch of industry in Richmond will



GORDONSVILLE—COFFEE AND FRIED CHICKEN.

the contest was over, the huge machinery was not long at rest. Through the indomitable energy of the proprietor, work was resumed long before the town had risen from the ashes of the great fire of 1865, though it

be largely increased when the new railroad shall bring to the town the ores of the rich mineral region it penetrates, but there are other activities that have been lately stimulated here by an influx of Northern capital

* Some statistics of the Tredegar Iron Works will show the importance of this element of iron in Virginia's manufactures. The forge was established in 1835. Increasing in its operations with the growth of the city and the production of native iron, it now employs a million of dollars of capital and nearly two thousand workmen, and converts annually tens of

thousands of tons of the crude metal into rails, spikes, joints, axles, car-wheels, boilers, engines, and all kinds of machinery. A special manufacture is a freight-car of great strength and durability, of which large numbers are sent to every part of the country. The buildings cover a space of fifteen acres.

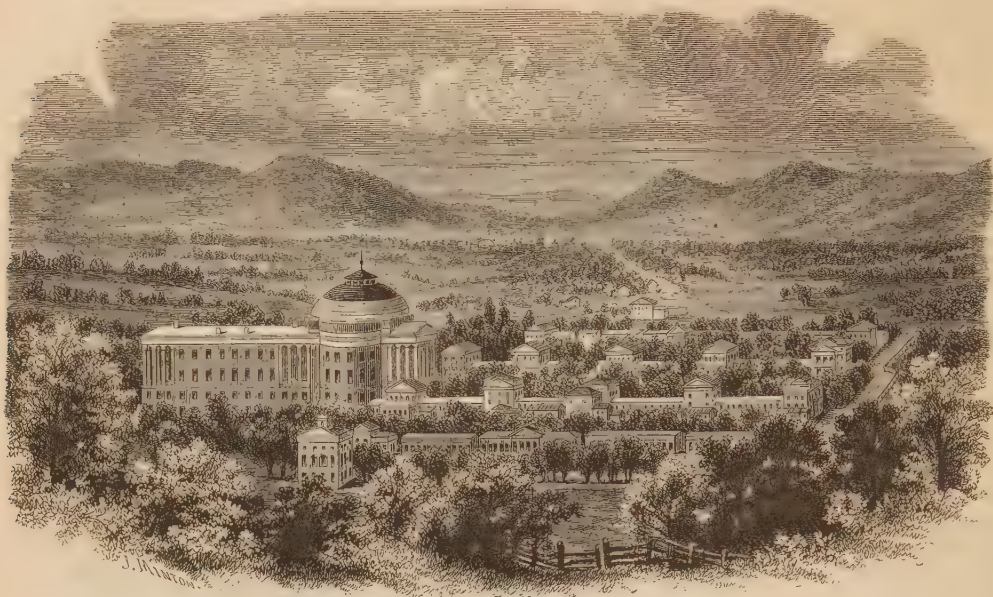
and by the revival of the energies of the people since the close of the war. Inexhaustible beds of the finest granite lie all around Richmond, which have never been worked upon a large scale till within three or four years past. The only employment of this stone that had been made architecturally before the war was in furnishing the base for the imposing monument to Washington and the great Virginians of the Revolution in the Capitol grounds, begun by Thomas Crawford and finished by Randolph Rogers whose genius is also associated in the sculptures and reliefs of the new national Capitol, and in supplying the material for the Richmond Custom-House, a small but handsome edifice in the Italian style, which enjoys the singular distinction of having been built for several thousand dollars less than the original appropriation made for it by Congress. At this moment, however, the quarries are vigorously worked, and from one of them hundreds of stone-cutters are engaged in getting out and preparing all the granite that will be used in the construction of the new building for the State Department at Washington. Of the older industries of Richmond, the manufacture of chewing tobacco and the milling of flour were most important, and they still continue to employ the largest amount of capital and the greatest number of workmen. The Gallego mill, of which a fine vignette is here given, is known in distant climes, in like manner with the mill of the Haxalls,* for the magnitude of its operations and the excellence of its flour. Its capacity of production is fifteen hundred barrels a day. The bulk of the flour is shipped to Rio de Janeiro and to Australia, where the product of the Richmond mills is preferred to all other brands, because it sustains



OLD MILL AT SHADWELL.

no injury in the transportation through the hot Equatorial latitudes. The ships that take out the flour to Rio come back laden with coffee, and Richmond before the war, with a population of forty thousand, was the third coffee mart in the United States. That it will be so again, when the wheat of the Great West can be brought to its busy mills by the new line of railroad, no one can doubt. Their only limit of production now is the wheat that can be obtained to supply their hoppers. The mill seen in the wood-cut is of modern erection. It replaced a larger one, which was destroyed in the general conflagration of Richmond in 1865, and which itself rose from the blackened walls of an immense mill that had been consumed by an accidental fire several years before. The original Gallego mill stood two miles above the city, overlooking the rapids of the river, and deriving its water-power from the James River and Kanawha Canal, and also fell a victim, as all mills and theaters do, sooner or later (the mills from friction and the theaters from gas-lights), to the flames. Its name was derived from the proprietor, M. Gallego, a Frenchman, who dwelt in the antique mansion, still standing, in which, many years

* Haxall, Crenshaw & Co.



UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

later, then the home of Mr. Allan, a Scotch merchant, was passed the boyhood of his adopted son, Edgar Allan Poe. To M. Gallego in the proprietorship of the mill succeeded another Frenchman, Mr. John A. Chevallie, who is well remembered in Richmond for his elegant manners, literary tastes, and large and various information. He belonged to the ante-revolutionary days of French society, and came to America as the agent of Beaumarchais,* the dramatist, who supplied



JEFFERSON'S TOMB.

* Mr. Chevallie used to relate with great enjoyment a story of Beaumarchais, who had been a watchmaker, how, being once at court, one of the old *noblesse*,

a large quantity of arms to the insurgent colonies during the Revolutionary war. So the mill, the plain modern brick building of our engraving, is remotely linked with literature and diplomacy.

The "picturesque and antiquarian tourist" might linger many days in Richmond, and the practical visitor interested in the great railway would certainly regard with interest the tunnel now in course of digging, by which one of the hills of the town is to be perforated for the march of the iron horse; but our journey takes us now along the oldest part of the line, formerly the Virginia Central Railroad, in the direction of the mountains. Between Richmond and the Piedmont country there is little of interest. Our artist is unable, however, to pass the historic Chickahominy—which the railroad crosses about five miles from Richmond, at the point where rested McClellan's right wing in June-July, 1862—without making a sketch of the scene, and it is here given,

wishing to mortify him, handed him an elegant watch, remarking that it was out of order and that he would be glad if Beaumarchais would see what was the matter with it; and how the dramatist let it fall upon the floor, saying, by way of apology, that he had been so long out of the business that his hand was a little awkward. This anecdote was first put in print by the late Mr. Samuel Mordecai, the genial author of *Richmond in Bygone Days*, but it was afterwards told more fully by Leoménil, in *Beaumarchais and his Times*.



PIEDMONT, FROM BLUE RIDGE.

with a marl-bed and the corn-sheds at Wickham's Turn-out which lie fifteen miles beyond. The marl-bed was opened at the time when attention was first directed to the calcareous fertilizers of Virginia, not yet entirely superseded by the deposits of the Chincha Islands. The corn-sheds are interesting only as showing the architecture of the depositories of grain in the South, though not far away, and in sight, is Hanover Court-House, associated with the eloquence of Patrick Henry in the Parson's Cause. A short distance from the Turn-out, on the left, on a commanding eminence, may be seen Hickory Hill, where lives W. F. Wickham, Esq., the father of the Vice-President of the "C. & O. R. R.," whose productive low grounds are here spread out before us. For more than fifty miles now there is nothing that calls for illustration. Having accomplished this distance, passing at right angles the rich belt of gold and iron deposits that extends through the State, we reach the important railway crossing at Gordonsville, where the line of road from Washington to Lynchburg strikes the Chesapeake and Ohio, and from which place to Charlottesville the trains of the two roads run on the same track. To parody Thackeray's description of Dublin, Gordonsville is the whistle-shriekingest, negro-loungingest, chicken-eatingest place in Virginia. Here at mid-day the trains come from every point with an ear-shattering shriek of the steam-pipe; here congregate all the idle darkeys of the neighborhood to see "de cars," and here resort scores of thriftier negroes bearing trays of coffee and fried chicken to be sold to hungry passengers. Gordonsville is a straggling village, built along a rocky turnpike by turns the dustiest and muddiest of highways, a jumble of carsheds, churches, and country stores. Its trade, apart from the fried chicken, is considerable in sumac, live-stock, agricultural implements, and Arctic soda-water drawn from Polar fountains. Its population, taken

during the noon-tide hour of intense existence, would make a respectable figure in the census of a sparsely-settled district. But Gordonsville is magnificently situated in the midst of a beautiful country. The South-West range of mountains looks down upon it and upon the fine farms that lie around it, which are thus sheltered from the north-western blast, and the neighborhood has attracted the very best class of immigrants, agriculturists from England, many of whom have bought land and built houses in sight of the railway, in such numbers, indeed, that they have established a monthly cattle fair at Gordonsville after the manner of the old country. Throughout this whole section of Virginia, the land and the climate, the old settled civilization and the facilities afforded by the railroad of communication with a market, invite the English settler to erect his roof-tree and establish his household gods.

Soon after leaving Gordonsville the railroad passes along the Rivanna River in sight of the birthplace and the home of Jefferson. The old mill at Shadwell, which our artist has represented idealized by the light of the full moon, was one of the objects with which Jefferson was familiar in childhood, and there on the left, lifted high above the stream, is Monticello, whose inclosure guards his ashes. The tomb stands in the family burial-ground in a gorge of the mountain, and bears a simple inscription reciting that he who sleeps below was "Author of the Declaration of Independence, and of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia." The University, which we presently see standing in the very center of a lovely region, is his monument. The buildings cover a large area, and though architecturally bad in detail, are very imposing in the *ensemble*, with the Rotunda rising above them all, fashioned in part after the Pantheon at Rome. Just entering upon the

forty-ninth year of its existence, this institution enjoys an acknowledged pre-eminence among the seats of learning in the Southern States, and the richest colleges and universities of the North have borrowed from it the elective system of study which was its distinguishing feature from the beginning. It bestows no honorary degrees, but its simple "Master of Arts" is more difficult of attainment than any magisterial degree in the United States, and is a patent of scholarship anywhere. The exceptionally high standard of excellence established for this diploma is sufficiently attested by the fact that out of a body of three or four hundred students annually rarely more than three or four succeed in obtaining it. The University has now eighteen distinct schools embraced in the departments of Languages, Literature, Science, Law, Medicine, Agriculture and Engineering. Of its alumni one hundred and thirty-eight are now Professors in other colleges, and eight of the graduates of the several schools of the last session were called to Professorial chairs. Of its body of instructors in the past, the names of Long and Key and Silvester, eminent in England, and of Bonnycastle, Emmet, Courtenay and Rogers, honored in America, have shed luster upon its annals, while their thorough system of instruction is maintained by men worthy to succeed them.

The University has shown itself alive to the requirements of the age by the establishment of its agricultural and scientific schools, in which the young men of Virginia may be taught how they can best work for the development of the State's wonderful resources. The new Laboratory, with its collection of raw and manufactured materials, and its appliances for qualitative and quantitative analysis, and the experimental farm, are

agencies of practical instruction inferior to none in America.

Leaving the University and the town of Charlottesville behind us, we begin the ascent to the immediate base of the Blue Ridge, gliding along smoothly through a rich district of farm-lands of varied production, where wheat and corn, fertile meadows, and the cattle upon a thousand hills, pleasant orchards and vineyards terraced on slopes like those of the Rhine, suggest what the county of Albemarle of the future shall be, until all impressions of material wealth are lost in the magnificence of the view that greets the eye at every curve of the iron road. Here the Piedmont country is spread out before us in all its loveliness. Far below are to be seen homesteads and glimmering sheets of water and rejoicing valleys; in the distance the dome of the Rotunda glistens in the sunlight; around us the mountains rear their wooded summits and interpose their huge forms as if to debar our farther progress, while yawning precipices fall away from the solid road-bed, on which the train moves as noiselessly as if it lay through the levels of Holland or the prairies of Illinois. And now we are about to take our last glimpse of the East, for here, in the language of Governor Wise, "science acupunctureates the mountain," and we enter the Blue Ridge Tunnel.

This important work, seven-eighths of a mile in length, was carried through by the State of Virginia, under the supervision of Col. Claude Crozet, the State Engineer, a soldier of the first Napoleon, who, despite many serious discouragements, pushed it forward for seven years until he saw the passage clear from archway to archway. The cutting was made, of course, from both sides of the mountain at the same time, and the workmen were so long in getting within



VIEW OF STAUNTON.

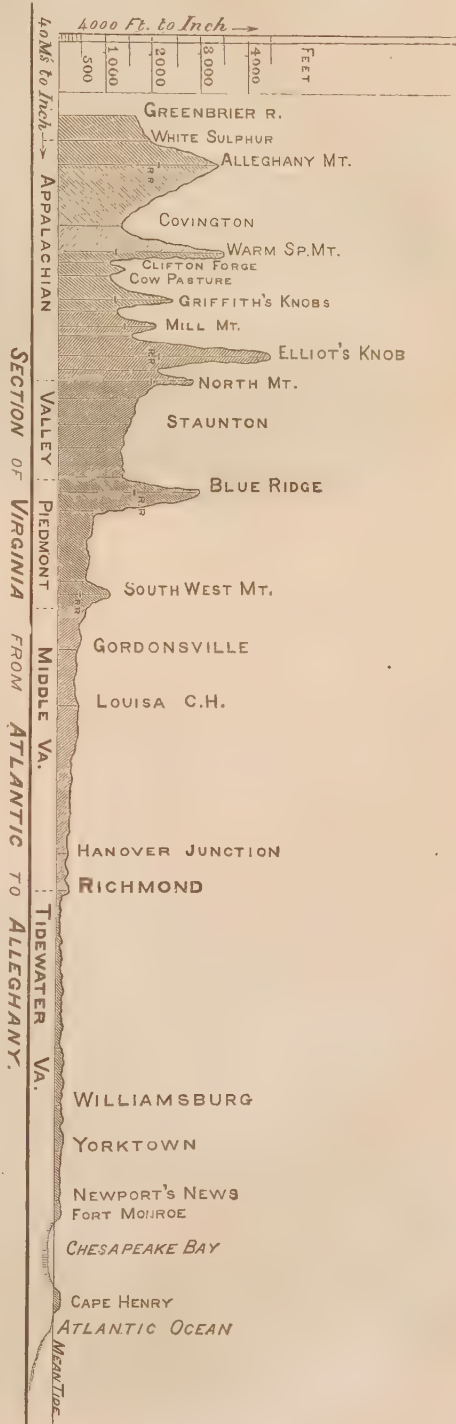
sound of each other's drills that the croakers declared they had passed each other in the depth of the mountain and would never meet at all. But Col. Crozet had the satisfaction of seeing the accuracy of his surveys triumphantly vindicated in the junction of the two bores upon exact lines and within only a few inches of the same level.

If our parting view of the Piedmont country, before plunging into subterranean darkness, was inexpressibly beautiful, the prospect that bursts upon us on emerging from the mountain is truly inspiring. There, stretching away in length as far as the eye can reach, is the valley of the Shenandoah, bounded on its western limit, thirty miles distant, by the soaring line of the Great North Mountain, with the little sparkling town of Waynesboro' in the near landscape, and a wide expanse of rolling plains beyond, while the dark shadows of the Blue Ridge yet fall around the curving and descending road.

The Valley of the Shenandoah forms the north-eastern third of the great Valley of Virginia, that extends for nearly 360 miles diagonally across the State, as this in turn forms about a tenth of the Great Appalachian Valley that, under the various local designations of Champlain, Hudson, Goshen, Kitatinny, Lebanon, Cumberland, Shenandoah, James, Roanoke, New River, Holston, East Tennessee and Warrior Valleys, extends for 1,500 miles from the St. Lawrence to the Alabama, walled throughout its whole extent on the east by the Blue Ridge (differently designated in different localities as the Green, Hoosac, Highlands, South, Iron and other mountains) and on the west by the Kitatinny or endless mountains (whether locally known as the Catskill, Shawangunk, Blue, North or Cumberland), a great limestone valley embracing 30,000 square miles of the best farming and grazing land on the continent, margined on each side by inexhaustible deposits of the richest hematite iron ores.

A run of twelve miles from the base of the mountain takes the tourist to Staunton, a bright, busy, growing central town (the county seat of the wide, rich county of Augusta), of which the little bit seen in the vignette well represents the almost perpendicular streets that run madly up-hill to the heights where public buildings and handsome private cottages stand out commandingly to the eye. Here the line of the C. & O. R. R. is crossed by the Valley Railroad—the main artery of the great Appalachian Valley. The stranger will soon see that the shopkeepers and the general population are

skilled in the manual alphabet and accustomed to employ the language of signs. At the





BUFFALO GAP AND FURNACE.

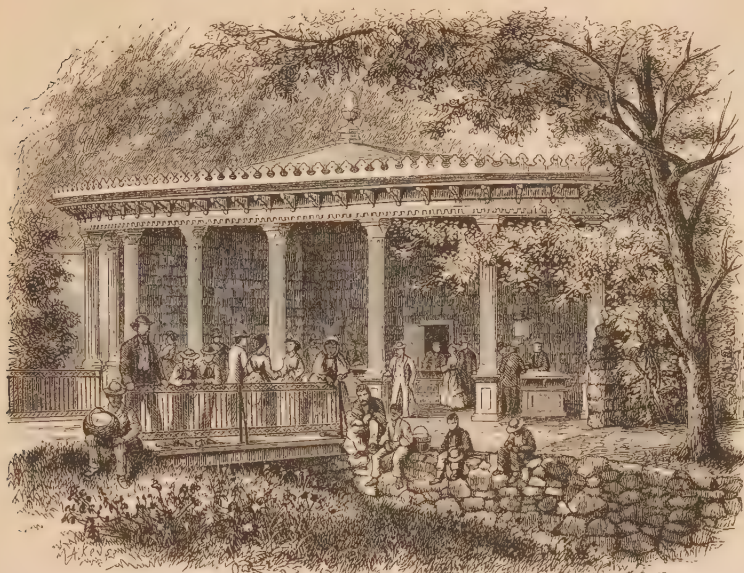
hotel he will meet very likely an amiable-looking person who will tell him in the strictest confidence that he is the rightful heir to the throne of England. And everywhere in the sunny afternoon, on the promenade, he will encounter such beves of bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked young girls as to suggest the suspicion that the children of the Staunton paterfamilias are all daughters, and that the happy man is blessed with a larger share of them than ordinarily falls to the lot of an American citizen not of Salt Lake City. Indeed the stranger will reach the conclusion ere long that the Stauntonese are composed in great part of pretty girls, lunatics and deaf-mutes. This heterogeneous character in its inhabitants is due to the fact that Staunton is the site of two of the great State charities of Virginia, the Asylum for the Insane, for the Western District, and the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and Blind, and has also become a central point, on account of its salubrious air and healthful influences, for the education of young ladies. Five colleges, under the patronage of different religious denominations, flourish here in friendly rivalry with each other, and more than six hundred pupils are drawn hither from widely scattered points of the Middle, Southern and Western States, from New York to Florida, and from Illinois to Texas. These "sweet girl graduates," that are to be, take their daily walks for exercise, as do also the deaf

mutes, while many inmates of the Lunatic Asylum, who are quite harmless, are permitted to go about the town *pour s'amuser*. But Staunton has a large number of citizens who are not *imbeciles*, some who see a long way into the future, and a few who have done yeoman's service in the work of putting Old Virginia on the track of progress. One of her sons, as long ago as 1848, in an address to the General Assembly of Virginia, demonstrated the necessity and certainty of construction of a railroad to the Pacific, and another in 1869 was foremost among the active men who successfully sought capital from abroad to complete the line to the Ohio River. At this moment her pushing, intelligent men of business are fully alive to the importance of furnishing the greatest facilities possible for rapid communication with all the centers of commerce. A railroad is now coming up the Valley of the Shenandoah

that will be part of a direct line from New Orleans to New York, and they are constructing an "air line" from Staunton to



VEIN OF IRON ORE, ELIZABETH FURNACE, VA.



THE ALUM SPRING.—ROCKBRIDGE ALUM SPRINGS, VA.

Washington, so that this once almost inaccessible town in the heart of the mountains will ere long be a point from which railroads will radiate in all directions.

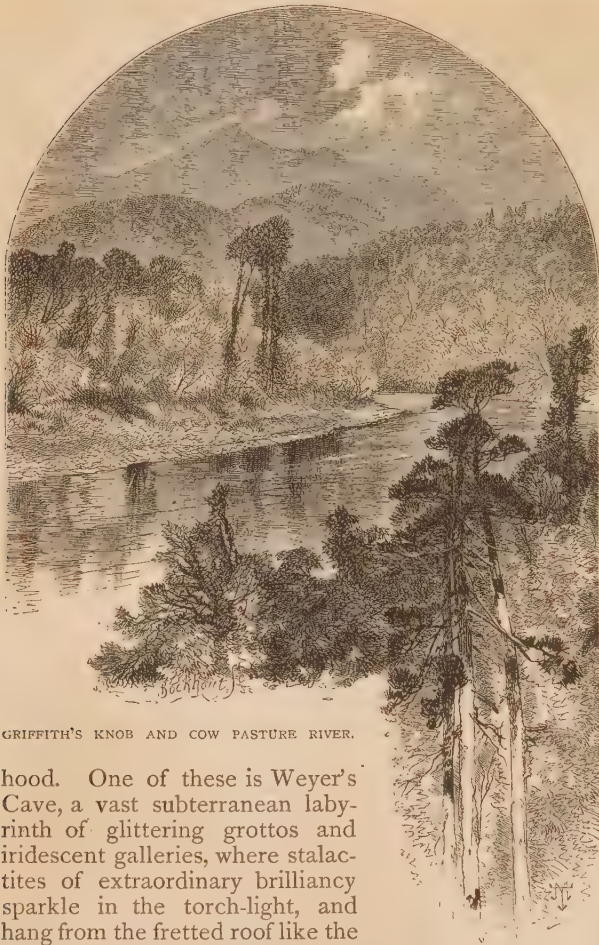
As regards climate, the Valley of the Shenandoah is exceptionally favored. A glance at the transverse section of the mountain ranges here given in profile will enable the reader to see how completely shut in it is from the winter storms. At Staunton the road-bed of the Chesapeake and Ohio is 1,386 feet above tide-water, an elevation that gives it an equable dry atmosphere and renders it a most agreeable residence as well as place of summer resort. Here Dr. Sears, the dispenser of Mr. Peabody's noble educational charity for the Southern States, has fixed his abode as the most healthful locality beyond the Potomac. Dry and cool in summer, it is comparatively exempt in winter from the driving tempests of rain and snow that elsewhere inundate the

by the snow-storms prevailing in either direction, while the sky above the town is cloudless, and the hills around it show not a patch of white.

Staunton is a favorite point of stoppage with summer tourists on their way to the mineral springs and mineral waters of Virginia, and many pleasant excursions may be made to places of interest in its neighbor-



WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY, LEXINGTON, VA.



GRIFFITH'S KNOB AND COW PASTURE RIVER.

hood. One of these is Weyer's Cave, a vast subterranean labyrinth of glittering grottos and iridescent galleries, where stalactites of extraordinary brilliancy sparkle in the torch-light, and hang from the fretted roof like the corbels and foliated pendants of a Gothic cathedral. Here are pulpits and organs, audience chambers and throne rooms, and here the ceaseless petrification takes all manner of beautiful and fantastic shapes, throwing its drapery around the form of a vestal or fastening its jewels to the person of a queen, as the visitor passes along its crystal colonnades and stops delighted before its frozen cataracts. Less extensive than the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, but more remarkable than the Cuevas of Matanzas, Weyer's Cave, were it in Europe, would be famous in the descriptions of a thousand tourists, and take its place among the wonders of the world.

Ten miles beyond Staunton there is a most remarkable cleft through the mountain, known as Buffalo Gap. It is a level, unobstructed passage between tall "cliffs that have been rent asunder," by which the buffaloes, in their migrations, went from pasturage to pasturage in the olden time. It became the bridle-path of the pioneer at a later day, then the line of the county road, then the bed of the turnpike, along which the stage-coach creaked with its passengers for the White Sulphur Springs, and now the ponderous engine, with its long train of cars, passes through the gateway, less like an intruder than a monarch, fluttering a flag of steam that is more significant of conquest than any banner ever borne in the van of a royal progress. At Buffalo Gap a new furnace has been erected by capital from Baltimore, and six miles distant may be seen the Ore Bank of Elizabeth Furnace, where crops out the rich seam of brown hematite, adequate to keep these and a hundred other furnaces aglow.

At North Mountain Summit Water Station, a few miles beyond Buffalo Gap, we reach the highest point of the railroad between the Chesapeake and the Ohio, where we are 2,073 feet above the tide, yet the streams immediately west of this, the bright "Pas-



THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE, LEXINGTON, VA.



THE GREAT NATURAL ARCH, CLIFTON FORGE, JACKSON'S RIVER.

tures," the Cow Pasture, the Bull Pasture, the Big Calf Pasture, and the Little Calf Pasture, names musical in the ears of the graziers that long held undisputed sway over them and Jackson's River, all flow into the Chesapeake, as the head sources of the James. We shall see in a short time where the last-named stream cleaves its way through the mountains on its eastward course, at the grand pass of Clifton Forge. But before getting to this point, we reach Goshen, on the Big Calf Pasture, 168 miles from Richmond, where passengers take stage-coaches for many places near by, variously celebrated in the Virginia itinerary.

The Rockbridge Alum Springs are not far away, where hundreds come, every year, for the healing of all manner of diseases, and where the Spring House, at the base of the mountain, in the cool shade, looks pretty enough for a temple of Hygeia; and Lexington is but twenty miles distant, where the mountains look down on the graves of Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee. As the seat of the Virginia Military Institute, and the Washington and Lee University, Lexington is an important literary center, and illustrates, in the prosperous condition of these great seminaries, the truth of Blackstone's remark, that "the sciences are social, and flourish best in the neighborhood of each other." Among the many claims to celebrity that the county of Rockbridge boasts, is that it gave birth to McCormick, the inventor of the reaping machine, and this benefactor of the race, with a love for the native soil that the Virginian never loses, has set apart the money to equip and endow, at the Washington and Lee University, an Astronomical Observatory on

a larger scale than any ever before established in Europe or America. The telescope is now in course of construction, an instrument surpassing, in magnitude and delicacy of finish



MAC, THE OLD ENGINEER, "THE PUSHER."

and clearness of lenses and refracting power, all others. Why should not Lexington, through the observations made there, become the Greenwich of America, and give time to the Continent? But apart from the observatory, which is a thing of the future, Lexington, in its colleges, enjoys a substantial prosperity from bringing together, annually, 700 young men from all parts of the South and South-west, and must always attract the lovers of the sublime and picturesque in nature, from its proximity to the Natural Bridge, which lies within a few miles of it, and gives the name to the county of which it is the seat.

Pursuing the line of the road beyond Goshen, we soon arrive at the rocky pass of Panther Gap, where the panthers used to sport, which is called Painter Gap in the pronunciation of the country, and likely to be spelt so hereafter, when the region round about shall allure to its hills and glens and waterfalls the artists of America even as Diana's Baths and the Cathedral and the mountain streams now draw them every sum-



"MISFORTUNE DOTH MAKE BROTHERS OF US ALL"

mer to North Conway in New Hampshire. For all along the road between the North Mountain and the Alleghany the scenery is wildly beautiful, with infinite variety of tint

and outline, rocks and foliage, nothing savage or forbidding, but of a character to inspire and exhilarate the weary toiler "in populous city pent," and having the effect upon the spirits that is produced by champagne, or the merriment of children, or the music of Rossini, or the freshness of morning. At every turn and zigzag a new and inspiring landscape breaks upon the view, now and then having for background some such imposing object as Griffith's Knob, which, further on, like Wordsworth's "swan on still St. Mary's lake," we shall "see double" (without champagne), first towering to the clouds in its own grandeur, and then reflected from the bright surface of the Cow Pasture below.

Millboro', which is reached soon after leaving Panther Gap, is a point of departure by stage-coach for the Warm Springs, and the glories of the Warm Spring mountain view, which Miss Sedgwick celebrated forty years ago, might well tempt us to change our means of locomotion for the coach, had we not marked out our journey along the iron road for two hundred and fifty miles be-



A DARKEY IN THE DARK.

yond this point. But we must tarry long enough at Millboro', or near it, to see the longest and deepest "Fill" of the whole undertaking, and to make the acquaintance of "Mac" the Old Engineer, "the Pusher," whom we present in form and feature to the reader. For fifteen years, the trains of the Virginia Central Railway passed here a yawning ravine, by means of a temporary track, running down one slope and up the other, by a grade of hundreds of feet to the mile. "Mac" was the engine-driver who managed the short, stout, heavy, puffing "Mountain Climber" that pushed the trains up the hill, and during all that time no train or passenger ever came to grief. Last summer the "Lick Run Fill," 186 feet high and containing a million cubic yards of earth, was completed,

and "Mac's" occupation ceased to be "temporary," though he has never since become accustomed to the high rates of speed of the level road, and says he thinks forty miles an hour dangerous.

And now having resumed our journey, we come presently upon Clifton Forge, where Jackson's River rushes through one of the grandest of gorges to unite with the bright streams we have skirted for forty or fifty miles, and form the James, and at last to mingle with the ocean at the point from which we set out, Newport's News. The illustration we here give of this wonderful spot is a front view of one side of the cleft where the Great Architect has revealed the processes by which the mountains were made in baring to the view a mighty arch of a half

mile chord and a thousand feet to the key-stone. What tremendous agencies were employed to upheave that mass! and yet how silently and quietly they performed their work we may see from the almost unbroken strata of sandstone in the arch, strata that rise at the extremities of the defile in steeply dipping walls curving gently in the crown and spanning a long reach of the horizontal shore-line of the river.

Our little party of tourists rambled about the pass of Clifton Forge, enjoying to the fullest extent the grandeur of the vista where the fugitive river runs off through beetling cliffs, and gathering the wild flowers that grow in profusion about the ruins, until a little passionate gust swept through the defile and dashed its big rain-drops upon us, a mere momentary exhibition of bad temper in Nature which yet threatened wet jackets for us all. How we "came in out of the wet" and huddled together under a shanty of four feet square, let the artist make apparent.

The mention of ruins renders it necessary to say that years ago this defile was the site of mills, forges



FALLING SPRING FALLS.



BEAVER DAM FALLS.

and furnaces, whence its name Clifton Forge, and that the music of an Anvil Chorus once mingled with the murmurs of the stream; but the buildings have long crumbled in decay, and the mossed and ivied walls now present a picture of sweetly mournful desolation. In view of these iron-ribbed mountains on either hand, however, of the vast water-power that lies idle between them, and of the great line of transportation that now passes the spot, one cannot help seeing that the picturesque here should yield to the practical, and wishing for the wizard with the trip-hammer to break the silence that hangs like a spell over Clifton Forge. And he will not be long in coming. The James River and Kanawha Canal is to pass through this gorge; its boats already run to a point within twenty miles of it, and ultimately the great freight track of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, following the water-courses, will take the same route in running down to the tides.

Covington,—205 miles from Richmond. Covington may be said to have been the City of Great Expectations, for as a city it was laid out, though it has attained only the importance of a village. It was to have been the western terminus of the Virginia Central Railroad, and the canal was to have been pushed here “at all hazards and to the last extremity.” Virginia was then to build a railroad with a different gauge from this point to the Ohio—and on this railroad millions of

dollars were expended—and the products of the mines and fields of the Great West were here to be transhipped, thus giving “a fair shake” to the competing railroad and water lines to the East, and Covington was to be a wide area of freight-sheds and canal-basins. Such was the short-sighted Internal Improvement policy of the State of Virginia which the war scattered to the winds. There was no money left to carry on the work. Virginia offered all that had been done upon it from tide-water to the Ohio—millions worth of labor and 205 miles of completed railroad and the right of way—to any Company that would make it a through line. The great State had been cut into two States by the war, but both the Virginias agreeing upon this new policy, Staunton, as we have already said, sought and found the Company with the through line, “Central Pacific” Huntingdon at its head, and in three years’ time from the resumption of operations, or before the close of 1872, trains will be running from tide-water on the James to deep water on the Ohio.

At Covington, where our party stopped for the night, a chance meeting with a venerable freedman, making his way to church, with a lantern which feebly dispelled the surrounding darkness, induced us to attend the evening services of the negroes. The newly-erected building was well lighted, and showed a most respectable congregation, but our venture was unfortunate, for we were made disagreeably conspicuous by having assigned to us the “highest seats in the synagogue,” and the worthy Baptist brother who occupied the pulpit “improved the occasion” by a discourse “on the grace of gibin’” with a view to a



CLAY CUT, NEAR CALLAGHAN'S.



JERRY'S RUN.

subsequent collection which added a handsome sum to the treasury of the church. Our artist also "improved the occasion" by making a Rembrandtish sketch of our guide, which, as exhibiting "A Darkey in the Dark," can hardly be exceeded for depth of shade by any *chef-d'œuvre* of the Flemish master. The negroes are very fond of holding meetings at night, possibly for the same reason that they delight to travel about in the train, that it was a privilege denied them in a great measure under slavery.

Allusion has been made to the waterfalls that enliven and diversify the wild scenery of these mountains. On the turnpike from Covington to the Hot and Healing Springs, the tourist comes upon the riotous cascade of Falling Spring, and a few miles distant, in the opposite direction, on the road to the Sweet Springs, the clear waters of a little creek come rushing over a rocky cleft at Beaver Dam with a noise and pother far exceeding Lodore, which Mr. Southey has made so many rhymes about, and with such a picturesqueness of dark green in the foliage and brilliant refractions and reflections of broken sunlight in the descending drops that, were Beaver Dam in the Adirondacks, we should have

had pictures of it by the score in the National Academy of Design. The fall derives its name from the fact that here the beavers built a barrier across the stream, of which the network may still be seen in petrification, the water depositing the carbonate of lime on all objects that it touches, and thus converting them into stone.

And now, as having rested from the fatigues of the previous day, we pursue our course, we find ourselves in the immediate presence of the Alleghanies, which tower aloft on every hand. For several miles we pursue an ascending grade along Dunlap's Creek, and here excavations and embankments (or what are known in the more direct and expressive phrase of the practical engineer as Cuts and Fills) succeed each other continuously. Here is the Clay Cut in profile, a work which the engineer, from the nature of the ground, was apt to think "the most unkindest cut of all," and which will dwell in the memory of our company for the portrait of the fireman taken there by our artist. The negro was sleeping, and

the sunshine came peeping through the engine's round look-out of glass, and we caught



ALLEGHANY TUNNEL.

the eclipse, and the play of his lips, as we entered the shadowy pass.

The Filling work of the railroad culminates at Jerry's Run, a tremendous ravine which, coming down from the Alleghanies, throws itself directly across the track of the great iron road as if to thwart the effort of the engineer to find a way across the Apalachian chain ; but the man of the theodolite could say with more certainty than did the French monarch of the Pyrenees—*Il n'y a plus des Alleghanes*. Little by little the extremities of the mountain spurs were cut away and the earth and stones tumbled over into the chasm, and now the train winds along the romantic valley at so dizzy a height above the torrent that it seems a mere thread of silver in the depth of the gorge. Over

Jerry's Run we moved, not without awakening the echoes of the mountains, while yet the morning sun had not reached the bed of the torrent, until at last, going directly towards the mountain's side, at an elevation of 2,065 feet above the level of the sea and at a distance of 222 miles from the nearest reach of the tide, we plunged into darkness and slid through the Alleghany.



THE ECLIPSE.

DIVORCED.

"Custody of the child given to the father."

My darling ! my darling ! the midnight is here
To stifle and tempt me with longing and fear :
I hear through the darkness thy sweet little voice,
Like birds in their nests that in slumber rejoice.

My darling ! my darling ! a long night has come ;
I am straying alone in the ashes of home :
Its echoes of love and their answers of peace—
All voices that blessed me in solitude cease.

I gave them my love as our Father gives air ;
I gave them my life without stint or compare :
They used me and left me to die by the way ;
My darling ! my love ! thou wert kinder than they.

From thee in thy blossom, the sweetness of dawn,
The perfume and faith of thy life are not gone ;
Thou lovest for love's sake, not duty, nor gain ;
Life hath not defiled thee, nor sorrow, nor pain.

Ah ! would that together in some quiet grave,
Or deep in the ocean's long-sorrowing wave,
Thy tiny arms round me, thy head on my breast,
We two lay forever in passionless rest.

In the night and the daytime I long for thy face ;
I dream that thou liest at rest in thy place ;
I waken and call thee with pitiful prayer,
My darling ! my darling ! why art thou not there !

O God ! when Thou judgest the false and the true—
When the madness and passion of living are through,
I ask of Thee only to give me above
This baby, who only hath answered my love !

A PEEP AT THE BIRD-SHOPS.



INTERIOR OF A NEW YORK BIRD-SHOP.

EVEN the brick and brown-stone wilderness of New York city affords the alert disciple of Audubon refreshing glimpses of the feathered race. Not infrequently some broad-winged, roc-like bird wheels its slow and ponderous flight above the roofs of Manhattan Island, inciting observant street ur-

chins to brisk speculation as to its probable identity with the bald-headed emblem of freedom. Every day the Quaker-feathered sparrows, cheery and familiar, flit singly or in social bevvies through the squares and less crowded streets, uttering, with timid, broken chirp, their small petition for the luxurious

crumbs which bright-aproned housemaids considerably scatter. Twittering canaries, in cages gay with paint or gilding, flutter in the windows, or hang perilously, like Macbeth's banners, "on the outward walls," in every block from the lace-curtained mansions of Murray Hill to the dingy barracks of the Five Points. Sturdy parrots, here and there, amuse themselves and the passing public by posturing with all the gravity of tipsy harlequins, and making eldritch remarks at intervals concerning crackers and other topics of interest. Clear-eyed doves, with pearly plumage, whirl gently down from some lofty sheltering roof, glean fearlessly along the unswept pavement, and then, with a soft flutter of wings, flee away again unharmed. Luckless fowls, destined to the spit, support a cheerless existence in rough wooden coops, piled up in markets or in front of butcher-shops, while in the very heart of the city the wakeful listener, in the small silent hours, rarely fails to catch the "shrill clarion" that echoes from the valorous throat of some chanticleer, held captive within the brick and mortar limits. Mysterious and predatory owls lurked secretly about the smaller parks a year or two ago, and grew aldermanic upon slaughtered sparrows, until the pistols of avenging policemen cut short the sanguinary careers of a dozen of Minerva's prowlers. Even after death the feathered tribes subserve metropolitan purposes beyond their inevitable gastronomic fate, as when an ample stuffed goose, half embedded in the plucked plumage of its fellows, appears in a show-case at some warehouse door as a sign of unrivaled pillows within; or a dozen flame-winged humming-birds, posed under glass in a glittering group, attest the skill of some fine-fingered taxidermic artist.

These odds and ends of bird-life suffice to give the city a certain ornithologic standing, happily enhanced by a troop of scattered bird-shops, wherein, at least, all such sage mortals as, Hamlet-fashion, "know a hawk from a hand-saw," may find an entertaining field for curious inspection. A noteworthy shop* of this singular sort lurks in the Chatham street corner of Printing House Square, monopolizing half the ground floor of the middle house in a trio of small and ancient two-storied brick structures, huddled together under the same sloping, shingled, trap-doored roof. On one side mugs of lager, frothy and

brown, are vended almost without ceasing, and on the other a demure "policy shop" entices picayune gamblers to stake their hard earnings on lottery chances. Noisy street cars clatter harshly by in an endless chain, and newsboys in turbulent squads jostle each other on the neighboring sidewalk, along which busy wayfarers, with jaded faces, tramp in perpetual procession. Notwithstanding this prosy environment, our little bird-shop maintains, even in its sign-boards, a certain quaint distinction. Across the front the visitor reads, in ordinary black letters, the bird-fancier's name, and the mildly presumptuous legend, "Birds' Emporium," but at each end of this sign and of the smaller one above, inscribed "Importer of Birds," is perched a round, tenantless cage, with rusted wires and weather-beaten paint, while in the middle sits a mummy of a squirrel, with dilapidated fur, and a ridiculous remnant of a tail still pertly cocked over its forlorn back. The wreck of a parrot cage swings from the hooked end of a slender iron rod, side by side with a green wooden shield-shaped sign, profusely lettered with an inventory of the bird-fancier's wares. A like inscription also appears on the green post between the narrow adjacent doors that give entrance to the separate halves of the building.

Bird-fancying, pure and simple, does not lead to independent fortune with startling rapidity, and hence almost every bird dealer in the city seeks to enlarge his gains by adding to his feathered store numerous other salable bits of nature. Our "birds' emporium" proprietor is no exception to this general rule, as appears from the fine conchological array and the curious compound of aquarium, menagerie and aviary wherewith he baits his commercial hook for passing customers. The "pent-up Utica" of a single show window somewhat confines his powers, and reduces him to the economical expedient of displaying his shells in one of those upright glass cases which thrifty milliners employ for the sidewalk exhibition of marvelous bonnets. Around the top of this modest coffee-colored casket, behind the large panes that form three sides of its upper half, hang a dozen capacious scallop shells, each with its row of mysterious perforations, and all with the rich, glimmering tints of wine when "it giveth its color in the cup." On convenient ledges of tin, painted intensely blue and resembling half a pyramid cut into stairs, pearly "silver shells," tiger-spotted "Turk's caps," and "morexes" as jagged as elks' horns, are

* Since this sketch was written, the whirlpool of business has swept away the shop here described, and left no trace of it except this record.

neatly ranged in an iridescent group, with a round, rough, fragile "sea-egg" for a snow-white center-piece. The bottom of the case, about the lower ledge, is evenly strewn an inch deep with tiny specimens, some spiral and pointed, others oval and smooth, some brilliantly scarlet tipped with black, and others delicately brown and checkered as daintily as a dragon-fly's wing. The portrait of a Liliputian Cinderella in a veil of gold lace also appears, ingeniously bordered with fine glossy cones, among half a dozen other shell-work pieces shaped like hearts or diamonds, while, inserted here and there, red roses, not of Nature's making, give a whimsical finish to the picture.

The strange shapes and exquisite colors of these spoils of the sea attract many passing glances, but they cannot compare in fascinating effect with the medley of life and motion revealed in the populous show window. A sharp November wind blows nippingly along the street, and a suspicion of snow is in the air, but for the last ten minutes a stray bit of a tenement-house lassie, in a thin and tattered dress and with a little scarlet shawl drawn tightly over her head, has been gazing in at the window intent and motionless, save for an occasional slight shifting of position and a perpetual caressing of the top of each little bare foot in turn with the sole of the other.

A searching glance behind the four large panes, set in a stout unpainted sash, shows that the room usually devoted to a broad sill is mainly usurped by a rude wooden aquarium, a yard square and twenty inches deep. A narrow space along the front of the sill is garrisoned with a troop of rusty-gray, rose-lipped conch-shells, while two wire baskets, conchologically filled with rainbow specimens, are pendent in the background. The broad front edge of the tank does duty as a shelf, whereon appears a battalion of gold-fish globes of glass, three of them goblet-shaped and taller than the two small, round intermediate ones, and all of them freshly plenished with sparkling Croton and with handfuls of green and feathery water-plants. In the first of the taller globes half a dozen little fishes with gossamer fins and tails are swimming restlessly around, thrusting their cold noses against the incomprehensible glass, while a bigger, flame-colored brother, with a black face and a jet stripe along his back, poises himself among the fern-like leafage and tranquilly disregards the impertinent nibblings of two or three scaly and comical little fellows, with brown backs, flat white bellies, beady black eyes, and half a dozen slender

ebony feelers, waving about their mouths like so many fierce mustachios.

In the second large globe a score of little olive-green eels, beautifully lithe, glide to and fro with sinuous smoothness, or, startled by a passing shadow, slip out of sight with proverbial celerity among the feathery foliage. In the third a community of small brown snails is securely housed, their fine indifference to alarming circumstances, and their philosophic deliberation of movement, affording an edifying contrast to the superfluous squirminess of their finny brethren. In one of the smaller globes are six or eight docile minnows, while the other is full of a wrestling crowd of youthful tortoises, an inch or two in length, who look demurely vicious as they claw their way persistently along the smooth glass, displaying the vivid scarlet and yellow stripes on the under sides of their shells, slowly wagging their acute little tails, and thrusting forth their long necks at intervals with an air of preternatural penetration.

On the same rude shelf with the globes stands a square cage of rusty wires and green woodwork, filled with a dozen Java sparrows—facetious creatures of canary size, with downy gray backs, slender black tails, little pink claws, chubby rose-red bills, and heads dark as a raven's wing and with a triangular, snow-white patch at each side, precisely like the long ends of a Shakespeare collar waggishly turned up over a wig of unnatural blackness. They are sitting very tranquilly just now on their three perches or on the edges of their two round white cups of water and of golden seed. Two affectionate couples are billing sleepily, and three or four bachelors are taking naps on one leg with their eyes shut. Order reigns; but suddenly yonder roguish fellow, without a moment's warning, begins to flap his wings like a crazy windmill. Another follows suit, and another, and in five seconds the whole cage is in a terrible flutter. Then a pause, and every bird is motionless. Presently the original windmill performer leans slyly down from his perch, wickedly pecks a harmless sparrow standing unsuspectingly on the floor below, and then hops sideways to and fro in frantic delight. Another scurry, and the next minute two of the designing little wretches are sound asleep, while the rest are meditatively quiet, and one is solemnly engaged in staring at the snails in the adjacent globe with an air of the deepest solicitude.

In a square, dingy red cage, placed atop of the sparrows' domicile, two "shell parro-

quets," somewhat bigger than canaries, are puffing and chuckling, and winking and wriggling in the most ludicrous and unnecessary manner. Their long azure tails and green breasts and mottled backs, and yellow faces absurdly spotted with blue, make a show more ludicrous than the motley wear of the circus jester, whose pranks are quite equalled by these feathered jokers, whereof the little airs and comic graces soon lead to a matrimonial quarrel in which Polly drives her mate to the wall and remains in exclusive and victorious possession of the perch. Upon the parrot cage are certain cans and bottles of delicate provision for the fastidious palates of melodious mocking-birds; while at the right, on the sparrow-house, two small square cages, one above the other, contain a twittering green linnet and a restless russet-colored "mule-bird," or cross between a canary and a finch.

On an upper shelf three little wooden cages are piled in the middle, each with a small canary tenant, yellow as a dandelion, and sweet-voiced as a lute. At the opposite ends are two large squirrel-houses, in one of which a gray and foxy fellow contemplates passing events with a sedate but piercing look, while his small brown compatriot of the forest makes the wheel fly in the other with more speed than dignity. Above, at the top of the window, hang three new parlor cages, patiently awaiting their destined occupants, and meantime crowning the scene with their gay tints and ornamental traceries.

The treasures of a bird-shop are naturally grouped in the front windows, but still it is quite worth our while to turn the brazen handle, push, enter, and survey the crowded interior. The barbaric screeches of a dozen parrots vie with the melodious twitterings of a hundred warblers in a mixed and almost deafening chorus of welcome, while a pet canary flits fearlessly forward and eyes us inquiringly from the top of a squirrel-house. The room is long and very narrow, with a sawdust-sprinkled floor, and a ceiling completely hidden by hanging rows of gayly-painted cages. At the rear a narrow stairway leads to some mysterious upper region, and a single window affords a glimpse of a large black dog, vigilantly fierce, chained in the yard. Two well-worn wooden chairs, and a round high stool, silently invite us to a seat or a perch, whichever we may prefer. The bird-fancier, a good-natured little German, accustomed to visits of curiosity as well as of business, tranquilly awaits our pleasure, interchanging meanwhile an occasional word

with his two sons, lads of ten or twelve in red-edged woolen jackets and tufted caps, and with such brown cheeks, bright eyes, and long lashes as inspire the suspicion that their father must have wandered beyond the Alps in quest of nightingales, and found his wife in some Italian orange-grove.

The left side of the shop is completely walled with square and dingy cages of rusty wire and red or green wood-work, while on the other side a hundred and fifty canaries are piled up to the ceiling on a long shelf, each in a trim little wooden cage, such as a Yankee whittler would soon improvise with a jack-knife and a new shingle or two. Along the floor at the left is a row of six yard-square wooden pens, with wire fronts and broomstick perches. Three sleepy pigeons are secluded in the first; while in the second a crimson-feathered game-cock is perched, with an air of combative vigilance, beside a speckled and unostentatious hen; and in the third a single rumped bantam protests with doleful cluck against the barbarism of solitary confinement. In the next, two round-nosed Java monkeys, gray and hairy, lie on the floor in a drowsy and affectionate heap, showing their white teeth with a menacing grin in response to the slightest pull at their chain. Two crested chickens in the fifth are vainly trying to hide themselves behind each other; and in the final cage seven green and yellow-visaged parrots are perched in a solemn row; while the eighth, like a sentry, grimly clutches his way along the wires in front.

Above these pens, in a dozen stout cages, red and rusty, another gorgeous regiment of parrots is domiciled, some peacefully single, others coupled in quarrelsome pairs, and all addicted to comic gymnastics and unmelodious soliloquizing. Upsetting their dishes of corn, promenading with their heads downward, and viciously nibbling their perches with destructive bills, appear to be their favorite amusements. The boxes of wood and wire in the next two tiers contain some scores of bright-eyed canaries, while in the row above a commodious and ornamental green cage, with arched top and a multiplicity of wire-woven traceries like Gothic windows, imprisons a mischievous colony of about forty Java sparrows, together with three or four sedate blackbirds, looking as solemn as so many old-fashioned dominies among a troop of frolicsome schoolboys. Three restless, feathered hermits from Mexico, with brilliant black and yellow plumage, hop to and fro in the adjacent cages, while a nu-

merous and undemonstrative company of bobolinks, thrushes and mocking-birds occupy the remaining space, save in one corner where two modest German nightingales tantalize us by hiding their musical talents under the napkin of persistent silence. The thrifty shopman, observing our scrutiny of these renowned songsters, volunteers in fragmentary English to sell us one for the mere trifle of fifteen dollars. We deem it our duty, however, firmly to resist this temptation, and with a final glance at the shifting labyrinth of fins and tails in the wooden show-window aquarium, we turn our backs upon the tropical profusion of piercing melody and gorgeous

plumage, and pass regretfully forth into the snow-storm that has suddenly begun to drive with polar fierceness along the wintry street.

Other shops, a grade lower than this, are



FRONT OF A BIRD-SHOP.

kept in basements, by burly, rough-shaven Londoners, with secret rat-killing proclivities, and a tender feeling for terriers and poodles; while still others, more pretentious but less picturesque, contain furred or feathery creatures enough to stock a small forest. In one notable Chatham street instance, not only are the tall windows crowded with scores of squirrels, parrots, and songsters, and with a fantastic abundance of bizarre ornaments, rare shells and stuffed birds of rainbow plumage, but even the grained doors and exterior casings are covered, in a fit of pictorial extravagance, with portraiture of pheasants, monkeys and Asiatics, and a spirited sketch of sly Reynard pouncing on an unsuspecting rabbit.

Of all the bird-shops in New York, the one that soonest catches the artist's eye is kept in Center street by a veteran pigeon-fancier, who is snugly domiciled in the corner of an old brick mansion, now forlorn and battered, though once, doubtless, an aristocratic residence. A flight of time-worn brown-stone steps, with a slender iron rail at each side,

leads up to a doorway which is barricaded with piles of square cages, red, green and blue, till only the narrowest defile is left for entrance. A bevy of snow-white chickens, a family of restless bantams, and two or three martial game-cocks, share these cages with some dozens of pigeons, pure white or diversely marked with delicate iridescent shades of gray or brown. Some of them are preening their glossy plumage, while others are puffing out their fluffy bosoms and sleepily winking their lustrous eyes, and others, still, with tails spread out, peacock fashion, are chasing their mates furiously around the cage, and pecking them with a comic appearance of the most vindictive rage. Inside, the walls of the small triangular room are crowded, from the sandy, corn-sprinkled floor to the dingy, cobwebbed ceiling, with tiers of the rudest green cages, full of cooing and quarrelsome tenants. Here and there a stray thrush sits speechless and solitary, while in a large double cage a dozen of the yellowest canaries are merrily hopping and twittering and feasting at intervals upon a hemisphere of savory apple. In a distant corner, a small, green, white-billed parrot parades soberly to and fro on a wire-roofed cage, while his red-billed brother, imprisoned for misconduct, crouches on a black perch, and moodily munches a cracker, promoting digestion by an occasional screech. In two or three cages sleepy rabbits are penned up, while others of the long-eared tribe are skipping fearlessly about the floor, nibbling cabbage-leaves, or napping peacefully in convenient nooks. The shaggiest of black and white dogs walks slowly around with the air of one in authority, or stretches himself on the floor, and crosses his forelegs in an attitude of the most dignified repose. Another smaller dog, with thin legs and black, silky hair, seems chiefly intent on keeping out of harm's way and yet seeing all that goes on, while a third sturdy white fellow with a black nose barks and whimpers at the end of a slender cord which restrains his liberty in a way that he evidently despises. A black and yellow cat stalks deliberately along the tops of the cages, dividing her parental solicitude between their feathered occupants and a solitary white-nosed kitten, which betrays a furtive disposition to arch its back at the smallest and most inoffensive of its canine companions. So well trained are these cats and dogs, that even the perching of a stray canary on their

backs does not incite them to hostile demonstrations.

The guardian of this happy family is an old white-haired man, in gray trowsers, linen coat, and the hugest of blue cotton neck-ties. His short and bristly beard surrounds a face full of wrinkles and good-nature, and of an obvious affection for his feathered charge, which further manifests itself in ceaseless attention to their slightest wants. His English is so remarkably unintelligible that we turn for a translation to his daughter, a black-eyed, round-faced, bare-armed little woman, with a small, square checked shawl across her shoulders, and a blue dress pinned up over a striped skirt. Red stockings, flowered slippers, and an ample chignon complete her attire. She pauses in her very leisurely sweeping, leans on the broom, and answers our look of inquiry by asking:

"How old do you think he is?"

"About sixty."

"No, he's seventy-five!—born in 1797," and her eyes sparkle as if she felt a justifiable pride in the paternal venerableness.

"He is not German, is he?"

"O, no, Holland. He did live in England, too, and traded in geese and turkeys—hundreds of 'em—seven or eight hundred at once." (Here a bit of Dutch colloquy between father and daughter.) "Seven or eight thousand, he says." (More colloquy.) "Twelve thousand geese once, one Michaelmas." Her eyes sparkle again at the remembrance of such former commercial glories, and then she adds regretfully, with a disdainful gesture,

"*This* ain't no business to what he done then!"

Nevertheless, "this business" is not so trifling, after all, for a trip up an old-fashioned winding stairway discloses two small, crimson-walled rooms above, full of several hundreds of fluttering pigeons, debarred by hempen nettings across the doorways from escaping out of what might once have been some fair lady's boudoir. The white-nosed kitten, curled up on the stairs, regards us solemnly as we descend, and a black-eared rabbit scuds out of the way with a cabbage-leaf in its mouth. The old man, with a pigeon in each hand, adds a nod and a smile to his daughter's "Good-day, sir," while the parrot in the far corner startles us, as we slip out between the barricades of cages, with the cry,

"Good birds cheap! Come again!"

AN INTRUDER.

BABY has been here, it seems
Baby Annie on the wing—
In my little library,
Plundering and reveling.

Annie dear, the darling witch—
See how innocent she looks—
But she has a world of wiles
When she gets among my books.

Half the time I own she seems
Less a being than a star ;
Then again I cry, " My books ;
Annie, what a rogue you are ! "

" No, no—" papa cries in vain :
Down the dainty volumes come ;
Papa, here you are no king,
I am queen in baby-dom.

Stately Johnson lies in grief
Under laughing Rabelais ;
Emerson is flat for once ;
Heine's thumbing Thackeray.

Whittier, O poet rare !
Thou hast many pages less ;
But if all were gone but one,
That would hold and charm or bless.

Baby with the double crown,
And the laughter-haunted eyes,
Papa's *sanctum*, volume-strewn,
Is to thee a Paradise !

I forgive thee when I feel
" Breath and lips upon me pressed,
Sweet as any alien air,
Blown from harbors of the blest.

" Papa," something whispers me,
" Better every laden shelf
Emptied by her baby hands
Than the house all to thyself."

ARTHUR BONNICASTLE.



"JENKS," SAID THE LADY, "TAKE THIS BOY TO HIS FATHER."

CHAPTER II.

"THE MANSION" of Mrs. Sanderson was a good half-mile away from us, situated upon the hill that overlooked the little city. It appeared grand in the distance, and commanded the most charming view of town, meadow and river imaginable. We passed Mr. Bradford's house on the way—a plain, rich, unpretending dwelling—and received from him a hearty good-morning, with kind inquiries for my mother, as he stood in his open doorway, enjoying the fresh morning air. At the window sat a smiling little woman, and, by her side, looking out at me, stood the prettiest little girl I had ever seen. Her raven-black hair was freshly curled, and shone like her raven-black eyes; and both helped to make the simple frock in which she was dressed seem marvelously white. I have pitied my poor little self many times in thinking how far removed from me in condition the petted child seemed that morning, and how unworthy I felt, in my homely clothes, to touch her dainty hand or even to speak to her. I was fascinated by the vision, but glad to get out of her sight.

On arriving at The Mansion, my father and I walked to the great front-door. There were sleeping lions at the side, and there

was a rampant lion on the knocker which my father was about to attack when the door swung noiselessly upon its hinges, and we were met upon the threshold by the mistress herself. She looked smaller than ever, shorn of her street costume and her bonnet; and her lips were so thin and her face seemed so full of pain that I wondered whether it were her head or her teeth that ached.

"The repairs that I wish to talk about are at the rear of the house," she said, blocking the way, and with a nod directing my father to that locality. There was no show of courtesy in her words or manner. My father turned away, responding to her bidding, and still maintaining his hold upon my hand.

"Arthur," said she, "come in here."

I looked up questioningly into my father's face, and saw that it was clouded. He relinquished my hand, and said: "Go with the lady."

She took me into a little library, and, pointing me to a chair, said: "Sit there until I come back. Don't stir, or touch anything."

I felt, when she left me, as if there were enough of force in her command to paralyze me for a thousand years. I hardly dared to breathe. Still my young eyes were active, and were quickly engaged in taking an inventory of the apartment, and of such rooms as

I could look into through the open doors. I was conscious at once that I was looking upon nothing that was new. Everything was faded and dark and old, except those things that care could keep bright. The large brass andirons in the fireplace, and the silver candlesticks on the mantelpiece were as brilliant as when they were new. So perfect was the order of the apartment—so evidently had every article of furniture and every little ornament been adjusted to its place and its relations—that, after the first ten minutes of my observation, I could have detected any change as quickly as Mrs. Sanderson herself.

Through a considerable passage, with an open door at either end, I saw on the wall of the long dining-room a painted portrait of a lad older than I, and very handsome. I longed to go nearer to it, but the prohibition withheld me. In truth, I forgot all else about me in my curiosity concerning it—forgot even where I was—yet I failed at last to carry away any impression of it that my memory could recall at will.

It may have been half an hour—it may have been an hour—that Mrs. Sanderson was out of the room, and engaged with my father. It seemed a long time that I had been left when she returned.

"Have you moved or touched anything?" she inquired.

"No, ma'am."

"Are you tired?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What would you like to do?"

"I should like to go nearer to the picture of the beautiful little boy in that room," I answered, pointing at it.

She crossed the room at once and shut the door. Then she came back to me and said with a voice that trembled: "You must not see that picture, and you must never ask me anything about it."

"Then," I said, "I should like to go out where my father is at work."

"Your father is busy. He is at work for me, and I do not wish to have him disturbed," she responded.

"Then I should like a book," I said.

She went to a little case of shelves on the opposite side of the room, and took down one book after another, and looked not at the contents but at the fly-leaf of each, where the name of the owner is usually inscribed. At last she found one that apparently suited her, and came and sat down by me, holding it in her lap. She looked at me curiously, and then said: "What do you expect to make of

yourself, boy? What do you expect to be?"

"A man," I answered.

"Do you? That is a great deal to expect."

"Is it harder to be a man than it is to be a woman?" I inquired.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because it is," she replied almost snappishly.

"A woman isn't so large," I responded, as if that statement might contain a helpful suggestion.

She smiled faintly, and then her face grew stern and sad; and she seemed to look at something far off. At length she turned to me and said: "You are sure you will never be a drunkard?"

"Never," I replied.

"Nor a gambler?"

"I don't know what a gambler is."

"Do you think you could ever become a disobedient, ungrateful wretch, child?" she continued.

I do not know where my responding words or my impulse to utter them came from: probably from some romantic passage that I had read, coupled with the conversations I had recently heard in my home; but I rose upon my feet, and with real feeling, though with abundant mock-heroism in the seeming, I said, "Madame, I am a Bonnicastle!"

She did not smile, as I do, recalling the incident, but she patted me on the head with the first show of affectionate regard. She let her hand rest there while her eyes looked far off again; and I knew she was thinking of things with which I could have no part.

"Do you think you could love me, Arthur?" she said, looking me in the eyes.

"I don't know," I replied, "but I think I could love anybody who loved me."

"That's true, that's true," she said sadly; and then she added: "Would you like to live here with me?"

"I don't think I should," I answered frankly.

"Why?"

"Because it is so still, and everything is so nice, and my father and mother would not be here, and I should have nobody to play with," I replied.

"But you would have a large room, and plenty to eat and good clothes to wear," she said, looking down upon my humble garments.

"Should I have this house when you get through with it?" I inquired.

"Then you would like it without me in it, would you?" she said, with a smile which she could not repress.

"I should think it would be a very good house for a man to live in," I replied, evading her question.

"But you would be alone."

"Oh no!" I said, "I should have a wife and children."

"Humph!" she exclaimed, giving her head a little toss and mine a little rap, as she removed her hand, "you will be a man, I guess, fast enough!"

She sat a moment in silence, looking at me, and then she handed me the book she held, and went out of the room again to see my father at his work. It was a book full of rude pictures and uninteresting text, and its attractions had long been exhausted when she returned, flushed and nervous. I learned afterwards that she had had a long argument with my father about the proper way of executing the job she had given him. My father had presumed upon his knowledge of his craft to suggest that her way of doing the work was not the right way; and she had insisted that the work must be done in her way or not at all. Those who worked for her were to obey her will. She assumed all knowledge of everything relating to herself and her possessions, and permitted neither argument nor opposition; and when my father convinced her reason that she had erred, she was only fixed thereby in her error. I knew that something had gone wrong, and I longed to see my father, but I did not dare to say anything about it.

How the morning was worn away I do not remember. She led me in a dreary ramble through the rooms of the large old house, and we had a good deal of idle talk that led to nothing. She chilled and repressed me. I felt that I was not myself,—that her will overshadowed me. She called nothing out of me that interested her. I remember thinking how different she was from Mr. Bradford, whose presence made me feel that I was in a large place, and stirred me to think and talk.

At noon the dinner-bell rang, and she bade me go with her to the dining-room. I told her my father had brought dinner for me, and I would like to eat with him. I longed to get out of her presence, but she insisted that I must eat with her, and there was no escape. As we entered the dining-room, I looked at once for my picture, but it was gone. In its place was a square area of unfaded wall, where it had hung for many years.

I knew it had been removed because I wished to see it and was curious in regard to it. The spot where it hung had a fascination for me, and many times my eyes went up to it, as if that which had so strangely vanished might as strangely reappear.

"Keep your eyes at home," said my snappish little hostess, who had placed me not at her side but *vis à vis*; so, afterward, when they were not glued to my plate, or were not watching the movements of the old man-servant whom I had previously seen driving his mistress' chaise, they were fixed on her.

I was conscious that "Jenks," as she called him, disliked me. I was an intruder, and had no right to be at Madame's table. When he handed me anything at the lady's bidding, he bent down toward me, and uttered something between growling and muttering. I had no doubt then that he would have torn me limb from limb if he could. I found afterward that growling and muttering were the habit of his life. In the stable he growled and muttered at the horse. In the garden, he growled and muttered at the weeds. Blacking his mistress' shoes, he growled and muttered, and turned them over and over, as if he were determining whether to begin to eat them at the toe or the heel. If he sharpened the lady's carving-knife, he growled as if he were sharpening his own teeth. I suppose she had become used to it, and did not notice it; but he impressed me at first as a savage monster.

I was conscious during the dinner, to which, notwithstanding all the disturbing and depressing influences, I did full justice, that I was closely observed by my hostess; for she freely undertook to criticise my habits, and to lay down rules for my conduct at the table. After every remark, Jenks growled and muttered a hoarse response.

Toward the close of the meal there was a long silence, and I became very much absorbed in my thoughts and fancies. My hostess observed that something new had entered my mind, for her apprehensions were very quick, and said abruptly: "Boy, what are you thinking about?"

I blushed and replied that I would rather not tell.

"Tell me at once," she commanded.

I obeyed with great reluctance, but her expectant eye was upon me, and there was no escape.

"I was thinking," I said, "that I was confined in an enchanted castle where a little ogress lived with a gray-headed giant. One day she invited me to dinner, and she spoke

very cross to me, and the gray-headed giant growled always when he came near me, as if he wanted to eat me; but I couldn't stir from my seat to get away from him. Then I heard a voice outside of the castle walls that sounded like my father's, only it was a great way off, and it said:

'Come, little boy, to me,
On the back of a bumble-bee.'

Then I tried to get out of my chair, but I couldn't. So I clapped my hands three times, and said: 'Castle, castle, Bonnicastle!' and the little ogress flew out of the window on a broomstick, and I jumped up and seized the carving-knife and slew the gray-headed giant, and pitched him down cellar with the fork. Then the doors flew open, and I went out to see my father, and he took me home in a gold chaise with a black horse as big as an elephant."

I could not tell whether amazement or amusement prevailed in the expression of the face of my little hostess, as I proceeded with the revelation of my fancies. I think her first impression was that I was insane, or that my recent fall had in some way injured my brain, or possibly that fever was coming on, for she said, with real concern in her voice: "Child, are you sure you are quite well?"

"Very well, I thank you, ma'am," I replied, after the formula in which I had been patiently instructed.

Jenks growled and muttered, but as I looked into his face I was sure I caught the slightest twinkle in his little gray eyes. At any rate, I lost all fear of him from that moment.

"Jenks," said the lady, "take this boy to his father, and tell him I think he had better send him home. If it is necessary, you can go with him."

As I rose from the table, I remembered the directions my mother had given me in the morning, and my tongue being relieved from its spell of silence, I went around to Mrs. Sanderson, and thanked her for her invitation, and formally gave her my hand, to take leave of her. I am sure the lady was surprised not only by the courtesy, but by the manner in which it was rendered; for she detained my hand, and said in a voice quite low and almost tender in its tone: "You do not think me a real ogress, do you?"

"Oh no!" I replied, "I think you are a good woman, only you are not very much like my mother. You don't seem used

to little boys: you never had any, did you?"

Jenks overheard me, pausing in his work of clearing the table, and growled.

"Jenks, go out," said Mrs. Sanderson, and he retired to the kitchen, muttering as he went.

As I uttered my question, I looked involuntarily at the vacant spot upon the wall, and although she said nothing as I turned back to her, I saw that her face was full of pain.

"I beg your pardon," I said, in simplicity and earnestness. My quick sense of what was passing in her mind evidently touched her, for she put her arm around me, and drew me close to her side. I had unconsciously uncovered an old fountain of bitterness, and as she held me she said, "Would you like to kiss an old lady?"

I laughed, and said, "Yes, if you would like to kiss a boy."

She strained me to her breast. I knew that my fresh, boyish lips were sweet to hers, and I knew afterwards that they were the first she had pressed for a quarter of a century. It seemed a long time that she permitted her head to rest upon my shoulder, for it quite embarrassed me. She released me at length, for Jenks began to fumble at the door, to announce that he was about to enter. Before he opened it, she said quickly: "I shall see you again; I am going to have a talk with your father."

During the closing passages of our interview, my feelings toward Mrs. Sanderson had undergone a most unexpected change. My heart was full of pity for her, and I was conscious that for some reason which I did not know she had a special regard for me. When a strong nature grows tender, it possesses the most fascinating influence in the world. When a powerful will bends to a child, and undertakes to win that which it cannot command, there are very few natures that can withstand it. I do not care to ask how much of art there may have been in Mrs. Sanderson's caresses, but she undoubtedly saw that there was nothing to be made of me without them. Whether she felt little or much, she was determined to win me to her will; and from that moment to this, I have felt her influence upon my life. She had a way of assuming superiority to everybody—of appearing to be wiser than everybody, of finding everybody's weak point, and exposing it, that made her seem to be one whose word was always to be taken, and whose opinion should always have precedence. It was in this way, in my subsequent

intercourse with her, that she exposed to me the weaknesses of my parents, and undermined my confidence in my friends, and showed me how my loves were misplaced, and almost absorbed me into herself. On the day of my visit to her, she studied me very thoroughly, and learned the secret of managing me. I think she harmed me, and that but for the corrective influences to which I was subsequently exposed, she would well-nigh have ruined me. It is a curse to any child to have his whole personality absorbed by a foreign will, to take love, law, and life from one who renders all with design in the accomplishment of a purpose. She could not destroy my love for my father and mother, but she made me half ashamed of them. She discovered in some way my admiration of Mr. Bradford, and she managed in her own way to modify it. Thus it was with every acquaintance, until, at last, she made herself to me the pivotal point on which the world around her turned.

As I left her, Jenks took me by the hand, and led me out, with the low rumble in his throat and the mangled words between his teeth which were intended to indicate to Mrs. Sanderson that he did not approve of boys at all. As soon, however, as the door was placed between us and the lady, the rumble in his throat was changed to a chuckle. Jenks was not given to words, but he was helplessly and hopelessly under Mrs. Sanderson's thumb, and all his growling and muttering were a pretence. He would not have dared to utter an opinion in her presence, or express a wish. He had comprehended my story of the ogress and the giant, and, as it bore rather harder upon the ogress than it did upon the giant, he was in great good humor.

He squeezed my hand and shook me around in what he intended to be an affectionate and approving way, and then gave me a large russet apple, which he drew from a closet in the carriage-house. Not until he had placed several walls between himself and his mistress did he venture to speak.

"Well, you've said it, little fellow, that's a fact."

"Said what?" I inquired.

"You've called the old woman an ogress, he! he! he! and that's just what she is, he! he! he! How did you dare to do such a thing?"

"She made me," I answered. "I did not wish to tell the story."

"That's what she always does," said Jenks. "She always makes people do what they

don't want to do. Don't you ever tell her what I say, but the fact is I'm going to leave. She'll wake up some morning and call Jenks, and Jenks won't come! Jenks won't be here! Jenks will be far, far away!"

His last phrase was intended undoubtedly to act upon my boyish imagination, and I asked him with some concern whither he would go.

"I shall plow the sea," said Jenks. "You will find no Jenks here and no russet apple when you come again. I shall be on the billow. Now mind you don't tell her"—tossing a nod toward the house over his left shoulder—"for that would spoil it all."

I promised him that I would hold the matter a profound secret, although I was conscious that I was not quite loyal to my new friend in keeping from her the intelligence that her servant was about to leave The Mansion for a career upon the ocean.

"Here's your boy," said Jenks, leading me at last to my father. "Mrs. Sanderson thinks you had better send him home, and says I can go with him if he cannot find the way alone."

"I'm very much obliged to Mrs. Sanderson," said my father with a flush on his face, "but I will take care of my boy myself. He will go home when I do."

Jenks chuckled again. He was delighted with anything that crossed the will of his mistress. As he turned away, I said: "Good-by, Mr. Jenks, I hope you won't be very sea-sick."

This was quite too much for the little old man. He had made a small boy believe that he was going away, and that he was going to sea; and he returned to the house so much delighted with himself that he chuckled all the way, and even kicked at a stray chicken that intercepted his progress.

During the remainder of the day I amused myself with watching my father at his work. I was anxious to tell him of all that had happened in the house, but he bade me wait until his work was done. I had been accustomed to watch my father's face, and to detect upon it the expression of all his moods and feelings; and I knew that afternoon that he was passing through a great trial. Once during the afternoon Jenks came out of the house with another apple; and while he kept one eye on the windows he beckoned to me and I went to him. Placing the apple in my hand, he said: "Far, far away, on the billow! Good-by." Not expecting to meet him again, I was much inclined to sadness, but as he did not seem to be very much

depressed, I spared my sympathy, and heartily bade him "good luck."

So the stupid old servant had had his practice upon the boy, and was happy in the lie that he had passed upon him. There are boys who seem to be a source of temptation to every man and woman who comes in contact with them. The temptation to impress them, or to excite them to free and characteristic expression, seems quite irresistible. Everybody tries to make them believe something, or to make them say something. I seemed to be one of them. Everybody tried either to make me talk and give expression to my fancies, or to make me believe things that they knew to be false. They practiced upon my credulity, my sympathy, and my imagination for amusement. Even my parents smiled upon my efforts at invention, until I found that they were more interested in my lies than in my truth. The consequence of it all was a disposition to represent every occurrence of my life in false colors. The simplest incident became an interesting adventure; the most commonplace act, a heroic achievement. With a conscience so tender that the smallest theft would have made me utterly wretched, I could lie by the hour without compunction. My father and mother had no idea of the injury they were doing me, and whenever they realized, as they sometimes did, that they could not depend upon my word, they were sadly puzzled.

When my father finished his work for the day, and with my hand in his I set out for home, it may readily be imagined that I had a good deal to tell. I not only told of all that I had seen, but I represented as actual all that had been suggested. Such wonderful rooms and dismal passages and marvelous pictures and services of silver and gold and expansive mirrors as I had seen! Such viands as I had tasted—such fruit as I had eaten! And my honest father received all the marvels with hardly a question, and, after him, my mother and the children. I remember few of the particulars, except that the picture of the boy came and went upon the wall of the dining-room as if by magic, and that Mrs. Sanderson wished to have me live with her that I might become her heir. The last statement I remember that my father examined with some care. Indeed, I was obliged to tell exactly what was said on the subject, and he learned that, while the lady wished me to live with her, the matter of inheritance had not even been suggested by anybody but myself.

My father worked for Mrs. Sanderson during the week, but he came home every night with a graver face, and on the closing evening of the week it all came out. It was impossible for him to cover from my mother and his family for any length of time anything which gave him either satisfaction or sorrow.

I remember how he walked the room that night, and swung his arms, and in an excitement that was full of indignation and self-pity declared that he could not work for Mrs. Sanderson another week. "I should become an absolute idiot if I were to work for her a month," I heard him say.

And then my mother told him that she never expected anything good from Mrs. Sanderson—that it had turned out very much as she anticipated—though for the life of her she could not imagine what difference it made to my father whether he did his work in one way or another, so long as it pleased Mrs. Sanderson, and he got his money for his labor. I did not at all realize what an effect this talk would have upon my father then, but now I wonder that with his sensitive spirit he did upbraid my mother, or die. In her mind it was only another instance of my father's incompetency for business, to which incompetency she attributed mainly the rigors of her lot.

Mrs. Sanderson was no better pleased with my father than he was with her. If he had not left her at the end of his first week, she would have managed to dismiss him as soon as she had secured her will concerning myself. On Monday morning I was dispatched to The Mansion with a note from my father which informed Mrs. Sanderson that she was at liberty to suit herself with other service.

Mrs. Sanderson read the note, put her lips very tightly together, and then called Jenks.

"Jenks," said she, "put the horse before the chaise, change your clothes, and drive to the door."

Jenks disappeared to execute her commands, and, in the mean time, Mrs. Sanderson busied herself with preparations. First she brought out sundry pots of jam and jelly, and then two or three remnants of stuffs that could be made into clothing for children, and a basket of apples. When the chaise arrived at the door she told Jenks to tie his horse and bestow the articles she had provided in the box. When this task was completed, she mounted the vehicle, and bade me get in at her side. Then Jenks took his seat, and at Mrs. Sanderson's command drove directly to my father's house.

When we arrived, my father had gone out; and after expressing her regret that she could not see him, she sat down by my mother, and demonstrated her knowledge of human nature by winning her confidence entirely. She even commiserated her on the impracticable character of her husband, and then she left with her the wages of his labor and the gifts she had brought. My mother declared after the little lady went away that she never had been so pleasantly disappointed as she had been in Mrs. Sanderson! She was just, she was generous, she was everything that was sweet and kind and good. All this my father heard when he arrived, and to it all he made no reply. He was too kind to carry anger, and too poor to spurn a freely offered gift, that brought comfort to those whom he loved.

Mrs. Sanderson was a woman of business, and at night she came again. I knew my father dreaded meeting her, as he always dreaded meeting with a strong and unreasonable will. He had a way of avoiding such a will whenever it was possible, and of sacrificing everything unimportant to save a collision with it. There was an insult to his manhood in the mere existence and exercise of such a will, while actual subjection to it was the extreme of torture. But sometimes the exercise of such a will drove him into a corner; and when it did, the shrinking, peaceable man became a lion. He had seen how easily my mother had been conquered, and, although Mrs. Sanderson's gifts were in his house, he determined that whatever might be her business, she should be dealt with frankly and firmly.

I was watching at the window when the little lady alighted at the gate. As she walked up the passage from the street, Jenks exchanged some signals with me. He pointed to the east and then toward the sea, with gestures, which meant that long before the dawning of the morrow's sun Mrs. Sanderson's aged servant would cease to be a resident of Bradford, and would be tossing "on the billow." I did not have much opportunity to carry on this kind of commerce with Jenks, for Mrs. Sanderson's conversation had special reference to myself.

I think my father was a good deal surprised to find the lady agreeable and gracious. She alluded to his note as something that had disappointed her, but, as she presumed to know her own business and to do it in her own way, she supposed that other people knew their own business also, and she was quite willing to accord to them such privi-

leges as she claimed for herself. She was glad there was work enough to be done in Bradford, and she did not doubt that my father would get employment. Indeed, as he was a stranger, she should take the liberty of commending him to her friends as a good workman. It did not follow, she said, that because he could not get along with her he could not get along with others. My father was very silent, and permitted her to do the talking. He knew that she had come with some object to accomplish, and he waited for its revelation.

She looked at me, at last, and called me to her side. She put her arm around me, and said, addressing my father: "I suppose Arthur told you what a pleasant day we had together."

"Yes, and I hope he thanked you for your kindness to him," my father answered.

"Oh, yes, he was very polite and wonderfully quiet for a boy," she responded.

My mother volunteered to express the hope that I had not given the lady any trouble.

"I never permit boys to trouble me," was the curt response.

There was something in this that angered my father—something in the tone adopted toward my mother, and something that seemed so cruel in the utterance itself. My father believed in the rights of boys, and when she said this, he remarked with more than his usual incisiveness that he had noticed that those boys who had not been permitted to trouble anybody when they were young, were quite in the habit, when they ceased to be boys, of giving a great deal of trouble. He did not know that he had touched Mrs. Sanderson at a very tender point, but she winced painfully, and then went directly at business.

"Mr. Bonnicastle," said she, "I am living alone, as you know. It is not necessary to tell you much about myself, but I am alone, and with none to care for but myself. Although I am somewhat in years, I come of a long-lived race, and am quite well. I believe it is rational to expect to live for a considerable time yet, and though I have much to occupy my mind it would be pleasant to me to help somebody along. You have a large family, whose fortunes you would be glad to advance, and, although you and I do not agree very well, I hope you will permit me to assist you in accomplishing your wish."

She paused to see how the proposition was received, and was apparently satisfied that fortune had favored her, though my father said nothing.

"I want this boy," she resumed, drawing me more closely to her. "I want to see him growing up and becoming a man under my provisions for his support and education. It is not possible for you to do for him what I can do. It will interest me to watch him from year to year, it will bring a little young blood into my lonely old house occasionally, and in one way and another it will do us all good."

My father looked very serious. He loved me as he loved his life. His great ambition was to give me the education which circumstances had denied to him. Here was the opportunity, brought to his door, yet he hesitated to accept it. After thinking for a moment, he said gravely: "Mrs. Sanderson, God has placed this boy in my hands to train for Himself, and I cannot surrender the control of his life to anybody. Temporarily I can give him into the hands of teachers, conditionally I can place him in your hands, but I cannot place him in any hands beyond my immediate recall. I can never surrender my right to his love and his obedience, or count him an alien from my heart and home. If, understanding my feeling in this matter, you find it in your heart to do for him what I cannot, why, you have the means, and I am sure God will bless you for employing them to this end."

"I may win all the love and all the society from him I can?" said Mrs. Sanderson, interrogatively.

"I do not think it would be a happy or a healthy thing for the child to spend much time in your house, deprived of young society," my father replied. "If you should do for him what you suggest, I trust that the boy and that all of us would make such expressions of our gratitude as would be most agreeable to yourself; but I must choose his teachers, and my home, however humble, must never cease to be regarded by him as his home. I must say this at the risk of appearing ungrateful, Mrs. Sanderson."

The little lady had the great good sense to know when she had met with an answer, and the adroitness to appear satisfied with it. She was one of those rare persons who, seeing a rock in the way, recognize it at once, and, without relinquishing their purpose for an instant, either seek to go around it or to arrive at their purpose from some other direction. She had concluded, for reasons of her own, to make me so far as possible her possession. She had had already a sufficient trial of her power to show her something of what she could do with me, and she calcu-

lated with considerable certainty that she could manage my father in some way.

"Very well: he shall not come to me now, and never unless I can make my home pleasant to him," she said. "In the mean time, you will satisfy yourself in regard to a desirable school for him, and we will leave all other questions for time to determine."

Neither my father nor my mother had anything to oppose to this, and my patroness saw at once that her first point was gained. Somehow all had been settled without trouble. Every obstacle had been taken out of the way, and the lady seemed more than satisfied.

"When you are ready to talk decisively about the boy, you will come to my house, and we will conclude matters," she said, as she rose to take her leave.

I noticed that she did not recognize even the existence of my little brothers and older sisters, and something subtler than reason told me that she was courteous to my father and mother only so far as was necessary for the accomplishment of her purposes. I was half afraid of her, yet I could not help admiring her. She kissed me at parting, but she made no demonstration of responsive courtesy to my parents, who advanced in a cordial way to show their sense of her kindness.

In the evening, my father called upon Mr. Bradford and made a full exposure of the difficulty he had had with Mrs. Sanderson, and the propositions she had made respecting myself; and as he reported his conversation and conclusions on his return to my mother, I was made acquainted with them. Mr. Bradford had advised that the lady's offer concerning me should be accepted. He had reasons for this which he told my father he did not feel at liberty to give, but there were enough that lay upon the surface to decide the matter. There was nothing humiliating in it, for it was no deed of charity. A great good could be secured for me by granting to the lady what she regarded in her own heart as a favor. She never had been greatly given to deeds of benevolence, and this was the first notable act in her history that looked like one. He advised, however, that my father hold my destiny in his own hands, and keep me as much as possible away from Bradford, never permitting me to be long at a time under Mrs. Sanderson's roof and immediate personal influence. "When the youngster gets older," Mr. Bradford said, "he will manage all this matter for himself, better than we can manage it for him."

Then Mr. Bradford told him about a famous family school in a country village some thirty miles away, which from the name of the teacher, Mr. Bird, had been named by the pupils "The Bird's Nest." Everybody in the region knew about The Bird's Nest; and multitudinous were the stories told about Mr. and Mrs. Bird; and very dear to all the boys, many of whom had grown to be men, were the house and the pair who presided over it. Mr. Bradford drew a picture of this school which quite fascinated my father, and did much—everything indeed—to reconcile him to the separation which my removal thither would make necessary. I was naturally very deeply interested in all that related to the school, and, graceless as the fact may seem, I should have been ready on the instant to part with all that made my home, in order to taste the new, strange life it would bring me. I had many questions to ask, but quickly arrived at the end of my father's knowledge, and then my imagination ran wildly on until the images of The Bird's Nest and of Mr. and Mrs. Bird and Hillsborough, the village that made a tree for the nest, were as distinctly in my mind as if I had known them all my life.

The interview which Mrs. Sanderson had asked of my father was granted at an early day, and the lady acceded without a word to the proposition to send me to The Bird's Nest. She had heard only good reports of the school, she said, and was apparently delighted with my father's decision. Indeed, I suspect she was quite as anxious to get me away from my father and my home associations as he was to keep me out of The Mansion and away from her. She was left to make her own arrangements for my outfit, and also for my admission to the school, though my father stipulated for the privilege of accompanying me to the new home.

One pleasant morning, some weeks afterward, she sent for me to see her at The Mansion. She was very sweet and motherly, and when I returned to my home I went clad in a suit of garments that made me the subject of curiosity and envy among my brothers and mates, and with the news that in one week I must be ready to go to Hillsborough. During all that week my father was very tender toward me, as toward some great treasure set apart to absence. He not only did not seek for work, but declined or deferred that which came. It was impossible for me to know then the heart-hunger which he anticipated, but I know it now. I do not doubt that, in his usual way, he wove around

me many a romance, and reached forward into all the possibilities of my lot. He was always as visionary as a child, though I do not know that he was more childlike in this respect than in others.

My mother was full of the gloomiest forebodings. She felt as if Hillsborough would prove to be an unhealthy place; she did not doubt that there was something wrong about Mr. and Mrs. Bird, if only we could know what it was; and for her part there was something in the name which the boys had given the school that was fearfully suggestive of hunger. She should always think of me, she said, as a bird with its mouth open, crying for something to eat. More than all, she presumed that Mr. Bird permitted his boys to swim without care, and she would not be surprised to learn that the oldest of them carried guns and pistols and took the little boys with them. Poor, dear mother! Most fearful and unhappy while living, and most tenderly mourned and revered in memory! why did you persist in seeing darkness where others saw light, and in making every cup bitter with the apprehension of evil? Why were you forever on the watch that no freak of untoward fortune should catch you unaware? Why did you treat the Providence you devoutly tried to trust as if you supposed he meant to trick you, if he found you for a moment off your guard? Oh, the twin charms of hopefulness and trustfulness! What power have they to strengthen weary feet, to sweeten sleep, to make the earth green and the heavens blue, to cheat misfortune of its bitterness and to quench even the poison of death itself!

It was arranged that my father should take me to Hillsborough in Mrs. Sanderson's chaise—the same vehicle in which I had first seen the lady herself. My little trunk was to be attached by straps to the axletree, and so ride beneath us. Taking leave of my home was a serious business, notwithstanding my anticipations of pleasure. My mother said that it was not at all likely we should ever meet again; and I parted with her at last in a passion of tears. The children were weeping too, from sympathy rather than from any special or well-comprehended sorrow, and I heartily wished myself away, and out of sight.

Jenks had brought the horse to us, and, after he had assisted my father in fastening the trunk, he took me apart from the group that had gathered around the chaise, and said in a confidential way that he made an attempt on the previous night to leave. He

had got as far as the window from which he intended to let himself down, but finding it dark and rather cloudy he had concluded to defer his departure until a lighter and clearer night. "A storm, a dark storm, is awful on the ocean, you know," said Jenks, "but I shall go. You will not see me here when you come again. Don't say anything about it, but the old woman is going to be surprised, once in her life. She will call Jenks, and Jenks won't come. He will be far, far away on the billow."

"Good-by," I said; "I hope I'll see you again somewhere, but I don't think you ought to leave Mrs. Sanderson."

"Oh, I shall leave," said Jenks. "The world is large and Mrs. Sanderson is—is—quite small. Let her call Jenks once, and see what it is to have him far, far away. Her time will come." And he shook his head, and pressed his lips together, and ground the gravel under his feet, as if nothing less than an earthquake could shake his determination. The case seemed quite hopeless to me, and I remember that the unpleasant possibility suggested itself that I might be summoned to The Mansion to take Jenks' place.

At the close of our little interview, he drew a long paper box from his pocket, and gave it to me with the injunction not to open it until I had gone half way to Hillsborough. I accordingly placed it in the boot of the chaise, to wait its appointed time.

Jenks rode with us as far as The Mansion, spending the time in instructing my father just where, under the shoulder of the old black horse, he could make a whip the most effective without betraying the marks to Mrs. Sanderson, and, when we drove up to the door, disappeared at once around the corner of the house. I went in to take leave of the lady, and found her in the little library, awaiting me. Before her, on the table, were a Barlow pocket-knife, a boy's playing-ball, a copy of the New Testament, and a Spanish twenty-five cent piece.

"There," she said, "young man, put all those in your pockets, and see that you don't lose them. I want you to write me a letter once a month, and, when you write, begin your letters with 'Dear Aunt.'"

The sudden accession to my boyish wealth almost drove me wild. I had received my first knife and my first silver. I impulsively threw my arms around the neck of my benefactress, and told her I should never, never forget her, and should never do anything that would give her trouble.

"See that you don't!" was the sharp response.

As I bade her good-by, I was gratified by the look of pride which she bestowed on me, but she did not accompany me to the door, or speak a word to my father. So, at last, we were gone, and fairly on the way. I revealed the treasures I had received to my father, and only at a later day was I able to interpret the look of pain that accompanied his congratulations. I was indebted to a stranger, who was trying to win my heart, for possessions which his poverty forbade him to bestow upon me.

Of the delights of that drive over the open country I can give no idea. We climbed long hills; we rode by the side of cool, dashing streams; we paused under the shadow of wayside trees; we caught sight of a thousand forms of frolic life on the fences, in the forests, and in the depths of crystal pools; we saw men at work in the fields, and I wondered if they did not envy us; we met strange people on the road, who looked at us with curious interest; a black fox dashed across our way, and, giving us a scared look, scampered into the cover and was gone; bobolinks sprang up in the long grass on wings tangled with music, and sailed away and caught on fences to steady themselves; squirrels took long races before us on the roadside rails; and far up through the trees and above the hills white-winged clouds with breasts of downy brown floated against a sky of deepest blue. Never again this side of heaven do I expect to experience such perfect pleasure as I enjoyed that day—a delight in all the forms and phases of nature, sharpened by the expectations of new companionships and of a strange new life that would open before I should sleep again.

The half-way stage of our journey was reached before noon, and I was quite as anxious to see the gift which Jenks had placed in my hands at parting as to taste the luncheon which my mother had provided. Accordingly, when my repast was taken from the basket and spread before me, I first opened the paper box. I cannot say that I was not disappointed; but the souvenir was one of which only I could understand the significance, and that fact gave it a rare charm. It consisted of a piece of a wooden shingle labeled in pencil "Atlantick Oshun," in the middle of which was a little ship, standing at an angle of forty-five degrees to the plane of the shingle, with a mast and sail of wood, and a figure at the bow, also of wood, intended doubtless to represent Jenks himself, looking off upon the boundless waste.

The utmost point of explanation to which my father could urge me was the statement that some time something would happen at The Mansion which would explain all. So I carefully put the "Atlantick Oshun" into its box, in which I preserved it for many months, answering all inquiries concerning it with the tantalizing statement that it was "a secret."

Toward the close of the afternoon, we came in sight of Hillsborough, with its two churches, and its cluster of embowered white houses. It was perched, like many New England villages, upon the top of the highest hill in the region, and we entered at last upon the long acclivity that led to it. Half-way up the hill, we saw before us a light open wagon drawn by two gray horses, and bearing a gentleman and lady who were quietly chatting and laughing together. As we drew near to them, they suddenly stopped, and the gentleman, handing the reins to his companion, rose upon his feet, drew a rifle to his eye and discharged it at some object in the fields. In an instant, a little dog bounced out of the wagon, and, striking rather heavily upon the ground, rolled over and over three or four times, and then, gaining his feet, went for the game. Our own horse had stopped, and, as wild as the little dog, I leaped from the chaise, and started to follow. When I came up with the dog, he was making the most extravagant plunges at a wounded woodchuck, who squatted, chattering and showing his teeth. I seized the nearest weapon in the shape of a cudgel that I could find, and dispatched the poor creature, and bore him in triumph to the gentleman, the little dog barking and snapping at the game all the way.

"Well done, my lad! I have seen boys that were afraid of woodchucks. Toss him into the ravine: he is good for nothing," said the man of the rifle.

Then he looked around, and, bowing to my father, told him that as he was fond of shooting he had undertaken to rid the farms around him of the animals that gave their owners so much trouble. "It is hard upon the woodchucks," he added, "but kind to the farmers." This was apparently said to defend himself from the suspicion of being engaged in cruel and wanton sport.

At the sound of his voice, the tired and reeking horse which my father drove whinnied, then started on, and, coming to the back of the other carriage, placed his nose close to the gentleman's shoulder. The lady looked around and smiled, while the man

placed his hand caressingly upon the animal's head. "Animals are all very fond of me," said he. "I don't understand it: I suppose they do."

There was something exceedingly winning and hearty in the gentleman's voice, and I did not wonder that all the animals liked him.

"Can you tell me," inquired my father, "where The Bird's Nest is?"

"Oh, yes, I'm going there. Indeed, I'm the old Bird himself."

"Tut! who takes care of the nest?" said the lady with a smile.

"And this is the Mother Bird—Mrs Bird," said the gentleman.

Mrs. Bird bowed to us both, and, beckoning to me, pointed to her side. It was an invitation to leave my father, and take a seat with her. The little dog, who had been helped into his master's wagon, saw me coming, and mounted into his lap, determined that he would shut that place from the intruder. I accepted the invitation, and, with the lady's arm around me, we started on.

"Now I am going to guess," said Mr. Bird. "I guess your name is Arthur Bonnicastle, that the man behind us is your father, that you are coming to The Bird's Nest to live, that you are intending to be a good boy, and that you are going to be very happy."

"You've guessed right the first time," I responded laughing.

"And I can always guess when a boy has done right and when he has done wrong," said Mr. Bird. "There's a little spot in his eye—ah, yes! you have it!—that tells the whole story," and he looked down pleasantly into my face.

At this moment one of his horses discovered a young calf by the roadside, and, throwing back his ears, gave it chase. I had never seen so funny a performance. The horse, in genuine frolic, dragged his less playful mate and the wagon through the gutter and over rocks for many rods, entirely unrestrained by his driver until the scared object of the chase slipped between two bars at the roadside, and ran wildly off into the field. At this the horse shook his head in a comical way and went quietly back into the road.

"That horse is laughing all over," said Mr. Bird. "He thinks it was an excellent joke. I presume he will think of it, and laugh again when he gets at his oats."

"Do you really think that horses laugh, Mr. Bird?" I inquired.

"Laugh? Bless you, yes," he replied.

"All animals laugh when they are pleased. "Gyp"—and he turned his eyes upon the little dog in his lap—"are you happy?"

Gyp looked up into his master's face, and wagged his tail.

"Don't you see 'yes' in his eye, and a smile in the wag of his tail?" said Mr. Bird. "If I had asked you the same question you would have answered with your tongue, and smiled with your mouth. That's all the difference. These creatures understand us a great deal better than we understand them. Why, I never drive these horses when I am finely dressed for fear they will be ashamed of their old harnesses."

Then turning to the little dog again, he said: "Gyp, get down." Gyp immediately jumped down, and curled up at his feet. "Gyp, come up here," said he, and Gyp mounted quickly to his old seat. "Don't you see that this dog understands the English language?" said Mr. Bird; "and don't you see that we are not so bright as a dog, if we cannot learn his? Why, I know the note of every bird, and every insect, and every animal on all these hills, and I know their ways and habits. What is more, they know I understand them, and you will hear how they call me and sing to me at The Bird's Nest."

So I had received my first lesson from my new teacher, and little did he appreciate the impression it had made upon me. It gave me a sympathy with animal life and an interest in its habits which have lasted until this hour. It gave me, too, an insight into him. He had a strong sympathy in the life of a boy, for its own sake. Every new boy was a new study that he entered upon, not from any sense of duty, or from any scheme of policy, but with a hearty interest excited by the boy himself. He was as much interested in the animal play of a boy as he had been in the play of the horse. He watched a group of boys with the same hearty amusement that held him while witnessing the frolic of kittens and lambs. Indeed, he often played with them; and in this sympathy, freely manifested, he held the springs of his wonderful power over them.

We soon arrived at The Bird's Nest, and all the horses were passed into other hands. My little trunk was loosed, and carried to a room I had not seen, and in a straggling way we entered the house.

Before we alighted, I took a hurried outside view of my future home. On the whole, "The Bird's Nest" would have been a good name for it if a man by any other name had

presided over it. It had its individual and characteristic beauty, because it had been shaped to a special purpose; but it seemed to have been brought together at different times, and from wide distances. There was a central old house, and a hexagonal addition, and a tower, and a long piazza that tied everything together. It certainly looked grand among the humble houses of the village; though I presume that a professional architect would not have taken the highest pleasure in it. As Mr. Bird stepped out of his wagon upon the piazza, and took off his hat, I had an opportunity to see him and to fix my impressions of his appearance. He was a tall, handsome, strongly-built man, a little past middle life, with a certain fullness of habit that comes of good health and a happy temperament. His eye was blue, his forehead high, and his whole face bright and beaming with good-nature. His companion was a woman above the medium size, with eyes the same color of his own, into whose plainly-parted hair the frost had crept, and upon whose honest face and goodly figure hung that ineffable grace which we call "motherly."

I heard the shouts of boys at play upon the green, for it was after school hours, and met half-a-dozen little fellows on the piazza, who looked at me with pleasant interest as "the new boy;" and then we entered a parlor with curious angles, and furniture that betrayed thorough occupation and usage. There were thrifty plants and beautiful flowers in the bay-window, for plants and flowers came as readily within the circle of Mr. Bird's sympathies as birds and boys. There was evidently an uncovered stairway near one of the doors, for we heard two or three boys running down steps with a little more noise than was quite agreeable. Immediately, Gyp ran to the door where the noise was manifested, and barked with all his might.

"Gyp is one of my assistants in the school," said Mr. Bird, in explanation, "especially in the matter of preserving order. A boy never runs down-stairs noisily without receiving a scolding from him. He is getting a little old now and sensitive, and I am afraid has not quite consideration enough for the youngsters."

I laughed at the idea of having a dog for a teacher, but with my new notions of Gyp's capacity I was quite ready to believe what Mr. Bird told me about him.

My father found himself very much at home with Mr. and Mrs. Bird, and was evi-

dently delighted with them, and with my own prospects under their roof and care. We had supper in the great dining-room with forty hungry but orderly boys, a pleasant evening with music afterward, and an early bed. I was permitted to sleep with my father that night, and he was permitted to take me upon his arm, and pillow my slumbers there, while he prayed for me and secretly poured out his love upon me.

Before we went to sleep my father said a few words to me, but those words were new and made a deep impression.

"My little boy," he said, "you have my life in your hands. If you grow up into a true, good man, I shall be happy, although I may continue poor. I have always worked hard, and I am willing to work even harder than ever, if it is all right with you; but if you disappoint me and turn out badly, you will kill me. I am living now, and expect always to live, in and for my children. I have no ambitious projects for myself. Providence has opened a way for you which I did not anticipate. Do all you can to please the woman who has undertaken to do so much for you, but do not forget your father and mother, and remember always that it is not possible for anybody to love you and care for you as we do. If you have any troubles, come to me with them, and if you are tempted to do wrong pray for help to do right. You will have many struggles and trials—everybody has them—but you can do what you will, and become what you wish to become."

The resolutions that night formed—a thousand times shaken and a thousand times renewed—became the determining and fruitful forces of my life.

The next morning, when the old black horse and chaise were brought to the door, and my father, full of tender pain, took leave of me, and disappeared at last at the foot of the hill, and I felt that I was wholly separated from my home, I cried as if I had been sure that I had left that home forever. The passion wasted itself in Mrs. Bird's motherly arms, and then, with words of cheer and diversions that occupied my mind, she cut me adrift, to find my own soundings in the new social life of the school.

Of the first few days of school-life there is not much to be said. They passed pleasantly enough. The aim of my teachers at first was not to push me into study, but to make me happy, to teach me the ways of my new life, and to give me an opportunity to imbibe the spirit of the school. My apprehensions were out in every direction. I learned by watching others my own deficiencies, and my appetite for study grew by a natural process. I could not be content, at last, until I had become one with the rest in work and in acquirements.

There lies before me now a package of my letters, made sacred by my father's interest in and perusal and preservation of them; and, although I have no intention to burden these pages with their crudenesses and puerilities, I cannot resist the temptation to reproduce the first which I wrote at The Bird's Nest, and sent home. I shall spare to the reader its wretched orthography, and reproduce it entire, in the hope that he will at least enjoy its unconscious humor.

"THE BIRD'S NEST."

"DEAR PRECIOUS FATHER:—

"I have lost my ball. I don't know where in the world it can be. It seemed to get away from me in a curious style. Mr. Bird is very kind, and I like him very much. I am sorry to say I have lost my Barlow knife too. Mr. Bird says a Barlow knife is a very good thing. I don't quite think I have lost the twenty-five cent piece. I have not seen it since yesterday morning, and I think I shall find it. Henry Hulm, who is my chum, and a very smart boy, I can tell you, thinks the money will be found. Mr. Bird says there must be a hole in the top of my pocket. I don't know what to do. I am afraid Aunt Sanderson will be cross about it. Mr. Bird thinks I ought to give my knife to the boy that will find the money, and the money to the boy that will find the knife, but I don't see as I should make much in that way, do you? I love Mrs. Bird very much. Miss Butler is the dearest young lady I ever knew. Mrs. Bird kisses us all when we go to bed, and it seems real good. I have put the testament in the bottom of my trunk, under all the things. I shall keep that if possible. If Mrs. Sanderson finds out that I have lost the things, I wish you would explain it, and tell her the testament is safe. Miss Butler has dark eyebrows and wears a belt. Mr. Bird has killed another woodchuck. I wonder if you left the key of my trunk. It seems to be gone. We have real good times, playing ball and taking walks. I have walked out with Miss Butler. I wish mother could see her hair, and I am your son with ever so much love to you and mother and all,

"ARTHUR BONNICASTLE."

(To be continued.)

O'MURTOGH.

(IRELAND, 1845.)

To-NIGHT we drink but a sorrowful cup.
 Wheesht ! silently fill your glasses up !
 Christ be with us ! hold out, and say—
 " Here's to the Boy who died this day ! "

Wasn't he bold as the boldest here ?
 Red coat or black did he ever fear ?
 With the bite and the drop, too, ever free ?
 He died like a king . . . I was there to see !

The gallows was black ; our cheeks were white
 All underneath in the morning light ;
 The bell ceased tolling swift as thought,
 And out the murder'd Boy was brought.

There he stood in the daylight dim,
 With a Priest on either side of him ;
 Each Priest look'd white as he held his Book,—
 But the man between had a brighter look !

Over the faces below his feet
 His gray eye gleam'd so keen and fleet . .
 He saw us looking . . he smiled his last . .
 He couldn't wave—he was pinion'd fast.

This was more than *we* could bear,—
 The lass who loved him was with me there :
 Out in the rain, with her dripping shawl
 Over her head, for to see it all !

But when she met the Boy's last look,
 Her lips went whiter, she turn'd and shook,
 She didn't scream, she didn't groan,—
 But down she dropt as cold as stone.

He saw the stir in the crowd beneath,
 And I mark'd him tremble and set his teeth ;
 But the hangman came with a knavish grace,
 And drew the nightcap over his face.

Then I saw the Priests who still stood near
 Pray faster and faster to hide their fear . .
 They closed their eyes . . I closed mine too . .
 And the deed was over before I knew.

The folk that flock'd all round of me
 Gave one dark plunge like a troubled Sea,
 And I knew by that the deed was done . .
 And I open'd my eyes and saw the sun.

The gallows was black, the sun was bright,
 There he hung, half hid from sight ;
 The sport was over, the talk grew loud,
 And they sold their wares to the mighty crowd.

We walk'd away, with our hearts full sore,
 And we met a Hawker before a door,

With strings of paper an arm's-length long—
A Dying Speech and a Gallows Song.

It bade all people of poor estate
Beware of O'Murtogh's evil fate ;
It told how in old Ireland's name
He had done red murder and come to shame.

Never a word was sung or said
Of the murder'd mother, a ditch her bed,
Who died with her new-born babe that night,
While the blessed Cabin was burning bright.

Naught was said of the years of pain,
The starving stomach, the aching brain,
The days of sorrow and want and toil,
And the murdering rent for the bit of soil.

Naught was said of the slaughter done
On man and woman and little one,
Of the bitter shame and the burning smart,
Till he put cold lead in the Factor's heart.

But many a word had the speech beside,
Of how he repented before he died,
How, brought to sense by the sad event,
He prayed for the Queen and the Government !

What did we do, and mighty quick,
But tickle that Hawker's brains with a stick ?
And to pieces we tore his yards of sham,
And left him quiet as any lamb.

Pass round your glasses ! now lift them up !
Powers above, it's a bitter cup !
Christ be with us !—hold out, and say :
“ Here's to the Boy who died this day ! ”

Here's his health !—for bold he died ;
Here's his health !—and it's drunk in pride :
The finest sight beneath the sky
Is to see how bravely a MAN can die !

A TRAMP WITH TYNDALL.

I crossed a moor with a name of its own
And a place in the world, no doubt :
But a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
'Mid the bleak miles round about ;
For there I picked up on the heather
And there I put inside my breast
A moulted feather—an eagle's feather—
Well, I forget the rest.

BROWNING.

THERE is a strong spice of hero-worship in average human character. In one sense the tendency grows with increased intelligence and refinement. To the man of culture it is an exquisite pleasure to meet people of note, *i.e.*,

men and women of exceptional power in any department, the saints, and sages, poets, artists, or heroes who make life sweet and noble, and reconcile us with existence by the possibilities they disclose. Such contact is healthy, vivifying, ennobling. To desire and seek it in a proper, normal way implies no more reproach of Boswellian sycophancy than to love looking at a fine prospect or breathing pure, elastic mountain air.

It is one of the fascinations of travel that it increases our chances of just such contact. In our quiet and orderly domestic life we

know pretty well what to expect, and when our modest orbit chances to intersect the shining track of some social luminary, it is usually at rare and easily calculable intervals. But the joy of the wayfarer lies in his boundless possibilities. In the general puss-in-the-corner of frequented routes and crowded hostelrys no one can predict what nook he may slip into, or what company he may find there, and it adds a queer spice of excitement to the pleasure with which one steps into train or steamer for his summer's "outing" to know that he may at any moment find himself lending a "Vesuvian" to a prime minister or exchanging notes on the weather with a grand duke.

Of course I am not now speaking of that very ignoble form of curiosity which hankers for a glimpse of distinguished personages for the pleasure of saying that we have seen them, or to gratify the universal desire to know "what they are like." The cheap photograph has done such work in popularizing celebrities and their features, that the amount of pleasure to be drawn from such personal inspection is very thin indeed. It has been my luck, in faring up and down the world, not infrequently to touch elbows with the great ones of the earth, but I do not remember ever putting myself out for the purpose, or getting any satisfaction from it if I did. But where chance or friendly intervention puts you in such relation with a noble person that you glide naturally into friendly or at least respectful relation, that is another matter.

To stare at an Emperor is poor pleasure, if any; to know a great soul, to feel the magnetic contact of a great character, is something worth living for. Lion-hunting, as generally understood, is snobbish enough; but suppose the lion chances to take his moonlight prow in your company, and asks you in to supper afterwards?

It was once my luck to meet and travel for a few days with a great thinker whose name is every day growing more familiar to our most intelligent classes in America, and who is now actually on our shores. And thus it came about. The name of Prof. Tyndall is so well known as it is among all cultivated people, and because of the pleasure to myself in recalling the event and its surroundings, I propose to tell how it came about, not anxious to bore my reader with uninteresting details or revelations of personal discourse, but believing that a familiar picture of the muscular positivist as I saw him seven years ago amid his most con-

genial surroundings, the Swiss mountains, may have some attraction for readers who have so long known him through his works.

One gray thunderous afternoon in July, 1865, I scrambled down the steep zigzag path which leads from the Schynige Platte, opposite the Jungfrau, to the valley of Lauterbrunnen. Stopping for a moment to rest my aching knees and ankles, and swallow a glass of water at Zweilütschinen, I crossed the little bridge which spans the muddy, foaming glacier water of the stream, and struck off up the valley, toward the Staubbach. The clear sunlight which, before I started, had lit up the silver peaks of the Jungfrau, and brought out the cliffs of the Schwarzer Mönch in sharp jagged outlines against the dazzling background of the glaciers, had long given place to the murky indistinctness which speaks of coming storm. Afar up the valley the veils of hot, dun-colored mist came trailing down into the lowlands, shutting in one peak after another, and with them all record of their existence, till what had just been a rugged but narrow valley, softened and expanded under their magic to a vague and misty, but seemingly limitless plain. With the vapor came the rain, not fiercely, but in a gentle steady drizzle, against which, for all protection, I put on my coat, which in fair-weather touring I always carry slung over my arm, buckled tighter the cover of my knapsack, pulled down the brim of my old felt hat, and plodded on as cheerfully as might be. At a turn in the road I heard a faint hail through the mist, and leaned against a mile-post for a moment while the caller overtook me. It was a stout, honest-looking fellow enough, one of the guides of the region, and bound like myself for Lauterbrunnen. We fared along good-naturedly together, scolding a little at the rain, and chatting as cheerfully as we might with the obstruction of the hurried breath natural to our hasty march,—for the inn was near, and we were not anxious to get any wetter than absolutely necessary,—with the added difficulty of my companion's outrageous Swiss-German. He was, as always happens in such cases, very pressing for an engagement; but finding that I was only bound on such "Sunday foot-touring" as rendered guides unnecessary, while the well-worn mackintosh at my back bespoke my fancy for carrying my own pack, good-humoredly desisted, and drifted off into the current gossip of the region. And here for the first time I heard of the terrible disaster, since become memorable in the history of

Alpine adventure, and which terminated the first successful ascension of the Matterhorn. It had been a bad season for accidents, he said. One or two minor casualties in the neighboring valleys, and in especial a bad accident over there at Zermatt, five or six men lost on the Matterhorn, and among them Professor Tyndall—the great Professor Tyndall, the distinguished climber and President of the Alpine Club. How much of fact or error, explicit or implicit, there might be in the story, I was in no condition to judge; but my companion was very positive in his statement. The news came direct, he said; had been brought over the mountains that day by a guide from the Niklaus valley. At all events, there was matter enough in the tale to quicken the pulse and warm the blood with a novel and not altogether unpleasant stir; for, sad as it is, Rochefoucauld was nearer right than we like to imagine. In the thirst for variety which torments our plodding and monotonous existence, almost any break in the sameness is welcome, and provided it do not strike too near home—as who has not blushed to recognize it?—the saddest catastrophe, public or private, brings with it a spice of almost pleasurable interest—a not unwelcome stimulus to nerves and mental faculty. Thus, with question and cross-question, surmise and wonder and pity, we devoured the rest of the way—Homeric fashion—and tramped into Lauterbrunnen, steaming with haste, with our own caloric, and with the rain which was fast soaking us through.

It had been my hope and design to go on to Mürren, far up on the other side of the valley; but the shower had set in to all appearances steady and pitiless, and I had resignedly passed the turn in the path some quarter of a mile below, and made up my mind to a solitary cutlet and cup of tea, and a quiet night's rest at the "Steinbock," in the village. In this determination I was agreeably confirmed by the mild blue eyes and gentle, Gretchen-like beauty—attractive though inane, not to say actually stupid—of the black-bodied serving-maid who showed me to my room. Smile not, profane reader. There is a natural relation between the different branches of the æsthetic faculty; and every traveler of sensibility must have regretted the disheartening contrast between the beauty of the Swiss scenery and the ugliness of the Swiss women. Fräulein Hännchen was the first decently pretty girl I had seen on the trip; and in default of the prospect without, now cut off by the falling rain,

it was at least a comfort to reflect that there would be one comely object to look at indoors. So casting a hasty glance round the two or three bare little garret chambers presented for my choice, I picked out the least inhospitable-looking one, slung my knapsack on a chair, leaned my alpenstock in a corner, and clattered down the steep wooden stairs to the balcony on the first story, over the inn door. As I stepped out, lo, a change! The rain had ceased for a moment, and away up Mürren-ward, past the Staubbach, the dark masses of cloud had parted for a moment, letting through one bright gleam of sunlight and a single glimpse of the silvery edges of white, feathery, transparent mist-wreaths beyond. It looked like clearing up, certainly; but then it was wretchedly muddy, the water-courses in the hills would be in full operation, and it was growing late. Perhaps rest and food, and a glimpse of Fräulein Hännchen's blue eyes at supper, would be best after all? Just then two men passed out of the inn door below me, and stopping for a moment to exchange a last word with the inn people, struck off down the path towards the Mürren turning, with the steady swing of practiced roadsters. "Englishmen," I thought, as I saw the tweed coat and felt hat of the larger, and "mountaineers," I added, as my eye fell on the practical, gnostic-looking ice-axe carried by his companion, with its iron-shod handle and two-bladed head, to be used for cutting ice-steps in either way, straightforward or across the body. The larger, I noticed, was tall, heavy, and broad-shouldered; and wore the ordinary rough tourist's morning-dress. The other was of middle height, spare but sinewy and active, as I could tell through the tight-fitting gray jersey he wore, without coat, waistcoat, or collar; and seemed of some forty-five years of age, with firm and square though somewhat thin features, iron-gray hair, and a keen business-like expression of countenance. They were clearly men who knew their work, meant business, and were going to Mürren. If they thought the weather worth risking, why should not I? But just then the cloud shut down again, and from the little kitchen passage below came up a cheerful clatter of pots and pans, which hinted pleasantly of supper! So for ten minutes more I walked discontentedly up and down the little balcony, vexed at my own sluggishness yet dreading to start, till there came a final gleam of sunshine which lit up the Staubbach like a veil of misty lace, and fell sharp athwart the green slope above the

fall, and my uncertainty crystallized to resolution. Two bounds carried me up the creaking stair to my room; a moment sufficed to snatch stick and knapsack, and explain my sudden flitting to placid but puzzled Hännchen, and I was pelting down the path through the village, delighted at the prospect of getting on, and wondering whether I were going to catch a ducking after all. A few steps carried me across the little bridge, and a few minutes more to the turning by the church, and then, settling my pack on my shoulders and gripping my stick, I set my face steadily towards the hill.

It is pleasant climbing in such showery weather in Switzerland. The hot, sultry, thunderous atmosphere of the afternoon had long passed away, and instead, the air was deliciously cool and sweet, tinged in the bits of forest along the way with the spicy richness of cedar and hemlock boughs, and then, as I came out on the meadows, fragrant with the manifold odors of Alpine flowers and grass, and the faint but pungent suggestion of kine, and milk-pails, and new cheese and butter, which lend such characteristic associations to the Swiss chalet of the upper pastures. The evergreen boughs dripped gently on me as I passed, and the little rillelets were coursing briskly across the path, interspersed here and there with brooks of more respectable proportions; among which my imagination had leave to pick out the one which might be the Staubbach, after it should have brawled and rioted to its final plunge over the cliff just at my left. My spirits rose with the level, and from time to time I put on an extra spurt in hopes of catching my two travelers, who, as the guides of some descending parties informed me, were steadily just ten minutes ahead. As I ascended, the air grew drier and purer, the mists began to lift from the valley, and I got glimpses down into Lauterbrunnen, and the queer, green and brown ribbon-like patchwork of the plowed or planted fields. Over at the left, across the valley, the sulky black outlines of the Schwarzer Mönch towered above me, still veiled with mist and gray with shadow; but through the pines I could catch occasional glimpses of the clear white peaks of the Jungfrau and the Silberhorn, just peering over the white, dense cumuli which were slowly shrinking away from their sides and eddying and swirling down the ravine. Just a little way short of my journey's end, the path suddenly debouched from the woods. The bad weather had finally broken. Up at the end of the valley

above the Schmadribach, the landscape was closed in by one dazzling mass of drifting, fleecy, shimmering vapor, rent and lit up by the last rays of sunset, through which the broad slopes of the Blümlisalp range shone down, one gorgeous sheet of silver, already beginning to redden with the tinge which should deepen later to the full Alpine glow of after-sunset. The path led straight over a quiet level stretch of meadow, dotted with chalets and hay-barns, among which a plain, large, new clapboarded building stood prominently out. Here was Mürren, and yonder was the Silberhorn hotel, the goal of my journey.

As I entered the little dining-room, the slighter of the two travelers was seated at the long deal table in conversation with a chance guest, while his companion was pacing the balcony outside and watching the last rays of the sunset, which by this time were touching the black crown of the Schwarzer Mönch with sullen red, while the mists which had recommenced to lower round the peaks spoke ill for the morrow's weather. Taking a seat at the table, I picked up a stray newspaper and was outwardly absorbed in reading, though really attentive to the conversation going on beside me, for I had made up my mind that my unknown travelers were *somebody*, and was bent on finding out *who*, by some less violent method than walking up and demanding their passports or visiting cards. Remembering my recent information about the accident, however, I turned to the man in the gray jersey, mentioned what I had heard, and asked if there were any reason to suppose that Professor Tyndall had, as asserted, really come to grief. He assured me, gravely but politely, that the gentleman in question, to the best of his knowledge, had not been of the party, but was then alive and well, and after questioning me with some interest as to the details furnished by my informant, as compared with the rumors which he himself had heard, resumed his former conversation.

He was telling a story of glacier adventure, and, as he went on, one circumstance after another seemed to strike my ear with a strange familiarity. Presently he mentioned the guide Bennen, and I heard him telling how on occasion of an ugly accident, where one of the parties had slipped into a crevasse, he was obliged to stimulate the trembling and despairing guide, usually so self-possessed, by his own coolness and determination. When in addition he let fall the name of the gentleman who had been the com-

panion of his adventures, Mr. Hirst, it all flashed upon me! I had read the very description but a few weeks before in *Peaks and Glaciers*, and the man in the jersey was doubtless no other than the great Alpine climber himself. I sprang up, clapped on my hat, and walked out on the balcony and straight up to the gentleman of the tweed coat, who had finished his walk and was turning to come in. "Excuse my indiscretion," I said frankly, "but is not the gentleman inside there Professor Tyndall?"—"The same, sir."—"And you are probably Mr. Hirst?"—"At your service." Here was a situation! It was the first time in my life that I had been in the predicament of gravely questioning a gentleman as to his own probable demise, but the oddity of the situation was its own best excuse. We went in; a few words of explanation and a hearty laugh cleared up the whole matter, and our acquaintance, thus oddly begun, ripened apace. A savory dish of *Gems ragout* (chamois stew) and a bottle of Swiss wine made a welcome ending to the fatigues of the day, and a little desultory conversation on topics in general closed the evening and sent us sleepy to our garrets and husk mattresses.

The next day only justified too well the indications of the preceding evening. It was gray, murky, and unpromising. In view of its threatening aspect we gave up for the day an expedition which had been planned to climb the *Schilthorn*, a rugged, dreary peak just back of Mürren, ten thousand feet high, which offers a superb view over the whole Bernese chain. So we killed time as best we might, and very hard killing it proved. Unless in case of absolute illness, or such severe fatigue as enjoins a time of rest and idleness, there are few things more dismal than to be shut up in an outlying Swiss inn on a rainy day. Everything is to the last degree "in the rough." The bedroom is untenable unless one frankly lies abed, for the wind whistles merrily through the clapboarded sides, and the fog comes trickling through the ill-jointed, rickety casement, while the bare creaking pine floor is chill to the feet, and the one small hard-bottomed chair, even though tilted against the wash-stand, affords anything but luxuriant accommodation. In the *salle-à-manger* below things are not much better. Still the same hard-bottomed chairs, varied by a hard-stuffed, angular green moreen sofa, each of which after a morning's lounging seems to contain a special and individual back-ache. It does not take long to look over the stock of carved

wooden salad spoons, match-boxes, nut-crackers, whistles, gemshorn-tipped walking sticks, and other products of the indefatigable Swiss industry, exposed for sale on the little table in the corner. The old copy of *Galignani*, and the scattered fly-stained leaves of *Kladderadatsch* which lie pell-mell on the dining-room table with the almanac, the *Züricher Fremdenblatt*, and the strangers' register of the hotel, offer little more consolation, and even the odd volume of the transactions of the Swiss Alpine Club is rather a torment than otherwise when it sets forth inviting pictures of noble scrambles which the weather for the time forbids all hope of emulating. Luckily, the proprietors have fallen into a way, of late, of furnishing a little cupboard in the corner with various light reading, in which the Tauchnitz editions of modern English novels largely predominate, and on this moderately satisfactory pabulum the impatient tourist may make shift to subsist for a time. And so with reading, and writing up a few notes, and lazily conning over the spasmodic efforts at humor or poetry in every variety of legible or illegible hand, and almost every known European tongue, in the blotted leaves of the stranger's register—with yawning, and pacing the room, and gazing hopelessly out at the fog which came slowly toiling up from the Lauterbrunnen valley and draping fantastically against the black cliffs of the Mönch over against us—the day wore slowly away. Thus standing and looking out, Tyndall pointed out to us the great white snow-clad basin—like a colossal porcelain-lined preserving kettle, *without the lid*—lying opposite us, up, up among the peaks between the Jungfrau and the Eiger, and called our attention to the massive and seemingly impassable wall of ice directly facing us, over which, he said he with a small party had been slowly and painfully making their way, at that same date the year before. The Roththal I think he called it, though, in face of the dazzling, sheeny whiteness, which was all we could see, the name seemed something of a misnomer. It was the old story—slow, careful cutting of steps in a steep diagonal, the guide going ahead, hacking away in the almost perpendicular surface of the glacier wall the few inches of indentation which offer a hold to the hobnailed boots of the climber—one from which the tyro would shrink and fall in sheer terror, or be brushed by the slightest gust, but to which the trained mountaineer clings with the tenacity, and almost in the attitude, of a fly on the wall. I could not but remark, in looking at him,

the spare, but well-knit elastic figure, the firm jaw, and keen determined glance of the clear gray eyes, which spoke the man ready for all emergencies, and was curious to know how long he had been training for his mountain work. It was somewhat of a surprise to learn that his clambering was almost of recent date, and was first taken up in comparatively middle life, on occasion of a journey to Switzerland to recuperate his nervous energy, exhausted with overwork in his London professorship. Since that time, he said, he came over every season, frequently very seriously out of condition, but never failed to return, after a few weeks' glacier work, completely re-invigorated in mind and body. The same testimony to the inestimable value, as a nervous tonic, of high glacier air and exercise, was afterwards furnished me by that admirable scholar and most amiable of diplomats, Geo. P. Marsh, whose habit it is, or was, on all possible occasions to pass a considerable part of the summer in expeditions *above the snow-line*.

From climbing we drifted off to books and literature, especially in America. I found my companion singularly well informed in our literature, and especially enthusiastic about Ralph Waldo Emerson, whom he pronounced with some energy by far the greatest mind in our literary annals. Such an admiration, coming from a professor of physical science, sounded a little surprising. It has been amply explained, however, by later utterances of Tyndall, which have made plain to us that along with his study of material forces, he has always maintained a lively and sympathetic interest in the subtler refinements of imaginative or metaphysical thought, and that side by side with his scientific formulæ has always lain, half hidden, a spring of fresh poetic feeling and appreciation which has, in an uneventful way, permeated and adorned all his severer labors.

And so, without too much weariness of soul and body, the lagging day drew to an end, and we retired again to our husks, with the cheerful hope of better things on the morrow. True enough, a bright, almost cloudless morning found us early astir, and after a hasty breakfast of the usual Swiss pattern—coffee, bread and butter, and honey—we picked our way across the muddy cow-yard at the rear of the hotel, wound a moment among the chalets which constitute the village (?) of Mürren, and struck off across the steep pastures, with their carpet of daisies and gentians, for the mountain. A short walk carried us clear of grass and vegetation, and as we pushed on

into the inner recesses of the hills, we entered on the most unrefreshing bit of scramble it has ever been my fate to traverse—a dreary valley, or *kettle*, as the dialect of the country has it, of bare, hot, dry, powdery and splintered shale and slate, with not a bush or blade of grass to break the monotony, and, for water, at best a starveling rivulet here and there, traceable evidently to a little spot of glacier, if such it could be called, high above us, and just under the peak we wished to reach. In one respect, however, that of silence, the desolation was incomplete. As we advanced, the solemn stillness was broken by unearthly sounds which it would have needed no great imagination to ascribe to the gnomes and earth sprites who haunt the bowels of the mountain—long-drawn shouts and groans and bursts of impish laughter, mixed with higher pitched shrieks and cries, which rang from side to side of the steep *couloir* we were passing and echoed off fainter and fainter towards the peak, which we could just see clean out against the blue forenoon sky ahead. On closer examination we saw the cause; dimly seen against the dull gray of the mountain walls were lines of moving figures filing in slow procession along the zigzag paths which traversed the slopes,—a squad of peasants from Lauterbrunnen, bound like ourselves for the Schilthorn, and “chaffing” each other with jest and laughter, or airing their lungs in vociferous whoops and *jodel*, as they paced patiently along to the top. Pretty soon we overtook them, and going somewhat lighter, passed one group after another, interchanging a gruff but good-natured *Guten Morgen!* or the still briefer “*Grüss!*” as we scrambled by. They were stolid, healthy, but rather stupid-looking people, mostly young, men and women together, the men with their hats wreathed with green leaves and their jackets slung over their shoulders, the women with their heavy short skirts kilted up about their hips, and all carrying bundle or basket with suggestive bottle-necks peering out here and there; for it was a feast-day, and these simple souls, with a love of out-of-door work which would do credit to a member of the Alpine Club, were making a pleasure of labor, and absolutely going for a pic-nic on the Schilthorn. Who shall say after this that the Swiss do not enjoy their own country and its scenery? For my own part I had sometimes doubted it, but when, myself fatigued and exasperated with the utterly dry, uninteresting character of the road and the hot suffocating air of our slaty valley-kettle,—when I saw these honest people plodding

and perspiring up the steep zigzags on a six or eight hours' climb, instead of gossiping and smoking around their door-steps in the valley, I gave in, and gladly recognized the vein of poetry and love of nature which must needs subsist under those commonplace, ugly, and well-nigh stupid exteriors.

We, too, took matters very calmly, for I was suffering from the results of recent indigestion, and my companions, who were in holiday mood, showed a good-natured condescension for my weakness by their leisurely pace. The steepness of the climb left little breath for talking, but I remember continually feeling and expressing curiosity as to the steepness of some of the slopes on Mont Blanc, which have to be passed by ice steps, in especial the—to amateurs—terrible Mer de la Côte, and continually pointing out what seemed to me unpleasantly perpendicular slopes of slate or gravel as possible illustrations. When to all my questions I got the invariable answer, "Oh no! much steeper than that!" it got finally impressed on my reluctant conviction that the real glacier-climber must at any time be prepared to pass walls of ice nearly perpendicular, pressing close with his body to the smooth surface at his side, absolutely unsupported except by the three-or-four-inch-deep notch which the guide with a few rapid dexterous blows of the axe has hacked out for his feet, relying for steadiness on his acquired strength of head, and the materially slight though morally important sustainment of the rope, which is stretched taut along the line, and in case of a slip must hold him, or drag the whole party to destruction.

Four hours or so of patient walking brought us to the summit, where our village friends were already beginning to arrive in knots and squads, and straightway proceeded to unpack provisions, light their pipes, and make themselves comfortable generally. We too, after melting a handful of snow for water to temper the last few drops in our brandy flasks, stretched ourselves on the rocks with hats over our eyes, and addressed us to rest and the contemplation of the view. But here, alas! as so often in life, came partial disappointment. The view, which is in essentials the same as the well-known outlook from the Faulhorn, lay clear—almost too clear—before us; but we had ill chosen our time. The sun's perpendicular rays poured down upon glacier and peak and snow-slope, filling the valleys and hollows with hot blue mist, dazzling our eyes with the blinding glare from the peaks and snow-beds, and wrapping the whole picture

in a vague and monotonous indistinctness in which all contrast, and relief, and discrimination—all picturesque relation, in short—were hopelessly lost. Depend upon it, dear reader, a landscape seen at noonday is a landscape spoiled. There is inestimable value and beauty in *slanting shadow*. The tamest bit of country, seen under the sloping rays of the western sun, with all the magic chiaro-oscuro and soft shades and gradations and wondrous variety of detail which they bring out, has a charm which we may fail to find in the world's most famous scenery at blazing, unpoetic noon.

Thus after a hot and rather unsatisfactory halt of an hour or so, we were well content to set our faces down-hill towards home and dinner. Recrossing a corner of the little glacier we had crossed as we came up, I was fain to accept as a foothold, the aid of Mr. Hirst's alpenstock, driven in through the slight layer of snow to the ice beneath, for my shoes were smooth-soled, while they with their hob-nailed boots went gayly *glissading* down the slope, *i. e.*, standing upright in their tracks, leaning a little backward, and so sliding down with the alpenstock held firmly in both hands diagonally across the body and its iron point pressed into the snow behind as a rudder or brake. Getting to the softer and pleasanter foothold of the pastures we had leisure, as we lounged easily downward, for more talk, and the Professor launched out into a general sketch of literary and scientific life in London, and the general tone of feeling on matters philosophical, religious, and political in modern English society. One assertion, I particularly remembered, surprised me at the time, and seems to me even now, though on imperfect knowledge, somewhat colored by the speaker's personal associations and tendencies. Good, *i. e.* intelligent or cultivated society in England, he maintained, is noticeably liberal in its ordinary familiar and friendly associations. There is no religious or doctrinary shibboleth exacted of those who, with good introduction and *prima-facie* eligibility, enjoy its privileges. A man is accepted there very fairly at his actual or evident value, and provided he be really a man of culture, good manners, and noteworthy ability, may pass muster in all circles without awkward cross-examination as to whether he be Whig or Tory, Radical or Monarchist, Catholic, High Churchman, or Rationalist.

To some strictures of mine on the tone of English sentiment during the American war, he replied by a frank and blunt defense of

British consistency, on the good old ground of sympathy for pluck under difficulties—the broad principle of humanity, which leads us, irrespective of moral theories, to sympathize involuntarily with a weaker combatant contending gallantly against overwhelming odds. The way was lightened by much other conversation about English and American social aspects, which does not now occur to me in detail, till with tired knees and particularly empty stomachs we descended the last bit of rubbly path, threaded our way among the high-flavored *Sennhütten* (chalets), and found ourselves once more at the hospitable door of the *Silberhorn*. Leaving my companions to their well-earned meal down stairs, I betook myself to my room, for I began to feel really ill, ordered a glass of something warm and tonic, and there, from under my superincumbent *federbett*, with the help of two little bits of candle artistically propped up on my rickety light-stand, passed the late afternoon and evening in solitude and the perusal of a Tauchnitz novel.

The next morning broke sulky and unpromising, but we had “done” Mürren and all our journey lay yet before us; so as our roads lay for some distance together, the two gentlemen kindly invited me to take a seat in the ramshackly *einspanner* which they had engaged for the journey down to Kandersteg at the foot of the Gemmi. Leaving the driver and porter to pack on our slight luggage, and preferring “Shuster’s Rappen” or Shank’s mare, to the chance of jolts and abrasions in the muddy and stony path down the mountain, we swung off at a grand pace through the ruts, on foot, and only stopped at Lauterbrunnen to be picked up for the more level stretch through the valley. At Interlaken, that Mecca of Cockney tourists, poetic young ladies, hotel-keepers, mule-drivers and dealers in wooden-ware, we stopped only long enough for a hasty lunch, and I could not but smile at the lofty scorn—or rather the virulent disgust,—which my companions, with the allowable bigotry of real climbers and athletes, expressed for the make-believe adventure and lazy monotony of the place and its frequenters. And then once more we got aboard our rickety conveyance and turned our faces towards Frütigen.

All that pleasant afternoon we jogged comfortably along, for the first part of the way coasting the south bank of the Lake of Thun, watching the lake on the one side with its ever-shifting tints of emerald and purple and azure, and looking up anxiously on the other at the sharp pyramids of the Niesen, around

which the clouds were lowering in threatening fashion, though the sunlight played warm and bright at intervals on the lake. And so traveling on, it befell that I lapsed into meditative mood, and drew down on my unlucky head the thunders of the positive philosophy by a chance remark which perhaps savored of indiscreet and youthful credulity. By what turn in the conversation thereto induced I do not recall—a new book published, a new theory enounced, or what not—but on some such occasion I was led to remark on the, to me, illogical and self-destructive blindness of the materialists who would end our existence here, and deny any life of the spirit beyond that of the body. “But why so?” was the awkward objection from the lips of the inexorable philosopher beside me. Thus put to my trumps, and unfurnished for the moment with any axiomatic or other devices of dialectic warfare, I made what lame shift I could to extemporize some form of argument which might seem to “touch hard-pan,” and fell back on the old assertion of the inalienable beauty and worth of spiritual existence, the comparative or absolute inferiority of matter, etc., etc. But again “Why so?” said my sturdy opponent—why might not matter be in its essence just as divine, and in its duration just as eternal as spirit? Here again my stock of axioms and first principles made a melancholy return of *non est inventus*. Of course there was no use in going back to the fundamental principles of the Christian, or indeed any other accepted system, for I was dealing with an iconoclast from whose armor of positivism such arguments would have glanced ineffectual. Whatever ground might be gained must be won in sheer logical and philosophic tussle, without the intervention of any form of traditional faith or theory. And so from point to point I was beaten by my shrewd master of fence, till I was forced to sit still in discontented silence, not at all sure that I had any good grounds to give for the conviction, still pretty well rooted in my constitution, that I, such as I stand here, am in reality something more than the result of a certain composition of carbon, nitrogen, and phosphates, and likely to subsist when these shall have been resolved into their primary state.

After gloomily musing over my discomfiture for a half-hour, rather indignant at having had to bear the whole *onus probandi* of a problem heavy enough for stouter shoulders than mine, I turned on him with an appeal for fairness. “After all,” I said, “Professor,

you have put the whole burden on me, and left it for me to prove that a man's soul has any value or existence beyond, or apart from, his molecules. Frankly now, what do you think about it yourself, or don't you think at all? Do you or do you not give any weight to the inevitable tendency in human nature to speculate or dream of, and long for, and therefore to infer and believe in, an existence of the soul independent of that of the body?" Ah! that, he said, was a very different way to put it, and so interrogated he must allow that he, in common with all thoughtful men, felt the impulse to the speculations, dreams, and even longings, in question—it was at the *inference* and *belief* that he felt inclined to call a halt. All the *tendencies* I spoke of he willingly admitted as normal and appropriate in nature, but that they afford any proper basis for scientific argument and conclusion he must firmly deny. And here, in continuing his remarks, he gave what has always seemed to me the most clear and striking illustration of the faith and plan of action of the thorough-paced positivist which I have ever met. "I view nature, existence, the universe," said he, "like the key-board of the pianoforte. What came before the bass, I don't know and don't care; what comes after the treble I equally little know or care; the key-board, with its black and white keys, it is mine to study!" And then the conversation drifted off to more simple and tangible matters, and I was left to turn over in my mind at leisure the novel and striking statements or arguments so frankly and energetically put forward.

After passing Frütigen, which we did in the late afternoon, the weather clouded up; it began to drizzle, and long before reaching Kandersteg we were glad to get out of the carriage and plod ahead on foot to ease our stiffened limbs and restore the circulation. It was my last tramp with Tyndall. The next morning opened with a steady down-pour. My friends had work ahead, on the Tschingelgletscher, I think they said, which could not be delayed; and I, wishing to get the beauty of the Gemmi pass in fair weather,

decided to lie by for a clear-up. So with kindest wishes, and last words, and an honest, hearty squeeze of the hand, they left me and pushed out into the rain and up the pass, with the same manful, sturdy composure which had attracted my attention at our first meeting, while I turned back rather sulkily, into the great desolate *salle-à-manger*, which seemed doubly desolate at their departure. A day and a half of pouring rain and utter solitude in the wretched old barn sickened me of Swiss touring for the summer, and at the first lift in the clouds next afternoon I shouldered my knapsack, took up my wander-staff again, and footed it in misanthropic humor back to Frütigen, *en route* for Inter-laken, Berne, Paris,—and Yankee land.

And so ends the story of my brief tour with Tyndall, which I hope may prove one tithe as amusing to my reader as interesting to me in the occurrence, and pleasant in the recalling. For anything which may perhaps seem indiscreet in my report of personal conversation, I can only say that the distinguished writer and savant I have been describing has amply "put himself on record" in his published works, on all or almost all the points touched on. Should the reader be inclined to reproach me with petty or unnecessary minuteness of detail in my description, I can only urge in my defense that gossiping tendency of the traveler which leads him to forget that trivial incidents or allusions, to him pregnant with pleasant reminiscence or meaning, may be to others flat or tedious in the telling. Even small matters may assume importance in attempting to draw some sketch, however slight, of a man whose influence in the world of science is as potent as his personality in scenes of hardy adventure is prominent and significant. For myself, I end as I began, that one of the chief joys of travel is its chance contact with notable people, and prominent among the many pleasant recollections of my past wanderings will be the memory of those days passed in friendly intercourse with one of the great minds and heroic natures of the age.

ONE OF MISS WIDGERY'S EVENINGS.

NOR that it was by any means an extraordinary occurrence for Miss Widgery to have an evening ; on the contrary, her fondness for them had led to a division in her family. An amicable division, of course, for the Widgery character was too high-toned to be disagreeable itself, or to consider any one else so. Still it was very strong in its preferences, and while "an evening," which meant in Miss Widgery's vocabulary a room full of friends to pass it with her, was the most delightful thing in the world to herself, it was quite the reverse to her sister. Miss Wigelia did not like company ; the light hurt her eyes in winter, and drew the mosquitoes in summer, and it disturbed her mind at any season of the year.

This difference of taste had been for some time the false weight that destroyed the balance of happiness with the Miss Widgerys ; when one scale was down, the other was sure to be far aloft. If Miss Widgery congratulated herself one night, on retiring to her room, that Wigelia had been having such a delightfully quiet time of it—not a solitary creature had been in—Miss Wigelia was sure to be saying to herself, in her own apartment, what an endlessly long time it was since Widgery had had any company, and that it was outrageous, and why didn't she make her do it, and she was the most selfish, inconsiderate thing in the world. So the very next day she would insist upon an evening, and when it was over, and Miss Wigelia's scale was filling up again, Miss Widgery's was flying against the very beam with remorse and penitence. At one time they tried the device of giving *carte blanche* to Miss Widgery's bias, with the understanding that Miss Wigelia should not be expected to appear. But this proved an entire failure. Miss Wigelia found it seemed like a small child staying up-stairs, and Miss Widgery's strict sense of justice filled for her a thorny pillow of compunctions at wearing her sister's share of the carpets and furniture in entertainments exclusively her own.

There remained, apparently, no way out of the dilemma but a distinct establishment for each ; though the separation seemed a good deal to be lamented, as the sisters were all that was left of the family—so undesirable, as the shopkeepers say, to cut a remnant. But the Miss Widgerys never allowed themselves to lament over anything that wasn't sinful ; so their lawyer was summoned to

make a division in stocks and rents, and arrange an equivalent for the share in the furniture, and a week from that day Miss Wigelia had purchased and removed to the house next her sister's, leaving the way wide open for Miss Widgery to receive her friends as she liked, and the garden gate on the jar, that she might "slip across to Wiggy" with some of the crumpets and lady's fingers, after they were gone.

Under this arrangement the hinges of the gate had little opportunity to rust ; everybody in town belonged to an old family, but Miss Widgery's was one of the oldest, so she knew everybody, and made her descent upon everybody in turn : like a humming-bird at a honey-suckle vine, bearing gracefully down upon one cluster after another with a zig-zag seemingly devoid of method, but sure to touch every separate spray in time. Sometimes she was borne along on the breeze of an "occasion," though at others she struck out with just as much spirit into the rarer atmosphere of every-day life ; but however that might happen to be, every one felt perfectly at home at Miss Widgery's, and almost always an odd two or three dropped in by accident before the evening was over, and altogether they were sure of having an exceedingly sociable time. This morning it was unquestionably an occasion, for Miss Widgery was out in the rockaway with old Amory on the front seat, and her silk bag with draw-strings on her arm ; all of which were well known and recognizable indications, as was also the air of business and satisfaction that seemed to scatter off from her as she ascended the various flights of steps.

She couldn't stay one moment, she said, positively not a moment, so they musn't ask her ; she had everybody to see, as she had the happiness of being out to make a most delightful announcement—delightful ! Poor Vest's Sam, living in Manilla these dozen years, was coming home to be married ! They could hardly believe their eyes, but they had it in black and white under his own hand. The last male Widgery left, and they had been so distressed at the idea of the name dying out. But now all that was settled, and of course Wigelia and herself were overjoyed—overjoyed ! Still it was plain that she had no time to spare, as Wigelia was falling a little under the weather, and had left the announcing entirely to her. She had her list-bag on her arm, for she should never forgive herself if

she slighted any one on such an occasion,—and she was going to beg “yourself” with a few others (very few) to drop in to-morrow and make an evening. A family day, she knew, Thanksgiving, but they could have all that at dinner, and she was sure they wouldn’t disappoint her. No ceremony whatever—such delightful news, and coming so unexpectedly! and Miss Widgery was gone again, opening the carriage-door for herself—she never allowed Amory to get up and down when he drove her, for he had been in the family ever since she knew what the name of Widgery meant, and she was so afraid he would wear out before she and Wigelia had done with him.

No ceremony, Miss Widgery had said, and in one sense there never was any at her entertainments, for all were expected to enjoy themselves in their own way. Still there was a certain stately stepping of forms and regularities, beginning with some little change in Miss Widgery’s dress, centering in the appearance of supper at precisely nine, and drawing to a close as the nearest church clock struck ten. This evening Miss Widgery’s especial happiness brought out a favorite toilet, and one remarkably becoming to her tall and stately form; a dress cut in the front like a pie from which one section has been removed, and filled in again with a snowy stomacher, while a pointed black lace cape, in which her own hands had years before darned an elaborate pattern, covered what remained of the waist.

If Miss Widgery had any hidden grief or secret sentiment concealed beneath the stomacher, it had no possible chance of escape, for she immediately threw out a picket-guard of three separate brooches, graduated in size, and stationed at the top, middle, and base of the line of departure. The upper one had been willed to Miss Widgery as next of kin by a widowed relative about to rejoin her husband in a better sphere; a large oval in heavy gold setting, representing the monument of the departed, before which stood the mourner, shading her grief with one hand, and with the other holding up his posthumous infant to view the scene. All this bore striking resemblance to painting in India ink, but the word of the artist had been pledged that it was in reality done with the hair of the lost one, and Miss Widgery placed a double value upon it for the association, and for the mysterious skill with which it had been executed. Almost everything had a double value to Miss Widgery; not only its

own intrinsic worth, but an additional one of association and suggestion, as the case might be. Accordingly the second pin, a gold circle clasping another circle, inappreciably smaller, had always seemed to her like Wigelia and herself, and though she would hardly have confessed it even to her own heart, she was always watching with a half superstitious feeling to see whether one would show signs of wearing out before the other. The third, a very small cluster of garnets, almost out of Miss Widgery’s sight below the billowy folds of lace, brought suddenly to her prophetic soul a faint suggestion of a little group that should some day, far beyond the rolling sea, perpetuate the Widgery name and blood.

Miss Widgery’s was not the only toilet made with a gush of sentiment under her roof that night. A mere evening, frequently as it might recur, could not meet the full measure of her spirit, and up-stairs, in the south garden chamber, Miss Leafy Yetton, a dim connection of Miss Widgery’s, was at that moment preparing to come down, with mingled feelings of gratitude and awe. A week before, a letter in Miss Widgery’s hand, and bearing her own seal in wax, had invited Miss Yetton to come and spend Thanksgiving week with her, and requesting that she would not delay for any additions to her wardrobe, as Miss Widgery had a dress-maker and a seamstress already at work for her, and she was sure Wigelia’s pattern would fit her exactly. Cousin Leafy’s father had died years and years before, bequeathing to her a lot in life, and another in the barren hill town where she lived, that looked a good deal alike. Remarkable for length, but exceedingly narrow in proportion, fenced in with a solid stone wall, too high to jump over, not a tree or a flower planted inside, and the thousands of stones not large enough to work into the wall left broadcast over its length and breadth. It had lain there ever since, with no change, except that once, when a dropped acorn luckily found an inch or two of clear soil and struck its roots downward, up bubbled suddenly a gushing little stream of water. That was precisely the way with Miss Leafy. She was a model of quiet cheerfulness under her ordinary circumstances, but when, at rare intervals, a pleasure forced its way into her life, it always made her cry. She went about a whole morning with the letter in her pocket, reading it over at odd minutes, and by the time she could bring herself to lay it away in her drawer she had used up two

handkerchiefs completely. "There, Leafy Yetton!" she said, as she shook them out, after giving a final brush to her eyes, "I do wish you wouldn't give way so! But it is *so* surprising, the way I always *am* provided for, and I can't imagine what cousin Widgery means to do! I really shouldn't be surprised if I should find a white robe and a crown waiting for me by the time I get there!"

And so she might, if she had been going a little higher; but at cousin Widgery's it was only a stone-colored silk, a little loose in the waist, to be sure, but that was better than if, like most things in its recipient's life, it had been a good deal inclined to pinch.

The thought of the handkerchiefs being an unpleasant one, it brought Miss Yetton round at once to be cheerful again, and she remained so through everything that followed until she arrived at Miss Widgery's, and was shown her room and the dress hanging in her closet. Although to many persons a thing of that sort would not seem overwhelming, yet it is universally acknowledged that circumstances alter cases, and the fact was, that Miss Yetton, although she had passed a little more than half the span allotted to mortal life, had possessed in the whole of that time but one silk dress, a changeable green and purple with a good deal of luster, and willed to her by an aunt of a naturally uncomfortable temper, whom she had nursed without a murmur through an illness of thirteen months. That dress was Miss Yetton's stand-by for nearly fifteen years, and as it had a remarkable way of freshening on the wrong side, was turned a good many times. But all things will come to an end in this world of decay, and the day arrived when with many mingled feelings she sat herself down to work the best breadths into a quilt.

These things being so, the sight of the new one, and hearing Miss Widgery say that it was the merest trifle, but that she did not want to spare her to any mantua-maker while she stayed—she wanted her all to herself—and she hoped very much it would fit, and when she got the dust off, would she come down stairs?—all this was a drop too much, and she felt the fountain beginning to bubble up. So although she was quite short, and the four-post bedstead very high, she managed to seat herself on the foot of it, a position she always took when she meant fully to enjoy letting her feelings take possession of her. But in another moment she realized that this time it positively wouldn't do, she *must* keep her handkerchiefs fresh;

so she gave herself a little shake, which was her way of bringing herself to hear reason, and, slipping down from the bed, smoothed her face and ran down stairs to find Miss Widgery.

For the next few days pleasures came so thick and fast, that if Miss Yetton had not gradually succeeded in bracing herself against them she would have cried all the time; but as it was, when Miss Widgery, having fastened the last brooch, came into the parlor on Thanksgiving evening, she found her and the stone-colored silk there, smooth-faced and shining alike.

"Dear Cousin Widgery!" she said, getting up and turning slowly round and round, like a revolving lay figure,—"*you must* see how elegantly it fits, and how I always *am* provided for! But I shall never be able to repay you!"

No one could have imagined the mental conquest Cousin Leafy had achieved before she was able to speak of anything so delightful, and at the same time keep a smile on her face and her handkerchief dry in her pocket. For in spite of all the discipline of the past week, the moment she opened her eyes that morning, and realized that it was Thanksgiving day, she felt the fountain beginning to bubble again in a way that was almost irresistible.

"*So* happy!" she said to herself, "*and so* provided for! Just as I always *am*, and so surprising! I never shall get over being surprised if I live to be a hundred years old! Now, Leafy Yetton, you're *not* going to give way! It does *not* look well, and that handkerchief ought to last till church time. You'd a great deal better dress yourself as fast as you possibly can!"

With her toilet for a weight on the escape valve, Cousin Leafy succeeded in confining her feelings for that time; but when she slipped away up-stairs after breakfast, to say her prayers and read a psalm suited to the day, the pressure overcame her for a few moments; she got up on the foot of the bed once more, and the handkerchief was thoroughly disposed of. She had a good deal of trouble in church also, although she found more there to divert her mind from reflection upon her blessings. So long as the eloquence of the preacher could hold her thoughts to the shocking characteristics of public men, and the inevitable rupture with England in default of the policy he recommended, she did beautifully; but the moment they wandered to the goodness of Providence toward all men, and her own present situation in the

Widgery pew, and so provided for, bubble, bubble, threatened the fountain again. Still, when Cousin Leafy was once really determined she overcame everything, and so it was with a smile as bright and dry as the sun on a July hay-field that she told Miss Widgery she should never be able to repay her.

"Don't speak of it," said Miss Widgery,—"I told you it was nothing, and only think how you would have been taken up with a dressmaker. But I *am* glad to see it is a little loose,—my father always considered a tight dress so very unhealthy."

Then they heard a soft little movement at the door-handle, very much as if a pussy-cat had laid a touch upon it, and then a feeling, rather than a sound, of some one gliding in.

"Good evening, my dears! I *hope* you find yourselves *well* this evening." It was only Aunt Esther, coming down from the West Garden chamber with her cap-strings tied peacefully under her chin, and her half-mitts on her hands, ready to pull on a little whenever she said anything. Aunt Esther was so little and so light, and looked so much as though you could lift her up on the palm of your hand, that no one would ever have guessed she had been one of the weights in her business community fifty years before women were supposed capable of such a thing. But so she had, and her prosperity was only interrupted by the misfortune of numbering among her other possessions a brother, who would not have been a man if he could have seen property in her hands without conceiving the idea that he could manage it for her better than she could for herself. As soon as he had persuaded her to that effect, he succeeded in doing it so thoroughly that there was nothing left for Aunt Esther further than to spend the rest of her days in visiting one relative after another, and waiting meekly and patiently until she should go to that treasure where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt. The Jews, it is said, were accustomed to speak of three heavens: the first, the atmosphere above us; the second, Paradise; and the third, the immediate abode of the Invisible. And though nothing could have horrified Aunt Esther more than to be compared in any way to a Jew, she certainly did make a little heaven of the atmosphere about her, and for the rest her heart was centered for the present on an earthly Paradise, and for the future on her celestial home. England, strange as it may seem, was Aunt Esther's Paradise. Ten years following the shock of her brother's success had been passed there, immersed in

deeds of charity and grace among the poor; and now, by some psychological movement not necessary to explain, the experiences of her former life seemed blotted from her memory, even the present seemed shadowy and dim, and those ten years the only time she had ever really lived.

Before Miss Widgery and Miss Yetton had a moment to inform her, for the third time that day, that they were very well indeed, the guests of the evening began to arrive, and there was such a bustle in the hall it seemed there must be a dozen there at once. But it was only Major Chattagee and Mrs. Allibone, and the Major getting his gold-headed cane into the rack, and handing over to Mrs. Allibone the extra shawl he always brought for her, and declaring she had made a mistake, it was not half thick enough, and Mrs. Allibone telling him he knew nothing whatever about it, the thermometer was seventy at that very hour, and a moment later she came into the room leaning on his arm, and telling Miss Widgery how very near she had come to passing the house by mistake.

"On account of the knobs, you know, my dear; entirely on account of the knobs! I never missed anything so in my life, and I am sure nothing will ever reconcile me to the change, if I live twice as long over again."

The Widgery house had been guarded and individualized ever since it stood by a spear-pointed iron fence, every particular shaft of which pierced and held aloft, like a South American orange on a fork, a solid ball of brass. These brass balls, though by no means typical of any family quality, were quite a center of family pride, and it had been always the duty of Miss Widgery's housemaid, soon as they caught the luster of the rising sun, to give them still an additional one by polishing the whole row, from beginning to end. Whether she rewarded Miss Widgery's patience with her openly encouraging a "follower" by complaining to him that she found this a hardship during the winter months will probably never be known, but one January morning, when Miss Widgery looked out of the window, instead of the usual glittering array she saw only a black and stately row of funeral plumes. She would have sent at once to the State Assayer to inquire what chemical should be used to remove the paint, had the question been one of science alone, but the discovery that she had required of a dependent anything felt as a hardship was so distressing to her that she was thankful to leave them as they were. So she only replied

that one must expect to meet with a change now and then in a lifetime; and then more people came, and although, as Miss Widgery had said, only "a very few," there certainly seemed to be a good deal of noise in the room. Every one had congratulations to present, and Aunt Esther had to say to each, with the soft little undulations of emphasis she always used, that she "*hoped* they found themselves *well*, this *evening*," and then, as it was their way to find an enthusiasm for everything, they seemed to have a great deal to say to each other,—though in a way that seemed very new and peculiar to Miss Yetton, it was all so different from an apple-bee or a quilting. So she established a seat a little aside, as a post of observation from which she might make a few minutes' study of tactics before entering the field.

Miss Widgery was in excellent spirits, as every one had come with the exception of Mrs. Dr. Collycibber, and she had still some hope of seeing her, the Doctor had given so encouraging an answer when asked if she were not coming:

"I fear not, madam. But it will be, I assure you, an involuntary absence upon her part. A slight difficulty, not anticipated, intervened, throwing so dubious an aspect upon her movements that she would not permit me to await them. It is still possible, however, that she will be able to adjust the unfavorable circumstances, and I shall prove only a fore-runner, after all."

A person who had not the happiness of a familiar acquaintance with the Doctor might possibly imagine they detected a tone in his remarks which did not really exist there at all; and the impression would be due entirely to the portly grandeur of his form, his full rotundity of tone, and the majestic movement of his organs of speech, for none of which peculiarities he was in any way responsible. And as he had passed so much of his life in his library as to limit his reading very much to books, it happened quite naturally that he spoke their language with more ease than the vernacular of his less frequent companions.

As if to make amends for the disappointment about his wife, the Doctor had brought with him a gentleman whom he begged to introduce as a friend newly come, and intending to devote a short period of time to the vicinity.

"Mr. Newlicome," said Miss Widgery, with a bow of her most stately hospitality, and added that any friend of the Doctor's was assured of a welcome among her own,

but that they were all so very much used to each other as to make a visitor from the outside world a most acceptable addition to their number.

"Only a few hours ago, madam," replied the gentleman, and the Doctor laid his finger cautiously on his ear, by way of informing Miss Widgery that his friend was exceedingly deaf. This seemed particularly unfortunate, as, judging from a pair of tinted glasses which he wore, he suffered at the same time from his eyes. But before Miss Widgery had time for any inquiries, Mrs. Allibone had something very important to say to her, and the Major moved away rather regretfully to have a few words with the Doctor.

The Major and Mrs. Allibone were well preserved specimens in real life of what is called in poetry the *might have been*; that is to say, they had been lovers in their early youth, and met again after a perverse union with other partners had surrounded the Major's florid face with a rim of silver curls and tied a widow's cap under the chin of Mrs. Allibone, only to find themselves lovers still. But although the great severer of bonds had set them both free, and she freely averred she loved him as well as ever, marry him she would not, protesting that it was absurd to begin life all over again like young people at their age. So the Major had been obliged to content himself for some twenty years with the position of an acknowledged lover, and pick up such crumbs of comfort as he might in attending her wherever she went and playing cribbage with her till precisely eleven every night.

The Doctor's apologies for his wife were scarcely concluded when the door opened, and it proved, as he had said, he was only a forerunner after all, for Mrs. Collycibber came in, wearing the inevitable purple flower in her cap, and looking, as she always did, the perfection of nicety in every respect. She sent one little nod of recognition, like an electric current, round the circle, and then made her way directly to Miss Widgery:

"So sorry," she said, "to be behind every one else," but she was sure Miss Widgery would excuse it if she knew what a dreadful time she had been having. She was *all* ready, fully ten minutes before the Doctor, and only waiting for him, when she looked down and there was a brownish spot on the very front breadth of her dress—not very distinct, it is true, but still there it was, and she would never have been able to enjoy the evening so long as she couldn't recollect how she could possibly have done it. "But I—ah—

got a clew to it at last, for I remembered giving the Doctor lemonade the last time but two that I wore it, and then my good Debby, the most faithful creature in the world, had been boiling a black glove to do up some lace, and she wet a sponge in it, and touched the spot, and I really couldn't find it after that. So now you haven't the least idea how relieved I feel! All ready for such a delightful evening! But I—ah—feel *sure* it was the lemon!"

If Mrs. Collycibber could not be said to possess a musical voice, in some senses of the term there certainly were several musical qualities to be found in her speech. It never varied from a gentle adagio, and was interspersed here and there with a little *ah*, combining the characteristics of a rest and a gliding slur over to the next word, which was always emphasized by a little nod of staccato.

By this time Miss Widgery began to be anxious about Cousin Leafy, and begging that "Mr. Newlicome would allow her," took him by the arm and led him across the room to be introduced. As she turned away, she delicately repeated the Doctor's signal, but Miss Yetton was watching herself so carefully that she did not observe Miss Widgery, and the hint was entirely thrown away, while in her anxiety to do everything that was agreeable she took the initiative, and remarked that it was a very pleasant evening.

"Excuse me," said the stranger, drawing a little nearer.

"A very pleasant evening," repeated Miss Yetton, a little louder.

"I *beg* your pardon," said the deaf gentleman, placing his hand behind his ear, and turning his head sidewise toward his new acquaintance.

As it did not happen to occur to Miss Yetton that any other remark might be substituted, she saw no alternative but to repeat the same once more, in the loudest tones she could command, though feeling a good deal inclined to tremble at the necessity. At this moment one of those unaccountable pauses that will sometimes fall upon the most talkative assembly took possession of the room, and her words reverberated through a profound hush—startling every auditory nerve but that of her tormentor. It was plain the idea had not reached him yet, as he only hollowed the hand behind his ear a little more and wondered why she couldn't raise her voice the merest trifle.

If Cousin Leafy had been offered a choice between her situation and being burned at

the stake in the retirement of her own village she would not have hesitated a moment, but as neither the choice nor the moment was given, she made a sudden little peck with her mouth toward his ear, in one last and desperate attempt:

"A *very pleasant evening!*"

"Oh, *h!* and is *that* what you were saying all this time!" and relaxing the tension in which he had been holding every nerve and muscle, he sank back in the depths of an easy-chair. But he laughed as good-naturedly as if it were the most amusing thing in the world to be deaf, and Aunt Esther's voice was heard saying, "They have a *great* many beautiful evenings in *England*. K-m-m!" and then the Major bustled across the room and told the gentleman he was wanted on the other side, and sat down himself by Miss Yetton, and talked so fast she was not obliged to say a word for the next ten minutes. After that Mr. Gilligan came and asked her if she played backgammon, and as she was obliged to say no, he went and found Miss Hitchborne, a very silent partner, with whom he had played so many evenings before, that they could almost tell what each other would do with every throw.

The board was all ready on the chess table, where it was always placed when he was expected, and he had only to beg Mr. Morberry Brown to exchange a high chair for a low one, "so that Miss Hitchborne and I may begin our game on an even keel, you know, my dear sir," and he was established for an evening. Mr. Morberry Brown always suffered, when conversing with a lady, from an uncomfortable feeling that he wasn't sure what might be going to happen to him, and never undertook it without, by some sudden sleight of hand, bringing his pocket-handkerchief into the form used in blind-man's-bluff, and laying it, tight-drawn, across his knee; and armed with this *pièce de résistance*, he ventured into the lists with better heart. But when, moist from such a tournament, he turned to an encounter with one of his own sex, he dropped his weakness as suddenly as some persons expect to drop their disagreeable qualities on entering a better world, and stood forth his own man once more. The game of backgammon having happily withdrawn Miss Hitchborne, he gathered up his handkerchief and rose to his feet to ask Dr. Collycibber what he thought of the ticket for the present political campaign.

"Most admirable, sir!" replied the Doctor, "an enumeration of candidates fitted to inspire the highest confidence, and one that

will indubitably secure the adhesion as well as the co-operation of all true patriots."

"Admirable?" exclaimed Mr. Brown, "I can see nothing admirable in the whole length and breadth of it! The fact is, sir, we need a revolution in party, and we've got to have it, before we can hope to bring life from the dead. Do away with all these factions that are worse than treason, and give us one national party, and we may hope to do something before the world!"

Although politics were the one beloved theme with Mr. Morberry Brown, and his views were pretty clear to himself, he never succeeded in making them so to others, further than that he disapproved of everything so far as it had already gone; but he was sure to get very much excited on the subject, and, as soon as he did so, to thrust his left thumb, which had been stiffened by an injury, as a kind of iron *underscore*, into the side of his interlocutor at every word he wished to emphasize. A thinner man than the Doctor might not have minded it as much, but he withdrew a step or two as he replied that "it would be a greater satisfaction to him to see inherent good developed from present parties rather than organized existence given to a new one."

"But I say a national party would not *be* a new party. *Washington* was a national man! *Jefferson* was a national man! *Webster* was a national man! *Buchanan* and *Lincoln* were national men, and *you* are a national man!"

Unfortunately, the Doctor's precautionary retreat had brought him suddenly and firmly with his back against the wall, so that there was no escape from taking the full emphasis of what Mr. Brown was saying.

"Ha! Dick, I've got you!" exclaimed Mr. Gilligan; but the remark did not, as might have seemed, refer to the Doctor's situation, but only to one of Miss Hitchborne's men which he had captured by a successful throw. Backgammon was to Mr. Gilligan very much what politics were to Mr. Morberry Brown, with only the difference that he was much better satisfied with the mover; and the round of expressions with which he had a way of giving vent to his feelings, according to the circumstances of the game, were so well known to the company that no one took any notice of them whatever.

The gentlemen being thus engaged, Mrs. Allibone took the opportunity to ask Miss Widgery what kind of indelible ink she used, and Miss Widgery replied that she considered there was none superior to Payson's.

"Are you speaking of Payson?" asked Aunt Esther; "oh, *very* superior indeed! His *pulpit talents* are *very* well known in *England*. *K-m-m-m*."

("Ahem!" as Dick said when he swallowed the grindstone!") said Mr. Gilligan.)

Mrs. Collycibber had not yet had an opportunity of speaking with Cousin Leafy, so she went across to her and began relieving a little bewilderment in which she found her with regard to the relations of the Major and Mrs. Allibone, adding that the latter had a wonderful complexion for her age—no one would imagine it was twenty years since she lost her husband, and she was by no means young at that time.

"I—ah—*think* it was the lemon,"—she nodded to Miss Widgery, who passed just then.

It was, perhaps, a mental peculiarity of Mrs. Collycibber, that she never seemed to feel she had quite finished a subject upon which she had been conversing, and had a way of returning to it, as a painter might take up his brush for an inappreciable touch here or there after the picture had been laid aside.

Cousin Leafy said she supposed people took somewhat different views of the affliction of losing a husband, though she did not profess to know anything about it herself; she only judged from a remark a neighbor once made when she was condoling with her upon the loss of a most excellent one.

"Oh, dear, yes!" she said—"but dead troubles were nothing at all to be compared with living ones;—there were Neighbor Tammridge's hens in her garden every hour in the day from Monday morning till Saturday night, and it did seem to her she should go distracted—"

"Did you *ever* hear anything like that since you were born into this world!" said Mr. Gilligan.

Cousin Leafy turned toward him to reply that she never did, but perceived that he was quite engrossed with his game, and saw at the same time, and to her inexpressible dismay, that the Doctor's friend was aiming in a bee-line for herself. He reached her chair just as another hush had fallen upon the room, in consequence of Mr. Gilligan having forgotten his violin, with which he always regaled the company after supper, and Miss Widgery having brought down her father's to try if it could be got into tune.

"A violin is a *very difficult* instrument to tune," he said as he reached her, shaping his hand behind his ear, and turning it

toward her with a look of anxious expectancy upon his face.

To some people one painful experience of its kind is sufficient, and Cousin Leafy sat as motionless and with her eyes fixed as rigidly upon the vacancy before them as if in the solitude of the most soundless desert. He glanced into her face—not a muscle changed. He turned his head a little more sidewise, then glanced again. Her hands were folded in her lap, and her face gave no more promise of an answer than the grim countenance of the Egyptian Sphinx, and, with a good-natured smile of defeat, he removed his hand from behind his ear, and drew slowly from his pocket a rubber conversation tube. For one instant this made matters worse, as Cousin Leafy thought he was offering her a pipe; but when she found the real nature of the thing, and that her lowest tone was safely conveyed by it, all her difficulties vanished, and an animated conversation commenced—although she did not confide to him the reflections she had been pursuing at the very moment she had looked so grim—viz., “that it was terrible he was so deaf, and had to wear those ugly glasses, for she was sure he was really handsome, and it was surprising how much he reminded her of Cousin Sam, years and years ago, before he went to the ends of the earth. How long ago that was, and how she *had* been provided for ever since! And she supposed he had too, as he was coming home to be married! She was glad of it, for she always liked Sam so much; better than any one she ever knew. She wondered who the lady was; she hoped she wasn’t easily made sea-sick.” But whatever her remarks may have been, there certainly was a great buzzing at the conversation tube, though what she said was dropped into it in such a way as sounded to the company very much like what a bee might be saying over a morning-glory; and as there was the same element of cautiousness, it bid fair to become a little exclusive. The Doctor did manage, after a while, to say to Miss Yetton that he “trusted she did not find the change other than salubrious, coming from the rarity of atmosphere pervading her native hills, to the somewhat humid air we breathe upon the coast.”

Cousin Leafy thanked him and said she never was better in her life, but farther than that he did not get much encouragement, and moved away to take the Major’s seat beside Mrs. Allibone, the Major having just left it to walk into the adjoining room with Mr. Brown.

“Oh, dear!” said Mrs. Allibone, “he *isn’t* going into the light parlor! He’ll get his death of cold!” and she hurried after him to remonstrate against the imprudence. Miss Widgery had long ago imbued Mrs. Allibone with the view she herself held very strongly, to the effect that the great proportion of the ill-health of the present day was due to the mingled use of stuffed and light furniture, and she scrupulously divided them in her own rooms. For how was it possible that the human frame should resist the exposure of leaving a cushioned sofa, or a stuffed arm-chair, to take a seat in a straw or a cane-bottomed one? The Major assured her he was quite able to take care of himself,—he hadn’t the slightest idea of sitting down,—they were only going to look at a picture, and she returned to say that no one would wonder at her anxiety about the Major if they knew how imprudent he was, always doing the most astonishing things when she least expected it.

“Can’t tell how far a toad will hop by looking at him!” cried Mr. Gilligan, in great glee at an unexpected turning of the tables. The Major was in a good deal of excitement when he came back from the study of the picture, which represented a nun taking the veil, and said he didn’t see how she could keep such an outrageous thing constantly suggested to her mind, though he really did not know that it was much worse than the state of things prevailing in their own town. He did not believe there was another such place for *bachelettes* on the face of the earth, though how so many charming women had ever found it in their hearts to refuse everybody, he could not understand. Mr. Morberry Brown, being himself a bachelor, was ill-mannered enough to suggest that perhaps some of them had never been brought to the painful necessity.

“Preposterous!” said the Major; “I don’t believe the woman ever existed who had not an offer of marriage somewhere in her life.”

This brought Miss Widgery suddenly into the discussion, and the pointed lace cape seemed to stiffen with the spirit that stirred within her, as she begged to inform him that she would like to see the man who would *dare* propose such a thing to her! If Miss Widgery had been either poor or plain, it would never have done for her to make a remark of this kind, for there would have been plenty of people amiable enough to say that they hadn’t the slightest doubt she *would* like to see him; but as both Miss

Widgery and the Widgery fortune had always been acknowledged to be handsome, there was no room left for the suggestion. And it would have been very much out of place in every sense, for since, in our country, matrimony so much resembles the game of stagecoach, where somebody must inevitably be left out, it is only a pity it could not always fall to the lot of those who like being "the one" as well as Miss Widgery.

"There are a great many single women in England," said Aunt Esther. Just as she pronounced the word 'England' the church clock struck nine, and every one knew that supper was at that instant placed upon the table in the dining-room. Every one, at least, but Cousin Leafy and the friend she had been so assiduously entertaining; they quietly continued their conversation, until just as the words "always so provided for," and "now that she was going home again to-morrow, she did not doubt something else would be arranged," were buzzed into the momentary silence, they became aware of what was going on, and joined the general movement, arm-in-arm.

Miss Widgery's hospitality, unlimited as it was in most respects, had still one boundary, fixed and immovable as the eternal hills. Her father, Dr. Widgery, was long regarded as the most skillful physician in the community, and although it was now some twenty years since the great enemy whom he had driven from so many homes turned and slew him in his own, she still remembered with remarkable clearness those articles of diet which he had considered unfavorable to health, and never under any circumstances had she been guilty of placing one of them before her guests. No proper estimate can probably be made of the detriment they were accordingly spared by his disapproval of ice-water, and ices in all forms; but, fortunately, his fondness for strong coffee was equally marked, and its innocence being thus established, they were sure of finding it on her table in unrivaled quality. Miss Widgery herself always took hot water, on account of its great advantage to the complexion, although she seldom persuaded any of her guests to join her in this refreshing beverage.

"I—ah—think *tea* is excellent if you happen to have a headache," said Mrs. Collycibber.

"Very possibly," said the doctor: "*Similia similibus curantur.*"

"I—ah—don't know anything about that variety," said Mrs. Collycibber—"I

always use Oolong. You know, Doctor, we always use Oolong, and I certainly shouldn't like to use any new brand. They say they are never anything more than a mixture of very poor articles."

"They drink a great deal of tea in England," said Aunt Esther. "They always make it on the table there, however. It is really delicious."

The Doctor did not seem inclined to make any further remark just here. Joining Cousin Leafy on the other side of the room, he begged his friend to go and tell Miss Widgery that he had had some acquaintance with her nephew in Manilla, while he took a saucer of Miss Yetton's blanc-mange. Nothing could exceed the beautiful simplicity of faith with which the Doctor always accepted articles of food placed before him—mysteries he never aspired to solve, and which he received with more or less pleasure as they happened to reach his palate. But this time, as a most unusual circumstance, a question seemed to arise, and he looked up suddenly at Cousin Leafy.

"I wonder very much what this is composed of! Can you tell me, madam? What is the fundamental substance?"

Cousin Leafy was delighted with an opportunity to meet the Doctor on her own ground, and replied that it was isinglass.

"Isinglass, madam! That seems hardly possible. I have isinglass inserted in the apertures of my stove, and it becomes harder and dryer the more it is exposed to the heat."

"Oh, you don't bake it," said Cousin Leafy. "You take three pints of water—"

Unfortunately for Cousin Leafy's recipe, their mutual friend returned, tube and all, and not perceiving that she was saying anything, remarked that Miss Widgery seemed very much engaged, and if Miss Yetton would not take anything more, would she do him the favor to walk into the back parlor and look at the picture the Major had been criticising? The rest of the company soon followed them as far as the front room, when Mrs. Collycibber took the opportunity to remark that it was such a pity for a man with a nose like that to be obliged to spoil it by putting on a pair of blue glasses.

"And so remarkably like a Widgery nose," replied Miss Widgery; "the only one I ever saw out of the family that really resembled it."

"I do hope it is nothing very serious," pursued Mrs. Collycibber.

"I trust not," said the Doctor; "the organ of vision is the avenue of blessings so

innumerable, that it seems almost hopeless to face the poverty consequent upon its destruction."

"I—ah—think he did it reading Greek," said Mrs. Collycibber.

"My dear," said the Doctor, "this gentleman never knew a word of Greek."

This remark, instead of changing the current of Mrs. Collycibber's reflections, seemed only to float like a feather upon it, as she went on with the same little staccato to Miss Widgery.

"Yes, I—ah—feel sure he did it reading Greek, for I remember so well that was the way poor Mr. Pilkington destroyed his sight, and was obliged to go out to the heathen, because he couldn't write sermons any more at home."

"My dear," said the Doctor, "I assure you this gentleman never read a word of Greek—never saw a Greek book in his life."

"Yes, it was somewhere in the Polynesian islands where he went, and he never came back. It must be the same trouble. I—ah—*think* he did it reading Greek."

"But, my dear, I have already assured you—"

"A dreadful affliction," said Mrs. Collycibber. "I don't know how any one can live without their eyesight. He—ah—must have done it reading Greek."

"I frequently met with blind persons among the poor when I was in *England*, but I did not always learn the occasion of it," said Aunt Esther, and before the question could be pursued, a sharp little wail, upward and then downward, interrupted, and Mr. Gilligan had commenced to play the violin. Although he had not added anything new to his list of tunes for a good many years, they were the more welcome to the company for old acquaintance sake, and he played steadily on, one air after another, until he brought his audience so much into the spirit of the thing that they had forgotten Cousin Leafy and the stranger entirely, when Miss Widgery happened to glance toward the folding-doors, and there they certainly stood, it was no

optical illusion, and Cousin Leafy's hand was on his arm, and her handkerchief was a good deal wet, and the spectacles had disappeared from a pair of very handsome black eyes.

"Dear Cousin Widgery," she said, as Mr. Gilligan, his eyes following in the same direction, cut a wail short in the middle and dropped his bow, "dear Cousin Widgery, did you ever know anything so surprising in your life! To think that it was Sam himself all the time, and his eyes are as good as any one's, only he wanted to play a trick, and not let us know him for a little while, and he is just as delightful as he always was, only he really is a little deaf, and he has only a few days to stay, but he has remembered me ever since he went away."

A habit of punctuality, established for years, will bear a great shock without yielding, and when the last stroke of ten fell upon the air, the Doctor's friend had confessed that he *was* Sam, and that it was Cousin Leafy herself he had come in search of, and that he must sail again within a week if possible, though he was not going back to Manilla but only to England, where they should be most happy to have Aunt Esther spend the remainder of her days with them, if agreeable to her, and Miss Widgery had begged her friends to come again day after to-morrow, and make another evening, when the violin should play the wedding march; and every one's congratulations had been offered, and the last guest had passed down the gravel path, and under the line of black knobs along the sidewalk.

"I—ah—felt *sure* he did it reading Greek," Mrs. Collycibber nodded back at Miss Widgery, as she passed the threshold, and in another moment Miss Widgery, with a plate of lady's fingers in her hand, vanished through the garden gate "to tell Wiggy," and Cousin Leafy was seated on the foot of the bed, the fountain in full play, and a handkerchief in each hand. "Just as I always *am* provided for," she said, "and to think that he had that conversation tube after all!"

"FINIS CORONAT OPUS."

"THE end shall crown the work"—
Ah, who shall tell the end!
It is a woesome way,
And clouds portend.

The work is all we know—
Enough for our faint sight.
The end God knows. Press on!
The crown—is lig:t.

AT HIS GATES.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XLII.

MRS. BURTON took her new problem away with her into the quiet of her room. It was a question which had never occurred to her before. Some few first principles even an inquiring mind like hers must take for granted, and this had been one of them. She had no love for money, and no contempt for it—it was a mere commonplace necessity, not a thing to be discussed; and though she had a high natural sense of honour and honesty, in her own person, it had not occurred to her to consider that in such a matter she had anything to do but to accept the arrangement which was according to law and common custom, an arrangement which, of course, had been made (theoretically) in view of a calamity such as had just happened. It was the intention of her settlement, and of all settlements, she said to herself, to secure a woman against the chances of her husband's ruin. She, in most cases, was entirely irresponsible for that ruin. She had nothing to do with it, and was unable to prevent it. She had married with the belief that she herself and her children would be provided for, and the first duty of her friends was to make sure that it should be so. Up to this point there was no flaw in the argument. Mrs. Burton knew that she had brought her husband a good fortune; and her future had been secured as an equivalent. It was like buying a commission—it was like making an investment. She had put in so much, she had a right to secure to herself absolutely the power of taking it out again, or recovering what had been hers. Mr. Burton had not incurred his liabilities with her knowledge or consent; he had never consulted her on the matter. He had never said or even hinted to her that her expenditure was too great, that he could not afford it. True it was possible that fastidious persons might blame her for proceeding so long on her splendid course, after hints and rumors had reached her about her husband's position; but these were nothing more than rumors. She had no sort of official information, nothing really to justify her in making a sudden change in her household, which probably would have affected Mr. Burton's credit more than her extravagance. She was in no way responsible. She had even protested against the re-introduction of Golden

into his affairs. She would not blame herself for anything she had done; she had always been ready to hear, always willing to give him her advice, to second him in any scheme he propounded to her. She put herself at the bar, and produced all the evidence she knew of, on both sides of the question, and acquitted herself. The money she would have saved by economy was not worth considering in the magnitude of Mr. Burton's affairs. She had done nothing which she could feel had made her his accomplice in what he had done.

And she had no right to balk her father in his care for her—to establish a bad precedent in regard to the security of marriage settlements—to put it in the power of any set of creditors to upbraid some other woman whose view of her duty might be different. She had no right to do it. She had to think not of herself only, but of all the married women who slept serenely in the assurance that, whatever happened, their children's bread was secure. She reflected that such a step would put an end to all security—that no woman would venture to marry, that no father would venture to give his child to a man in business, if this safeguard were broken down. It would be impossible. It would be a blow aimed at the constitution of the country—at the best bulwark of families; it would be an injustice. Of all a commercial man's creditors surely his wife was the one claimant who had most right to come first. Others might be partially involved; she put everything in his hands. Without this safeguard she would not have married him, she would not have been permitted to marry him. Going over the question carefully, Mrs. Burton felt, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that she had right on her side.

She had right on her side, but she had not Ned. This was a very different matter—an argument such as she had scarcely ever taken into consideration before. Mrs. Burton did not disdain the personal argument. She knew that in the confused state of human affairs, in the intricate range of human thoughts, it was often impossible to go upon pure reason, and that personal pleas had to be admitted. But she had never consciously done this before. She was almost scornful of her own weakness now. But she could not help herself. She had to suffer the entrance of this great personal argument, if with a mental pang, yet

without resistance. She loved her son. All that reason could do for her, all the approbation of her own judgment, the sense of right, the feeling that her position was logically inassailable, would not be enough to console her for the illogical, unreasoning disapproval of her boy. For the first time in her life, with a great surprise this certainly seized upon her. Up to this time she had gone her own way, she had satisfied herself that she was right according to her own standard, and she had not cared what any one said or thought. But now all at once, with wonder, almost with shame, she found that she had descended from this high eminence. A whole host of foolish, childish, unreasonable principles of action, inconsequences, and stupidities were suddenly imported into her mental world by this apparition of Ned. Not the most certain sense of right that reasoning creature ever had would neutralize, she felt, that pained and wounding look in her son's eyes. If he disapproved it would be a cold comfort to her that reason was on her side. If this indignant, impatient, foolish young soul protested against her that what she did would not bear comparing with some fantastic visionary standard which he called honour, what would it avail her that by her own just standard of weight and measure she was not found wanting? Thus all Mrs. Burton's principles and habits, her ways of thinking, the long-exercised solitary irresponsible power of her intelligence, which had guided her through life for forty years, were all at once brought to a sudden standstill by the touch, by the breath of that thing called Son, which, she knew not how, had suddenly come in upon her like a giant. This new being paralyzed the fine, delicate, exquisite machinery by which hitherto all her problems had been worked out. She tried to struggle against it, but the struggle was ineffectual. It was the first time she had felt herself, acknowledged herself, to be acting like a fool! What then? She could not help it. Even in the clear, cold daylight of her mind the entrance of this new form, all shadowy, mysterious, wonderful, could not be contested. She threw down her arms once more. She had been beaten terribly, miserably in the battle of her life—she was beaten sweetly, wonderfully, in a way which melted her hardness and made the drained heart beat and tremble strangely within her, in the other world where none hitherto had reigned supreme.

But nothing more was said on the subject for some time. Next morning brought letters, which roused the little party once more into

excitement. There was one from Mr. Burton, informing his wife that he had got safely to France by a way little used, and was now in the small seaport of St. Savan, awaiting letters from his family, and their advice as to what was best. He had not meant to go there, but a chance encounter with Golden at the station had driven him to take the down-train instead of the up-train. He would remain there if he could, he added, until he heard from home; but if any alarm came would hasten across the country to Brest, from whence he could get off to America. Mr. Burton did not say a word of apology or explanation, but he begged to have news "of all," to be told "how people were taking it," and to have the newspapers sent him. He added in a P.S. the following question: "By the way, what could Golden be doing at Turley Station, seven miles from Dura, at four o'clock in the morning? And who could the lady be who was with him? If you know anything on this subject, let me know."

Clara's letter was from Windermere. It was full of effusiveness and enthusiasm, hoping that dearest mamma would forgive them. Papa, Charles had told her, was not likely to be in a position to forgive any one, but would want it himself, which was very dreadful; but was it not beautiful of Charles, and showed how generous and how true he was, that papa's ruin made no difference to his feelings? This reflection, Clara said, made her so happy, that she felt as if she could even forgive papa—for if he had not been so rash and so wicked she never would have known how much her dear Charles loved her. They were coming back to London in a fortnight from this heavenly lake, and would start then on a roundabout journey to Charlie's delightful "place" on the Mediterranean. And, oh! Clara hoped with effusion dearest mamma would see them, and forgive them, and believe that she never had been so happy in her life as when she signed herself dear mamma's ever affectionate Clara Golden. These were the letters that came to the little party at Dura on the morning after Ned's arrival. They were received with very different feelings by the three. Mr. Baldwin, on the whole, was pleased. He was pleased with the "love to grandpapa," with which Clara wound up her letter; and he was glad the child was happy at least. "What is done cannot be undone," he said; "and that is quite true about there being nothing mercenary in it, you know." Mrs. Burton gave a faint smile as she laid the letters down one after another. They were just such letters as she

expected. Had she been alone, perhaps, she would have tossed them from her in scorn, as she had done with their previous notes; but that had been in a moment of strong excitement, when she was not full mistress of herself; and what was the good, Mrs. Burton thought, of quarreling with your own whom you cannot alter; or of expecting sense and good taste where it did not exist? From these two, her husband and her daughter, she did not expect any more.

But poor Ned was utterly cast down by these epistles. He asked himself, as Norah had done when Mr. Rivers left her at the door of the Academy's Exhibition, was this natural? was this the way of the world? and, like Norah, felt his own distress doubled by the horrible thought that to think of your own comfort first and above all, and to be utterly unmoved by the reflection that you have caused untold misery to others, is the natural impulse of humanity. He was so sad, and looked so humbled, that his mother's heart was penetrated in her new enlightenment by a strange perception of how he was feeling. She was not so feeling herself. The sight of selfishness, even on so grand a scale, did not surprise nor shock her; but she felt how he was feeling, which was as strange to her as a new revelation. The family at Dura during these days were like a beleaguered city—they lived encircled in a close round, if not of enemies, yet of observant, watchful spectators, who might become enemies at any moment, who might note even the postmark on their letters, and use that against them. Whenever a step was heard approaching the door, a little thrill went through them. It might be some one coming to announce deeper misfortune still. It might be some one who dared to be insolent, some one who had a right to curse and denounce. The tension of their nerves was terrible; the strain of watchfulness—the pain of standing secretly on the defensive.

"Let us go, let us go, Clara, I cannot stay here any longer; now that we know where to write to them, let us go," cried Mr. Baldwin after the letters had been read and dismissed; and then the old man went out to take a melancholy walk, and ponder what it would be best to do. Should they go back to Clapham? or should he take his poor child away somewhere for "change of air." If ever any one wanted change of air surely Clara must.

"Ned, come here," said Mrs. Burton, when they were left alone. He went and sat down by her, listless, with his hands in

his pockets. Notwithstanding the joy of last night, the letters, the shame and ruin and misery, had overcome Ned.

"I have been thinking over what you said yesterday about my settlement," said his mother. "Ned, in one way your grandfather was right. It is the equivalent to my fortune. It was the foundation of our family life—without that I should not have been permitted to marry. I should not probably have chosen to marry. To give up that is to make an end of all the securities of life. I speak as arguing the question."

"How can *we* argue the question?" cried Ned. "What have the securities of life mattered to the others, who had no connection with—with my father? He was nothing to them but a man of business. They trusted him, and they have nothing left."

"Yes, Ned; but if one of them had been a secured creditor, as it is called, you would not have expected him to give up his security, in order to place himself on an equal level with the others. The most visionary standard of honour would never demand that."

"We are not secured creditors. We are part of him, sharing his responsibility," cried Ned bitterly, "sharing his shame."

"But we are the first of all his creditors, all the same, in justice; and our debt is secured. Ned, I do not say this is what I am going to do; but I think, according to my judgment, your grandfather is right."

"Then, mother——" He had risen up; his face had grown very pale, his nostril dilated, his eyes shining. She who had never been afraid for anything in her life was afraid of her son—of his indignation, of his wrath. She put out her hand, half appealing, half commanding, to stop him. She caught at him, as it were, before he could say another word.

"Ned, hear me out first! I approve of it as a matter of justice. I think we have no right to set up a new standard to make a rule for other women in my position. There will always be such, I suppose. The settlement itself was simply a precaution against this possible thing—which has happened. But I do not say I mean to act according to my opinion. That is different. I have—thought it over, Ned."

"Mother," he said, melting almost into tears, and taking her hand into his, "mother! you who are so much wiser than I am—you are going to let yourself be guided by me?"

"Yes," she said. "I don't quite make myself out, Ned. I have always taken my

own way. Mine is the right way, the just way, but perhaps yours is the best."

"Mother, mother dear! I am awfully miserable! but I feel as if I could tell you how happy I am, now."

And, without another word of preface, without a pause to hear her out, without even observing the bewildered look as of one stopped in mid-career with which she regarded him, Ned dashed into the story of his own love, of his despair and his joy. She listened to him with her blue eyes dilating, looking out of her pale face like specks out of a winter sky—suddenly stiffened back into a little silent stone-woman. She was bewildered at first and thrown off her balance. And then gradually, slowly, the new impatience and faith that had been born of love died in her, and the old, cold, patient toleration, the faint smile, came back. It was natural. His own affairs, of course, were the closest to him. He thought of his private story first, not of hers. She had never subjected herself to such a shock before, and did not know how hard it was to bear. Well! but what of that? That was her own folly, not any one else's. She had put aside her armour, thrown open her breast, for the first time; and if an arrow, barbed and sharp, was the first thing that came to it, that was but natural—it was her own fault. She sat, therefore, and listened with the faint smile even now stealing about her lips—a smile that was half at herself, half at human nature, thus once more, once again, proving itself. And Ned, who had felt so bitterly the absorption of his father and sister in their own affairs, their indifference to the feelings of others—Ned did the same. He slurred over the sacrifice which his mother, at no small cost, was bending her own will to make, and rewarded her by the story of his own boyish happiness—how Norah had cast him off once, how she loved him now. This was the best, the only return he could make to her. From her own serious, weighty purpose, which involved (she felt) so much, he led her aside to his love-tale, of which, for the moment at least, it was madness to expect that anything could come.

"But you don't say anything?" he said at last, half offended, when he had done, or rather when her failure of response had stopped the fulness of his speech.

"I don't know what I can say," she answered, with a coldness which he felt at once. "This seems scarcely the time—scarcely the moment—"

"Of course," he said hurriedly, "I do not expect nor hope that it can be very soon."

"No one, I should think, would be so mad as to expect that," said his mother; "and these long, aimless engagements, without any visible end—"

"I do not see how my engagement can be thought aimless," he said, growing hot.

"Not in your own mind, I suppose; but, so far as anything like marriage is concerned, considering the state of affairs generally, I do not see much meaning in it," said Mrs. Burton coldly. "Your prospects are not brilliant. It was only last night, for instance, that you proposed to burden yourself with me."

"Mother!"

"It is quite true. In answer to your grandfather's sensible question how I was to live, you answered with you. Did you mean upon some hypothetical engagement, whatever you may happen to get, to support a wife—and me?"

He made no answer. A hot flush of mingled anger and pain came over him; he was sorry somehow; he did not quite see how. He had missed the right way of making his announcement, but still it was not his fault. He could not see how he was to blame.

"You must not be surprised in these circumstances if I cannot make any very warm congratulations," she added. "Make your mind easy, however, Ned. I never intended to be a burden on you; but even without that—"

"What have I done, mother, that you should speak to me so?" he cried. "You were so different just now. It is not for Norah's sake? No one could dislike Norah. What have I done?"

"Nothing," she said; and then, with that faintest smile, "you have acted according to your nature, Ned—like the rest. I have no reason to complain."

Then there was a pause. He was a generous, tender-hearted boy, full of love and sympathy; but he had never so much as imagined, could not imagine, the state of feeling his mother had been in, and accordingly could not understand where he was wrong. Wrong somehow, unknowingly, unintentionally—puzzled, affronted, sore at heart—he went away from her. Was it mere caprice on her part? What was it? So it happened that the boy put his foot upon his mother's very heart; and thus strained all his faculties, anxiously, affectionately, to find out what had made her countenance change, and could not, with all his efforts, discover what it was.

The smile remained on Mrs. Burton's face when she was left alone. He had declined to hear her decision about the settlement. Was it not natural that she should reconsider it now that she found how little interest he took in the matter? But it is easier to let that intruder Son, who disorders reason, into a woman's heart than to turn him out again. She did again another novel thing; she made a compromise. She sent for her father at once, and entered into the matter with him. "I allow that all you say is perfectly just," she said; "but this is, partly, a matter of feeling, papa." She smiled at herself as she said it, but yet did say it, without flinching. "I will keep a portion of my settlement—say half. It is, as you said, the only thing I have to depend on."

"My dear," said poor Mr. Baldwin, "of course you have always me to depend on. You are my only child. What I have must come to you, Clara."

"But I don't want it to come to me, papa."

"No, that I am sure you don't; but what is the use of my money to me, but to make my child and her children comfortable—that is excepting Clara—always excepting what I feel bound to do—what I have always done—in the cause of—God. But, all the same, I cannot approve of any sacrifice of your rights."

"I would rather not say any more about it," she said.

And thus for a moment the discussion terminated. Ned went down to the village again, and was made happy, almost quite happy, by a talk with Norah; and they went over together to the Rectory, and told Mrs. Dalton, as a substitute for the absent mother, and were very wretched and very happy together over their miserable prospects and their rapture of early love. Norah was very sorry he had told his mother so prematurely. "She will think it so heartless of us, Ned, to think of being happy when she must be so miserable. Oh, I would have broken it to her very gently. I would have told her how it happened—by accident—that we did not mean anything. Oh, Ned, boys are always so awkward. You have gone and made her think!"

"If you were to come and tell her, Norah."

"No, indeed. What am I to her? A little upstart thing, thrusting myself in, taking away her son. Oh, Ned, how could you? Go and give her a kiss, and say we never meant it. Say I would never, never think of

such a thing while everybody is in such trouble. Say we are so sorry. Oh, Ned! how can you, you who are only a boy, be half sorry enough?"

With such salutary bringing down Ned went home, and was very humble to his mother and very anxious to win back her confidence—an attempt in which he partly succeeded, for, having once begun to open her heart, she could not altogether close it; and a new necessity, a new want, had developed in her. But he never made his way back entirely into that place which had been his for a moment, and which he had forfeited by his own folly. He never quite brought back the state of mind in which she had considered that matter of the settlement first. Next day Mrs. Burton left Dura with her father, "on a visit," it was said; and Ned went to town, "to see after" his father's affairs. Poor boy! there was not much that he could see after. He worked hard and laboriously, under his grandfather's directions and under the orders of the people who had the winding-up of Mr. Burton's concerns in hand; but he had not experience enough to do much out of his own head. It was in this way that his knowledge of business began.

And poor little Norah, alone in the Gatehouse, went and poured out her heart to Mr. Stephen, who listened to her with a heart which throbbed to every woe of hers. A great woe was hanging over the Haldanes, a trouble which as yet they but dimly foresaw. Burton had ruined them in his prosperity, and now, in his downfall, was about to drag them still lower. Already the estate of Dura was in the market, with its mansion and grounds and woods and farms—and the Gatehouse. They had got to feel that the Gatehouse was their home, and all Stephen's happiness was connected with that window, with the tailor and shoemaker who took their evening walks on the other side of the way, with the rector and his morning discussions, even with old Ann in her market cart. And how was he now to go away and seek another refuge? Heavy were the hearts in the Gatehouse. Norah, when Ned had gone, was overwhelmed by terrors; fears lest her mother should not approve, wondering questions about her unknown father, doubts of Mrs. Burton, fears of Ned and for Ned, came upon her like a host, and made her miserable. And then Mr. Rivers came down, who had already made several attempts to see her, and this time made her wretched by reminding and telling her another

er love tale, to which she could make no reply. But for that incident at the Exhibition, and the pain it had brought about, things might have ended otherwise. Had Cyril Rivers made up his mind in May instead of delaying till July, the chances were that Norah, flattered, pleased, and not unwilling to suppose that she might perhaps love him in time, would have given a very different answer. And then she asked herself in dismay, what would have happened when poor Ned came? So that, on the whole, it was for the best, as people said. The pain and shock of that discovery which she had made when Lady Rivers drew her son away, and he went, had been for the best—though it would be hard to believe that Cyril thought so, as he went back mortified to town, feeling that it had cost him a great deal to make this sacrifice, and that his sacrifice had been in vain.

Thus Dura changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. The great house was empty and desolate. The great bell pealed no more through all the echoes; the noisy comings and goings of the Burtons, the sound of them as they moved about, the dash of Mr. Burton's phaëton and his wife's fine horses, had all died out into the silence. Miss Jane plodded wearily about the village, trying to find some cheap cottage where Stephen could find refuge when the property was sold. And Norah, anxious and pale, and full of many terrors, lived alone in her end of the house, and watched for the postman every morning, and wondered, wondered, till her heart grew sick, why no letters came.

Where was Helen? She had disappeared from them into the unknown, as her husband had done. Where was she? Was it into Hades, into the contracting darkness, that she had followed her lost, as Orpheus followed Eurydice? A week passed, and the silent days crept on, and no one could tell.

CHAPTER XLIII.

HELEN DRUMMOND had a tedious voyage from Southampton to St. Malo. She was not a good sailor, nor indeed a good traveller in any way. She was not rich enough to get for herself those ameliorations of the weariness of journeys which are within the reach of everybody who has money. She had to consult cheapness more than comfort, and when she arrived at last in the bay, with all its rocky islets rising out of the blue, beautiful sea, and the little fortress city reigning over it, and all the white-sailed boats shim-

mering about like so many sea-birds, she would have been unable to observe the beauty of the scene from sheer weariness, if anxiety had not already banished from her every thought but one.

Where was he? how should she find him? was it real? was it possible? could it be true?

The boat was late in arriving; it had been delayed, and was not expected at the moment when the passengers were ready to land. Helen looked, with a beating heart, upon all the loungers on shore, wondering could he be among them; but it was not till almost all her fellow-passengers had left the vessel that a tattered, grinning *commissionnaire* came up to her, and asked if she were Madame Drummond. When she answered, a voluble explanation followed, which Helen, in her agitation, and with ears unaccustomed to the voluble Breton-French mixed with scraps of still less comprehensible English, understood with great difficulty. Monsieur had been on the pier half the night; he had been assured by all the officials that the boat could not arrive till noon. Monsieur had charged himself, François, to be on the watch, and bring him news as soon as the steamer was in sight; in place of which he, the delighted François, would have the gratification of leading Madame to Monsieur. Half dead with excitement and fatigue, Helen followed her guide. He led her along the rocky shore to where a little steam ferry-boat puffed and snorted. Then she had to embark again for a five minutes' passage across the bay. She landed on the other side, so stupified with suspense, and with the accumulated excitement which was now coming to a climax, that she felt incapable of uttering a word. Her body was all one pulse, throbbing wildly; a crimson flush alternated with dead pallor in her face; her heart choked her, palpitating in her throat. Whom was she going to meet? What manner of man was it who said he was her Robert, who wrote as Robert wrote, who had called her to him, with the force of absolute right? For was not Robert dead, dead, buried under the cold river, seven years ago? She was not happy, she was frightened, as Norah said. Her position was incomprehensible to her. She, Robert's spotless wife, his faithful widow—to whom was she going? She did not know what the words meant that were being poured into her ears. The figures she met whirled past her like monsters in a dream. Her own weary feet obeyed her mechanically; she moved and breathed, and kept command of herself, she knew not how.

There is a little cottage on the very edge of the cliff in that village of Dinard on the Breton coast, which looks across the bay into which the Rouen rushes impetuously meeting the great sea-tides, and from which San Silvester opposite, St. Malo with its walls and towers, all the lip of the bay lined with houses, with fortifications, with bristling masts and sails, show fair in the sunshine. Coming into it from the dusty road, so small is it, so light, so close to the water, the traveller feels that he must have come suddenly into the light poop-cabin of some big ship, lifting its breast high from the sea.

Here it was that Helen came in, her frame all one tremble, breathless, stupified, carried along in the wild whirl of some dream. She saw some one get up with a great cry—and then—she saw nothing more. The excitement, the weariness, the strangeness and terror that possessed her were more than she could bear. She fell down at Robert's feet, as she had done at the foot of the picture in the exhibition. It was perhaps the easiest, gentlest way of getting over the great shock and convulsion of the new life that had now to begin.

Helen was conscious after a while of a voice, of two voices talking vaguely over her, one which she did not know, one—At the sound of that her brain tried to rally; she tried to recollect. Where was she?—in St. Mary's Road, in the old days before the studio was built? that was what it felt like. She could not see anything; a whirling, revolving cloud of darkness went round and round, swallowing her up. She tried to raise her hand to grasp at something. Now she was sinking, sinking into that sea which had gleamed upon her for a moment through the window—a sea full of ships, yet with no saviour for her. If she could only move her hand, raise her head, see something besides this blinding blackness. And then again that voice? She had fallen, fallen somewhere, and something buzzed loud in her ears, something coming that was about to crush her, on the steps at St. Mary's Road.

"Helen! don't you know me? Look at me, if you can, my own love!"

She gave a long sobbing cry. She opened her eyes heavily. "Yes, Robert," she said. The wonder and the terror had gone away in her faint, with the seven years that united them. When the soul loses the common thread of time and place it comes back to its primal chamber, to the things in it that are everlasting. She answered out of her unconsciousness as (God send it!) we shall

answer our friends in heaven out of the death-trance, not wondering—restored to the unity of love which is for ever and ever, not for a time.

She was lying on a little sofa, that window on one side of her, with its glorious sea and sky and sunshine. On the other, a man with hair as white as snow, with Norah's eyes, looking at her in an agony of tenderness, with a face worn and lined by suffering and toil. The sight of him startled her so that she came to herself in a moment. It startled her into the consciousness that she was his wife, and in a manner responsible for him, for his well-being and comfort. She started up, wondering how she could think of herself, indignant at herself for taking up the foreground for a moment. "Oh, my dear, my dear!" she cried. "What have they done to you, Robert?" and drew him to her, taking him into her arms.

Not frightened now, not wondering, not strange at all. The strangeness was that he had been kept away from her so long, cruelly kept away, to make him like this, whitened, worn, old. All at once strength and calm and self-command came back to Helen. Except for his looks, the harm some one had done to him, this interval crimped away like a burnt paper, and disappeared, and was as if it had never been. She put her arms round him, drew him to her with an indignant love and tenderness. "My poor Robert! my poor Robert! how you have wanted me," she said, with the tears in her eyes.

"Ah! wanted you!" he cried; and he too gave in to this impulse of nature. He was not an impassioned man claiming his own, but a weary one come back to his natural rest. He put his white head down upon hers, and in the relief and sudden ease and consolation, wept like a child. It was more than joy; terrible fears had come to him at the last, terrors that his appeal might be unwelcome—that his recollection might have died out of her heart. He knew that she was in the sight of the world faithful to him; but whether her heart was true, whether the surprise would be a joy, he did not know.

Let us leave them to tell their mutual story. The reader knows one side of it. The other had come about thus. It took a long time to tell it so as to satisfy Helen; but it may be put here into fewer words.

On the night when Robert, as he said, died, he had been picked up by a tug steam-boat, which was on its way down stream to take a vessel going to America down to the sea. He had been all but dead, and with the addition

of all the care, distress, and anxiety through which he had passed before, partial drowning was no joke to him. How it was that he managed to get transferred from the little steamer into the ship, he had never very clearly discovered. Whether he had passionately entreated to be taken on board, or whether he had dashed himself once more into the river and been rescued this time by the sea-going vessel, he could not tell. But, anyhow, he had managed to get on board the American; and there, amid all the discomforts of a merchant ship, where there was no room for passengers, and where his presence was most unwelcome, he had an illness, which made his slow passage across the Atlantic look like a feverish dream to him. He knew nothing about it, except as a horror and misery which had been. When the ship arrived he had been transferred to an hospital, where he lingered until all hope of life had gone out of him, if indeed any ever existed. And then, all at once, and unaccountably, he had got well again, as people do over whom no anxious nurses watch, who are of importance to no one. When he came to life again he was one of the poorest of the poor, unknown, penniless, an object of charity. In that position he could never go home, never make himself known to those whom (he felt) he had ruined, whom he had already made up his mind to leave free at the cost of his life. Forlorn, hopeless, and miserable, poor Robert had still the necessity upon him of maintaining the worthless life which Providence had, as it were, thrust back upon his hands. He went to the studio of a painter in New York—that same John Sinclair whose name had been attached to the “Dives.” He had told his story fully and truly. When a man asserts in a painter’s studio that he is himself a painter, the means are at hand for the satisfaction of his assertion; and when Robert took the palette in his hand, Mr. Sinclair believed his story. He had begun humbly, under this kind stranger’s help; he had become a portrait-painter, a branch of art which, in his youth, he had followed for the sake of bread and butter, as so many do. But Robert, friendless and hopeless, driven out of everything but art, had, by a mere instinct of self-preservation, to keep himself alive, taken to his work in a way which made it a very different thing from the painting which is done for bread and butter. A very little bread and butter sufficed him. But man does not live by bread alone; and all the better aliment, the food of his soul, he had to get somehow out

of his portraits. The consequence of this was, that gradually these portraits became things to talk of, things that people went far to see, and competed to have. He cared so little for it—was that why the stream of fortune came to him? But when his languid soul awoke after a while to a sense of the work he was doing, Robert ceased to care little for it. He began to care much; and as his portraits kept their popularity his gains increased. He became hungry for gain; he grew a miser, and overworked himself, thinking of his wife, thinking of the child to whom he was dead. He managed to get some news of them incidentally through his friend and former patron Sinclair; he heard where they were, and that they were well. At length, when he had scraped so much money together that he thought he might venture upon some communication, his heart went back to the agony of his parting, and the subject of his last sketch returned to him. Ah! was he not Dives now, stretching out vain hands, not daring to cry! He could not summon courage enough to write, but he could paint—he would put all his despairing soul, which yet had a faint hope in it, into that imploring face, those beseeching hands. He worked at it night and day, throwing his whole heart and soul into it. And, with a heart trembling at his own temerity, after he sent his picture to England he himself had come back, but not to England—he had not courage for that. He was not sufficiently instructed to know whether it would be safe for him to go back—whether he might bring the law upon him with fresh bugbears and trouble in its train—but to France. He had come to Brest, and he had wandered to this the nearest point from which communication with England was easy. He had arrived at St. Malo in May, at the very time when Helen saw the picture in the Exhibition, and received its message into her very heart. But he had not ventured to send his letter till months after—not till now.

“Helen!” he said, trembling; “will you stay with me here? will you go back with me, back to New York? What shall we do?”

“Robert, let us go home.”

“Can I go home? I do not think so. I have a little money, for the child and you. I made it hardly—after I died. I should not like to give it once again to satisfy people who suffered no more than we did.”

“Oh, Robert,” she said, “I have my story to tell you too.” And her story took

as long in telling as his did ; for it was difficult to her to remember that he knew nothing—that he did not know what he had been accused of ; as difficult as it was for him to understand the allusions she made to the lost books and the censure which had been passed upon his name. He would stop her and say, "What does that mean?" a dozen times in a single sentence. And then, as the story advanced to its climax, impatience seized him, and a growing excitement. He got up from his seat beside her, and paced about the little room. Then she saw, for the first time, that he was lame. How he had suffered! The seven years had not made much difference to her ; her peaceful life had smoothed out the lines which sorrow had made in her face. There was not a white thread in her brown hair ; she had almost grown younger instead of older, having upon her wherever she went a reflection of Nora's youth, which somehow she shared. But Robert was lame, and walked with difficulty, a consequence of his almost suicide. He was old, thin, white-haired, with furrows of anxiety and longing and heart-hunger in his face. All this had been done by the man who had beguiled him into the doomed bank, who had looked on calmly at his ruin, who had willingly countenanced the destruction of his good name. Mrs. Drummond had lived through it all, had got over her hot fits of rage and indignation, and at this moment had her heart softened towards Reginald Burton, whom she had saved. She was not prepared for the excitement, the suppressed fury, the passionate indignation of her husband, to whom all this was new. She told him of the paper she had extorted from her cousin that last night, "which clears you entirely," she said.

"Clears me!" he cried, gnashing his teeth. "My God! *clears* me! I who have done nothing but suffer by him. *Clears me!*"

"I do not quite mean that, Robert. You were cleared before. No one believed it. But we thought Golden only was to blame. Now this paper is formal, and explains everything. It makes it all easy for you."

He did not stop, as if this was anything consolatory ; he kept moving up and down, painfully, with his lameness. "And that scoundrel has got off," he cried between his teeth—"got off! and has the audacity to clear me."

Poor Helen was disconcerted. She had forgotten her own fury of indignation when she first saw the accusation against him. She

had long, long grown used to all that, and used to the reflection that nobody believed it whose opinion was worth anything. She had insisted upon Burton's confession and explanation, she scarcely knew why—more as a punishment to him than as a vindication of Robert. She was confused about it altogether, not quite knowing what she meant. And now, in the light of his indignation, she felt almost as if she had done her husband an injury—insulted him. She faltered, and looked at him wistfully, and did not know what to say. She had not lost the habit of love, but she had lost the habit of companionship ; she had told her story wrongly, she did not know how to bring him to her state of feeling, or to transport herself into his. And this too was the fault of the man who had driven Robert to despair—the man whom she had saved.

"He has got off," she said humbly, "by my means. Robert, I tried revenge once, but I will never try it again. I could not give him up, however bad he had been, when he was in my power."

The sound of trembling in her voice went to his heart. "My poor Helen! my sweet Helen!" he cried, coming to her. "Do you think I blame you? You could not have done otherwise. For you there was but one course—but if I had the chance now——"

Just then there was a commotion at the door, and sounds of many voices. A great many exclamations in French, with one or two broken questions in English, came to their ears. "You has you papiers. *Domain* you papiers. You say you is Jean—Jean Smiff, et pas——"

"Je me fie à monsieur ici. Monsieur est-il chez lui? C'est un Anglais. Il nous expliquera tout ça," said another voice. It was the voice of the maire, whom Robert had made friends with in his hunger for human companionship. The parley at the door went on for a few minutes longer, and then there entered a band of excited Frenchmen. One, a gendarme from St. Malo, carried an open telegram in his hand ; another, in a blouse, kept his hand upon the shoulder of a burly Englishman in a light coat. The maire brought up the rear. They seemed such a crowd of people as they entered the little, light room, that it was some moments before the three English people thus brought face to face recognised each other. Helen with difficulty suppressed a cry. Robert stood confronting the party with the flush of his indignation not yet subsided, with a wonder beyond words in his eyes. As for the

other, he showed no sign of surprise. He was driven back to his last stronghold, forced to use all his strength to keep himself up and maintain his courage. His eye dilated and gave a flutter of wonder at the sight of Helen. It was evident that he did not recognise her companion. He kept his arms folded, as if for self-preservation, to keep within him all the warmth, all the courage possible, physically to keep up and support himself.

The three men rushed into explanation all at once. A telegram had been received at St. Malo, describing an Englishman who was supposed to have gone there, and whose description, in the telegram which the gendarme held out, corresponded exactly with that of the prisoner. The prisoner, however, called himself Smith—Smiff—or Smitt, as his pursuers pronounced it—and produced papers which were *en règle*; but he could not explain what he was doing here; he showed no inclination to be taken to the English consul. On the contrary, he had crossed to Dinard as soon as he heard that inquiries had been made about him at his hotel. While all this was being told the stranger stood immovable, with his arms folded; he did not understand half of it. His French was as deficient as the French of untravelled Englishmen usually is, and the tumult around him, at the same time, confused his mind and quickened his outward sense. He could not make out what his chances of liberation were: but his eyes were open to any possibility of escape. They were bloodshot and strained those eyes; now and then a flutter of wonder, of excitement, of watchfulness, came into them, but he showed no other sign of emotion. At such a terrible crisis all secondary sensations perish; he had no time to wonder what Helen, whom he had left behind in England, should be doing here. Rather it was natural that every body connected with his fate should be here, gathering around him silently to see the end.

Thus this encounter had but little effect upon Burton; but it would be impossible to describe the effect it had upon the man who stood opposite to him, whom he had not recognized. Robert Drummond had suffered as few men ever suffered. He had died—he had come alive again—he had lived two separate lives. For some years up to this day his existence had been that of a man deprived of all the hopes and consolations of life—a man miserably alone, dead to every one belonging to him. Even the return to life which he had tried to realise this morn-

ing was no more than an experiment. He might never be able to conquer, to forget those seven ghosts which stood between him and his wife and child. He could not take up his life again where he left it—that was impossible. And, all this had been done by the influence of the man before him, who was in his power, whom he might if he would give over to prison and trial and punishment. A gleam of fierce joy shot through Drummond's heart, and then—

They stood facing each other, with the Frenchmen grouped about them. But Burton had not, beyond the first glance, looked at his judge. His face confronted him, but his eyes did not; he had escaped as yet the knowledge who it was.

A thousand and a thousand thoughts whirled through Drummond's mind; he had only a moment to decide in; he had the past to satisfy, and the burning, fiery indignation of the present moment, in which for the first time he had identified and comprehended the past. Give him up! punish him! Should such a scoundrel get off, when innocent men had so bitterly suffered. Let him fall and bring down in his train all who were concerned—all who made a prey of the ignorant and the poor! This wave of thoughts possessed him with a whirl and sweep like the rushing tide—and then there came the interval of silence, the moment when the waters fell back and all was still.

Revenge! "I tried revenge once, but I will never try it again!" Who was it that had said this close to him, so that the very air repeated and repeated it, whispering it in his ear? He had himself been dead, and he had come alive again. His new life, which had commenced this morning, was spotless as yet. He had to decide, decide, decide in a moment how it should be inaugurated, by mercy or by judgment—by the sin (was it not a sin?) of helping the escape of a criminal, or by the righteous deed (where was it said that this might be a sin too?) of handing him over to punishment. How his soul was tossed upon these waves! He stood as in the midst of a great battle, which raged round him. Fierce arrows tore his heart, coming from one side and another; he could not tell how. Give up the accursed thing—punish the unworthy soul—be just! be just! But then that other, "Neither have I condemned thee; go and sin no more." And all had to be done in a minute, while those voluble explanations interlaced each other, and each man showed his difficulty. Drummond glanced at his wife for help, but she dared

not look at him. She sat on the sofa against the light, with her hands tightly clasped in her lap. Was she praying? For so long, out of the depths of his hell, Dives, poor Dives, had not dared to pray.

He did not know what he said when at length he spoke; it was some commonplace, some nothing. But it attracted at once the attention of the prisoner. Burton turned round, and gazed at the man whom he thought dead. He did not recognise the voice, except that it was a voice he knew; he did not even recognise the face, which had grown prematurely old, framed in its white hair, at the first glance; but there crept over him a shudder of enlightenment, a glance of perception. His senses were quickened by his own position. He shook where he stood as if with cold or palsy. He looked at Helen, he looked at the man by her side. Then an inarticulate cry came from him; terror of he knew not what deprived him, fortunately, of all power of speech. He fell back in his fear, and his attendants thought he meant to escape. They threw themselves between him and the door. It was then that Drummond spoke in his haste, scarcely knowing what he said.

"I know him," he said in French. "It is a long time since we have met, and he has just recognised me, you perceive. We are not friends, so you may trust me. His papers are quite right, and it is a mistake about the telegram. Look here; this is not his description. 'Nez ordinaire;' why, he has a long nose. 'Teint brun;' he is quite fresh-coloured, and his hair is grey. This is a great mistake. Monsieur le Maire, I know the man, and I will be responsible for him. You must let him go."

"I thought so," said the *maire du village*, pleased with his own divination. "Je l'ai dit. Monsieur nous expliquera tout ça. Voilà que j'ai dit."

"Mais, monsieur—" began the gendarme. Helen sat against the light, seeing nothing, and closed her eyes, and clasped her hands in her lap. Burton, bewildered and terror-stricken, looked on without showing any emotion. Perhaps the imperviousness in his face was his best safeguard. Five minutes of expostulation and explanation followed, and then gradually the Frenchmen edged themselves out of the room. Fortunately, Monsieur le Maire had taken this view from the beginning; he had been sure it was a mistake. When they were got rid of at last, the three who were left behind looked at each other in a silence which was more

significant than words. Burton dropped into a chair; he was not able to stand nor to speak, but kept gazing at Drummond with a pitiful wonder and terror. At last—

"Are you Robert Drummond?" he asked hoarsely. "Have you come back from your grave——"

"I am Robert Drummond," said the other; "and you are John Smith, who must be got out of here as soon as possible. Have you money?"

"Yes."

"Then I advise you to go away at once. Go up to Dinan by the river-side, or walk to St. Briem to get the train. In the one case you are on your way to Brest, where there are ships always sailing; by the other you can get to Paris or wherever you please. You may wait here till the evening, if you choose; but then go."

"I will go to Brest," he said humbly.

"I would rather not know where you went; but go you must. My wife and I met to-day for the first time in seven years; we do not wish for company, you may suppose."

Drummond's voice was very stern. He had no compassion for the man who stood thus humbled and miserable before him; not for him had he done this. And Burton was too much stupified, too much bewildered, to make any direct reply. He looked at Helen with dull wonder, and asked under his breath—

"Did you know?"

"No," she said. "It came upon me almost as suddenly as upon you."

Then he pulled some papers out of his pocket.

"These are English papers. I don't know if it is long since you have left. But you might like to see them." When he had done this, he made a few steps towards the door, where the old Frenchwoman was waiting to show him where to go. Then he paused, and turned round again, facing them. "What a man says in my position is very little to anybody," he said; "but—I want to say to you, Forgive me. I have helped to do you dreadful harm; but I—I did not mean it. I never meant it. I meant to get gain myself; but I never wished to harm you."

And then he disappeared, saved again, saved at his uttermost need—surely this time finally saved—and by those whom he had injured the most. When he reached the clean little room where he was to stay all day, it appeared to Reginald Burton that

he must be in a dream. The same feeling had been in his mind ever since he escaped from England. All was strange to him, and strangest of all the fact that he could not longer command or regulate matters by his own will, but was the sport of circumstances, driven about he knew not how. His bewilderment was so great that he was not able to think. Saved first by a helpless woman, whose powers he would have laughed at a month ago; saved now by a ghost out of the grave!

That night he left Dinan under cover of the darkness, and walked to St. Briem, where he got the train for Brest. He arrived there in time to get on board of a vessel about to sail for America. And thus Reginald Burton escaped from the immediate penal consequences of his sins. From the other consequences no man ever escapes. The prison, the trial, the weary round of punishment he had eluded; but his life was over and ended, and everything that was worth having in the world had abandoned him. Love was not his to carry away with him; reputation, honour, wealth, even comfort was gone. He had to make a miserable new beginning, to shrink into poverty, obscurity, and dependence. It would be hard to say whether these were more or less easy to bear than the prison work, prison life, prison garb from which he had escaped.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THIS was the end of Mr. Burton of Dura—Mr. Burton, of the great City firm, he who had been known as one of the greatest of commercial magnitudes, he who had ruined as many people as if he had been an emperor. For some time there was a very great deal about it in the newspapers, and his concerns were exposed to the light of day. He involved a great many others with him in his downfall, and some in his shame. If he had been taken, he would have joined in prison those men whom in our own day we have seen degraded from a high position in society down to the picking of oakum in gaol—men whom we all pour our loathing upon at the moment of their discovery, but of whom we say “poor souls!” a few months after, when some chosen newspaper correspondent has a peep at them, disguised in the prison garb, and known as numbers 300 and 301. Burton missed the prison and the pity; but he did not miss the punishment. In spite of various attempts that were made to stop it, the investigation

of his affairs was very full and clear. It became apparent from his own private books, and that one of Rivers’s which had been found in his safe, that the bank had been in reality all but ruined when it was made into a joint-stock company. Burton and his colleague had guaranteed the debts, and put the best face possible upon things generally; and Mr. Golden’s management, and an unexpected run of good luck, had all but carried the labouring concern into clear water. It was at this period that Burton, thanking his stars or his gods, withdrew from the share to the management which he had held nominally, and left it to Golden to complete the triumph of daring and good fortune. How this failed is already known to the reader. The mystery of the lost books was never cleared up; for Golden was out of the way, enjoying his honeymoon, when the private affairs of the other conspirator were thus thrown open to the light of day. But there was enough in the one book found among Mr. Burton’s to show how very inconvenient to him the finding of the others would have been. Thus daylight blazed upon all those tortuous, gloomy paths, and showed how the desire of self-interest guided the man through them, with an absolute indifference to the interests of others. He had not meant any harm, as he said; he had meant his own gain in the first place, his own recovery when his position was threatened, his own safety when danger came. He had not set out with a deliberate intention of ruining others; but this is a thing which nobody ever does; and he had not cared afterwards how many were ruined, so that he could hold on his way. Such cases happen now and then, and human justice cannot touch them; but more generally miseries come sooner or later. Even at the worst, however, his material punishment was never so hard as that of some of his victims. The loss of the trust-money, which had been the immediate cause of his ruin, took the very bread out of the mouths of a family of orphans; but Mr. Burton, at the lowest depths of his humiliation, had always bread enough, and to spare. He was never even thrown into such mental anxiety, such stress of painful calculation, as that into which the inhabitants of the Gatehouse were thrown by his downfall. Miss Jane went painfully all over Dura, looking at the cottages, to see if by any means something could be found or contrived to suit Stephen; and her heart sank within her as she inspected the damp, horrible places, which were so very different

from the warm old wainscoted rooms, the comfort of the Gatehouse. When the property was sold, however, it was found that the Gatehouse had been made into a separate lot, and had been bought, not by the rich descendant of the old Harcourts who had got Dura, but by some one whose name was unknown.

"Somebody who was going to live in the house himself, no doubt," Miss Jane said, with a very long face; "and I am sure I wish him well in it, whoever he may be," she added with a struggle. "But oh, Norah! what a thing it will be for us to go away!"

"If I knew him I would go to him, and beg for your rooms for you. He never would have the heart to turn you out if he was a good man," cried Norah. "For us it does not matter; but oh, Miss Jane, for you!"

"It cannot be helped, my dear," said Miss Jane, drying her eyes. "We have no right to it, you know. It does seem hard that we should be ruined by his prosperity, and then, as it were, ruined again by his downfall. It seems hard; but it is not anybody's fault. Of course when we accepted it we knew the penalty. He might have turned us out at any time. No, Norah; we have no reason to complain."

"That makes it worse," cried impulsive Norah. "It is always a comfort when one can think it is somebody's fault. And so it is—Mr. Burton's fault. Oh, how much harm he has done! Oh, what a destroyer he has been! He has done as much harm as a war or a pestilence," cried Norah. "Think of poor—papa!"

She had always to make a pause before that name, not believing in it, somehow, feeling it hurt her. By this time she had heard all about the meeting between her father and mother, and the day had been fixed when she was to join them; but still she had a sore, wounding, jealous sense that the new father was her rival—that he might be almost her enemy. Fathers on the whole seemed but an equivocal advantage to Norah. There was Mr. Burton, who had ruined and shamed every one connected with him; and there was poor—papa, who might, for anything she knew, take all the gladness out of her own life.

"Oh, hush, my dear!" said Miss Jane. "Mr. Burton has been a bitter acquaintance to us; but he is Ned's father, and we must not complain."

Just then there was a knock at the door, and Ned himself came in. He came from

town, as he did often, to spend the evening with his betrothed. Their days were running very short now, and their prospects were not encouraging. He had not even time to look for any employment for himself, so much was he occupied with his father's affairs; and Norah was going away, and when should they meet again? These evenings which they spent together were very sweet; but they were growing daily sadder as they approached more closely to the shadow of the farewell. But this time Ned came in with a flush of pleasure in his face. His eyes were so brightened by it, and his color so much improved, that he looked "quite handsome," Miss Jane thought; and he walked in with something of the impulsive satisfaction of old days.

"My grandfather is a brick," he said, "after all. He has given me my fortune. He has helped me to do something I had set my heart on. Miss Jane, don't think any more of leaving the Gatehouse. So long as I live nobody can turn you out."

"What do you mean, Ned?"

"I mean that dear old grandpapa has been awfully good to me," said Ned, "and the Gatehouse is mine. I love it, Miss Jane. Don't you say anything. You may think it will be bitter for me to come here after all that has passed; but I love it. Since ever I was a boy, I have thought this room the dearest place in the world—ever since Norah sat and talked rubbish and frightened me out of my life. How well I remember that. She has forgotten years ago; but I will never forget. What are you crying about, Miss Jane? Now this is very hard upon a fellow, I must say. I thought it was good news."

"And so it is—blessed news, you dear, dear, kind boy!" cried Miss Jane. "Oh, children! what can I say to you? God bless you! And God will bless you for thinking of the afflicted first, before yourselves."

"I had nothing to do with it—I knew nothing about it," cried Norah proudly; and all at once, without any warning, she threw herself upon Ned, and gave him a sudden kiss on his brown cheek. For five minutes after none of the three were very coherent; for to do a good action when you are young makes you feel very foolish, and ready to cry with any one who cares to cry. Ned told them all about it between laughing and sobbing—how his grandfather had given him his portion, and how it was the best possible investment to buy the Gatehouse. "For you see," said Ned, "when Norah makes up her mind to marry, we shall have a house

all ready As for anybody here knowing what has happened, everybody all over the country knows," he added with a hot flush on his cheek; "and at Dura people like me—a little, and would not be unkind, as in other places. And how could I let the place Norah had been brought up in—the place I love—go to other people? So, Miss Jane, be happy, and set your brother's mind at rest. Nobody shall disturb you here as long as I live; and if I should die, it would go to Norah."

"Oh, Ned, hush!" cried Norah, putting up her hand to his lips.

And then they went out into the garden, and wandered about and talked. Nothing but this innocent and close conversation, with no one to think it might be improper or to call them to account, could have made exactly such a bond as that which existed between these two innocent young souls. They were lovers, and yet they were half brother and sister. They talked of their plans with the wistful certainty and uncertainty of those who feel that another will may come in to shatter all their purposes, though in themselves they are so unalterable and sure. There was this always hanging over them, like the sword in the fable, of which they were conscious, though they would not say a word about it. To-night their spirits were raised. The fact that this familiar place was *theirs*, that Ned was actually its master, that here they might spend their days together as man and wife, exhilarated them into childish delight.

"I always think of you as in that room," he said to her, "when I picture my Norah to myself; and there is never half an hour all day long that I don't do that. I always see the old curtains and the funny old furniture. And to think it is ours, Norah, and that we shall grow old here, too!"

"I never mean to grow old," said Norah. "Fancy, Ned, mamma is not old, and she is nineteen years older than me. Nineteen years—twenty years! It is as good as a century; it will never come to an end!"

"Or if it does come to an end," said wise Ned, in the additional discretion of two years' additional age, "at least we shall have had our day."

With this chastened yet, delightful consciousness of the life before them they parted that evening. But next time they met Ned was not equally bright. He had been very sorely tried by the newspapers, by the shame he had to bear, by the looks askance which were bestowed on "Burton's son."

"I never shall be able to stay there," he said, pouring out his troubled heart to Norah. "I cannot bear it. Fancy having to hear one's father insulted, and not being able to say a word. I cannot do it; oh, Norah, I cannot! We must give up the thought of living here. I must go abroad."

"Where, Ned?"

"Oh, I don't know. America, Australia—anywhere. I cannot stay here. Anywhere that I can earn my bread."

"Ned," said Norah, her happy voice all tuned to tones of weeping. "Remember I am mamma's only child. She has got—some one else now; but, after all, I am her only child."

"Do you think I forget that?" he said. "It is because I am afraid, because I feel, they will never, never trust you to me—so useless as I am—my father's son. Oh, Norah, when I think it all over, my heart is like to break!"

"But, Ned, you were in such good heart last night."

"Ah, but last night was different. My own Norah! if they said no, dear, if they were angry—Oh, Norah! don't hate me for saying it—what would you do?"

"What could I do?" she said, with her brown eyes blazing, half in indignation, half in resolution. "And what do you think they are made of, Ned, to dare to say such a thing to me? Was mamma ever cruel? I would do just what I will do now; I would say, 'Ned, please don't, dear! Ned, don't!' But if you would, notwithstanding all I said to you, of course I must go too."

"My own Norah! But now they are going to take you away from me, and when, when shall I see you again?"

"People go to St. Malo by the boat," said Norah demurely. "It sails from Southampton, and it gets there in I don't remember how many hours. There is nothing against people going to St Malo that want to go."

And thus once more the evening had a more cheerful termination. But none of the party were cheerful when Norah picked up all her little belongings, and went up to town to Dr. Maurice, who was to be her escort. Probably, of all the party, she herself was the most cheerful; for she was the one who was going away to novelties which could not but be more or less agreeable to her imagination, while the others, in the blank of their daily unchanging existence, were left behind. Miss Jane cried over her, Mrs. Haldane bade God bless her, and as for Stephen, he drew her close to him, and could not speak.

"I don't know what life will be worth, Norah, without your mother and you," he said, looking up to her at last with the patient smile he had worn since ever Norah could remember—the one thing in the world which was more pathetic than sorrow itself; for he loved Helen, and missed her to the bottom of his heart—loved her as a disabled, shipwrecked man may love a woman altogether out of his reach, most purely, most truly, without hope or thought of any return, but as no man may justly love a woman who has her husband by her side. This visionary difference, which is yet so real, Stephen felt, and it made him very sad; and the loss of the child gave him full warrant to look as sad as he felt.

"But, oh, Stephen! let us not complain," said Mrs. Haldane; "for has it not been shown to us beyond all question that everything is for the best."

All for the best! All that had happened—Mr. Burton's ruin, the tragical overthrow of his family, the destruction of poor Ned's hopes and prospects, the shame and humiliation and misery—had all been so "overruled," as Mrs. Haldane would have said, that their house was more firmly secured to them than ever, and was theirs, most likely, as long as Stephen lived. It was a small matter to be procured at such a cost; but yet it was a satisfaction to her to feel that so many laws had been overthrown on her account, and that all was for the best.

As for Ned's parting with Norah, it is a thing which must not be spoken of. It took place in the cab in which her young lover conveyed her from the station to Dr. Maurice's door. Ah, what rending of the young hearts there was as they tore themselves asunder! What big, hollow eyes, with the tears forced back from them, what gulps of choking sorrow swallowed down, as Ned, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, started away from Dr. Maurice's door!

To tell the truth, Dr. Maurice himself was not very comfortable either. He had got a great fright, and he had not recovered from it. His brain was still confused; he felt as if he had been beaten about the head; a dull, hot color dwelt upon his cheeks. He tried to explain it to himself that he was feverish; but he was not feverish—or at least it was only his mind, not his body, which was so. It was partly wonder, but chiefly it was fright, on account of his own marvellous and hairbreadth escape. At the time when he had made that proposal to Helen, he believed, as she did, and everybody else, that her

husband had died years ago. And, good heavens! what if she had not refused? Dr. Maurice grew hot and cold all over, he actually shuddered at the supposition. And yet such a thing might have happened. He went reluctantly, yet with curiosity, to see his old friend. He wondered with a confused and troubled mind whether Helen would have said anything about it—whether Drummond would take any notice of it. The doctor was impatient with Drummond, and dissatisfied altogether as to his conduct. A man, he reflected, cannot do that sort of thing with impunity. To be for seven years as though he had never been, and then to come to life again and interfere with everybody's affairs! It was hard. Drummond had got his full share of sympathy; he had turned his whole world upside down. Seven years ago he had been mourned for as few men are mourned; and now it was a mistake, it was almost an impertinence, that he should come to life again, as if nothing had happened. But nevertheless Dr. Maurice volunteered to take Norah to St. Malo. He was glad to do it—to rub out the recollection of that false step of his—to show that he bore no malice, and that no thoughts were in his mind which were inconsistent with his old friendship for Robert and respect for Robert's wife.

Robert's wife! She had called herself so when she was but Robert's widow. But nobody understood, nobody thought, what a change it was to Helen to fish up her old existence again, and resume its habits as if there had been no break in it. Love had conquered the strangeness at first; but there were so many strangenesses to be conquered. She had fallen into so different a channel from that into which his thoughts had been diverted. They were both unchanged in their affections; but how different in everything else! They were each other's nearest, closest, dearest; and yet they had to make acquaintance with each other over again. Nothing can be more strange than such a close union, accompanied by such a total ignorance. It was not even as if Helen had remained as he had known her—had received no new influences into her life. Both had an existence unknown to the other. Robert in the joy of his recovered identity, in the happiness of finding that there was still love and companionship for him in the world, took the reunion more simply than Helen did, and ignored its difficulties, or did not feel them. He had always taken things more simply than she. His absolute faith

in her, his simple delight in finding her, his fond admiration of her, revived in Helen some of her old feelings of suppressed wonder and half doubt. But that doubt was humbler now than it had been once. In the old life a ghost of impatience had been in her; she had doubted his powers, and chafed at his failures. Now she began to doubt whether she had ever understood him—whether she had done him injustice. For once, at least, Robert had risen to that height of power which passion sometimes forces almost beyond the height of genius. He had made alive and put upon a dead piece of canvas, for all the world to see, one face which was a revelation out of the worlds unknown. Helen's heart had never wanted any additional bond to the husband whom she had chosen and clung to through good and evil; but her mind had wanted something more than his easy talent, his exquisite skill, the gentle, modest pitch of imagination which was all that common life moved him to. But on that point she was satisfied now. The only drawback was, she was no longer sure that it was Robert. He was himself, and yet another. He was her own by a hundred tender signs and sureties; and yet he was strange to her—strange!

And it was thus, with a suppressed excitement, which neither told, that the reunited pair awaited their child's coming. She breathless with curiosity and anxiety to know what Norah should think of her unknown father; he eager to make acquaintance with the new creature whom he knew only as a child. "The child" he called her, till Helen smiled at his pertinacity; and ceased to remind him that Norah was no longer a child. Their excitement rose very high when the steamboat came in. Helen's feelings were, as usual, by far the most complicated. Norah was her own creation, if we may say so, framed by her, cultivated by her—not only flesh of her flesh, but heart of her heart, and mind of her mind; yet the influence of Norah's opinions, Norah's ways of thinking, was strong upon her mother, almost more strong than Helen's were on Norah; for the latter had all the confidence of youth, the former all the hesitation of middle age. What if Norah should not "take to" the new father—the stranger who yet was so truly her own Robert of old? Neither the one nor the other even so much as recollected Dr. Maurice—the poor man who was bracing up his courage to meet them, wondering what they might think. And they thought of him simply not at all.

And Norah approached that rocky shore with an unconcealable, almost avowed, jealousy of her father. A shade of that emotion, half shame, half pain, with which a young woman regards her mother's second marriage was in her mind. It was a partial desecration of her idea of her mother, and she was jealous of the new companion who naturally must be more to Helen than even she herself could be. She was jealous, though she had long given her mother a rival more dangerous still in Ned; but in such feelings no one is reasonable. Dr. Maurice had stolen into her confidence, she knew not how, and, partly out of pure perversity, was very strenuous in Ned's favor, and had promised to plead his cause. The wretched man was almost glad that there should be this new complication coming along with Norah, to perplex from the very beginning her father's relations with her. Had things been as he once hoped—had he been able to make Norah his own child, as he had tried to do—then he would have resisted Ned to his last gasp; but as she was not his, he was wickedly glad that she should not be altogether Robert's, but that from the first his should be but a divided proprietorship.

"I will do what I can to make things easy for you, Norah," he said, as they drew near St. Malo, half out of love, half out of spite. "I will give you what I meant to leave you, and that should get over part of the difficulty."

"Oh, Dr. Maurice, you have always been so good to me!" cried heedless Norah. "If it had been you instead of papa——"

She was angry with herself when she had made that foolish, hasty speech; but, oh! how sweet it was to her companion! What balm it shed upon those awkward sorenesses of his! He drew her hand through his arm, and leaned upon her with the tenderest looks.

"It would be strange if I did not do my best for my little Norah," he said, with something like a tear in his eye. Hypocrite! If she had been his little Norah, then heaven have mercy upon poor Ned!

They landed, and there was all the flutter and agitation of meeting, which was more confusing, more agitating, than meetings generally are, though these are always hard enough to manage. They went together across the bay to the little cottage on the cliff. They took a long time to settle down. Robert hung about his child as if she had been a new toy, unable to keep from gazing at her, touching her, recalling what she was,

glorying and rejoicing over the possession of her; while Helen, on her side, watched too with a painful closeness, reading the thoughts in Norah's eyes before they had come. She wanted to jump into certainty at once. But they had to eat, and drink, and rest; they had to talk of all that had happened—of all that might yet happen. And so the first days passed, and the family unconsciously reunited itself, and the extraordinary sank, no one knowing how, into the blessed calm of every day.

And then there occurred an event which took all the company by surprise: Norah fell in love with her father. She "took to" him as a girl might be expected to take to a man whose image she was. She was more like him a great deal than she was like her mother. Her hasty, impulsive ways, the fresh simplicity of soul, were all his. She had been thought to resemble her mother before; but when she was by her father's side, it was apparent in a moment who she most resembled. She discovered it herself with a glow of delight. "Why, mamma, he is like me!" she cried, with a delightful youthful innocence. And poor Helen did not quite like it. It is terrible, but it is true—for the first moment it gave her a pang. The child had been all hers; she had almost ceased to remember that there could be any sharing of her. She had been anxious about Norah's reception of her father; but she was not quite prepared for this. Dr. Maurice, for his part, was simply furious, and went as near hating Robert Drummond as it was possible to do; but then, of course, that feeling on Maurice's part was simply ludicrous, and deserved nothing but to be laughed at. This curious event made the most tragi-comic conclusion in the cottage on the cliff.

CHAPTER XLV.

AND now all the threads are shortening in the shuttle, and the web is nearly woven out. If any one has ever supposed for a moment that Robert Drummond and his wife would make a last appearance as cruel parents, interfering with their daughter's happiness, it does not say much for the historian's success in elucidating their characters. If Norah had wanted to marry a bad man, they would no doubt have made a terrible stand, and made themselves very unhappy; but when it was only their own prejudices, and poverty, and other external disadvantages that had to be taken into

account, nothing but the forecasting imagination of two timid lovers could have feared for the result. When two people have themselves married upon nothing, it is so much more easy for them to see how that can be managed over again; and, heaven save you good people! so many of us used to marry upon nothing in the old days.

But a great deal had to happen before this could come to pass. The Drummonds went home to England late in the autumn, and Robert was received back by the world with such acclamations as perhaps have not greeted a man of his profession in England for ages. Of itself the picture of "Dives" had made a great impression upon the general mind; but when his strange story became public, and it was known that the picture of the year had been painted by a man risen, as it were, out of the grave, warmer still became the interest in it. The largest sum which had been given for a picture for years was offered for this to the resuscitated painter. Helen, always visionary, revolted from the very thought of selling this picture, which had been the link between herself and her husband, and which had so many associations to them both; but Robert had too much practical good sense to yield to this romantic difficulty. "I am no longer Dives," he said, as he drew his wife's arm through his own, and took her out with him to conclude the bargain. It increased the income which Robert's American gains brought him, and made them a great deal more comfortable. But Helen would never visit at the great house where "Dives" was, and she would have given half her living to have possessed the greatest work her husband ever produced—the only one by which, all the critics said, he would be known to posterity. This was one of the disappointments of her new life, and it was without doubt an unreasonable disappointment, as so many are that sting us most deeply. The Drummonds were so fortunate, after some waiting and bargaining, as to secure their old house in St. Mary's Road, with the studio in which such happy and such terrible hours had been passed. It was beyond their means; but yet they made an effort to purchase this pleasure for themselves. And here for two years the family lived together unbroken. Now and then they went to the Gatehouse, and made the hearts of the Haldanes glad. And painters would throng about the studio, and the old life came back as if it had never had a break. By times Helen would sit in the familiar room, and

ask herself was it *now*—the present—or was it the past which had come back? The difference was, there was no child curled against the window, with brown hair about her shoulders, and a book in her arms, but only that slim, fair, brown-eyed maiden, who wore a ring of betrothal upon her finger, and had thoughts which travelled far by times after her distant lover, and that the master of the house, when he came into the room, was not the light-footed, youthful-browed Robert of old, but a white-haired man, growing old before his time. These were the changes; but everything else was unchanged.

Robert Drummond, however, never painted another picture like that "Dives;" it was the one passion-flower, the single great blossom, of his life. He painted other pictures as he used to do, which were good Drummonds, specimens of that master which the picture-dealers were very willing to have and collectors to add to their treasures, but which belonged to a world altogether distinct from the other. This Helen felt too with a gentle pang, but not as she had felt it of old. Once he had risen above that pleasant, charming level of beautiful mediocrity; once he had painted, not in common pigments, but in colours mixed with tears and life-blood. At such a cost even she was glad that no more great works should be produced. She was satisfied; her craving for genius and fame had once been fed, almost at the cost of their lives, and now she was content to descend to the gentler, lower work—the work by which men earn their daily bread.

Ah! but even then, even now, had it been—not Raphael, perhaps, who was one of the Shaksperian men, without passion, who do the work of gods as if they were the humanest, commonest of labourers—but such a fiery soul as that of Michelangelo whom this woman had mated! But it was not so. She could have understood the imperfection which is full of genius; what she was slow to understand was the perfection in which no genius was. But she was calmed and changed by all she had gone through, and had learned how dearly such excellence may be bought, and that life is too feeble to bear so vast a strain. Accordingly, fortified and consoled by the one gleam of glory which had crowned his brows, Helen smiled upon her painter, and took pleasure in his work, even when it ceased to be glorious. That was over; but the dear common life—the quiet, blessed routine of every day—that ordinary existence, with love to lighten it, and work to

burden it, and care and pleasure intermingled, which, apart from the great bursts of passion and sorrow and delight that come in from time to time, is the best blessing God gives to man—that had come back; and was here in all its fulness, in fellowship and content.

Norah lived at home with her parents for two years, the reason of which was, not that they objected to poor Ned, but that Ned was so sick at heart with all that he had suffered, that he was not capable of settling down to such work as could be produced for him in England. He was "Burton's son," and though even the people who looked cold at him on account of his parentage would soon have forgotten it, Ned himself could not forget. There was even a moment of despair in which he had declared that he would not share his disgrace with the girl he loved, but would carry it with him to his grave as soon as might be, and trouble no one any more. This state of mind alarmed Norah dreadfully, but it did not alarm the more experienced persons, who were aware that the mind at one-and-twenty has a great many vagaries, and is not always to be taken at its word. The despair came to a sudden end when Ned found himself suddenly appointed to a vice-consulship in an Italian seaport, where his chief made him do all the work, and where he received very little of the pay. When this serious moment came, and life had to be fairly looked in the face, Ned came to himself—he became a reasonable creature. Of course, after his despair, his first idea was to be married instantly; but finally he consented to wait until something better—something they could live on—could be procured for him. He bore his banishment valiantly, and so did Norah. And it did him good; he began to forget that he was "Burton's son;" the whole terrible story began to steal out of his mind with that blessed facility which belongs to youth. His sky brightened from those early clouds; his mind, which was a very good, clear, capable intelligence, developed and strengthened; and finally, the exertions of his mother and grandfather, and those of Drummond, who had some influence too among great people who were lovers of art, procured him an appointment at home. Ned would have nothing to do with business; he shuddered at the very name of it, and rejected the plans his kind grandfather had formed for him with a repugnance which was almost horror. Mr. Baldwin did not understand how the boy could be so foolish; but his mother understood, and subdued all

opposition. Instead of taking his chance, therefore, of commerce, with the hope of becoming in his turn a millionaire, Ned made himself very happy in the public service on a few hundreds a year. If he lived long enough, and nobody was promoted over him, and nothing happened to him or the office, the chances were that after thirty years or so he might find himself in enjoyment of a thousand a year. And all the family said to each other, "That is very good, you know, for a young man without much interest," and congratulated Ned as if he had the thousand a year already which was thirty years off, and subject to all the chances of good and evil fortune, of economical ministers, and those public crises which demand the sacrifices of junior clerks. But notwithstanding all these things, Ned was very happy in his new appointment, and his marriage-day drew nigh.

Mrs. Burton had lived for some time with her father and her aunts at Clapham—as long, indeed, as she could bear it; then she took a little house in town. She had given up half of her settlement to her husband's creditors; and whether she measured her sacrifice by her own knowledge of human nature, or did it simply in the kindness of her heart, after Ned's careless reception of the larger offering which she was willing to have made for him, certain it is that she got much more honour from the public renunciation of the half than she would have done had she let the whole go, as she once intended. Her magnanimity was in all the papers, and everybody commended the modest, unexaggerated sacrifice. And she had still a very good income of her own, derived from the half she retained. Her life in London, she thought, was happier than at Clapham. Yet, perhaps, a doubt may be entertained on this subject; for a life so limited was hard to her, however luxurious it might be. She did not care for luxuries; but she did care to watch the secret movements of life, to penetrate the secrets of human machinery, to note how men meet the different emergencies of their existence. She gathered a little society round her who were as fond of this pursuit as herself; but unless they could have provided themselves with cases on which to operate, this could not do them much good, and it was dry fun to be driven to scrutinizing each other. She thought she was happier in her tiny house in Mayfair, where she kept three maids and a man, and was extremely comfortable; but I believe that in reality her time of highest enjoyment

was also her time of greatest suffering, when she was ruling her own little world at Dura, and seeing her house tumble to pieces, and holding out against fate. She had had a chance for a moment of a better life when her son came back, and touched with a careless, passing hand those chords of her heart which had never vibrated before. But the touch was careless, momentary. Before that vibration had done more than thrill through her, the thoughtless hand was lifted, and the opportunity over, and Mrs. Burton, with her soft cynic smile, her perfect toleration for the wants and weaknesses of humanity, her self-contained and self-sufficing character, had returned to herself. She was proud, very proud, in her way, and she was never betrayed into such weakness again. Which was to blame, the mother or the son, it would be hard to say; and yet Ned could hardly be blamed for failing to perceive an opportunity which he never guessed at nor dreamed of. Some exceptional sympathetic natures might perhaps by instinct have felt the power that had been put into their hands; but it is impossible to say that he was to blame for not feeling it. Of all human creatures in this chilly universe, Ned remained the one who most deeply interested his mother. She made no opposition to his marriage; she even made a distinct effort to like and to attract Norah, who on her side did her best to be affectionate and filial to the woman whose cold gentleness and softness of manner was so unlike her own. It was an experiment which mutually could not be said to have failed. They were always, as people say, on the best of terms; but so far as any real *rapprochement* went, it cannot be said that it succeeded. Ned's life, however, such as it was, was the one point in her family to which Mrs. Burton could turn without that emotion of calmly observant contempt—if the sentiment could be described as anything so decided or warm as contempt—with which she regarded human nature in general. Her husband, when he reached America, at once wrote home to claim a share in the income secured by her settlement, which she accorded him without hesitation, moved by a certain gentle, unexpressed disdain. He received his allowance, as she termed it, or his share, as he called it, with unflinching regularity, and made a hundred ventures with it in the new field of speculation he had entered on with varying success. He gained money and he lost it afterwards as he moved about from one town to another; and sometimes in his letters he would tell her of his successes—

successes which made her smile. It was his nature, just as it was Mr. Baldwin's nature to take the chair at meetings, to devote himself to the interests of the denomination. The one tendency was, no more elevated than the other, when you came to look into them, the student of human nature thought. Perhaps, on the whole, the commercial gambling on a small scale which occupied the ruined merchant was more honest than the other; for Burton thought of nothing but his own profit or gain, whereas Mr. Baldwin thought he was doing God a service. But this was not a comparison for a daughter, for a wife, to make.

And then Clara came back from her southern villa, a young mother, with a husband who was no longer her lover, and of whom she had become aware that he was growing old. The villa was situated on the shores of the loveliest sea, in the most beautiful climate in the world; but Clara tired of it, and found it dull, and with her dulness bored her husband so that his life became a burden to him. He brought her home at her urgent desire, with her baby, and they lived about in London for a short time, now in a hotel, now in a lodging, till it occurred to Clara that it was her duty to go and live near "dear grandpapa," and delight his old age with the fourth generation of his descendants. It suited her very well for a time. "Dear grandpapa" was abject to her; her aunts became slaves to herself and her baby; she became the centre of all their thoughts and plans. Clary, who loved all pleasant things, and to whom luxury and ease were life, made herself at home at Clapham; and Mr. Golden relieved her of his presence, paid visits here and there, lived at his club—which, strangely enough, had not expelled him—and returned to all the delights of his old bachelor life. What was to be the final end of it it was hard to prophesy; but already Clary had begun to be bored at Clapham, and to make scenes with her husband when he paid her his unfrequent visits. And this was the love-match so romantically made! Clary, amid all her jealousies and all her dulness, kept so firm a hold upon the rich old people who could not live for ever, and who could restore her at their death, if they so pleased, to much of her old splendour, that her mother derived a certain painful amusement from this new manifestation of her life. Amusement, I cannot deny—and painful, I hope; seeing that the creature who thus showed forth to her once again the poor motives and self-seeking of humanity

was her only daughter. But with such evidences before her eyes of what human nature was, was it wonderful that Mrs. Burton should stand more and more by herself, and harden day by day into a colder toleration, a more disdainful acquiescence in the evils she could not fight against? What was the good of fighting against them? What could she do but render herself extremely unhappy, and spoil their comfort, without doing them any good? It was not their fault; they were acting according to their nature. Thus Mrs. Burton's philosophy grew, and thus she spent her diminished life.

It was in the midst of all these varied circumstances that the joybells rang for Norah's wedding. Mrs. Burton did not go; for even her philosophy was not equal to the sight of Dura, where, according to the wish of both bride and bridegroom, the bridal was; but Clara, eager in the dulness of Clapham for any change, was present in a toilet which filled her aunts with compunction, yet admiration, and which one of them had been wheedled into giving her. Clara took great state upon her as the matron, the only one of the party who had attained that glory, though she was the youngest, as she reminded them all. "But if I don't do better than Clary has done, I hope I shall never marry at all," Katie Dalton cried with natural indignation. The pretty procession went out of the Gatehouse on foot to the church behind the trees, where Norah, as she said, had been "brought up," and where Mr. Dalton blessed the young pair, while his kind wife stood holding Helen's hand and crying softly, as it were, under her breath. Helen herself did not cry; and Norah's tears came amid such an April shining of happiness, that no one could object to them. The whole village came out to watch the pair whom the whole village knew. A certain tenderness of respect, such as the crowd seldom shows, was in the salutations Dura gave to the son of the ruined man who had so long reigned among them. No one could remember, not the most tenacious rural memory, an unkind act of Ned's; and the people were so sorry for him, that their pleasure in his joy was half pathetic. "Poor lad!" they said; "poor fellow! And it was none of his fault." And the friendliness that brought him back to hold his high festival and morning joy of youth among them touched the kindly folks, and went to their hearts. Stephen Haldane sat at his window, and watched the bride come and go. Tears came in his eyes, and a pathetic mixture of gladness and

sorrow in his heart. He watched the procession go out, and in his loneliness folded his hands and prayed for them while they were in church. It was summer once more, and the blossomed limes were full of bees, and all the air sweet with scent and sound. While all the goodly company walked together to the kirk, Stephen, who could not go with them, sat there in the sunshine with his folded hands. What thoughts were in his mind! What broken lights of God's meaning and ways gleamed about him! What strange clouds passed over him through the sunshine—recollections of his own life, hopes for theirs! And when the bride went away from the door, away into the world with her husband—in that all-effectual separation from her father's home which may be but for a few days, but which is more or less for ever, Stephen once more looked out upon them from his window. And by his side stood Helen, escaped there to command herself and to console him. The father leaned out of the

window, waving his hand; but the mother stood behind, with her hand upon the arm of the invalid's chair. When Robert turned round, it was with wonder that he perceived in Stephen's eyes a deeper feeling, a more penetrating emotion, than he himself felt, or had any thought of. He held out his hand to his friend, and he put his arm around his wife.

"Well, Helen," he said, with his cheery voice. "She is gone as you went from your mother, and there are two of us still, whatever life may have in store."

"If there had not been two of us," the mother cried, with momentary passion, "I think I should have died."

Stephen Haldane took her hand in his, in sign of his sympathy. He held it tightly, swaying for a moment in his chair. And he said nothing, for there was no one whose care was his, to whom his words were precious. But in his heart he murmured, God hearing him, "There is but one of me; but I never die."

(Concluded.)

STORIES OF THE IRISH SMUGGLERS.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.*

WHEN England, in defense of her monopolies, thought proper to lay restrictions on the Irish woolen trade, it was foretold that the inevitable result would be an enormous development of smuggling.

The price of fleece wool in Ireland in 1730 was fivepence a pound; of combed wool twelve pence a pound. In France Irish fleece wool was sold for two shillings and sixpence a pound; combed wool from four shillings and sixpence to six shillings. The profits of the contraband trade were thus so enormous, that the temptations to embark in it were irresistible. Out of the thirty-two counties of Ireland nineteen were maritime. The coast round three-quarters of the island was indented and pierced by deep bays and intricate creeks, which from the sea it was impossible effectively to watch. On land, with the whole population combined to embarrass and defeat them, an army of revenue officers would have been insufficient to prevent the running of cargoes. Enormous wages would have been necessary if they were to be proof against the corruption to which the gain of the trade would insure their being exposed; while, in the eyes of the Irish them-

selves, the evasion of the iniquitous law which had destroyed their lawful commerce was exalted into a virtue.

At the beginning there was neither attempt at nor need of concealment. Cargoes of spirits were landed at Dublin Quay. If notice was given to the Commissioners they turned the other way. Packs of wool lay in open daylight in the warehouses at Cork, and were shipped in vessels lying along the quay. The officers of the customs looked on with undisturbed composure. The few who might have wished to interfere knew that it would be useless, and did not care to make themselves hated gratuitously. Finding themselves defied in this way, the Government tried stricter methods, substituted English officers for Irish at the chief ports like Waterford and Cork, and stationed cruisers along the coast to seal the mouths of the smaller harbors. But the trade only took refuge in bays and creeks where cruisers dared not run in. If encountered at sea the contraband vessels were sometimes armed so heavily that

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the Government cutters and schooners hesitated to meddle with them. If unarmed and overhauled, they were found apparently laden with some innocent cargo of salt provisions. The wool was pressed with screws into barrels, which were washed with brine, that they might pass for butter, herrings, or salt pork casks. The more determined the authorities showed themselves the more resolute were the Irish, the lawlessness and wildness of the trade giving it fresh zest. Driven from the Cork warehouses, the packs were stored in caves about the islands, and cliffs, and crags, where small vessels took them off at leisure; or French traders, on signal from shore, sent in their boats for them. Chests of bullion were kept by the merchants at Rochelle and Brest to pay for them as they were landed. When the French Government forbade the export of so much specie, claret, brandy, and silks were shipped for Ireland in exchange on board the vessels which had brought the wool.

Thus, by a curious combination, the system worked the extremity of mischief, commercially, socially, and politically. It fostered and absolutely bred and necessitated habits of lawlessness. It promoted a close and pernicious connection between Ireland and France. In times of war French privateers found shelter all along the Irish coast in positions most convenient to them, and most dangerous to English commerce. In times both of war and peace, it inundated Ireland with wine and brandy cheap and excellent, and produced the hard drinking which gave social life there so ill a fame. Singularly too, while the smuggling provided an open road for the going and coming of the priesthood, it linked itself to the service of the Pretender. Irish 'Wild Geese' in thousands were drafted down to Kenmare or Dingle, Galway or Roundstone, and were shipped to France. If the Pretender was meditating a descent, Irish regiments were collected for him at a few weeks' notice. If the Pretender himself was lying quiet, there was always the Irish brigade, earning pay and glory under the flag of England's enemies. Wherever along the southern and western coasts English authority and English civilization had taken root, means were found to clear away the intruders, or make them conform to the customs of the country.

The Protestant settlements on the Kenmare river, which had been established by Sir William Petty, dwindled slowly away. Most of the families melted into the Irish population. The few who retained their English

creed and habits, and were thus inconvenient neighbors to the smugglers, were at last carried away as prisoners by French privateers. The gentry entered heartily into the game. "Though there are several Protestant gentlemen in the county of Kerry," wrote the Duke of Devonshire in 1740, "yet for one odd reason or other there is little prospect of doing good by their means." The Knight of Kerry, who was the occasion of the Duke's observation, had his cellar regularly supplied from Bordeaux, and in return was blind to everything which it was not desirable that he should see.

Singular pictures survive of some of these Kerry potentates who, "for one odd reason or another," were found unserviceable for keeping order. The enormous, but at the time when it was granted entirely unprofitable, property there which fell into the hands of Sir William Petty, had lapsed gradually under long leases to middle-men, who, though compelled by law to profess conformity with the Establishment, earned absolution by the steadiness with which they entertained and protected the priests. Petty had bequeathed to his descendants along with his fortune a considerable political genius, and had the Shelburne family consented to reside on their estates, these gentlemen would either have had no existence, or would have found the sphere of their activity altogether curtailed. But the Shelburnes became habitual absentees. The small beginnings of civilized life, which had been introduced there, disappeared; and, so long as their rents were regularly paid, they asked no questions, and troubled themselves with no responsibilities.

The great baronies of Dunkerron and Iveragh, which form the north shore of the Kenmare Bay, extending from Kenmare itself forty miles to Waterville, and thence inland to the watershed where the streams divide which run into the bays of Kenmare or Dingle, were held, along with other properties in the early part of the last century, under a lease renewable forever by Mr. Daniel (or Donell) Mahony, of Dunloe. In Dunkerron there yet lingered a dozen Protestant families, the last remnant of Petty's colony, quiet people, who had come to make a living by industry, and were unsuited to their present master. These families had occasion, in 1719, to represent their situation to the Viceroy. Mr. Mahony, they said, "had for some years continued to make himself great and dreadful in the country." He had four thousand people under him, under-tenants and their laborers, all Catholics, whose busi-

ness was to prevent the collectors of the revenue from troubling honest fellows with their importunities ; to keep at a distance the whole race of bailiffs and process servers ; in short, to make what are called law and order impossible in Kerry. Going about by day disguised as women, at night in large gangs, with blacked faces and white shirts, they were called Mr. Daniel Mahony's fairies, and never had wizard familiar spirits better disposed to do his bidding. "So mighty was Mr. Mahony's power, that no Papist in Ireland had the like." There were still some few forests on the mountain sides which Lord Shelburne retained ; but his rangers existed on sufferance, and, if they gave trouble, were immediately "*mortified*."* "Hearth-money collectors and civil officers went about in peril of their lives."

Daniel himself was described as "a willful man, without remorse or conscience." Sheltered by Lord Shelburne's name, and affecting to be his representative, "if he sent the least word, he was obeyed upon all unlawful occasions ;" and he had counsellors and attorneys in his pay at the Four Courts, who carried him through when a poor creature sought protection against him from the law. Once, and once only, the Government had meddled with him. On all the lands held under the Act of Settlement there was a quit rent reserved to the crown, which was paid by the tenant. It was surmised, with excellent reason, that Mahony had made an imperfect return of the lands held by him under his lease from Lord Shelburne ; and a surveyor, named Maurice Kennedy, was sent down to Killarney to make inquiries. The Viceroy might be supreme in Dublin Castle, but Donnell Mahony was sovereign at Killarney. The ill-advised Maurice had made his notes : had discovered, as he conceived, distinct delinquency, and had collected evidence to prove it. The Fairies one night burst rudely into his lodging, dragged him from his bed, beat him with most unghostlike efficiency, plundered him of the papers which were to bring Mahony to justice, and left him to find his way out of the country a sadder and a wiser man. The Dunkerron memorialists could but pray the Viceroy to quarter a company of soldiers at Dunloe to "civilize Mr. Mahony and his spirits," if Kerry was to remain a home for loyal subjects and peaceful industry.

It is hardly necessary to say that a Dublin Lord Lieutenant was no match for Daniel

and his four thousand Fairies. The memorialists either submitted to fate and to the ruler which the genius of Ireland had set over them, or betook themselves to some more quiet home. The singular figure of Daniel Mahony is a specimen of the class of middlemen to whom the wild districts, now frequented by tourists and sportsmen, were surrendered for the greater part of the last century. Absenteeism was bearing its legitimate fruit. The escheated lands of the chiefs had been allotted to Englishmen to reclaim and civilize, and to settle with Protestant colonies ; and the English owners, reducing their duties to the receiving of rents and spending them, left the lands to those who have created modern Ireland and the modern Irish race.

At times the type assumed a form yet wilder and more picturesque. Sir William Petty's domains extended to the south as well as to the north side of the Kenmare river. The long peninsula which divides the bays of Bantry and Kenmare had been the dominion of the O'Sullivans of Berehaven, and Sullivan still remains the name of half the families in the barony. There, too, in the midst of the mountains, the descendants of the old chief's family continued as the vicegerents on the soil of their fathers, amidst the wrecked remains of the once thriving Protestant colony. The Wild Geese and the privateers swept off the handful that remained, and had now the bay to themselves ; and the O'Sullivan of Dirreen ruled without a rival, a great smuggling chief, and a trusted agent of the Pretender, through whose hands the enthusiasts for his cause were shipped for Nantes and the brigade.

Morty Oge O'Sullivan, O'Sullivan Bere as he was called—as much loved and honored as his kinsman of Dirreen—had made his home ten miles nearer to the Atlantic, beyond the Shelburne boundary, on the wild bay of Bally Quoilach, at a place called Eyeris. Morty, in his youth, had been a distinguished officer in the Austrian army, where, had he chosen to remain, he might have risen to rank and favor at the court of Maria Theresa. His country and his king—his country rather, and the adventurous life which opened to him there, had charms too strong for him to resist. He went home, and undertook the conveying of the Wild Geese ; and at Eyeris an outlaw with a price on his head, yet secured on the land side by the idolatry of the O'Sullivan clan, and at sea strong enough to be his own protector, Captain Morty for a score of years lived and thrived, and defied the Government and its myrmidons to meddle

* Murdered.

with him. His brigantine, which lay moored before his door, carried eight swivel guns. She was so strong that no cruiser ventured to engage her single-handed. The anchorage was so dangerous, so intricate, and well guarded, that no combined force could venture in to assail her. In peace time she was a smuggler. In war she carried the French flag under letters of marque, and was the pest and plague of English commerce; and Paul Jones and "Le Bon Homme Richard" were scarcely more terrible thirty years later in the two channels than Morty Sullivan and his Irish clipper.

At length, in the middle of the century, a brave and honorable revenue officer named Puxley, inherited from his brother an estate at Berehaven on Bantry Bay, from which there was a near pass through the mountains to Morty's den.

Revenue officers were usually rendered harmless by quiet methods. Their pay was small. The Government was lax. They had only to accept a percentage on the cargoes run out or in, and to be conveniently absent when anything was to happen of which they were to be kept in ignorance. Puxley, who is said to have come from Galway, yet was English in character, had brought with him English notions of duty. In 1751, soon after his arrival, he sent an account of Morty to Dublin Castle, and suggested means by which both he and his brigantine could be captured.

As usual, no notice was taken. There being no formal coastguard in those days, each officer was obliged to rely upon his own resources, and, if he intended to be active, had to gather men about him on whom he could depend. Puxley added to his lands about Berehaven, either buying or taking leases for lives. He inherited from his brother, among other places, the famous Dunboy Castle, which was stormed by Sir George Carew in the Earl of Tyrone's rebellion, after a splendid defense by Morty's ancestors, in which the whole garrison perished. He had thus an important position, but one which at the same time strengthened the smuggler's hatred of him. Here, in their midst, was one of the tyrants of Ireland of the true old ruling stamp; and either they must make short work with Puxley, or Puxley would make an end of them. He knew his danger, but, dangerous or not, he had undertaken a work which he meant to go through with. The brigantine went to and fro between France and the Kenmare river. In the summer of 1752 Puxley reported her as lying at her

moorings, having just come in from the sea. She had brought a cargo of arms, which had been landed, and were being distributed among the people. Some French officers had arrived in her, who were sent to recruit for the brigade. She was taking in wool, with which she was about to sail for Rochelle, and on her next voyage she was to carry back the officers and men.

If Morty's doings were known to Puxley, Morty's own eye was fixed no less keenly on the English officer. He had already disposed of one at least of Puxley's predecessors who had been too officious. Puxley himself was doubly hateful as the possessor of Dunboy. He could stir nowhere without a guard. "If these Raps could put him out of the way," he said, "they would govern as they pleased, and carry on free trade with France and Spain." He begged for a frigate, with a company of soldiers from Kingsale. With this assistance he undertook to make a clearance of the two bays; search all the hiding-places, discover the arms and the French officers, and, perhaps, take even Morty himself.

If it was worth while to paralyze Irish trade with prohibitory laws, it might have been expected that means so simple and obvious would not have been neglected to make those laws effectual. But the smuggling interest was potent even in Dublin Castle itself. No frigate came from Kingsale. Not a ship of war of any kind, Puxley said, had been seen at Berehaven since he became an officer. Single-handed, he was no match for Morty; so, till help came, he kept to his own side of the mountains, and made war with his own armed boats on the petty smugglers of Bantry and Glengarriff. Through the autumn and winter of 1752 he worked bravely on. By the following summer he had seized half a dozen cargoes; and had sunk as many sloops, or driven them ashore on Whiddy Island. Morty, busy with his own concerns, or not caring to meddle so long as he was himself let alone, left Bantry to deal with him, and the Bantry men having no stomach for a fight tried safer means.

All the country side was by this time furious; the wool-packs lay rotting in the caves; the stores of claret and brandy ran low, and no full cargoes could be run in Glengarriff harbor to refill the empty bins. Who was this miserable Puxley that he should spoil the trade by which the gentry were making their fortunes, which the Castle winked at, and which the connivance of half a century had legitimized? In the twilight of the South of Ireland civilization, it had been dis-

covered that the forms of self-government which England had introduced could become in skillful hands as good a weapon as the sword. Law administered by Irish juries and magistrates did the work of anarchy, and violence ceased to be necessary, save in the rare cases where law had been tried and failed.

"Necessity," wrote the unfortunate officer to his employers after four years' work at his post, "obliges me to give you honors the trouble hereof, and to let you know the unhappy situation I am in at Berehaven, ready to be devoured by my enemies the smugglers, who have all concerted my banishment out of that unhappy country—as well Protestants as Papists. They are joined by some of the landlords of the Berehaven estate to execute their design. To which intent they keep me constantly going at assize and sessions by laying themselves out in every respect to provoke and abuse me both publicly and privately; all which malice arises from no other provocation given them more than my activity in serving the crown, and being a check to the trade formerly carried on in this country, which I have destroyed. . . . I have been so unfortunate as to have six or seven landlords to every denomination of land in that country. I have better than half of what farms I hold in lease. The other parts which I have not in lease I could not get by any means, which lays me under the greatest difficulty, for the owners thereof have put Papist tenants in common with me throughout the whole, and also in my dwelling-house they have put a tenant. I assure you his majesty has not a subject in the kingdom so much oppressed as I have been; and, though my forefathers fought for liberty, I am made a sacrifice to Papists supported by Protestants, who will if they can deprive me of liberty and property."

The ingenious persecution either failed or was too slow in effecting its purpose. Or it may have been that the captain of the Cleinderry brigantine was stirred to action by some fresh grudge of his own. At any rate a revenue officer determined to do his duty was a public nuisance, of whom it was necessary to rid the country; and, as Puxley stood to his work in spite of legal annoyances, there remained the good old method which could be better depended on. One Sunday in March, two months after his last letter to the Commissioners, as he was on his way to church at Glengariff, he was waylaid "at a smith's forge" by Morty and two companions, and there killed.

The murder of an active public servant by

so notorious a person as Morty was too serious a thing to be passed over. The brigantine was busy as ever, and at that moment there was a special cause of irritation with Morty, for a party of soldiers had been tempted by his agents to desert from a regiment at Cork, and were hiding in the mountains, waiting for Morty to carry them to France. The Garland frigate lay at Kingsale. Orders were sent to the captain to go round into Kenmare Bay, discover, and sink her. The difficulties, whatever they were, which invariably attended active measures against the Irish smugglers, if overcome at the Castle remained formidable at Kingsale. The captain of the Garland wrote that he was detained at his anchorage by a gale of wind. The same cause, he pretended, must prevent the brigantine from sailing, and when the storm lulled he promised to go in search of her. Either the brigantine was a better sea-boat than the Garland, or Morty a better seaman than her commander, for before the Garland left her anchorage the brigantine was away on the coast of France. Morty, however, was not to escape so easily. The half-awakened justice would have probably sunk to sleep again, but for Puxley's two nephews, Henry and Walter Fitzsimon, who shamed, or spurred, the Governor of Cork into real exertion. Walter had a small vessel of his own; another belonging to the crown lay at Cove. Two months later, when Morty was known to have returned to Eyeris, Henry Fitzsimon, with these two boats and a company of soldiers, went round to Berehaven. They came in from the sea after dark. The troops were silently landed, and a rapid march of an hour in heavy rain, through the pass in the hills, brought them about midnight to Morty's dwelling-place.

It was a strange wild place, close to the sea, amidst rocks and bogs and utter desolation. Near it stood the wreck of a roofless church, and the yet older ruin of some Danish pirates' nest. The shadowy form of the brigantine was visible through the gray sheet of falling rain, at anchor in the harbor, and from the rocks in the entrance came the moaning of the Atlantic swell. Morty, looking for no visitors on such a night, had neglected to post sentinels. The house was surrounded, and the wolf was trapped. The dogs inside were the first to take alarm. A violent barking was heard, and then suddenly the door was thrown open. Morty appeared in his shirt, fired a blunderbuss at the men who were nearest him and retired. A volley of small arms followed from the windows and

slits in the wall. One soldier was killed and three others wounded. The strictest orders had been given to take Morty if possible alive, and the fire was not at first returned. The house was evidently full of men; eighteen of them bolted, one after the other, in the hopes of drawing off the troops into pursuit. Each, however, was caught and examined, and, when found not to be the man whom the party came in search of, was let go. At last there were but five left in the house. Morty saw his time was come. He did not choose to be taken, and determined to die like a man. He sent out his wife and child, who were with him, with a request that their lives might be saved. The officer in command received them kindly, and gave them such protection as he could. Morty himself refused to surrender; it was determined to set fire to the thatch, and wild-fire was thrust under the eaves. The straw was soaked with the wet, and long refused to catch. At last it blazed up; the flames seized the dry rafters; the roof fell in; and, amidst the burning ruins, Morty and his four remaining companions were seen standing at bay, blunderbuss in hand. He was evidently desperate, and to save life it was necessary to shoot him. The soldiers fired; Morty fell with a ball through his heart. Two of his comrades fell at his side; the other two were taken; the same two, it so happened, who had been Morty's companions at the murder of Puxley. One of them, Little John Sullivan he was called, was perhaps Morty's kinsman; the name of the other was Daniel Connell. The barony of Iveragh and Darrynane Abbey, where the Connells, or O'Connells, of later celebrity had already established themselves, was but seven miles distant across the water; and it is thus possible, and even probable, that Daniel Connell, who had assisted at Puxley's murder, and escaped the bullets at Cleinderry, was a scion of the same family which in the next generation, produced the Liberator.

The weather making it impossible to carry off the brigantine, she was sunk, when daylight came, at her anchorage. The fire was extinguished; the ruins of the house were searched; and Morty's account-books (he was punctual as Dirk Hatteraick himself in his money transactions), his bills, notes, and papers were found uninjured. Among them were found letters from many persons of consequence in the country, showing that they were accomplices in the assassination of the revenue officers. Twenty ankers of brandy and some chests of tea had been destroyed by the fire.

Morty's body was carried to Cork. His head mouldered upon a spike over the gate of the south jail. The rest of him was buried in the Battery. The prisoners can be traced to the jail; there is no mention that either of them were hanged, but of their further fate the records are silent.

So ended one of the last heroes of Irish imagination, on whose character the historian, who considers that he and such as he were the natural outgrowth of the legislation to which it was thought wise and just to submit his country, will not comment uncharitably. He had qualities which, had Ireland been nobly governed, might perhaps have reconciled him to its rulers, and opened for him an honorable and illustrious career. At worst he might have continued to serve with his sword a Catholic sovereign, and might have carved his way with it to rank and distinction. He was tempted home by the opportunities of anarchy and the hopes of revenge. In his own adventurous way he levied war to the last against the men and the system under which Ireland was oppressed. When he fell he fell with a courage which made his crimes forgotten, and the ghost of his name still hovers about the wild shores of the Kenmare river, of which he was so long the terror and the pride.

Ballyhige House, or Castle, the seat of a younger branch of the family of Crosby, stands at the northern extremity of the Bay of Tralee. The sand and powdered shells, which form the bed of the Atlantic, are swept in by the eddying tides behind Kerry Head, and lie for miles as a fringe upon the shore. The shoals reach far to the sea, and the rollers with a northwest wind break over it in sheets of yellow foam. Blown sand-heaps, covered with long pale grass, and burrowed by rabbits, divide the beach from the brown morass which stretches inland over the level plain. At the north end of the sands, where the ground rises out of the bog, is the castle which was the scene of the following story:—

The Crosbies of Kerry were descended from John Crosbie, who in 1600 was made Bishop of Ardfer by Queen Elizabeth. The Bishop bought estates in the country, which his son increased by good management and a judicious alliance. Sir Thomas, his grandson, a staunch loyalist, was knighted by Ormond. He was twice married, and left behind him eight sons and one daughter. Daniel Crosbie, the eldest, inherited the family property at Ardfer. From him it passed to Sir Maurice, who married a Fitzmaurice, a

daughter of Lord Kerry, and, at the time to which our story relates, was member for the County in the Irish Parliament. Thomas Crosbie, Sir Maurice's uncle, the eldest son of Sir Thomas by his second marriage, succeeded to the estates at Ballyhige, which had belonged to his mother. Like the rest of the family he was a fierce High Churchman, and sate with the Knight of Kerry for the borough of Dingle. He too had married into the peerage, his wife, Lady Margaret, being sister of the Earl of Barrymore.

The family, which was thus highly connected, became the actors in one of the most remarkable episodes of Irish history in the last century; and the story of it illustrates how much could be ventured with impunity in that country by persons who commanded so many votes in the Parliament.

Ballyhige was at this time a long straggling house, built low to avoid the storms, and thatched, which was a proof of confidence in the people, and a sign that the owner had no reason to fear incendiaries. On the east side was a large fruit and kitchen garden; on the west, attached by a wall to the main building, was a square stone fire-proof tower of unknown antiquity. Between the house and the sea there had been run up a set of cabins forming a court or quadrangle, and occupied by workmen; for Mr. Crosbie, being a man of enterprise, had erected a linen factory there, and was doing a thriving business, with a Scotchman named Dalrymple for a foreman. Behind the factory the ground sloped away to the sand-hills, and thence to the shore.

It so happened that, in the autumn of the year 1728, a Danish East Indiaman, the *Golden Lion*, having on board twelve chests of silver bullion, which she was bringing home from the East, was driven by foul weather into the Bay of Tralee. The wind falling round to the northwest, and blowing dead on the land, she was unable to extricate herself, and at five in the morning of the 28th of October she grounded in the shallow water, half a mile from shore. She had eighty-eight men on board, and she carried twenty-two guns. When first seen, the evening before the wreck, she had been taken for a privateer. Her character and the value of her cargo, however, were very soon known. As the tide went back a mob of wreckers and smugglers assembled, who, under pretense of giving help, would have soon disabled and overwhelmed the confined and half-drowning crew. But Mr. Crosbie turned out with his servants and workmen,

drove away the people, assisted the captain and sailors to land with their bullion chests, and carried them into the shelter of Ballyhige. The ship was lost. All her company and everything of value which she had on board were saved.

The silver coined and in bars was worth nineteen or twenty thousand pounds.* Mr. Crosbie showed only the most honorable desire to preserve the property which had been recovered for its lawful owners. He deposited the chests in a cellar, gave the commander, Captain Heitmann, an acknowledgment for their delivery into his charge, and allowed the Danes themselves to keep guard on the place where the treasure was deposited.

The exposure on the morning of the wreck was unfortunately fatal to him. He caught a severe cold from standing in the water, and being an old man he died in a few weeks. A claim was put in for salvage by his executors, seemingly exaggerated, for in December an order was sent from Dublin Castle to the Tralee custom-house to protect the Danes from extortion; but, until the question was settled, they were not permitted to remove the treasure, and Captain Heitmann was made uneasy at the tone in which the subject was talked of in the county. Mr. Crosbie's funeral drew together a crowd from all parts of the neighborhood. The Irish were present there in overwhelming numbers, and their general tone was reckless and menacing. The rejection of the salvage claims had been resented in the household, and the servants' ideas on rights of property were evidently loose. The Captain at last asked Lady Margaret to make over to him the detached stone tower, in which he could lodge his seamen, and have the treasure with him under the same roof. Lady Margaret refused. She wanted one at least, she said, of the rooms in the tower for her own purposes. She permitted the chests, however, to be buried in the tower cellar in a position unknown to any one except her butler. The hole was filled in with broken glass and crockery, and earth was thrown over it. The greater number of the crew went away. Ten or twelve who remained were lodged in the tower garret, a sentinel was stationed at the door at the foot of the staircase, while Captain Heitmann himself continued Lady Margaret's guest in the castle itself.

* The purchasing power of money being more than double what it is at present.

The months passed on; spring followed winter. The salvage difficulty could not be settled, and the unusual presence in Kerry of so large a quantity of money, over the ownership of which meanwhile some uncertainty was supposed to hang, set the whole country in agitation.

The Rev. Francis Lawder, Vicar-General of the diocese, resided but a few miles from Ballyhige. Toward the middle of April, Mr. Lawder's steward was superintending a party of laborers, who were thrashing out corn, when a stranger entered the barn and whispered something to the steward, who went away with him. The same evening the steward told the laborers that there was a plan on foot to carry off the Danes' treasure, and asked if they cared to take a part in it. The exploit was tempting; but whether it might be safely ventured depended on the opinion of the county. If all ranks were implicated, none would be punished; a small party would be discovered and hanged. They asked whether the gentry approved. The steward answered that all the gentry had consented, except the Earl of Kerry, who had not been consulted. They had promised either to be present themselves, or else to send their servants.

To men to whom smuggling had become a second nature, chests of bullion recovered out of the sea had lost the character of private property; and the hesitation in paying the Crosbies' salvage claims removed the scruples of the waverers. What, however, did Lady Margaret think about it? Lady Margaret was the great person of the neighborhood. Lady Margaret's supposed rights were the legal groundwork of the proceeding, and, without her leave, the lowest Rapparee would not stir. The Ballyhige butler, Mr. Banner, was taken into council. Banner was instructed to inform his mistress that, if she would give the word, the thing should be done, and a third or half the spoil should be her ladyship's share. Lady Margaret was neither better nor worse than other ladies and gentlemen in the county; she could not live in an atmosphere of lawlessness without contracting something of the same temperament. Had she spoken her real thoughts she would have answered like young Pompey—

This thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on't. Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now.

When the butler delivered his message, she affected great displeasure. She would

not hear of it, she said. She would rather lose her own life than allow the Danes to be robbed under her roof. She spoke decisively, yet something in her manner indicated a less fixed resolution. The butler inferred that, so long as she was not herself compromised, she would not be unforgiving. The report which he carried back was sufficient. The plot gathered shape, stole into the general air, and was whispered in hall and cabin. The steward, who was a practiced hand, and knew that in such matters there was nothing more dangerous than delay, collected, as he considered, a sufficient force on the spot, and one midnight, with forty men with blacked faces, and armed with guns and pickaxes, he stole up through the sand-hills, and sent a boy into the house to tell the butler that the people were come.

It happened that Mr. Arthur Crosbie, Lady Margaret's nephew, was that night a guest at Ballyhige. Mr. Arthur was clerk of the Crown for the county, and might be held exceptionally responsible. He must, of course, have been taken generally into confidence, and have given a general approval, but he was unprepared for such sudden action. The butler ran to his room and woke him. He said, "he would not for any consideration the thing should be done while he was in the house; as soon as he was gone he did not care what they did." The butler with much difficulty persuaded the gang to withdraw for that night and to wait for another opportunity. Arthur Crosbie departed, but it seemed now as if Lady Margaret's own mind misgave her. Eager conspirators continued to flit about the house and gossip with the servants. The Vicar-General's men were in haste to be at work. The Ballyhige house steward assured Lady Margaret from him that she should have her part secured, and it would be more than she would get from the Danes. He told her that the attempt would certainly be made, indeed had all but been made already.

Lady Margaret still wavered. "She seemed to abhor the thought of it," or it might be that she only abhorred the officiousness which thrust an unwelcome privacy upon her. She desired and did not desire; approved and disapproved. She, perhaps, wished to escape the temptation, and by an effort of honesty to place the prize out of her reach. A day or two after the first attempt she sent for one of the Danish officers, called him into a private room, and told him that the treasure was in danger. She bade him ask Captain Heitmann if he was satisfied with the

place in which it was bestowed, and she offered, if he preferred it, to keep the chests in her own bedroom. Captain Heitmann said that the dwelling-house being thatched, and therefore liable to be fired, he thought they were safer in the tower. The officer carried back the answer. Lady Margaret had so odd a smile that he was led to ask how she knew that there were ill designs on foot. In his own country, he said, persons revealing intended crimes were brought before a magistrate, and examined upon oath. If she had serious grounds for suspicion there ought to be a similar inquiry.

Lady Margaret said that this was not the custom in Ireland. Information might be given privately, but gentlemen did not like their names to be made public. In fact, she could say no more, but she desired to let him understand generally that mischief was in the wind.

The Danes knew not what to make of information so ambiguously given. They were strangers; most of them understood no language but their own: one or two spoke English imperfectly, and Irish not at all. But they naturally assumed that in the English dominions, and under the English flag, they were in a country which respected the first principles of law. Similar warnings continued to reach them: the butler's wife told them one day they ought to be much obliged to her husband; half a hundred villains had come to her house one night, to make away with them, and, but for Mr. Banner, they would have been all murdered, and the treasure taken away. She too, perhaps, like her mistress, wished them to take precautions which should make the robbery impossible; but they only laughed at her. In the house of the sister of a peer and the widow of a member of Parliament, they refused to believe that they could be really in danger. She left them, they said afterward, "very angry."

This affair was by this time whispered over the whole country side, and, among others, reached the ears of Mr. Collis, the vicar of Tralee. Mr. Collis had not perhaps been long enough in Kerry to outgrow his prejudices. He was stopped on a Sunday afternoon in the middle of May, by one of his parishioners, who said that he desired to consult him. The twelve chests of silver at Ballyhige were about to be carried off and divided: Lady Margaret was to have four of them; four were for the gentlemen of the county; the four remaining were to be shared among the party, who were to ex-

ecute the robbery. He had himself, he said, been invited to join, and he wished to know whether it was robbery in the real sense of the world, and whether it was an act which the vicar would approve. Collis, astonished and shocked, told him that it was a monstrous piece of wickedness, and that, at all hazards, it must be prevented. He was unable to conceive that a person in Lady Margaret's position could herself be an accomplice; and not being himself acquainted with her, he desired a gentleman of Tralee, whom he knew to visit at Ballyhige, to let her know what was going on. The gentleman promised to tell her, but he understood Kerry better than the vicar of Tralee, and put it off from day to day. Collis himself at last rode over to Ballyhige, had an interview with Lady Margaret, and told her frankly that officious friends of her own, under pretense of doing her the justice which the Danes refused, were about to commit a frightful crime in her supposed interest.

Lady Margaret was polite but unsatisfactory. She expressed "a great dislike" to the idea, but had evidently not realized the criminality of it. She said that she would speak to Captain Heitmann, and that the chests should be removed to her own room. It would have been more to the purpose if she had proposed to send them to the jail or barracks at Tralee. Collis left Ballyhige with more misgivings than he had brought with him. He endeavored to impress upon her before he went, that, besides robbing, there would be bloodshed and probably murder; and he seriously entreated her to forbid an act which a word from her, spoken decidedly, would certainly prevent. Lady Margaret's conscience was again moved. She sent once more for the officer to whom she had spoken before. Her present informant she was able to name. Mr. Collis, of Tralee, she said, had told her that a robbery would certainly be attempted. A second time she suggested that the chests should be removed to the dwelling-house and placed under her personal charge.

Her object probably was less to prevent the robbery than to prevent a collision between the Danes and the Vicar-General's gang. The officer was still incredulous, that an act of open violence would be ventured upon strangers in the house of a gentleman of fortune, full of servants, with a linen factory swarming with workmen not a hundred yards distant. He was perhaps less satisfied that, if the chests were transferred from their present position, they might not mysteriously

disappear. He declined to let them be removed. He took the precautions of placing a second sentinel at the turret door during the night. He again begged Lady Margaret to let the Danes have the turret to themselves, and asked that some of his own ship's muskets, which were in the castle, with ball and powder, might be served out to his men. The first request Lady Margaret declined; it would be inconvenient, she said, and she could not allow it. After some delay, eight or ten muskets were sent over and some balls, but, under one pretext or another, no powder was sent with them.

Even yet the unfortunate Danes were not seriously alarmed. The officers and seven sailors slept in the upper rooms in the turret. One of the servants occupied the apartment on the ground-floor, so that they were unable to barricade the door. They kept careful watch, however; and Captain Heitmann had so far seen no reason to move his quarters from the dwelling-house and remain with his men.

Lady Margaret meanwhile had given her definite consent, and in keeping back the powder, she trusted that she had taken sufficient precautions to prevent bloodshed. Everybody in the house was now in the secret. Mr. Thomas Hasset came to stay at Ballyhige with a number of servants. They were all taken into confidence. Several other gentlemen's servants were in attendance; their presence was the price they were made to pay for their share of the booty. The preparations were made with the utmost deliberation. A sloop was brought round into the bay to be at hand in case of sudden danger. The house steward sent the wheel-barrows and truckles, which were in the yard, to be repaired, that they might be in condition to bear a heavy load. Mr. Lawder's servants put in readiness his horses and carts. The night of the fourth of June was fixed on for the attack. The gang were to come up as before from the sea, through the sand-hills. The servants undertook that they should find all gates and doors unlocked.

No fresh warning was allowed to the Danes. The officer in the turret had gone to bed, and was asleep. He was awake at midnight by a sound of shots. A moment after one of his men was at his bedside, wounded and bleeding. The two sentries had been suddenly fired on, and had both been killed. Peterson, the wounded man, who had been with them, had dragged himself up the stairs, securing behind him the

door which divided the upper and lower stories. The officer sprang up and flew with the rest to the leads. He saw the court below swarming with armed men, with guns and torches. By the flaming light he recognized one of the Crosbie family, and more than one of the household. The Danes had but a pair of pistols and one gun with them, and no ammunition for a second charge. To fire would be to throw away their lives uselessly, so they remained behind the parapets, watching the robbers' proceedings.

Captain Heitmann, in the dwelling-house, had in a like manner been roused by the uproar. He too had darted out of bed, and had run down to the hall, where he found the family assembled. He went to the door to open it. Lady Margaret threw herself in his way, and implored him not to stir as he would be killed. He asked if she would not send some one down to rouse the factory hands. She said it was impossible. In fact they were already roused, and were at work in the court with the rest. He appealed to the servants. No one stirred. He appealed to Mr. Hasset. Mr. Hasset sat still and made no reply. If he went out alone, he feared they would lock the door behind him, and leave him to be murdered. He flung himself, in despair, upon a bench, and sat helplessly listening to the yells and cries in the court.

The turret door meanwhile was wide open: the cellar floor was torn up; the earth and broken bottles were cleared away, and the twelve chests were lifted out to be distributed, according to the arrangement. Beforehand the division had appeared easy. Lady Margaret was to have a third, the gentlemen a third, and the robbers a third: but the question now rose, who were the gentlemen, and who were the robbers? Were the Ballyhige servants to be paid out of their mistress's share, or out of the share of the Vicar-General's gang? The butler, the footman, the coachman, a young David Crosbie, the Scotch factory foreman, and six or seven others, all insisted that they had borne their part in the robbery, and were entitled to their part of the robbers' portion: at last they laid hold on six of the chests, and tried to carry them off. A fight began, which, had there been time to finish it, would have diminished the number of the claimants; but the gray June morning was already breaking, and for Lady Margaret's sake it was essential to prevent daylight from overtaking them before they had finished their work. Half by force, a rough partition was effected:

the Ballyhige party secured what they had seized; Lady Margaret's four chests were buried in the garden; two were broken up and the contents rudely divided; and the Dolphin sloop sailed in the morning, with young David Crosbie and several others, who had staggered down to the shore loaded with money-bags. The six remaining chests were taken off in carts to the Vicar-General's barn. One cart broke down on the way. There was no time to repair it: the chest was opened by the roadside, and "the scum," as the rank and file of the gang were called, received their wages in handfuls of silver. Mr. Lawder's proctor had marked three, which he intended to secrete; perhaps for private and careful distribution at leisure; but the other parties interested were impatient or suspicious. Mr. Arthur Crosbie's steward came over a day or two after to inquire after the gentlemen's shares, and intimated "that it would be worse for those concerned if they were not sent." Servants came on horseback, who filled their hats and their pockets; and thus, in a short time, the whole disappeared.

The strangest part of the story has now to be told. Even in Kerry it was not expected that an exploit of this kind could be passed over without a show of inquiry. The day after the robbery, Lady Margaret sent word to Mr. Chester, chief collector of the revenue, that her house had been broken into and the Danish silver stolen. Her son and her servants, she said, had attempted to trace the perpetrators, but had failed in discovering them.

The son, who was a mere lad, was not likely to discover them. Lady Margaret, perhaps, hoped that the excuse would be accepted, but the affair had been on too large a scale. The leading magistrates in the county were, Sir Maurice Crosbie, county member and high sheriff; William Crosbie, member for Ardfert; Mr. Blennerhassett, Edmund Denny and the Knight of Kerry; Mr. Blennerhassett, if not related to the Hassett who was an accomplice, certainly assisted afterwards in suppressing investigation. The Crosbies' first duty was to their own family. The Knight had too many transactions of his own with the smugglers to be able to exert himself if he had wished. Mr. Denny could not act alone in a matter which might bring him in deadly feud with his neighbors. The robbery was on the night of the 4th of June. A week passed. No arrests had been made, and no steps taken. On the 15th there came a sharp reprimand from Dublin from Mr. Lin-

gen, the first Commissioner of the Customs. The Government, Mr. Lingen said, were at a loss to understand such extraordinary remissness in an affair of so much consequence. The magistrates were commanded to exert themselves instantly to recover the money, and "prevent the damage which would otherwise fall on the inhabitants of the neighborhood."

For decency's sake it was necessary to do something, but something which should furnish no clue to the real perpetrators. A notorious smuggler named Anderson, who had not been concerned, was taken up, and sent to Dublin to be examined. Anderson pleaded his own innocence, and of course there was no evidence against him. He could not call himself wholly ignorant of what every one knew; but when pressed by Sir Edward Southwell, the principal secretary, for the names of the parties guilty, he said, that he could mention no one in particular "unless he named the whole commonalty on that side of the county of Kerry."

If the commonalty were all implicated there was, at least, the Earl of Kerry, the lord lieutenant of the county. Carteret, the then Viceroy, was in England. The Lords Justices, Archbishop Boulter, and the Speaker Conolly, wrote in real indignation to require the Earl to bring the offenders to justice, and compel them to restore their plunder. Lord Kerry himself promised to do his best. His own hands were clean, and, for himself, he had nothing to conceal; but he acknowledged, frankly, that there would be great difficulty. He could expect no help from the magistrates. The money, he feared, was beyond recovery.

His son, Lord Fitzmaurice, if his behavior at Killarney was a specimen of his general conduct, was probably less scrupulous than his father. On Lord Fitzmaurice and the Earl, however, the responsibility was now thrown so seriously that they could not evade it. The steward and the butler at Ballyhige were arrested, threatened with the gallows, and frightened into full confessions; but, the more they confessed, the more perplexing the situation became. The first families in the county; high officials in church and state; members of Parliament who had votes, and who required to be conciliated; the Earl of Kerry's own kindred, for Sir Maurice Crosbie was his son-in-law; the whole county side, as Anderson truly said, were implicated. There was no longer a difficulty in getting at the truth. Captain Heitmann and his officers gave their evidence. The Ballyhige

servants made a clean breast of it. The Vicar-General's servants, seeing concealment useless, were as plain-spoken as the rest. Mr. Collis, of Tralee, deposed to his conversation with Lady Margaret. The depositions were sent to the Castle, and Lingen returned Lord Kerry his hearty thanks "for having unraveled such an enormous piece of villainy, which was now set in the truest light."

But the difficulty now was the truth itself. There had not been robbery only, but murder, and murder of a dastardly kind—murder of two shipwrecked foreign seamen—in violation of the sacred rights of hospitality. Yet no one, high or low, seemed aware of its wickedness. The origin of the crime was the utter demoralization of the gentry of an entire Irish county. Those who, by the constitution, were the natural governors of the people, were their leaders in depravity. They, if any, ought to have been selected for punishment.

The public trial and execution of an earl's sister, a vicar-general of the Irish Establishment, and a member or two of the Irish Legislature, would have been an example that would have lifted forward the civilization of Kerry by three-quarters of a century.

But the days of George the Second and Sir Robert Walpole were not the days of Cromwell. The judges came to Tralee on their summer circuit, and the assizes were opened at Tralee. One or two of the gang were tried and sentenced; but the Earl of Kerry pleaded "that it would be small service to the county to let the poor rogues be hanged, while the principals escaped." The judges shared Lord Kerry's opinion, or, when they came into the county, they assumed the habits of thought which prevailed there. If no one was to be punished, an effort might at least be made to recover the plunder. Here the apathetic magistrates affected a real zeal, and gave the concluding touch of the grotesqueness of the picture. Since they were not wanted for the gallows, there could be no longer a reason for detaining the prisoners. The Knight of Kerry had written generally to Mr. Lingen, that he knew of persons who, if assured of pardon, would assist in discovering the money. Lingen replied with general encouragement; and under the shelter of Lingen's letter, and pretending to be acting by order of the Government—the Knight, Sir Maurice Crosbie, Mr. Blennerhassett, and two other magistrates—signed an order to the governor of Tralee jail to release the Vicar-General's servants, the most prominent of the actual perpetrators

of the crime; and to two of these persons—one of them the steward who had planned the robbery and divided the plunder—they committed the recovery of it from the hands of those among whom it had been distributed. No choice could have been better if there had been a real desire to find the money, but the object was merely to turn ridicule on the whole affair. The released prisoners strutted about the county showing their commissions amidst universal amusement, saying openly, that if the thing had been still to do they would do it again, and parading the protections which they professed to have received from the Castle.

If the most notorious villains were selected for special favor, those who had promoted the investigation became naturally alarmed for themselves. The Earl of Kerry wrote to the Castle, that he expected nightly to have his house burnt over his head. On his own authority he rearrested the two scoundrels who had been thus ridiculously pardoned. Lingen wrote in towering indignation to the Knight. The Kerry gentry should not be allowed to carry matters with so insolent a hand. For decency's sake they were forced to undertake an appearance of a real search for the money, and hopes were held out from time to time that the greater part would soon be collected.

Unfortunately for the Irish Administration there was a party in the case which declined to be satisfied with mere restitution. Two Danish subjects had been killed, and a third wounded. The Copenhagen Government, when Captain Heitmann's report reached them, insisted not only that the stolen silver should be restored, but that the guilty persons should be brought to justice. Walpole felt or affected a proper displeasure. He admitted that England's honor was concerned in punishing crime, and gave Carteret orders to prosecute. He discovered that a mode of administering justice, which may answer well among a people who have a natural love for right and abhorrence of wrong, is the worst gift which can be bestowed on those who do not know what justice means. Carteret set in motion the usual machinery. A hundred obstructions were at once flung in the way. Arthur Crosbie, the clerk of the Crown, was at last actually tried in Dublin. The Danes remained in Ireland to give evidence. The confessions of the Ballyhige servants proved as plainly as possible that he knew what was about to be done, and that neither by word nor deed had he attempted to prevent it. Yet the judge summed up in favor of the

prisoner, and the jury acquitted him. Captain Heitmann complained indignantly "that the judges were in a conspiracy to suppress the inquiry;" that "they showed partiality to shield the Crosbies." The judges answered, "that Mr. Arthur Crosbie was acquitted for want of such proof as was according to law," and affected to feel injured and insulted by the suspicion of favoritism.

The robbery had been committed in 1729. In 1731 Carteret retired from the viceroyalty, and as yet there had been no redress. The Kerry magistrates pretended that 9,000 pounds worth of bullion had been found, and that they were ready to account for it; but three more years went by; the Danes had lingered on, besieging the Castle with their complaints, yet the Irish disliked "paying back" as heartily as Falstaff. They had so far not received an ounce of it. "During all this time," wrote the Duke of Newcastle in 1734 to Carteret's successor (the Duke of Dorset), "the master and sailors of the Golden Lion have not been able to obtain satisfaction for their loss, nor restitution of the money and plate which were recovered from the persons concerned."

Dorset was as powerless as Carteret had been. He could but act by forms of law, and law in Ireland was organized iniquity. Again there was a delay of two years, and in

January, 1736, the Danish minister in London laid his last remonstrance before Newcastle and the English Cabinet.

"In an affair so odious," he said, "every trick and stratagem has been employed to screen parties who are notoriously guilty from the punishment which they have deserved. The chief authors and accomplices of this infamous conspiracy are as well known to your Grace and to the Lords of the Council as to the whole of Ireland. Your Grace has many times expressed to me your indignation at the manner in which the Danish Company has been dealt with in that country throughout the whole affair. His Majesty, my sovereign, instructs me now to say to you, that if justice is longer refused, the Danish consul will be recalled from Dublin; and if any British vessels are so unfortunate as to be cast away hereafter on the coast of Denmark, the Irish Administration will be responsible for any misfortune which may overtake them."

With this letter the curtain drops on the scene. Whether the Danes went back empty-handed to their own country, forming their own reflections on the English method of civilizing Ireland, or whether the Kerry gentlemen at length unwillingly relaxed their clutch upon their prey, no evidence has as yet been discovered to show.

THE DEMONS OF THE SHADOW.*

III.

THERE is a beautiful picture, painted by Lucas Van Leyden, in 1518, of the Temptation. It represents the devil offering Christ a stone. The demon is in the dress of a scholar, and his university-hood trails behind into a streamer, the tip of which coils to a serpent's head.

Between that serpent and the scholar—whose face is that of a scoffer—there is a moral gradation, as definite as any Mr. Darwin could trace between the forms themselves. The increasing mastery of external nature by man, changing hostile elements and forms from foes to friends, corresponds with moral changes of not less significance than those which have passed upon his physical frame. The serpent became the type of evil when and where it seemed the

most mysterious and fatal enemy of man; but gradually man learns measurably to guard against it, or he migrates to regions not infested by it, or he may reach a point of civilization where he finds that some things may be worse than a serpent's bite. The serpent may thus become a fossil demon, which will mean that he has slipped into a higher form—has become winged, to aim at something above the heel. Thenceforth he will change with the changing fears of man, will shadow his successive dreads,—will take the color of a hated race, or the physiognomy of a formidable heretic. The Africans of Mozambique represent the devil as a white man. The kidnappers on the Guinea coast have taught the poor negroes there that men may be worse than fierce animals, and they call the devil Muzungu-Maya, that is, 'wicked white man.' They make images of the devil, paint them white, and lend them to persons who believe themselves troubled by the devil,

* Delivered before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, by Moncreu D. Conway.

the belief being that should the evil one, on such a visit, catch sight of his own face, he will be so horrified as never to return to the same place. In India we find that in some of the later Vedic books the dragon Vritra is called Dasyu, a word which anciently designated the dark aborigines of that country with whom the fair Aryans had to contend. To this day the most ordinary form in which devils are represented in India is that of a jet-black woman, with terrible tusks, a murderous weapon in her hand, and a belt of skulls at her waist. They survive in the 'Ethiop' imps of Russian Church pictures.

Let us contrast the animal and the anthropomorphic stages of demonology as represented by two races. The Micmacs—the aboriginal red Indians of Nova Scotia, though partially subjected to the influence of Christianity, retain nearly the whole of their original religion. They at first believed in one powerful deity, whom they called Manitou. They were taught to believe in two beings, one good, the other evil, so they now call the evil one Manitou, and speak of the good as the Great Spirit. They believe in fairies, who are often troublesome, but may be escaped by running to the nearest stream, which the 'little people' dare not cross for fear of wetting their feet. They believe in a great invisible magician, who was once on earth as a mighty warrior, and whose name is Booin; he can raise storms, cause excessive cold, increase or diminish his size, and take on the forms of ferocious animals. They believe that there exists a race of terrible cannibals called Chenoos; to hear their yell is fatal; their weapon is a dragon's horn. It is difficult to kill a Chenoos; his flesh must be consumed in fire, and when that is done there will remain his heart, which is a block of ice, and must be slowly melted, at risk of the melted stream putting out the fire. Indians may sometimes be transformed into Chenoos. There is also, they say, a species of preternatural birds, Culloos, who devour men. A Culloo was once tamed, and carried immense numbers of men on his back. Cheepichealm is a fearful dragon with yellow horns, and the malevolent magician Booin often assumes that form to resist an enemy. The chief saint of the Micmacs is named Glooscap, a good magician—corresponding to the 'white witch' of English counties who vanquished many enemies, and helped people in hard emergencies. They relate how a young hero, in pursuit of a wife, was unable to carry his canoe past a certain strait, because of two demons who

waylaid him in the form of enormous beavers. Glooscap gave this youth a drum made of bark, by beating which he so charmed the beavers that they allowed him to pass, as Kerberus did Orpheus with his lyre when seeking Eurydice. Glooscap vanquished demons in the form of weasels also. After serving his people a long time, Glooscap employed a whale to take him to a beautiful region in the far West, giving the whale, in compensation, a tobacco pipe which enables it to send up now that column of smoke which the ignorant whites call a spout. They have a festive Glooscap week, during which they meet to discuss who Glooscap was, and they teach their children that if they are good they will escape the frozen realm of Manitou, and go to dwell with Glooscap in his beautiful Western home.

Now here we find that although, by the influence of an alien religion, evil has gained a nominal personification as Manitou, the original deity of the tribe, particular evils are in no way connected with him. Ice and storm, troublesome animals and the like, are separately associated with magicians and dragons. The manifold forms of evil are not yet marshaled under one great malignant power, though we may be sure that in the course of time all of them will be regarded as varied shapes of the ex-god. Manitou. Let us now read a chapter from the far East, to see what is gradually and logically built out of the same materials as those which, with the Micmacs, have hardly got out of the quarry. From many examples I select one from the Zendavesta, which gives us an account of the phenomena attending the birth of Zoroaster. Just before Zoroaster was born his mother had a vision, in which she saw a great black cloud like an eagle's wing, which hid the light. From this cloud were rained down lions, tigers, wolves, rhinoceroses and serpents, which started to attack her. But there arose amidst the beasts a mountain, over the top of which arose a sun which dispelled the cloud, and a gentle wind breathed, under which the beasts fell as if shot. Then came an angel with a book and a luminous horn; he hurled the book at the beasts,—as tradition says the student at Oxford choked with his Aristotle the wild boar whose successors' heads still grace the Christmas banquet at Queen's College, and they vanished, with the exception of three—a wolf, a tiger, and a lion—which were dispatched with the golden horn. An interpreter of dreams showed Dogdo, Zoroaster's mother, that these animals were the demons of the

wicked Ahriman, and indicated that her child would be a great saint. Next, the Wicked One appeared in the forms of malignant magicians, who sought to slay the child. One of these raised his sword, and his arm fell on the ground. They then bore him to a desert, kindled a fire, and threw him on it; the mother followed, and found her babe sleeping sweetly on the harmless flames as if they had been feathers. Next they laid the child before a herd of cows; but a fierce bull advanced and stood squarely over him, protecting him from the rest. The child was cast before wild horses with a like result. He was thrown to wolves, but they refused to touch him. Nay, two sheep came out of the mountain and nourished him. The agents of Ahriman having been thus successively defeated, Zoroaster became a youth, and went on his famous pilgrimage to Mount Iran, on whose top he received the law, amid flames that did not harm him. Here he saw the vision of an army of black adders coming from the North, which was met by an army of white serpents which descended from the zenith and defeated it. Afterwards Zoroaster was conducted to visit hell, where he saw Ahriman himself, who tempted him to quit the pure law, promising him great power over the world. But Zoroaster replied: "I desire not thy bad glory. It is by thee and thy sect that hell is peopled; but by the mercy of God I shall cover you with shame and ignominy."

Now when we compare this complete system with the previous rude conception of the Micmacs, we see an agreement only in the fact that each has demonized the animals and the elements it most dreads. With the Nova-Scotian a demon shows himself by producing extreme cold, having a heart of ice; another in the dragon-cloud with its lightning horn; others in the beaver which destroys his dyke, or the weasel that infests his wigwam. In Persia the fierce animals of the region, the intense heat of the desert, are also demonized; but here they are all regarded as the agents of one central power.

This generalization is natural. Various as evils are, they have in common the element of pain which they inflict, which suggests a common source. And when once that step has been taken, and the one source of all particular evils personified, there must come in the train of such a conception ideas of purpose, malevolence, and will which are inseparable from man's perception of his own powers and motives. Man can have no idea of will or motive except as

found in his own nature. Anthropomorphic deities and demons come, therefore, of the structural action of the human mind. That was a philosophical father who said to his son, when afraid to enter a dark room, "Don't be afraid, you will meet nothing worse than yourself." Standing now on the boundary between the era of animal demons and that of anthropomorphic devils, we may look back and see how, in the earlier age, all things above and beneath had been sharply divided, like the sheep and the goats, as they were supposed to bring good or evil to man. Even the vegetable world felt the influence of this fierce dualism; comparatively little evil, however, has been believed of plants and flowers. In India, though the Peepul tree is held sacred, and much planted for shade, it is thought to be the special haunt of demons. Its sanctity arose from its being supposed that the leaf was shaped like the earth,—and it is shaped something like India; its evil repute came from the trembling of its leaves when other trees are still. The trembling tree is always regarded as having a bad conscience. From the trembling of the aspen leaf arose our legend that it was on the aspen that Judas hanged himself; so an aspen stake must, according to old superstitions, be driven through a dead witch to keep her from wandering abroad. Sometimes useful trees and plants have been singled out for evil associations. The devil was said to hide in straw, hence it is dangerous to pick one's teeth with a straw. In Rome there is a spot where it is said Nero's ashes were found and scattered to the winds. Beside the spot was an ancient walnut-tree, and it was long believed that all the demons that co-operated with Nero lodged in that tree; so that no one would pass that way until Pope Paschal II. cut it down and built a church there, with an inscription which still remains to tell the story. Since then many evil marvels have been told about walnuts. But the demonic character was chiefly ascribed to poisons; over nightshade the devil keeps especial watch, and its name, belladonna, reports its connection with some Circe. The potency of mandragora as an opiate was one of the earliest discoveries. From its stupefying effects came the wild story that a demon was in it, and that when pulled up it uttered a shriek fatal to all who heard it. Something about its appearance—a forked radish look—suggested to certain sorcerers of the Middle Ages an elaborate deception by which they manipulated the mandrake into the semblance

of the human form, even to the extent of making grass grow out of the head to look like hair. There is a curious specimen of one of these mediæval manikins at the Royal College of Surgeons in London. They were once spread over all Europe, being considered the most potent charms,—especially to aid rogues,—and lingered towards the close of the last century. About this one root a body of legend has arisen so great that some thirty volumes have been written on the mandrake mythology alone. The grand centralization of evil in an archfiend confused this old classification of animals and plants as good and evil. The powerful chief, once imagined, was naturally deemed able to transform himself into any animal shape he pleased, even a good animal; or he could put on many animal shapes in one, as in the case of the griffins, with eagles' heads and lions' bodies, or the Chimæras, part human, part bestial. A development of this kind seems to have taken place in the Southern nations in pre-Christian times, as indicated in the Chimæras of Pompeian and Roman mosaics. The famous Etruscan Chimæra, now at Florence, represents the utmost intensity of animalism which could be put into one monstrous form: it is lion, goat, and serpent. We find that with Zoroaster the serpent form meant comparatively little; the army of Ahriman were serpents, and that of Ormuzd were serpents; the whole question was whether they were black or white,—under whose colors they fought.

The era of transition from animal to anthropomorphic demons is an era of monsters. The animal superstitions still survived sufficiently to furnish the bestial shapes through which, it was believed, the Archfiend delighted to wreak his malevolence upon the earth. He was accustomed to take possession of human forms, and, worse still, to transform human beings so possessed into wolves, into cats, into vampire bats. It was Europe which chiefly inherited this most revolting phase of demonism. With its Aryan blood came the doctrine of transmigration, with the easy antithesis that if animals could climb into men, men might relapse into animals. But upon this there came an invasion of Semitic religion, which had already a stock of legends establishing a relationship between the human and the diabolical worlds. (A characteristic one was the Talmudic legend that Adam's first wife was Lilith, a beautiful woman with a heart of ice. Mr. Rossetti has painted an ideal Lilith, as the type of a beauty whose fascina-

tion is fatal. This Lilith, it is said, being too wicked to remain in Eden, was expelled, and Eve put in her place. Lilith then married Satan, and from them sprang all the devils which swarm in earth or air. Some far-off echo of this story seems to be represented in the Icelandic theory of elves. They say that once when Jehovah came to visit Eve he asked to see her children; but Eve had not washed and dressed them neatly, so she said they were all away. Whereupon for not being visible then the children of Eve, with exception of some who had appeared, were condemned to remain invisible, or at least to wander about the earth hiding from sight. Concerning Lilith one myth is told which seems to connect her with that snaky-haired Medusa whose head Perseus brought from Ethiopia. It is said that Lilith's beauty lay chiefly in her red hair; and when they who gazed on her died of the fascination, around each dead heart was found twined a single red hair. It is very likely that those beautiful red tresses have a mythological relation to the serpent-locks of Medusa which Leonardo da Vinci has depicted in his most wonderful work as of dazzling beauty. As Lilith was jealous of Eve, who had superseded her, there was a bitter enmity between her diabolical brood and the children of Eve, and so these devils were supposed to be always trying to take possession of human forms.)

Superstitions like these were in Europe raised to a fearful potency by their conjunction with the belief in an Archfiend, who, as the Prince of the air, and the Prince of this world, held an empire with which no god could, for the time, cope. In Slavic, Servian, and Polish countries the monstrous out-birth was the vampire. The belief that human beings were sometimes changed into the bats called vampires is found in India, and was also Magian. The word vampire, if with some we see the Greek *πυρ* in it, seems, indeed, to refer us to the fire-born Phoenix. There was also that Arabic belief, which Mahomet rebuked, of the bird which was formed of a drop of blood in a dead man's brain, and revisited his grave every century. These notions seem mingled in the belief that the soul of the dead man returns as a vampire to suck the blood of his wife or friends, for which end he may take the shape of his old self, or even a more captivating one. Russian scholars, however, derive vampire from the Lithuanian *wemipti*, to drink, in which case it would mean a bloodthirsty fiend. Corresponding with

the vampire is the superstition known to history as the 'Berserker rage' of Scandinavia. There was in that country the legend of a mythical warrior, the son of an eight-handed chief, whose ferocity was beyond all that was conceivable in human nature. His rage answered, instead of armor, whence his name Berserker, bare of armor. Ages after him there sprang up a race of champions who believed themselves, and were popularly believed, to be possessed by demons of ferocity, and they passed through as much of the world as they could, slaughtering all they met and drinking their blood. This, having passed away in its old form, reappeared again in the were-wolf madness. All over the continent, but principally in France, there was witnessed in the 15th and 16th centuries an outbreak of cannibalism, which was believed to occur through men transformed into wolves. Scores of men declared that by putting a wolf-skin belt round their waists they had repeatedly turned themselves into wolves, and were burnt for the same. This wild phantasm came into Europe by Russia and Scandinavia, where stories may still be heard of men in the coldest regions who every Christmas night are howling wolves; and similar superstitions survive in Greece from the story of Lycaon and his companion being changed into wolves,—a fable that reappeared in the Lupercalian festival of Rome, in the vicinity of which young men disguised as wolves pursued country maidens long after the Christian era. It is probable that our word Harlequin has in it the root of *λυκος*, a wolf, and that the antics of that masked character of our pantomimes are relics of the ancient Lupercalia. In modern Greece the superstition lingers in a very serious form, the people believing that during the whole Christmas season the country is haunted by a diabolical were-wolf called Kalikantsaros, who meets people and puts a question to them; if they do not answer in a particular way, he falls upon and tears them dreadfully.

The strength of the belief in this Œdipus or riddle-putting demon is a remarkable instance of survival. We find it also in Russia, where any one who goes into a forest on Whitsunday is instructed to be careful and take wormwood with him. He will be apt to meet a Rusalka, who will ask, 'What have you got in your hands? is it Poluin (wormwood) or Petrushka (parsley)?' If he answers Poluin, the demon replies, 'Hide under the *tuin*' (hedge). If he says 'Petrushka,' the Rusalka cries, 'Ah, my *dushka*!' and

proceeds to tickle him to death. The belief in both Greece and Russia that these demons are especially free to annoy wayfarers during the holy seasons of the Church, reminds us again that the Church appropriated the existing festivals of the pagan gods. The belief in Greece is that Kalikantsaros, at other periods than the twelve days of Christmas, retires with his imps underground and is occupied in trying to undermine the foundations of things generally.

Such demons as these are of local origin, and sprang up in the regions where they are found, like the grass, long before any of the great ethnical demons were imagined. When any theological conception of an Evil Principle—such as Ahriman or Satan—is brought by historic combinations into a country, the result generally is that he adopts the existing demons as his impish family; but to the last the native demonic fauna of the country will be what the masses believe in. You will find in every European country that there is little relationship between the Archfiend described by the reigning Church and the malignant spirits which the populace dread. There is no warrant in the Christian religion for the devil with horns and cloven or clubbed hoof, or for the deceitful pixies which haunt the rural imagination in Western Europe. The malignant wood-spirits in Germany, for whom the farmer leaves a fringe of weeds around his garden, lest in anger at being deprived of any wild place of habitation they destroy his vegetables; the hag who dreads the horse-shoe; the demon of modern Greece, who, it is believed, may be exorcised by burning old shoes,—all are remote from the devil in which theology teaches the people to believe. Whatever sermons may say, these are the phantoms actually dreaded; and if you would know the original demon of a place, you must, as a general rule, look rather at the appendages than at the forms of the great ethnical devil. The hoof or the horn, the color of the dress—red, green, or golden—some trick of manner or attitude will report how Siva, Pluto, or Satan has, in wandering, caught a trace of this or that local demon. The Teutonic race used to call the bright fleecy clouds which sometimes float near the sun Bertha's swan-maidens. They were at first innocent, but gradually were imagined to be seductive nymphs who bathed in lakes, and there, like the Lorley, allured susceptible fishermen to destruction. So it is said in the Black Forest to this day, of any woman supposed to be a witch, 'she has yellow slip-

pers,'—that is, yellow feet like the swan. This superstition about swan-maidens was very strong among the ancient Franks. Then there came the all-pervading idea of the dragon as the proper demonic shape. In some regions it blended with the swan-demon; the curious result was the belief in a new Chimæra, having the body and tail of the dragon with the head and feet of the swan. In many of the earliest German Bibles the devil is represented as web-footed. Sometimes, indeed, the blending of some universal type with a local one shows the local demon more prominently. In Italy, where the population of the Campagna continued to believe in the god Pan, with his goat legs, his pointed ears and horns, long after the prevalence of Christianity, it seemed necessary that Pan should be solemnly denounced as a devil, and so we find antique images of him with his legs twisting into two serpents. The goddesses of beauty, Venus and Freyja, were similarly anathematized; moulded into one, they still lie in wait on the Venusbergs for passing Tannhäuser, and so we find representations of those goddesses as beautiful women to the waist, but for the rest serpents. In the library at Strasburg there was burned with other treasures one of the earliest manuscript Bibles that existed. In it was an illuminated picture of the temptation of Eve, which represented the serpent with the head and bust of a golden-haired woman, wearing a crown. It was the very ideal of the goddess Freyja. It was this union of the pagan goddess of the North with the serpent of Eastern religion which originated such stories as that of the fair Melusina, who in the absence of her lord became a serpent, and when he once invaded her apartment inopportunely, glided away hissing, never to return.

Buffon said: 'There is but one animal.' Similarly we may say there is but one devil. All the shapes of evil are modifications of that one. He existed in embryo in Siva, the Hindoo god of destruction; he was a *deva*, or shining one; but gradually the blighting power of the sun was divided off to him, its sunstroke, its power to scorch and wither the blooms of nature, and with these all destructive forces. Still he is worshiped as a god in India at this day, though somewhat cast into the shade by his wife Durga, the work of destructiveness in earlier days being generally ascribed to women. But it was out of Siva that there came the form of the first great Prince of Evil, the Persian Ahriman, a being who survives for

us as Satan. The Hebrews had no conception whatever of a personal antagonist to Jehovah up to their captivity in Babylon. It was written, 'Behold! I create light, and I create darkness; I create good, and I create evil.' And even when the Prince of Darkness entered their conceptions, it was as an official agent of Jehovah. Satan means 'adversary,' 'accuser'; he is the prosecutor in the trial of souls. There exist two ancient figures which Calmet believes to represent the first conceptions of Satan. One of them shows us a being with four wings, indicating rapidity,—feathery wings, not batlike, and four arms. Two of these arms bear scourges; one bears a rod; the fourth hand bears balances, in which the soul must be weighed before it can be scourged. The other figure has two faces, showing his power to look every way, and a scorpion's tail. These figures were found among Cherubins, and in both cases the faces are very beautiful. It was but very gradually that purely malignant traits became associated with Satan. When Christianity came to Greece it found no devil there. The nearest being to it was the god of the under-world, who bore the names Hades and Pluto. He was a god, and sat at the banquets of the gods on Olympus. The name Hades is from α and $\epsilon\iota\delta\omega$, not to see, and referred to his being King of all that is beneath the surface of the earth, and therefore invisible. Consequently he is represented as having a helmet which rendered the wearer invisible, the origin of that cap which rendered Fortunatus, and other heroes of Folk-lore, invisible. But the word Fortunatus, the Invisible Prince, is but a translation of the other name of Hades—Pluto. Pluto (wealth) meant that, as king of all realms beneath the surface of the earth, he owned the seeds of all harvests, and all precious stones and metals. We have in this a suggestion of the reason why the serpent always appears in our Folk-lore as the guardian of treasures. In Lithuania one may still hear stories of the King Serpent, taking his bath on a certain holy night of the year, previously laying aside his crown, to abstract which is to find every gem in a boundless fortune. A little girl, they say, having stolen away the King Serpent's crown on one occasion, was pursued by an army of snakes, and in her fright let fall the crown, with which the snakes returned. But one gem adhered to the child's apron, which enabled her afterwards to build a palace of solid gold. A similar story was told of the Knight Bran in

the Isle of Wight, who picked up a dark stone which was really the serpent's egg. He too was hotly pursued, but held on to the stone, which brought him untold treasures.

The word *basilisk* is thought to be derived from the Greek *βασιλεύς*, king; and we find in many parts of Germany the belief that there is a King-serpent which, if any one keeps, will bring him or a descendant of his to wear the crown. It is a popular tradition that Frederick the Great had one of these for a pet. You will remember that in the legends before spoken of the fire-breathing dragon represents the lightning-breathing cloud. To slay the cloud meant to dissolve it into rain. In answer to that rain the seeds of the earth sprang up to their harvest, the teeming wealth of the earth. Hence,—the idea being confirmed by the jeweled spots of the serpent,—he was regarded as the custodian of the treasures of the under-world. The rainbow was called a heavenly serpent, too; and children are still sometimes told by their nurses that if they come to the end of a rainbow they will find a bag of gold.

The Slavonian mythology opens with the belief in two powerful beings,—Byelbog, the god of Light, and Tchernibog, the god of darkness. Both were deities, as the word bog, applied to both, indicates. Tchernibog, the god of darkness, dwelt on a steep mountain of rocks, and to propitiate him people crawled naked over these rocks to his temple on the top, there perhaps to sacrifice themselves on his altar. Under the anathemas of Christianity this Tchernibog was transformed to be the Russian devil, whose name in that country is still Tchor, related to our word 'swart.' This ancient deity of darkness has not survived in Russia by name alone; in all the church pictures he is represented as the King of Hell, a figure quite different from the Archfiend of any other Christian Church. He is an aged, handsome, grave man, corresponding in every way to the representations of the deity so frequent in their frescoes, except that his complexion is swarthy, and his eyes and hair fiery. The Russian Inferno is perhaps the most remarkable in the world. The many religions which were rolled together in that country each brought a contribution to its infernal realm, and there has been an effort to make it correspond with heaven. In every Russian church you enter, you find the whole wall frescoed with Heaven and Hell. Midway stands the angel of judgment, with scales in which the good and evil deeds of each soul that comes from its grave are being weighed. From this point

there is a procession of souls to the realms of bliss, which cover the whole roof with splendor, and a reverse procession of those who are being driven and dragged down into hell by demons. At the top sits God, with Christ standing between his knees, and the dove hovering beneath them. At the bottom sits the Prince of Darkness with Judas between his knees, and a great serpent doing the duty adverse to the dove. Besides this infernal triad, there are many imps which will be found on examination to represent the popular demonic superstitions of that region. Many of them have the claws and wings of bats, recalling the vampire, and many are beautiful women nestling at points along the serpent. For the serpent has at intervals rings around it, on which are inscribed the names of sins, and in each ring sits a beautiful woman, representing a sin. In some frescoes the soul is represented as being conducted by guardian angels past the serpent: each evil spirit snatches at the soul, and if it be captured in one of their rings it is given over to certain fair demons to be scourged into the fiery pit beneath. It is difficult to trace the mythological kindred of Tchernibog. The nearest form to him seems to me to be the Japanese demon Tenjo, who is believed to inhabit the rugged mountain Oyama, any one attempting to ascend which will surely have his limbs dislocated, through the might of the demon. There is a peculiarity about Tenjo—namely, his exceedingly long nose. Considering the vast chasm between the Japanese and any Aryan race, it is curious that we should find any superstition there so strongly suggestive of the snouted devils known to our own mythology. The elephant has been called *anguimanus*—serpent-handed—and the long sinuous trunk suggested probably its demonic character. The Hindoos have a god of wisdom, Ganesa, who is elephant-headed, and old Bactrian talismans have been found with elephant-heads, bearing the caduceus in their trunks, probably worn as charms against elephantiasis, attributed to that animal. You will find in a picture of the temptation of St. Anthony, in the National Gallery, a devil whose nose stretches out into a wind instrument on which he is performing. Van Leyden has also painted the long-nosed devil. The Japanese have a settled belief that a long nose indicates villainy. The great Napoleon maintained that a great commander must have a long nose; and as Confucius declared every great commander to be a great criminal,

these orientals may have got hold of a subtle connection between the nose and the organ of destructiveness. The diabolical physiognomy has a pretty constant expression in the world. The devil is red and black, symbolizing fire and darkness; he is smooth-faced, a bearded devil being rare; and with one remarkable exception (Typhon) he is always represented lean. Why should the devil be lean? You will recall Shakespeare's lines:—

Cæsar. Yond' Cassius hath a lean and hungry look:

He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Antony. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;

He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæsar. Would he were fatter.

That word 'hungry' expresses the whole thing. When demons were invented they were by no means supposed to be impelled by malignancy, but by pangs of hunger. The Franconian peasant still believes the devil to be a poor lean pauper, whom you can render quite harmless by throwing him a mouthful; and the baker will toss three of his loaves into the fire with the words, "Here, devil, these are yours." So the English cabman, before drinking his ale, may pour a little of it on the ground. When the recent eclipse occurred in India,—a phenomenon still referred by some of them to a demon whose tremendous hunger leads him to try and swallow the sun,—the Hindoos threw out of their windows all the food in the house, by which he might be induced to abandon the luminary. Out of this notion have come the famished were-wolves, and the vampires sucking human blood, and the demon *καταχαρᾶς*, that is, 'devourer,' still haunting Greek islanders as the Lamyroi did their ancestors; nay, hence our own goblins,—beings that voraciously gobble. To return for a moment to Japanese devils, —which are not very different from those of China,—they are generally hideous embodiments of the stormy winds, having their hair streaming out tremendously; and as the wind blows hard on mountain-tops, that may be one reason why demons are so often located there. But the hard, bony, wolfish faces of these Japanese devils is in marked contrast with another demon of wind, Typhon. Typhon's image, dug up in Italy, shows largeness, but it is not that of healthy corpulency: it is the swelling out of inflation, as if he were but a bag of that hot blighting wind which he typifies. There is carved on Strasburg cathedral a female demon of the same class; she leads the five foolish virgins. She is puffed up as if her pride were a

typhoon. But our Norse forefathers knew only the keen biting wind. The nipping and eager air, in Shakespeare's phrase, gives the very name of the demon of the East Wind, whose name, Aegir, survives still in our word eager. Fire, too, was a hungry demon. The devouring element, as we still call it, was named Loki, who boasted that he could eat more than any other being. From the supposed relation of demons to fire—to that fire once worshiped, then accursed—arose the belief that the hearth furnishes the riding-horses of witches: The witch rides not only on the broom that sweeps the hearth, but also on the shovel or tongs, or the poker. Like Frost in the North, so Fire in the South is the element of Fiends, and the consuming tropical heat is personified in the Arabic ghoul, the demon of the desert, believed to feed on corpses. It is the basis, too, of the Indian Bûi,—the departed human soul for whose sustenance after death no provisions have been made, and whom hunger drives to devour his friends,—a superstition which gave its name to the province of Bâtan, once believed to be a region especially haunted by these famished fiends.* These superstitions linger in Germany in the horror which the ignorant have of the *Nachzehrer*, the corpse which draws its relatives one after the other into the grave. When the cholera first appeared in East Prussia, it was believed by thousands to be the work of these bloodthirsty ghosts; and even now, when the members of a family die off quickly, one hears of bodies being dug up in the night, and wild rumors that some one of them is found plump and rosy, evidently through having absorbed the life of his or her kindred. Indeed, the cholera and all epidemic diseases have frequently given the world demons. In some savage races, and among the peasantry of Russia, the cholera is portrayed as a hideous woman with a belt of skulls. The Greeks have a demon they call *alphitô*,—a word akin, perhaps, to our own *elf*,—a sort of leprosy. The Cattle Plague is figured in Little Russia as one of three terrible Sisters, who go about clad in white, bearing bundles of the bones of those they have slain. They also have Furies of disease, whom they designate the Fever-Sisters. Most of these demons are supposed to have been hungry witches on earth, transformed at death to vampires. The German peasant is very particular to close the mouth of the dead, and will often put something in it, or bury with the deceased a handful of corn. The gaping mouth will

indicate hunger; the corn will satisfy the ghost's appetite in a legitimate way. Though Loki (that is, Leucht, light) came to be deemed an enemy of the gods, it was after his early celestial origin was forgotten. His name was then wrongly derived from *lukan*, to hide, and thus associated with Sætere, the hiding one, a name which the missionaries were not slow in identifying with Satan.

But it was left to Odin, father of the gods, to furnish the chief demon of Germany—the Wild Huntsman. The Teutonic superstition that in every extraordinary storm Odin is riding forth on his hunt,—blasting everything in his progress,—presaging war and every horror,—reappears with evil omen in the Robber Knight's ride of South Germany, King Waldemar's Hunt in Scandinavia, the Grand Veneur of the Fontainebleau forest, the Headless Horseman of English superstition, and the sallies of Arthurian Knights in Scotland. There are over twenty names for him. But when we go Eastward we find the demonic part of the myth disappearing. In Little Russia the storm is Elijah careering in his chariot of fire, and in modern Greece we are told that it is 'God going forth to celebrate his son's marriage.' It is the howling wind, and has demonized all the howling animals, who are supposed to join in his tempestuous train. The weird huntsman, furnishing magic bullets, etc., at fearful cost, is the most real and dreaded demon of Germany. Whoso meets him is caught up to a fearful height and then dropped, or he may be compelled to hunt with hell-hounds through the night, to be hurled to the ground at cock-crow. The legend of the Wild Huntsman tinges many of our old English stories: Herne the Huntsman may be identified with him, and the demons with ghostly and headless wish-hounds, who still hunt evil-doers over Dartmoor on stormy nights, are his relations. The withered look of the horses on a common near Penzance is explained by their being ridden by demons. The superstition of the hunted Tregagle of Cornwall corresponds with the later German stories of the Wild Jaeger. Tregagle, who is traced to an old Cornish family, is said to have been one of the wickedest men that ever lived, but though he had disposed of his soul, the evil one was balked by the potency of that same St. Petroc who conjured the enormous serpent out of Cornwall. But it was on condition of Tregagle's laboring at the impossible task of clearing the sand away from Porthcurnow Cove, at which work he may still be heard

groaning when the wind is high. Whenever he tries to snatch a moment's rest the demons are at liberty to pursue him, and they may be heard on stormy nights with their hounds in hot pursuit of poor Tregagle, whose bull-like roar has become a vulgar proverb in Cornwall,—“To roar like Tregagle.” The fierceness of the Christian warriors against paganism transformed Frigga, Odin's wife, into an equally sad figure. She is the White Lady, whom the Wild Huntsman loves to hunt; she is a wicked enchantress, whom three kisses will change to a dragon; she appears near homes, foreboding death. All manner of evil is thus spoken of one who was once believed to be the helpful goddess of the field—the Ceres of the North. In some regions the old faith in her beneficence is still cherished, especially in Odenwald, where as the ‘Wildweibchen’ she, as is said, sometimes starts out from some hiding-place of rugged stone, and helps the belated harvester by binding and stacking his sheaves with a rapidity which many human hands could not equal.

IV.

Inheriting all the demons of previous ages, Christianity, for the first time, brought to bear on them something like a moral philosophy. The demon-world had been an imaginative chaos; but now it had to be brought into some theoretical shape that could be adopted by Theology. The immediate result was a theory which filled the world with terrors before unknown. That theory was, that demons existed as the official torturers of souls after death. Even the rudiments of such a belief hardly existed in the more ancient world. The gods alone had been deemed the punishers of men,—Sisyphus rolling the stone; Ixion bound on his wheel; Prometheus chained on his rock,—they were all sufferers under the immediate stroke of divine hands. The Furies, the appointed scourgers of evil-doers, were goddesses born of Ge, the Earth, and Uranus, Heaven, and their name, Eumenides, signifies the well-meaning. In the great poem of Æschylus, named after them, Minerva says: “I have settled in this place these mighty deities, hard to be appeased; they have obtained by lot to administer all things regarding men. But he who has not found them gentle knows not whence come the ills of life.” In many Greek sculptures you find the so-called Fury. She bears a torch,—it is the flame of remorse; and the adder,—the

gnawing conscience. But her face is beautiful, and a pensive tenderness blends with its sternness. On her face it may be read that her fire will be quenched, that the worm coiled at her feet is not undying. As higher ideas of the gods prevailed, the tendency was to regard them as punishing only by a divine necessity, and gradually arbitrary inflictions disappeared. The later development of the Jovistic religion shows this. Jupiter was supposed to have a cabinet of twelve gods, without whose consent he could not harm a fly. Of these gods six were the *Dii Consentes*, and six the *Dii Involuti*. Jupiter was at liberty to brandish his thunderbolts and make a terrible noise, merely to frighten; but in order to strike any one he had to obtain the consent of the six *Dii Consentes*; but even then the stroke must be one that would heal. If Jupiter wished to blast and utterly destroy, he had to obtain the consent of the other divine jurymen, the six *Dii Involuti* (so called because represented veiled, with finger on mouth). Such were the tendencies toward mercy affecting the ideas of punishment, so long as punishment was believed to be inflicted by gods. But when, under theological transformation, all these gods became devils, they punished like devils. Human beings were now told that instead of being punished by a divine hand, and consequently for a good end, they would be given over to the unrestrained tortures of beings whose whole delight was in causing agony. Swedenborg says, "Punishment without a purpose is the punishment of a devil." Having transformed the gods to devils, leaving them their office as punishers, to suppose that they could have pity would be to allow them some lingering divineness. From that hour, then, it was that the beautiful Eumenides became demons, the fire of their torch unquenchable, their venomous worm undying. Æschylus, by a metaphor denoting that they hunted wrongdoers, spoke of them as *kivēs*, dogs. After the new religion had breathed on them and all their beauty vanished, that one metaphorical designation was preserved; and so the Eumenides—"the well-meaning"—survive only as those demon-dogs which superstition hears yelping in the storm, pursuing the souls of the accursed. There is an old patristic legend, that when the Holy Family were flying into Egypt, Mary once casually entered a temple of the god Serapis, around whose interior stood all the statues of the gods. No sooner had the Holy Mother and child entered than all these statues fell, shattered before their worshippers. History must com-

plete the legend. These fallen deities all had a phantasmal resurrection, not indeed to their old niches, but to swarm through earth and air, causing every evil, and tempting mortals to the sins they were so greedy to punish.

You will observe that all this indicates an entirely new Pandemonium, and one exactly corresponding to the ancient Pantheon. The ancient combat between Light and Darkness, Ormuzd and Ahriman, now reappears as a raging struggle between Paganism and Christianity. It is not easy for us, who live after the revival of classical learning, and who speak tenderly of the gods and goddesses as those who no longer fear them, and see none of the gross rites which surrounded them, to realize the full depth and meaning of that death-struggle with the old religion. The early fathers had inherited from all races the belief in demons, and they could imagine no more appropriate work for successors of the Titans and Pythons than this of seducing mankind to idolatry. I lately saw an old French fresco of the 14th century, representing devils trying to bolster up the gods and keep them from tumbling from their pedestals. The devils were little and ugly; the statues of the gods were grand; but to the mediæval imagination the devil was the hideous soul of the idol. They are sometimes pictured coming out of the idols' mouths. No pagan deity, however beautiful, was spared; not Apollo, not Venus. Epiphanius seems to have found the image of some deity playing the flute, some Marble Faun, perhaps, like that which inspired Hawthorne's exquisite story. With Epiphanius it takes a transformation of another kind. "After the pattern of the serpent's form," he says, "has the flute been invented for the deceiving of mankind. Observe the figure that the player makes in blowing his flute. Does he not bend himself up and down, to the right and to the left, like unto the serpent? These forms hath the devil used to manifest his blasphemy against things heavenly, to destroy things upon earth, to encompass the world; capturing, right and left, such as lend an ear to his seductions."

The pagan gods and goddesses being, as Art had revealed them, evidently beautiful, the new religion could not at once induce the people to regard them as devils, and yet preserve an adequate sense of the devil's ugliness. The two theories did not work harmoniously; so it was suggested that demons were invisible spirits, swarming through the universe, lurking in any form that pleased

them, but especially fond of hiding about the gods and their temples. Oddly enough, this notion went too far, and it was afterward a superstition that the devil was fond of haunting Christian churches, and sometimes indeed of conducting the services. The Russians have an exceedingly ambiguous proverb, that where a priest is there is sure to be a devil; and some such idea may have been in Goethe's mind when he represents Mephistopheles as promptly assuming Faust's cap and gown, and giving a profound lecture on Theology. Defoe (*The True-Born Englishman*) wrote:—

"Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there;
And 'twill be found, upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation."

The new religion would have failed, however, to undermine Paganism, had it not been for Art. Art ever follows the new enthusiasm, and it now turned against the shrines of Greece, which it had originally built. It painted hideous demons with touches and traces of the old gods about them,—the tresses of Venus or the foot of Pan, as yet found in old pictures. The artists that painted the ugliest demon were canonized along with him who painted the fairest saint. Wonderful legends were related of the wrath and attempted vengeance of the devil at being portrayed in such repulsive guise. St. Medardus, it was related, painted in a church a fresco in which was a beautiful Madonna and an ingeniously ugly devil. Satan, much aggrieved, appeared to the artist and offered him a large reward if he would remove some of his ugliness and add it to the face of the Madonna. But the artist proceeded to paint an uglier touch on him, and made the Madonna more beautiful than before. Whereupon Satan in a great rage appeared again to the artist and threatened that if a modification of the two faces were not made he would take a dire vengeance. Again the artist repaired to his work, and adding new beauty to the Madonna, made the face of the demon so horrible that the eye could hardly look upon it. Meanwhile the day arrived when the fresco was to be exposed to the public view. The church was crowded with spectators, who burst into the wildest applause when they saw the work, but just as Medardus was acknowledging this applause, a horrible form pounced on him, bore him to the ceiling of the cathedral, and hurled him violently against the stone pavement. There he lay mangled and dead before the horror-

stricken crowd. But lo! the Madonna, whom he had painted so fair, stepped forth from the canvas, touched the shattered body, and the artist rose up sound as ever. This is but one of many stories by which artists were animated to do the work which the early church needed, that of undermining the pagan religion by painting it with every deformity. A great man, lately deceased, who would have been known as one of the first of philosophers had not a sad destiny claimed him as a lifelong martyr to his patriotism, Mazzini, once said, "All true art must either sum up and express the life of a closing epoch, or announce and proclaim the life of the epoch destined to succeed it." But when Christianity came to Greece art had already summed up the past; its very existence depended on the new order. For by the necessity of the time, art was religious; there was no printing, and sacred symbols and scriptures could only reach the people as they were painted on church-walls. The convictions of the period were of such intensity as only the heat of conflict can give; and if we marvel at the splendors of early Christian Art, we must remember that there went into it the same devotion which had led men to give up all that life could offer, and even life itself, for their faith. No hermit, passing his life in a cavern, could have had a more intense realization of the invisible world than the artist Spinello, of the 14th century, who painted the wonderful picture at Arezzo, formerly, now in London, representing the fall of the rebellious angels out of heaven. The archangel is contending with a seven-headed dragon, while beneath, hurled upon the rocks, is the archfiend surrounded by his imps. He has seven horrible faces, each enough to give the artist that nightmare which he is said to have had after it. The story runs that after Spinello had painted this form the devil appeared to him in that same shape, and inconsequently asked why he had painted him so ugly. Spinello awoke in terror, became distracted and soon after died. We may estimate the intensity of conviction which went into the picture by the artist's subsequent insanity, and realize what the fiend meant in that age by comparing commonplace devils like that painted by Spagnoletto, a Spaniard, in the middle of the 17th century,—a mere ugly man said to be tempting Saint Anthony but really disturbing him with a bell,—or that by the French Callot (same period), a riot of grotesque monsters who tempt St. Anthony by beating

him, probably because he broke into unsaintly laughter at them.

Callot's picture shows another thing. It marks the time when the wave of real belief broke into mere froth. When a painter of sacred subjects could depict a devil on wheels, part beast, part Armstrong gun, which, being touched off by another devil, belches arrows from its mouth against the saint it is supposed to tempt, we may perceive that the age of caricature has dawned.

The universal preponderance of the proud institutions and splendid temples of Paganism as contrasted with the poverty and feebleness of the early church, signified to the fathers that Satan was the Prince of this world. Here were two tremendous ideas added to demonology by the new religion. One was, as we have seen, that to devils had been given over the offices of punishment. The other was that the visible world, and its various life, were all the domain of Satan. The universe was regarded as consisting of two kingdoms, the visible and the invisible; the invisible belonged to God, the visible to the Devil. This was very different from the demonology of the more ancient religions. They divided Nature into good and evil, associating some objects with the good, others with the evil, Spirit. But now we find the doctrine that the whole belongs to Satan. How far this principle was pressed is amazing. Giotto—Dante's friend—paints the ship on which Christ and his apostles are voyaging when the storm arose, and we do not wonder to see that the winds are blown through horns by two demons. That stormy winds are the work of demons is a natural faith, and even now there is a pious circle in Edinburgh which prays all night in the belief that shipwrecks generally occur at night, because then, Christians being asleep, the demons of the storm, unrestrained by prayer, are free to work out their malevolence. But we find the primitive fathers declaring, as St. Cyprian did, that the devil loves to take the form of a flower. St. Martin meets the Tempter in the likeness of Christ himself. The favorite form of the Evil One is that of a beautiful maiden, or even child. St. Victor assists a beautiful girl who has lost her way in the wood, only to find her a devil. Michelangelo's picture of the temptation of Eve, on the roof of the Sistine Chapel, gives Satan the bust and face of an innocent young girl, and there are many pictures representing the Tempter with the infant's face, which has furnished W. B. Scott with the

subject of an exquisite poem. The question which the man Friday asked of Crusoe, "Why not God kill debbil?" seems not yet to have presented itself; or if it did it was suppressed for sufficient reasons, for the Devil seemed as useful a figure to keep before the people as Calcraft. At any rate, certain it is that up to and after the Middle Ages the world was regarded as the realm of Satan, and the Christians as but hiding and lurking in it. The Abbot Richalmus, of Franconia, who was 700 years ago deemed the greatest authority on this subject, wrote a large book in which he says that we are all surrounded by devils as thickly as a man in the sea is surrounded by waves. Whatever little peculiarity exists is diabolically caused. The good abbot's lip has a way of hanging down. "Just look at my lip," he says; "for twenty years an imp has clung to it, just to make it hang down." Some diseases—as St. Vitus's dance, and St. Anthony's fire—still bear in their names traces of how the afflicted pressed to the shrines of saints to have the demons who caused them exorcised. You will find this idea lasting into the 17th century. What all the learning of Oxford confirmed at the beginning of that century is preserved in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. "The air," says Burton, "is not so full of flies in summer as it is at all times of invisible devils. They counterfeit suns and moons, and sit on ships' masts. They cause whirlwinds on a sudden and tempestuous storms, which though our meteorologists generally refer to natural causes, yet I am of Bodine's mind, they are more often caused by those aerial devils in their several quarters. Cardan gives much information concerning them. His father had one of them, an aerial devil, bound to him for eight-and-twenty years; as Agrippa's dog had a devil tied to his collar. Some think that Paracelsus had one confined in his sword-pommel. Others wear them in rings. At Hammel, in Saxony, the devil in the likeness of a piper carried away 130 children that were never after seen."

M. Michelet has portrayed the effects of this enormous concession made by the Church to the Devil. To Satan was consigned all that was gay and beautiful. The Hamelin piper's vesture was pied with the hues of nature; the diabolism of his pipe meant that music belonged to the Prince of this world. The children—who has not read Browning's poem about them?—followed him with mirth and dancing, for laughter and dancing were Satan's. His, too, the art of

healing, so that men were sometimes burnt for healing diseases which priests could not cure by prayer. Medicine was a Black Art, an idea that survived so long that Hoffman was believed to have invented carbonic acid gas by diabolical aid. Above all, secular learning, science and reason were given over to the realm of the Evil One. The divine kingdom was thus limited to those who abandoned the world altogether, and dwelt in caves, dens, convents or nummeries. But the vastness of this concession to the devil was destined to prove fatal to him. Out of it arose the idea of sorcery. Since all the advantages and pleasures of life were said to belong to the devil, those who sought worldly advantages began to apply to the devil for them. Dark rumors began to be spread that devils could be conjured up, and made to bestow the wealth of which they were masters for a consideration. Sorcery was in good part a revival of Paganism. It is remarkable to find all the rites and sanctities of heathenism so distinctly traceable in it. The fathers having declared that the old gods were devils, the people now took them at their word. Not only were the animals and plants once sacred to them now used to conjure them back, but the old vows made to the gods, that they should have certain offerings if they would prosper certain projects, reappeared in such compacts as Faust is said to have made with the devil. These compacts had been transferred to the saints, as we have lately seen in the celebrated Tichborne case, where it appeared that the young baronet starting on a voyage promises in black and white to repay the Virgin's protection, if accorded him, by building a church for her. It is a relic of votive compacts once universally made to gods, and continued to be made to them after they were declared demons. These performances of witchcraft were originally so religious that they impressed the Church as the effort of Satan to set up a rival religion with himself for chief god. A similar continuance of pagan rites at an earlier period had led Tertullian to say, "Satan is the ape of God." His dictum received fresh confirmation in the eyes of the priesthood in the practices of sorcery, and they represented the witches as periodically gathering to grand Sabbaths at which grand mass was said to the devil. These Walpurgis gatherings were called Sabbaths, probably because the Jews were supposed to be the chief sorcerers, thereby obtaining their fabulous wealth. What actual facts underlay these things will

perhaps never be known. The rack had too much to do with the confessions and statements of that era for us to know just what happened. There seems to be no doubt, however, that the belief that the riches and powers of the earth belonged to the devil had been followed by a popular effort, made in an age of popular despair, to gain help from the devil. And there are some pathetic circumstances about this era. Although the people may have called upon their ancient gods under the name of devils, it was by no means as devils that they conceived of them. Some of the evil traits with which they had been invested by the missionaries might be ascribed to them, but in the main it was as helpful and just beings, good fairies and familiars, that they were invoked to aid those whom the lords of the earth had in the name of the new religion reduced to serfdom and robbed of every hope. The poor man in his wretchedness, woman in her helplessness, turned from a church leagued with their oppressors, and appealed even to powers called infernal. Many old legends exist, showing that they who so appealed did not believe those powers infernal. Here is one of the 16th century. A poor traveler stopped at an inn near Frankfort, where he was taken ill. Having a little money he gave it to the landlord to keep for him. Having recovered he asks for his money, but the landlord, abetted by his wife, denies having received it. They thrust the traveler out; he clamors at the door for his money, is arrested, imprisoned, tried, and for attempted robbery and raising a disturbance together is sentenced to death, unless he can find some new defense before the court next day. Now the devil comes to him in prison and offers to rescue him if he will give him his soul. The traveler firmly refuses, preferring death. Then the devil says, "Well, keep your soul; but to-morrow, when brought before the judge, you will see a person standing near with a blue cap and feathers. Say then to the judge, 'I am not able to defend myself, but I desire that it shall be done by that individual.'" On the next day the prisoner did as he had been told. The individual with the blue cap made such a powerful speech in his defense that the opinion of the judge was shaken. The blue-capped barrister then demanded that a search should be made in the inn for the money. The inn-keeper hereupon vowed and swore his innocence, and invoked the devil to fly away with him if he had the purse. Whereupon the counsel for the

prisoner dropped his brief and flew away with the inn-keeper through the window.

Another legend in which the devil appears less black than he is commonly painted, relates to the so-called Devil's Bible of Stockholm. Some poor fellow, who seems to have been of a literary turn, fell under ecclesiastical condemnation, and was sentenced to death. Having begged for his life, his judge sneeringly pointed to an enormous blank-book—three times as large as a family Bible—and said, "If you will write that book through to-night, you may live." The judge may have only meant to show the scribe that his literary powers had reached their limit; but the Devil—always held to be friendly to learning—a she-devil,—appeared in this prisoner's cell with the huge book,—and before the cock crew, every page of it was written over in a beautiful handwriting and in good Latin. This strange old book, heavily bound and clasped, required two to lift it to the light, so that I might examine it. The first page is occupied by a portrait of the demon who helped the writer. She is tusked and ugly, and doesn't look like a literary devil; but she wears the colors of the kindly earth. I found the volume to consist chiefly of prescriptions, partly magical partly medicinal, for curing the diseases and avoiding the evils which Satan was generally supposed to cause. It belongs to the 16th century.

I might detain you long with the good things believed of the devil; how he always sticks to his promise; how he will never harm or haunt any one who has a child in his or her arms. Shakespeare (King Lear, Act 3, sc. 4) says, "The Prince of darkness is a gentleman," and pious George Herbert,

"We paint the devil black, yet he
Hath some good in him, all agreed."

Some of the associations which the poor and ignorant people of Germany had with their gods were so tender and so tenaciously clung to, that the church thought it well to adopt them. Thus the god Odin was thought to revisit the fir-tree near the time of his old Yule festival, and those who paid him honor thought they would receive gifts. This became the Christmas Tree, and the god himself was personated coming in with gifts for the children. It was thought best, the tree-god having been demonized, to connect the custom with a saint; and Saint Nicholas was unfortunate enough to be chosen. It was also thought necessary to make the custom more moral. Now Saint Nicholas was the patron of children, as the Boy-Bishop legend

showed; but he was also austere, having, while yet an infant, refused to take maternal nourishment on fast-days. Hence when St. Nicholas came in to give Christmas gifts he instituted a sort of judgment-day among the children. As he was generally a parent or domestic disguised, he evinced a preternatural knowledge of all their little naughtinesses, and he carried with him a demonic servant Klabaut, with a pannier to carry off the bad children after it had yielded its presents to the good ones. The cruelty of this custom has led to its discontinuance in most parts of Germany, and Santaklaus (a word in which St. Nicholas is hid) is a merry character. But the threats of nurses and mammas to little rebels that, when Christmas came, 'old Nicholas would catch them,' has hopelessly impaled the poor saint, and "Old Nick" he is to this day.

As in Germany Satan took on the form of the Teutonic demon, the Wild Huntsman, so among the Latin races he took the shape of Pan, and the fauns and satyrs—half-human, half-goat—who represented to the ancient Romans the vitality and fruitfulness of Nature. These were lusty gods of the wood, whose only crimes were a too warm pursuit of nymphs, and fondness for wine; they were pictured as rollicking, good-natured, and often playing with children. The asceticism of the East was reflected in their transformation into demons of lust,—a transformation which may have been assisted by the fact that a goat-deity (Lev. xvii. 7 שָׂעִיר) had been similarly demonized in the Old Testament. But though these wood-gods at first reflected only the sensuality which the Church regarded as the chief form of temptation, and were invested with all the repulsive legends associated with the ancient *succubi*, gradually they became scape-goats on which all manner of evil was laid. With Pan were incorporated the treachery of Mercury and of the serpents twining on his caduceus; the trident of Neptune was given him for a pitchfork; the malignity of Ahriman was added; and, behold, the horned and hooved devil of modern Europe.

I have already said that the vastness of the concession made to the devil—the recognition of him as the Prince of this world—had the startling effect of leading the people in an age of wretchedness to seek relief of this infernal potentate. The good fathers were much put to it to counteract the pretensions of their rivals, the sorcerers, to obtain advantages in this diabolical way. They

might have circulated the report that as a voice had been heard proclaiming, 'Great Pan is dead,' another had cried, 'The Devil is dead.' But they were hampered by two considerations. The first was, that it seemed dangerous to relieve people from their apprehensions of the Devil. The other was, that they had all along maintained the theory that Satan's reign existed by special contract with Jehovah, represented in the mysterious doctrine of the millennium. When the Archfiend was about to be completely overthrown, he was alleged to have pleaded for some delay in the execution of his sentence, and the continuance of his power was granted until the millennium should set in, when he was to be chained up. There remained then the alternative of belittling the Devil.

Instead of being an acute, powerful, and majestic prince, he must be shown to the people as malignant, indeed, and able to do cruel harm to those foolish enough to expose themselves in his way, but he was stupid, easily outwitted, and so weak that a crucifix rendered him helpless, and a word from a priest put him to flight. This grotesque and stupid figure is the devil which was presented to the people in the miracle-plays, which probably did more than anything else to form the popular religious conceptions of Europe. The stage-devil was a wretched buffoon. He was covered with hair or feathers, his horns as long as arms, mouth wide, long snout, red hair, cloven feet, long tail, and he had a three-pronged fork, besides a wooden club with which he laid about him. He was attended by a clown called Vice, at whose hands he was the chief sufferer. Harsenet (1603) says: "It was a pretty part in the old church plays when the nimble Vice would skip up nimbly like a Jackanapes into the Devil's neck, and ride the Devil a course, and belabor him with his wooden dagger till he made him roar, whereat the people would laugh to see the Devil so Vice-haunted." The Devil and Vice of the miracle-play were so far pretty much the same as the vicious clown and stupid Pantaloon of our Christmas plays. The chief act in which the Devil figured was that in which Christ was represented liberating souls from limbo, on which he would blow a horn to alarm his imps, and when he was shown to be powerless would belabor those imps, to the great amusement of the spectators. This it was 'to play the devil,'—a phrase that marks the degree to which the idea of Satan had been degraded.

These miracle-plays were but moving shows of a kind which were enacted in great church

es. It was common on Ascension Day to elevate to or through cathedral domes the sacred form, and at the same time to pitch out of a high window a dummy devil. Even until recent times part of that tableau has appeared, but the demon no longer, because of the laughter he caused. Thus, in Munich, the people one day found the demon of the Frauenkirche set up in the market-place to be pelted. The devil lingered in the Ammergau Play within this century, but was left out at last because of the farcical character he gave to the performance. But now there had come another danger. If formerly, as Prince of this world, Satan had seemed to have too many gifts at his disposal, now, as the grotesque and stupid Pantaloon 'in fethers and ragges,' he had ceased to become sufficiently formidable for corrective purposes. There grew the proverb, "The devil's an ass." Nay worse, there was heard the phrase 'poor devil,' in this country, and in France Pan rose again as the 'Bon diable,' who still figures on many a house-wall, advertising the bounty of somebody's shop by pouring articles from a horn of plenty. We have never indeed treated the cloven-hoofed fellow so lightly in England. Our Punch gets ahead of the policeman but succumbs to the devil. In the Marionnettes of Paris Punch outwits the devil, but surrenders at last to the policeman.

In the Sistine Chapel, where Michelangelo painted Eve's temptation, giving the serpent the bust and face of the goddess of Beauty, exists also his 'Last Judgment,' in which he has treated the religion of his time as irreverently as the old mythology: he has painted a cardinal enveloped by a serpent, and under a mountain of devils. Not less a degradation of beings once deemed majestic is represented in the most prominent of the devils in that picture. He is painted with ass's ears. So early, then, as 1541 the greatest master of religious art had begun to crack jokes on the devil. That figure is enough to remind us that there was another Last Judgment going on,—a doomsday for all the phantoms of evil which haunted the human imagination. By such processes as I have indicated, they were being rapidly hurled into the abyss of nothingness. Their degradation into grotesque, ridiculous, impossible forms meant annihilation; and with sacred forms annihilation as realities is indicated by their distribution as the superstitions of the ignorant and the mythology of the educated.

The work of turning demons into mythological forms began with Dante. Dante

passes through the Inferno hand-in-hand with Virgil, but there was no torture there which was not as familiar to the pagan as to the Christian poet. All the tortures of Hades' realm, all the monsters of Greek fable, are there, though one demon was added—Satan, the shock of whose mighty fall from heaven bored a hole through the world, making this the pit, and raising the mound of Purgatory on the other side. Dante's Hell represents the blending of the Greek mythology and philosophical order with Christian ethics. Charon has now got fire-coals for eyes, and other forms may be slightly modernized; but the only notable change is in their functions. Kerberos guards the gluttons; the Centaurs guard the brutal tyrants; suicides are changed to bushes in which the Harpies nestle; Geryon tortures the fraudulent. Dante's demons are the physiognomies of pain,—that physical pain which is connected with tusks and talons and stings and fire,—and though these have become connected in his Inferno with moral evil, there is reflected in them the primitive condition of man when his only conception of a demon was some physical evil. But you will perceive that this blending of the classic mythology with a new dogmatic system was but the making of a new mythology, and one which might have an easy transition through poetry into a philosophical translation. Swedenborg studied Dante in Italy, and through him the Inferno was caught up into the mystical age of the North. The Swedish seer abolishes the demons; turns them into mere labels of sins. Satan is not a being but a shape. All the devils in which men have believed are but points of darkness antipodal to points of light. In heaven he finds no preternatural beings, only ascended men and women; in hell he finds only degraded men and women. Swedenborg says that the English generally, after death, go to a heavenly city called London, or to another city, also called London, which is in open communication with Hell, which occasionally swallows them up. It is plain that Swedenborg is but projecting his metaphysics upon the clouds. But what he did was but another form of what was done unconsciously by Milton, consciously by Goethe. If on the stage of the poor strolling miracle-players the devil was reduced to a joke, it was less fatal to actual belief in his existence than his appearance as the dramatic personification of English pride and again as German skepticism. Milton made a complete Christian mythology, the most interesting figure in which is Satan. His Satan is an

English lord of the olden time, proud, self-centered, imperious; he rebels just as many an Earl has rebelled against his King. There is not a form or a heart in his Pandemonium that is not human. I have no doubt that if the speeches of Satan were put into the mouth of some Shakespearian hero, they would be wildly applauded in any of our theaters. The famous line,

"Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven,"

has made many a Saxon heart leap. It is remarkable that the earliest of Anglo-Saxon poets, Cædmon, anticipated the character of Milton's Satan. He represents Satan as next to God the most high and beautiful of beings; but he

"Raised himself against his Maker,
Sought speech of hate,
Words of pride towards him,
Would not serve God,
Said that his body was
Light and beauteous,
Fair and bright of hue;
He might not find in his mind
That he would God in subjection
His Lord serve;
Seemed to himself
That he a power and force
Had greater
Than the holy God
Could have
Of adherents."

As the germ of Milton's Satan was contained in the poem of the Whitby monk of twelve centuries ago, so in a much earlier poem—the Edda—we may detect the germ of Mephistopheles. Loki, beginning as the god of fire, became especially the god of light, and traces of intellectual light appear in him, then seeds of skepticism and of atheism. Loki is the cynic among the gods; picks them to pieces, notes all their weaknesses. That is the essential character of Mephistopheles, as assumed by himself in Goethe's poem—"I am the spirit that evermore denies." It is the shadow of the last days that we see in Mephistopheles; no longer the subtlest of all the beasts of the field, but the subtlest of all the intellects of men. He might be a spark struck out by the first collision between symbolical religion and Nature-worship; but the spark would grow to a flame as the Nature-worship became scientific materialism and the religion gained dogmatic form. But the skepticism which criticises the gods in one age, and denies them in another, will not stop even there. Institutions, customs, nay, the claim of morality itself, will all be challenged and analyzed by an intellect which sees sacred symbols as

painted-paper scenery which only children think real, and ever cuts down to realities though they be dust and ashes. Mephistopheles has put the world and heaven and the human heart into his crucible; reduced them to a little cinder; takes the residuum between his fingers. Is this all?

But it is from the mouth of Mephistopheles as he appears in Goethe's drama that we get the word which most truly points us to the law underlying what we call Evil. To Faust's question, *Who art thou?* he replies: "Part of that Power which produces good even while it devises evil." Emerson says nearly the same: "Evil is good in the making." And Goethe and Emerson have but translated into Western Philosophy that which our ancestral race tried to utter through those gospels of stone which we call idols. Standing before the image of Kali, the female archfiend of India, we see her supported by her husband Siva, who is beneath her feet. She is the bride of Destruction. She is black as the cloud, but not without beauty; she bears in one of her four hands the sword, in another the severed human head; but of her other two hands, though stained with blood, one is extended to soothe, the other is raised in benediction. Evil is then not without a heart of good. This is the personified shadow of the destructive forces of Nature. Has not knowledge attained to the justification of the blood-stained hand raised in benediction? What is it has raised the world; what has trained man's faculties, and given him mastery over nature, but pain? To escape the ever-pursuing destruction, animals gained their wings, acquired their fleetness, attained sagacity, cultured instinct,—each marvelous trait marking a final victory over some foe, but for which foe sloth and stupidity must still have reigned supreme in nature. And when man arrived he was put into the same rough school. Lurking death beset him also,—him, the heir and "sum of every creature's best,"—and on danger his senses were whetted. The wild elements built his house and founded the home in which he was to learn civility. The deadly plant, the deadly fang, made him watchful, then observant, and out of observation came his science. It is said our streets would not have been lighted but for the rogues who hid in their former darkness: but neither would our intellects have been lighted but for yet earlier perils. So passes the earliest demon, the force of destruction,—justified. And in the train of Siva and Kali pass more than half

the demons which we have been considering; the serpent, the wolf, the storm, the frost-giants, the fire-fiends,—they are all the ferocities of nature, in the contest with which man has been educated to his higher powers. But after man has thus been suckled into strength by the she-wolf he so long thought a demon, he confronts another class of evils. These are moral evils. Far longer will the demons which personify these linger. It is not easy to see the advantages of injustice, the compensations of cruelty, of vice, of wrong. The demons of outward evil might be slain; but they rise again to an inward world, there to be types of sin and of the scourges of conscience. One of the most impressive statues surviving from the ancient world is that at the Capitol in Rome, representing a child attacked by a serpent and pressing a dove to her breast. It marks the dawn of conscience. In every innocent child that marble comes to life; in every aspiration that dove nestles again to the breast; in every temptation that serpent renews its attack. The wings of that bird will rise to be the pinions of angels; the coils of that serpent will glitter again in every gainful wrong. For the imagination of mankind will still cause him to dwell amid symbols as realities. But psychological science will change these symbols to phantoms also. The discovery of evolution, which reveals the world ascending by the scourges of pain and fear, enables us to confront moral evil also, and discern its origin and meaning. Showing man to be the topmost product of the animated world, it sees why there should survive in him some of the traits of the serpent and the wolf. It takes a long time for the high human fruit to be detached from the stem of animalism which has borne it. There is no evil trait of human character but has its form of innocence. Cunning walks in the fox, cruelty prowls with the tiger, murder lurks in the cobra; we may chain or slay these things, but not with moral indignation. We may even slay them with a perception of the uses they have subserved in the progress of life. But when the tiger or serpent comes on two feet, with a human face, the moral sentiment is roused; happily, too, for 'tis the main use of villainy that it excites that hostility to it which is the other side of the love of good, just as it was fear of pain and death which stimulated man to prudence and skill. Nevertheless, when the moral sentiment has been further instructed, it will listen with calmness to what science has to say of the brain; it will

recognize that there are circumstances under which the development of the brain cannot at some points get beyond the phase of the fox-brain or the wolf-brain. Men are more philosophical than they think, when they call a man a donkey or a calf or a bear, or a snake in the grass. The devil is very properly pictured with hoof and horns and claws. This survival of animalism into human nature must indeed continue to share

the mystery of our whole nature; but I doubt not that as the diabolism which once seemed to explain it more and more declines, restraint and reformation rather than vengeance will animate our punishments. Nor, as I think, will justice suffer when the judge sees in the criminal the victim of an arrested development instead of one 'instigated by the Devil.'

MOTHER GOOSE.*



LITTLE BO-PEEP.

If the American novelist be yet unchristened, and the American dramatist still linger in the Lethæan mansions of souls unborn, our national Homer has lived and died, and the long line of descent must follow duly. Very properly, considering the changed conditions of the age, this Yankee Melesigenes was a woman. The Greek, heir of long ages of national existence, caught up and made immortal the legends and ballads which grew out of the childhood of his nation. The Puritan, born of a people without a national childhood, wove together the heroic poems of the actual children. And the one record bids fair to be immortal as the other.

* The illustrations of this article are taken, by permission, from *National Nursery Rhymes*—set to music by J. W. Elliott, and published by Novello, Ewer & Co., New York.

Out of a life, stern and grim and colorless, sprang these deep-hued growths of mother-love. In an age of grown-up levity they would have been impossible, or even in an age of fancy like our own, when Shakespeare and Bunyan are cut down to infantile stature, and incontinently rejected, it is a pleasure to say, by the small critics, who maintain a healthy preference for Mother Goose. It is easy to see how the legends grew. Those were days when babies who could not sit alone were haled to meeting, and propped up in little wooden cages at the mother's elbow. Ministers came in person all too often to catechise children at home. It was upon the statute-books that children might be put to death who "cursed their orderly parents" after the age of sixteen. Toil and godliness were all of life. Children were reared on the



THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN.

sincere milk of the word. Fiction savored of hell. Folk-lore and church-legend were alike rejected as impious or papistical, and the stern Puritans substituted for the saints' names which smacked of idolatry the titles of Sir Peter, Sir Thomas or Sir Paul. The *Bay Psalm-Book* held all the verses permitted to be sung and the ten tunes wherein all psalmody was set.

When the wide-eyed baby would not be hushed to sleep with those dismal cadences, when the toddlers turned, hungry, from the catechism to the brooding motherhood that was all the tenderer because it dared not deny the doctrine of infant damnation, then

what befell? Why, this. That as the grave father went his rounds in the twilight, gun in hand, to see that all was well within the stockade, the grave mother forbore a little while to croon,

"Let children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of o-o-old,"

and sang instead, half out of her housewifely thoughts that followed the goodman, and half idly,

"Little Betty Pringle had a little pi-i-g,
Little Betty Pringle ha-ad a lit-tle pig."

It would be only in answer to the prosaic



JACK AND JILL.



SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

questionings of the audience, who, child-fashion, must be resolved as to the cubic contents of this delightfully unexpected animal, that the second line would sing itself, not as a necessary rhyme, but as a necessary groping after a measurement exact enough to satisfy the infant Gradgrinds. And, lo, one canto of an immortal poem had enriched the world!

"Little Betty Pringle had a little pig,
It wasn't very little, and it wasn't very big."

Conjecture is idle as to how many times, by how many mothers, in how many twilights, to how many spellbound children, the tale was told before it grew into this perfect and pathetic history,

"Little Betty Pringle had a little pig,
It wasn't very little, and it wasn't very big.

When it was alive
It lived in the clover,
But now it's dead,
And that's all over.

Johnny Pringle, he
Sat down and cried,
Betty Pringle, she
Lay down and died.

And there's an end
Of one, two, three!
Johnny Pringle, he,
Betty Pringle, she,
And Piggy Wig-gee."

Here is the parallel, quite sufficiently close, to the Homeric literature; the simplicity, the reality, the slow accretions, the elegiac quality of the strain. And as the earlier myths were the poetic statement of natural phenomena, accepted literally by the hearers, these modern tales of enchantment may have been allegories full of significance to the domestic bards who sang them, though plainest fact to the undeveloped minds for which they were made. When the scientific method of inquiry shall be applied to Mother Goose, as it has been to Homer and Shakespeare, there is little doubt that subtle meanings will inhere in the Three Wise Men of Gotham, in Mistress Mary, and in the Cow that Jumped over the Moon.

Heaven knows that they needed to "wreak themselves upon expression," these dear, dead ancestresses of ours. When we remember gratefully, at pilgrim dinners and anniversary meetings in Boston, what the Puritan fathers endured for conscience' sake, we are apt to forget that the Puritan mothers not only willingly shared their hardships, but patiently endured alone that greatest hardship, the Puritan fathers. To turn a little while from these "pious and painful" husbands, and have delicious confidences of unprofitable nature with the delighted babies, to taste the sweetness of bread eaten in secret, what must not this have been to women every act of whose lives was ordered in the sight of God's saints?

It is curious to see how the very baldness and hardness of their lives impressed itself on their lyrics. There is positively no humor in them, almost no imagination, and this, their literary defect, commends them to the child-mind, which resents literary art. There is the song of the four-and-twenty black-birds, for example. When the pie is opened they all begin—to sing! Could there be more lame and impotent conclusion? No poet would have entertained so prosaic a climax. The story of Jack and Gill is equally bald. Nothing could be less fanciful than the legend of Bo-Peep. And if the justice which overtakes Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son, be poetic, it is the only poetic element of the story.

It is commonly said that children love the melodies of Mother Goose because they are such fantastical nonsense. In reality, however, this is precisely the quality which children do not find in these illustrious annals. To them, the absurdities are literal facts, the impossibilities are necessities. And as healthy children are neither analysts nor humorists, they get in Mother Goose a foretaste of Froissart or Holinshed, and are happy. The funny sayings and doings of children which tickle our midriffs are not in the least funny to them, and if you attempt to entertain them with the bright sayings of each other, they look at you as if they had asked bread and gotten a stone.

As it never occurred to the average Greek to believe or disbelieve the marvelous history of Agamemnon or Achilles, so it never occurs to the average baby to doubt the adventures of the Little Crooked Man, or the happiness of Jacky Horner. It is only by the mature mind that the imagination is seen to glorify the world. To the child and to childish peoples, bald literalness is the only pleasure.

The whirligig of time turns round and brings in his revenges. The songs of wandering Homer tempt and baffle the best scholarship of the modern world. The dog-eared acting plays of the manager of the Globe Theater, London, stand in reputable russia-leather in sober parsons' libraries to wile them from their Henry and their Lange. Tinker Bunyan's shilling tract, in pomp of parchment and glitter of gold, forgets in the parlor its birth in a prison. Mother Goose herself, rising from a six-penny pamphlet with daubs of red and green for pictures, appears in illuminated covers, dainty in paper, beautiful with drawings by the Dalziels, Grisct, Wiegand, and a score more clever artists, and, above all, set to music!

There is not a prettier book to be found. And yet—and yet! We fogies who still sigh for the good old days of stage-coaching cannot see this constant removing of the ancient landmarks of our fathers without a pang.



THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Fine clothes are coming to be so common and so necessary, that we seem to be in some danger of forgetting to have something still finer inside the clothes. To be sure Mother Goose will always be greater than her conditions. But it would be a pity that any coming generation of babies should care

more for her gauds than for her honest homeliness. Let us be comforted, however, with the wisdom of the Maid of the Moor, worthy even to have emanated from Mother Goose herself :

“For what’s impossible can’t be,
And very seldom comes to pass.”

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Our English Visitors.

WE count it a happy event that on the heels of the Geneva award we have the privilege of welcoming to our shores a number of eminent Englishmen, and of showing by our treatment of them the absence from our hearts of all national animosity. We think that all of them must be convinced by this time that America recognizes the ties of blood that bind us together, and that all our government has sought in the settlement of our international differences has been simple justice. Our best people have thronged to do honor to these men with a heartiness entirely foreign to the suggestions of policy. Their greeting has been as spontaneous, as sincere, and as enthusiastic as if these strangers were all Americans who, in some foreign field, had been winning for American honor and fame the greatest heroic achievements. They are recognized as friends and benefactors. Mr. Froude has explored the fields of English history for us, and his pictures of great historic characters adorn all our walls. Mr. Tyndall has discovered and speculated for us. Mr. MacDonald has raised the windows and thrown wide the doors of British life that we may see, and interpreted to us its meanings and tendencies with a voice that has taught and inspired us. We have all been made rich by these men, and when they come to us we forget that they are only cousins and take them to our hearts as brothers.

It is a good thing, too, that they have come to us, that we may learn how simple, how unpretending and how pure true greatness is. In a country abounding with wealth and garish with its display, it is instructive to witness the simplicity of eminent scholarship. Even among men whose only possession is wealth, there is an unconscious reverence for brains and culture and great literary achievements. These are things that money cannot buy. In their presence the money-maker and the money-holder stand powerless and dumb. Their gold is exchangeable for equipage and fine houses. It can spread costly feasts and rear to itself costly monuments. It can bedizen itself, or it can unselfishly feed the hungry and clothe the naked, but it cannot purchase learning or genius, or the power of teaching and leading and inspiring the world with ideas. So wealth bows to scholarship and feels honored in taking its hand and sheltering its head; and while it does this it learns how modestly

the holders of unpurchasable wealth entertain their possessions. The rich man, who can only compel people to look at him at all by flaunting his four-in-hand upon the avenue, sees a humble man upon the platform to whom the people bend in honor, or listen with eager ears, and learns how vulgar is all his display. The exhibition is one which holds before our money-seeking people a standard of excellence, and acquisition that cannot fail to do us all good. It is something to be a Vanderbilt, an Astor, or a Stewart, but these men, placed in company with MacDonald, Tyndall and Froude, would find, even in this money-loving country of ours, that brains carry off all the desirable social honors. So there is something better than wealth; and we know and realize it anew and emphatically in the presence of these visitors.

There is still another reason why it is good for these men to be here. They will have an opportunity of learning America for themselves. America has arrived at that position which enables her, with some degree of complacency, to desire that her neighbors study her. We believe in our own institutions. We believe that a remarkable national life is in progress of development under them. We believe that our purposes are good and that our sentiments are just, and we know that our people are prosperous and happy. We know, too, that it is impossible for an Englishman to realize at home the progress that has been made in America. He has lived all his life in an old country, with buildings around him which were old when the *Mayflower* fronted Plymouth Rock; and this country of forty millions has sprung into existence since. He cannot, therefore, dissociate the country from the ideas of youthfulness and rawness. He cannot realize, when away from here, that our civilization is a part of his own, and that it is the product of a continuous stream of English life flowing under other skies—that it began in America where it left off in England, with all the gathered force of the centuries of European civilization. Something of this youthfulness and rawness there undoubtedly is, but it is less than he naturally supposes. We are glad to have him learn this with his own keen eyes; and, more than this, we are glad to have him our friend. This we are sure he cannot fail to become, and in the years that lie before us we shall have need of him to explain

to his countrymen the difficulties which beset us in the great task of assimilating to our life the multiplied nationalities that come to make their home with us.

Col. Higginson, at the Froude dinner in this city, related a suggestive incident which occurred during a walk with Mr. Froude and Mr. Carlyle in Hyde Park. Some street children were playing upon the grass, and one little Arab approached Mr. Carlyle and said: "Please, Mister, can we roll on this 'ere grass?"—"Ay, boy," said Mr. Carlyle, heartily, "roll at discretion." In like manner Col. Higginson flung open our whole green country and bade the great historian "roll at discretion." We echo the eloquent Colonel's words, and extend them not only to Mr. Froude but to all his eminent compatriots now upon our soil. There is nothing that the American desires so much as that they shall see everything in his country, and come into contact with the friendly hearts of our people everywhere. Indeed we do not intend to permit them to return to their homes until they have ceased to know whether they are themselves American or English, or whether we are English or American.

The Rascals of Wall Street.

LET us suppose a little community living by itself. It is composed of merchants, mechanics, farmers, and laborers, in all the variety of the humbler callings. Among these are three men of great wealth which has been acquired in fortunate ventures and sharp business transactions—wealth so great that they can command so much ready money that, upon the way in which they handle it, depends the prosperity of the community. They can lock it all up, and so take out of circulation the medium by which exchanges are made and business facilitated between the other members of the community, or they can loan it at remunerative rates of interest. If they are good citizens and friendly neighbors, the merchant can borrow money of them so that he can supply his customers with goods and wait for his returns from the consumers. The manufacturer can borrow money of them by which he can buy his raw material and pay his hands, and so bridge over the time that he must wait for returns from his market. The employes, being punctually paid for their labor, can pay the farmers for their produce, and in this way and in a thousand other ways the facilities of exchange are furnished, so that the whole community goes along prosperously.

The ability of these capitalists to secure good interest for all their loose funds is undoubted. They could lend all they have and more too, but they are not content with this. So they put their wicked heads together and agree to withdraw from circulation all the ready money in their hands and all, they can get, for the simple purpose of producing public distress, in order that out of it they may increase their profits. The merchant can get nothing with which to pay his maturing liabilities. The manufacturer can get nothing with which to purchase raw material and re-

ward his laborers. The farmers and the laborers, dependent upon the prosperity of the larger industries, are deprived of the means of living, for they have nothing with which to pay the merchant for the necessities of life. Everybody in the community is in distress. The farmer, whose farm is mortgaged to one of these capitalists, fails to pay his interest or to make his stipulated payments on the principal, and the mortgage is foreclosed. The merchant, who has laid by a few thousand dollars of valuable stocks, is compelled to sell to them at a ruinous discount from their real value, in order to save himself from failure. Here and there one who is too weak to bear the strain goes under, and loses entirely that which should have been the nucleus of a fortune. Honest men and women are distressed by the effort to provide bread and clothing for their innocent children. There are but three houses in the whole community into which the trouble does not enter. In these there is laughing and feasting and congratulation, for into these pours the wealth wrung from the very heart's-blood of the people. They eat and drink that which other hands have earned. They glory in the power of blasting all the hopes and ruining the peace and prosperity of all the homes around them. They fatten on the public calamity which they voluntarily and of deliberate purpose produce.

Are these men public enemies, or are they good citizens? Are they men who should be greeted by the courtesies of the community, or are they rascals whom no Christian gentleman can recognize without personal degradation and disgrace? Are they honorable business men, or are they robbers so base that they should be hooted out of the community? Is their deed one whit whiter or their motive one whit better than that of the midnight burglar or the sly pick-pocket? Not at all. They could not frame and execute an act in the whole range of possible immorality more selfish, more cruel, more base, more cowardly, more unpatriotic, more un-Christian, more inhuman than this. It is tyranny against the weak, cruelty toward the innocent, oppression of the helpless, robbery of the defenseless, and all for the base purpose of increasing wealth already too large.

We have supposed this simple case in order to illustrate to the people the measures that have been instituted and executed in Wall Street recently. There probably never was a finer harvest in America than that which has rewarded the labors of the husbandman during the past year. All kinds of business have been in a fair state of prosperity. Money has been sufficiently plenty. Building has been going on everywhere. The farmers have been paid, the laborers have been paid, manufacturers have been prosperous, and merchants have been doing well. The public debt has been diminishing every month by millions. The public funds have been in demand at good prices, at home and abroad. We have been at peace with all the world, and we are likely to remain so. There has not been a single cloud upon the financial

horizon. In the midst of all this prosperity and peace and popular comfort, a group of unprincipled men organized a gigantic scheme for withdrawing from circulation, and locking up, an immense sum of money, with which the country had been doing its business. The consequence was immediate stringency of the money market, and immediate distress. Stocks were sacrificed. Feeble houses went by the board. Every bank throughout the whole country felt the shock, and tightened up its credits. Country banks that had been in the habit of drawing against deposits of New York bills not matured, were shut off from that resort and privilege. Every interest was depressed in the exact degree in which the facilities for doing business had been withdrawn. All this trouble, let it be remembered, was produced by a few men for the simple purpose of making money out of it. This distress was precisely what they aimed at. Their project would have miscarried entirely if they had not produced it. Not one dollar have they made out of it that was not forced from unwilling hands without an equivalent. If they had presented a pistol at the heads of their victims, and said, "Your money or your life," and secured their booty in that way, they would not have compelled the surrender of what was not theirs any more truly than they did by the mode of compulsion which they deliberately and in cold blood selected.

Now what are we to say of these men, and how are they to be regarded? That they have committed a great and unprovoked outrage upon the community, there is no question. They have robbed the rich, they have destroyed the weak, they have distressed the poor, they have obstructed the public prosperity, they have clogged the wheels of the national industry, and all for the purpose of forcing an unearned current of profit into their own pockets, already gorged by gains questionably gotten. If this is not outrage and robbery in the eye of the law, it is not because it is not both of these in the eyes of all honest men through whose pure, clear vision God sends his own look through the world.

In a community where tricks of this sort are not uncommon, the tendency is to become blind to their moral aspects. Indeed, there is a kind of admiration of these gigantic swindles, and the bold bad men who stand behind them. Instead of turning the back upon them as rascals, who have hopelessly disgraced and blackened themselves, a very low bow is made to them, or to the power they bear. Instead of counting them out of respectable society, affiliation with them is deemed desirable, and their position is regarded as one to be coveted. Wall Street holds a thousand men who would be glad to do just what these men have done. We are having all the time corners in money, corners in stocks, corners in grain, corners in everything. The largest and worst gambling hell in the United States is Wall Street, and the games played there—not one whit better than those which are played at Baden, or Monaco, or Saratoga—

are more dangerous than all, because they are carried on under the protection of the law. We have no protection from them except in arousing the moral sense of the community against them, and in the social proscription of all engaged in them. These men are not beyond shame. They do not like to stand alone; but so long as their power is courted, and their society sought by those who lay claim to decency,—so long as their acuteness is admired, and their success coveted, the whole community is at their mercy, whose tenderest quality is unmitigated cruelty.

Good Manners.

MR. JAMES JACKSON JARVES, in a late number of *The Independent*, has an exceedingly interesting and well-written paper on "Fine Manners as a fine Art." It is written from the stand-point of an artist, and relates mainly to the aesthetic element in manners. We do not propose to criticise it, and we allude to it only to point out and emphasize the distinction between good manners and fine manners. A manner may be fine without being good, and good without being fine. It may also be good and fine at the same time. The manner of an aristocrat, who looks down upon every nine persons in ten whom he may happen to meet, may be fine, but it is not good. The manner of a Frenchman—a member of the Latin race, which Mr. Jarves praises—may be fine, but it is not good, because it is not based in that profound respect for woman without which all fine manners exhibited in his intercourse with her are no better than an insult.

And this brings us to the only point we choose to make in this article. A catholic love of humanity, and a genuine respect for its rights, is the only sound basis for good manners. A tender and pure regard for woman, added to this among men, furnishes all the spring and impulse necessary for the best and finest forms of politeness. It is not necessary to go to the Latin peoples, with their traditions of art and their æsthetic culture; it is not necessary to see countries where classes are recognized and manners take the form and are shaped to the arbitrary rules of etiquette; it is not necessary to study manuals of social usage, or sit at the feet of Mr. Turveydrop, in order to learn good manners, provided a man thoroughly respect his fellow, and find himself possessed of that sentiment toward woman which makes her his ideal and his idol. Without this respect and this love, there is nothing more hollow and worthless than fine manners. They become, in this case, simply the disguise of an egoist more or less base and contemptible.

We know that it is quite common to attribute fine manners to the Latin peoples as a characteristic. That their forms of politeness are graceful and picturesque is not to be denied. There is more of the show of courtesy among the common people, and more of what may be called gallantry in the treatment of women, than among the Saxons and the Celts; but a form of courtesy which is a form of fawning for a

purpose, and a gallantry which originates in sensuality, are neither fine manners nor good manners. The French have been for many years regarded as the politest nation of the earth. The French capital is looked upon as the very home and high court of fine manners; yet there is probably not a city in the world that entertains so little respect for women as Paris, or that is so thoroughly permeated by distrust. The Frenchman does not trust the Frenchwoman, nor does she trust him. His treatment of her, though fine enough in its manner, is dictated by that which is base in him. It has the look of gold, but both he and she know that it is only lacquer. France is full of fine manners, but we should never think of looking in France for good manners. Any man who has traveled there knows that they who bow lowest to him will cheat him worst, and that underneath a fine exterior and a show of self-depreciation and outgoing deference and respect, there lives and dominates a selfishness that is hideous and hateful.

As we are in the habit of praising the Frenchman's politeness, so are we in the habit of speaking very contemptuously of the manners of the characteristic American. That in the lower forms of American social life there is much that is rude and uncouth is admitted; but it is also claimed that, in some respects, the American is the best-mannered man living. He is never quarrelsome, his whole education has made him careful to respect the rights of those around him, and he entertains a regard for woman which the characteristic representative of no other nation shares with him. The theory on which the institutions of his country are founded, and the influence of those institutions upon him since the day of his birth, are favorable to the development in him of that respect for the rights of all men which is essential as the basis of good manners. In no country but America can a woman, unattended, travel wheresoever she will without insult, or the danger of insult. There are no coun-

tries in the world in which a woman traveling alone would travel in so much danger as in those most noted for fine manners.

American society is comparatively new. We have very little among us that is traditional. The national style of manners is in a formative state; but we certainly possess the basis for good manners in a pre-eminent degree. We are a good-natured, facile people, not ungraceful, and certainly not lacking in self-possession. We have need only to respect ourselves a little more, cease looking across the water for models, and give as graceful an expression as we can to our sentiments toward universal man and woman, to become the acknowledged possessors of good manners.

Fine manners will not become universal and characteristic of American life for many years. The absorption of the American mind in the development of the material resources of the country, in the prosecution of its industrial interests, and in the pursuit of wealth, forbids that æsthetic culture whose natural outgrowth is fine manners. Good manners, which we already possess, and for which we hold the only legitimate and reliable basis, need simply to be refined. The refinement of good manners will not come to us through the pursuit of "fine manners as a fine art," but they will come as a natural outgrowth of general æsthetic culture. As the nation becomes more refined, manners will be only one of the forms and modes through which the growing idea of that which is graceful and beautiful will express itself. The man who feels finely will act finely, provided he mingle sufficiently in society to act freely. There is no value in any form of fine art without fine feeling, and there must be something better than the character of the typical Latin on which to base a style of manners worth possession or emulation. Manners pursued as an art, for their own sake, will become artificial, and thus react upon character in a very disagreeable and dangerous way.

THE OLD CABINET.

I NOTICED a curious expression on the face of my *vis-à-vis* on the ferryboat this morning. I have seen it on other faces, under similar circumstances, and it never fails to interest me greatly. It is a constrained, intense smile, surging up to the imminent verge of explosion, and always accompanies the appreciation of a humorous saying not intended for the hearer's ears. In this case the person to whom the story was told seemed to be rather bored than otherwise—although he cachinnated conventionally out of courtesy to his companion. It was his neighbor who was convulsed, and who had finally to get up and walk to the other end of the cabin in order to conceal his merriment. Yet I am sure he would not have thought it so consumedly funny if he had been compelled to listen.

My acquaintances, the B.'s, brought with them from

Europe two photographs about which we have had a good deal of discussion. They are of two smooth-shaven men, priests it might be thought, one of whom is in an agony of laughter—head thrown back, mouth wide open, teeth a-glisten, cheeks in ecstatic wrinkles, eyes choked, eye-glasses twinkling, veins almost bursting; while the other looks up with a smile from his book. The questions are: Which said it? Is it the laughter's 'point,' or the smiler's? Has that one 'pinked' this; or has this one read it out of his book to the other; or is the real wit's face unrepresented? I prefer my own theory to any I have yet heard advanced. I believe that a profound meaning underlies the seeming levity of subject. The artist has undertaken to illustrate the philosophy of indirection. Some one, to whom the Padre of the book has not

had the honor of an introduction, has been cracking a theological nut with the Padre of the eye-glasses; it is an exceeding good nut,—opening with a snap, and full of meat. The priest who shares it is, as one should say, tickled to death; but really the deepest appreciation and keenest enjoyment of the thing remains with the priest whose attention has been surprised in the midst of his pater-nosters. You are startled and amused by the laugh,—you can almost hear the loud guffaw; but you carry the smile away with you,—it is perfectly irresistible—the very oil of gladness,—all the more tingling and pervasive and memorable from the evident sense of impropriety and effort at suppression.

As with a joke, so with a friend that you want to affect another favorably, you must be chary of your trumpeting. I want to tell you the funniest thing—I want to introduce to you the most charming person; those who are wise do not begin this way. Many an excellent sermon has been lost to me by the enthusiasm of a devoted member of the preacher's congregation—and I have seldom enjoyed one so much as that of last Sunday, in the little Swede's Church, to which we sauntered over the hills through the golden autumn morning. My good host had not said: On the other side of the river, is a wonderful preacher from a great city; let us go and hear that son of Thunder! No, it was only: The day is bright and beautiful, let us put the town and its people, the church with its steeple, behind us, and make our pilgrimage to the quaint old chapel that nestles in the valley yonder. So I was not prepared for the originality, the strength, the height of thought, the sturdy eloquence that was outrolled and uplifted in the wayside temple. I remember very well the first time that the fullness of the beauty of the Episcopal liturgy was borne in upon me: not at Trinity, amid all the pomp and pageantry of the ritual,—the grandeur of gown and surplice, the solemnity of intoning, the ecstasy of music, the awe of architecture,—but in the parlor of a remote seaside boarding-house, where the old admiral read, and we the congregation responded; where there was no organ, no priest, no sermon—but where every heart-word stood forth in severe and naked majesty. It was like catching an inverted glimpse of some grand but too familiar landscape.

I was led the other day to a book, by happening upon some delicious quotation from it in the newspaper—and Theodosia said: That is the very thing I have been poking at you for the last six months. I have a perennial desire to make up volumes of selections from my favorite authors—and if there is any class of literature I abominate, it is just this. I always mark my own books, but it makes me mad to come upon other people's marks in reading. It simply breaks the points, and squeezes out the juice, and raises a devil of opposition in my very soul.

It is with books as with other good things; they come to us when we are ripe for them.

I suppose I never had a pleasanter voyage than one day last summer, when I attempted to go over to the city by an unaccustomed ferry. The boat pushed out into the stream, but, instead of starting straight for the opposite shore, it turned its face toward the north, and, as I supposed, deliberately set out on a trip up the Hudson! There was no help for me. The captain was not likely to put back for my accommodation, and the nearest bank was hardly within jumping distance. So I determined to make the best of it, and, going forward, adjusted myself as comfortably as possible on the chain that swings between the posts. The sky was of unspotted blue, the morning air was cool and bracing; a spirit of recklessness seized me. Scores of times I had passed over these very waters: I knew every inlet, every hill, every house on the Jersey side, yet not to ancient Hendrik himself, on that first immemorial voyage in the *Half-Moon*, did these shores wear a stranger or more lovely aspect; nor did a wilder heart of adventure beat then in the bosom of the discoverer of a New World. A singular phase of the experience was the feeling that all on board—even the old woman with her market-basket who sat on the cleat and stared through the railing at the Elysian Fields—shared with me this sense of newness, this reckless spirit of emprise. I was sorry when, instead of taking us to the Zuyder-Zee, the boat headed at last for New York, and landed us at Twenty-third street.

When you are climbing a mountain, they tell you not to look out till you have reached the summit. But rather let me miss the vaunted 'view' from the mountain top than the exquisite dizzying glimpses between the trees, stolen on the toilsome upward path. It is well for Niagara that it hides itself in a ditch.

This is the charm of Indian summer that, though we have reason to expect it, it is always a surprise; and this the subtler charm of those June days that stray to us, lost children of the summer, in bleak January.

The autumn that now is, they say, has not hung out such blazonry of color as many others that have gone before. But because of the somber background the individual trees and groups of trees in which the hidden alchemy has worked a wondrous show, shine forth with all the greater luster and loveliness. I have never before noticed, in the autumn landscape, such sharp and sudden glories of gold and crimson; nor ever such delicate pearly-grays. Lives with the most color in them are not always the happiest.

I never heard music with so little satisfaction as one night at a grand operatic combination occasion, when there were half a dozen stars on the stage—and, bless you! I guess both of us have wept more than once at some scrap of a song heard in the street, or on a ferryboat. I have tried to bring on a lively sensation of fear by visiting ghostly garrets and lonely graveyards, at the very midnight hour. But I never experienced such a panic of fear as came upon me unawares at about ten o'clock one evening of last sum-

mer, when I had gone in alone to bathe not a stone's-throw from our sea-side home. A great yellow moon came up,—suddenly, it seemed to me,—from over the distant low-lying eastern hills and, fixing its evil gaze full upon me, froze my inmost soul with horror. The water, I thought, turned lurid green and slimy, while a hundred monsters slowly lifted their heads along the awful pathway that led directly toward me from that dragon in the skies. I ran from the water, like a coward from battle, shivering in every fiber.

If fear is a tricky spirit, then much more is pleasure. The preachers are ever harping on that, as if we of the world didn't know it better than they! We set forth to have a good time. Perhaps we have it—but it is apt to come principally from the little unforeseen delights on the way. I have a friend whose philosophy of life is, never to expect any good. He is one of the happiest men I know.

Have you not had a day in which the heaviest grasshopper was no burden, in which, though some things went wrong, still there was a strange sense of elation, arising from you knew not what—you knew not till, on your way home, you tried to think what it could mean? Why, of course, some little piece of good fortune that came to you in the early morning—a gleam of sunshine that fell on your path and was forgotten—yet, reflected into the secret chamber of your soul, there all day it lay, filling the place with a light from heaven.

The way of indirection is all the more grateful nowadays, because there is so much preaching and practicing of its opposite. The newspaper columns of 'literary notices,' in which they quote and comment upon the fine evanishing thoughts of the subtlest writers, are capped with staring, alliterative head-lines, as though there had been a fire or a banquet. And if they want you to come and buy a cozy little home-lot, where you can be happy forever with your—Theodora, shall I say?—they get a brass-

band, and run gaudily-flagged excursion trains and stages straight to the spot.

No wonder, then, that this noisy and flamboyant directness leads some gentle souls to the loving revilement of beautiful and beloved things—to say of a glorious scene that they hate it; or of a dear friend that he is a pagan wretch.

... But in order that the full virtue of indirection may be experienced, the soul must be in a hospitable mood withal. Therefore the curious, constant apparition of a word to which your attention has been lately for the first time called; therefore the crowding of illustrations into the mind of one who writes on any subject; therefore the comprehension that lags long after the reading of an obscure passage, but which comes at last with a flash.

Tischendorf would not have happened upon the precious MS. in a waste-basket, had he not wandered to the foot of Sinai in the sacred search.

I have closed the door of my room when I have known my friend was coming, that it might be opened by the hand dearest to me in all the world.

I was looking, the other afternoon, for the sunset glow through the thick of the western woods;—how did I know that, hidden from me there, it should be revealed in the mirror of the lake below?

The evening star trembles and hides from him
Would pierce its faint soul with imperious stare;
Yet, to the averted eye, lo unawares
It shines serene, no longer shy and dim.
O slow and sweet its chalice to the brim
Fills the leaf-shadowed grape with rich and rare
Cool sunshine, caught from the white circling air!
Home from his armed quest to the round world's rim—
Through lonesome lands, through wildering seas and vex,—
At last the holy grail blessed Launfal's sight.

Even so when fell thy supreme loss, dear next
Of soul, life of my life, all day the fight
Raged with a pitiless, dumb God. Perplexed
I slept. He leaned and told me in the night.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Chemistry as a Means of Education.

IN an address before the Chemical Section of the British Association, the chairman, Dr. Gladstone, said: "While the correlation of the Natural Sciences renders it desirable that the votary of one should have some general acquaintance with the rest, the correlation of all knowledge shows that no education can be complete which ignores the study of nature. A mind fed only on one particular kind of lore, however excellent that kind may be, must fail of proper nourishment. I am not going to say a word against philological studies; I am too fond of them myself for that; and I could wish that the modern languages were taught more, and the classic languages were taught better, than they are at present. What I do contend for is, that Chemistry (or some cognate branch of Science)

should have an honored place in the education of every English lady and gentleman. I say purposely 'an honored place,' for at present where Chemistry is introduced we too often find the idea latent which was expressed by one principal of a lady's college, who told a friend of mine that he was to give the girls a course of pretty experiments; but she did not expect him to teach them anything, and we know that when boys repeat chemical experiments at home it is looked upon as an amusement, a philosophical one, no doubt, but rather objectionable, inasmuch as they spoil their mother's towels and singe their own eyebrows.

"Of course some knowledge of Chemistry is indispensable for a large number of manufactures and for the medical profession, while it is extremely valu-

able to the farmer, the miner and the engineer. It will also be readily granted that information about the air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we live upon, the fuel we burn, and the various common objects we handle, must be of service to every man. But we are met by the advocates of the old system of education with the remark that the value of school-teaching does not depend so much upon the information given as upon the mental training. This we admit; though it seems to me that if the same training can be secured by two studies, the one of which (like the making of Latin verses) gives no information at all, and the other (like chemical analysis) imparts useful knowledge, we should prefer the latter. But I hold that as a means of educating the mental faculties, Chemistry, *faithfully taught*, has in many respects the advantage over literary studies. There is superabundant scope for the exercise of the memory; the powers of observation are developed by it to a wonderful degree; the reasoning powers may be well disciplined on the philosophy of chemical change, or the application of the laws of Dalton, Mitscherlich, and Avogadro; while the imagination may be cultivated by the attempt to form a conception of the ultimate particles of matter, with their affinities and atomicities, as they act and react upon one another under the control of the physical forces."

Are the Wants of Men Identical?

FROM the address of Col. Fox before the Subsection on Anthropology of the British Association we extract the following observations on this subject:—"It is said that the wants of man being identical, and the means of supplying those wants by external nature being alike, like causes would produce like effects in many cases. There can be little doubt that many remarkable analogies have arisen in this manner, especially amongst the very variable myths, customs, religions, and even languages of savage races, and that it would be dangerous to assume connection to have existed except in cases where a continuous distribution of like arts can be traced. Nor can it fairly be said that the wants of mankind are alike in all cases; for, if we adopt the principle of evolution, it is evident that the wants of man must have varied in each successive stage of progress, diminished culture being associated with reduced wants, thus carrying us back to a condition of man, in which, being analogous to the brutes, he could scarcely be said to have any wants at all of an intellectual or progressive character."

Work and Wages.

POLITICAL economy professes to be a science based on observation. With this principle in view Mr. Thomas Brassey has collected facts concerning work and wages from the books and subordinates of an employer of vast experience. In the volume in which his results are presented to the public he advocates the liberal reward of labor on the ground that the laborer is thereby enabled to buy more nutritious food and

consequently accomplish a greater amount of work. The agricultural laborer, he says, with his wages doubled, and thereby enabled to obtain animal food, may be trained into a "navvy" who will do three or four times the work of the common laborer. Mr. Brassey also advocates the reduction in the number of hours, and in support cites statistics to show that overworked men do not accomplish as much as those who are worked to a reasonable extent; "besides," he adds, "a man who cannot work himself out in eight hours is not a good workman." One of the great expenses of modern days being the cost of machinery and buildings, Mr. Brassey thinks the true economy is to get the work out of these, and by employing two sets of men for eight hours each, thereby keep the factory in full operation for sixteen hours instead of ten, or by three companies of men the machines might be operated for the whole twenty-four hours.

While thus advocating an advance in wages, and reduction in time to eight hours, Mr. Brassey shows that trades-unions have accomplished nothing permanent in the way of advance in wages, and that while wages in England have remained at the same figure, they have risen from twenty to thirty per cent. in European States and over one hundred per cent. in India, where trades-unions do not exist.

Telegraphing by Sound through Water.

IN 1828 Sturm and Colladon made a series of experiments at Lake Geneva, Switzerland, to determine the rate of transmission of sound through water. The sounds were produced by striking a bell suspended from a boat at a suitable depth in the water, while the observers were stationed in another boat at a distance and received the sonorous impressions through a long metallic tube, the lower end of which was closed by a membrane and immersed at a considerable depth in the water. In these experiments the bell weighed about one hundred and thirty pounds and the sound was heard at a distance of about 14,000 yards.

During the recent siege of Paris the attempt was made to obtain telegraphic communication with the provinces by this device of transmission of sound through water, and the Minister of Public Works confided the necessary experiments to M. Lucas, who reports the following results: The experiments were conducted as in the former instance and made in the River Seine. Two bells were employed, one of about eighty pounds and the other of seven hundred pounds weight. In the case of the first the sound was transmitted to a distance of about 1,800 yards, while in the case of the second or larger bell only to 1,500 yards. There was therefore no advantage gained by the increase in the size of the bell—in fact there was a loss. The great diminution in the distance to which the sound was conveyed in his experiments is accredited by M. Lucas to want of depth in the waters of the Seine as compared with those of Lake Geneva.

Foretelling Magnetic Auroras by Terrestrial Electric Currents.

MAGNETIC Auroras being periodic phenomena which appear to have an intimate connection with the movements of the solar atmosphere and with the activity of terrestrial magnetism, we may ask if it is not possible by the observation of solar spots and protuberances and of the terrestrial currents that traverse telegraph wires to predict the appearance of Auroras, as by the descent of a barometer and perturbations of the magnetic needle the approach of squalls and cyclones is foretold.

At Palermo the advance of such a magnetic storm has been predicted by an observation of the changes the sun presented during the day. But such observations made by a skilled astronomer trained to the use of the spectroscope are exceedingly delicate, and in the present state of the science are not perfectly reliable. Not so, however, with the currents in telegraphic wires which nearly always precede magnetic storms. These might, without difficulty, be employed for the purpose in view.

Fusion of Leaden Balls in Wounds.

M. L. MELSENS denies the opinion of Prof. Coze that balls of lead may fuse in wounds. A bullet with a temperature of $0^{\circ}\text{C}.$, and a rate of movement of 291 meters per second, being arrested and all its force transformed into heat, which is inadmissible in practice, reaches the point of fusion of lead, $325^{\circ}\text{C}.$, but does not fuse; at a rate of movement of 390 meters it melts, and at 400 meters the temperature in the melted mass would be $415^{\circ}\text{C}.$ or 90° above the point of fusion of lead. The fusible metal of Arcet, melting at 95° , was also used. Calculation shows that a ball of the latter, moving at 250 meters per second, and its force transformed into heat by sudden arrest, would melt completely, and at 400 meters the temperature of the melted mass would be $385^{\circ}\text{C}.$, or 290° above the melting-point of the alloy.

Experiment showed that the leaden balls might be fired at velocities from 250 to 400 meters per second, and checked by media of lead, limestone, wood, either hard or soft, wet or dry, parallel or perpendicular to the fibers; in masses of paper either parallel, obliquely or perpendicularly to the leaves, without giving satisfactory evidence of fusion, and with only a very small loss of weight, if the fragments were carefully collected. The balls of fusible metal presented traces of fusion on their fragments.

The evidences on which the theory of fusion has been based, M. Melsens thinks may be explained by the fact that the change in figure of the ball has been produced by its having struck some hard substance before penetrating the body. He also thinks that a very large part of the force of impact is dissipated in the breaking up of the bullet into fragments which are thrown off with great velocity, and he relates that in his experiments microscopic fragments of the broken bullets of lead possessed sufficient projectile force to pierce zinc-leaf used to catch them.

Potato Rot.

It is thought that 1872 will be one of the worst years of the century for potato rot in Great Britain, and the newspapers are urging upon the government the necessity of appointing a commission to investigate the matter. *Nature* suggests that such a commission would have to inquire whether the disease is most prevalent in any particular soil; whether, as some assert, seed left in the ground through the winter enjoys comparative immunity, as contrasted with that sown in the spring; whether seed introduced from a distance is safer than that grown in the neighborhood; whether old varieties are dying out and new ones are comparatively healthy; whether, if the disease can by any means be warded off till August 10th, the crop is then comparatively safe, and many others on which every diversity of opinion exists. On one point almost all authorities are agreed, viz., that the disease generally makes its appearance during thundery weather.

Transformation of Organic Forms.

IN BASTIAN'S recent work the following observations are made: The transformation of milk globules and a film of diluted cream-cheese into fungus germs has also been closely watched by several observers, and has convinced them that these organisms have not arisen from accidentally introduced spores, but by a true heterogenetic transformation of the substance examined. Dr. Lionel Beale has discovered lowly vegetable organisms in the interior of the cells of animals, and in the very center of cells with walls so thick and strong that it seems almost impossible that such soft bodies could have made their way through the surrounding medium. Many other observers have even watched the transformation of the contents of healthy epithelial cells into Bacteria and Vibriones; and well-developed fungi have been found within the uninjured eggs of birds and serpents.

Oxygen and Fermentation.

M. L'ABBÉ LABORDE, in experimenting on this subject, passed two platinum wires through the sides of a glass flask; it was then filled with a vegetable decoction, the neck drawn out in the Bunsen flame and the contents boiled for a long time. The flame was then removed and the flask hermetically sealed by fusing the glass (the end was held in the interior of the flame during this operation, to cause any air that might enter to pass through the flame). The evidence of perfect closure was obtained by the fluid re-commencing to boil by the condensation of vapor in the vacuum.

A portion of the decoction used being placed in the open air, at the close of five or six days it was covered with patches of mould. Nothing of the kind appears in the sealed flask, and at the end of a month the contents were as clean as at the beginning. A voltaic battery was then attached to the platinum wires, and about two cubic centimeters of oxygen evolved in the

interior of the flask; every five days this was repeated, and no signs of life appeared at the close of a month. The end of the sealed neck was then broken, and after ten days patches of mould appeared. M. Laborde therefore concludes that oxygen alone cannot develop organisms in such a solution of organic matter. The development of growths on the introduction of the air, he explains on the hypothesis of the presence of the germs of these organisms in the air.

Shooting Stars.

M. SILBERMAN advances the following curious hypothesis concerning these cosmical bodies: The celestial spaces are traversed in every direction by an immense number of comets, which are divided by astronomers into two groups, viz., those which move in the same course as the planets *direct*, and those equally numerous that move in the opposite direction *retrograde*. Admitting the results of observations of the direction of the shooting stars, and the results of the works of many eminent astronomers, we are led to believe, 1st, that there are streams or currents of shooting stars which produce movement in celestial bodies; these streams correspond to and are dependent upon comets of the first or direct order; 2d, streams of shooting stars corresponding to comets of the second order, and having for their function the moderation of this movement and transformation of the force of rotation and propulsion into heat.

Gas Purifiers.

At a meeting of the Chemical Society at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Messrs. Pattinson and Marreco offered a communication, showing that the amount of sulphur in the illuminating gas varied from four to twenty-five grains in the hundred cubic feet. At first it was supposed that some of the lime purifiers had become foul, but on examining into the matter it was found, contrary to expectation, that "when some of the purifiers had become foul, the quantity of sulphur in the gas decreased rapidly, but when the foul lime was replaced by clean lime the proportion of sulphur immediately rose to twenty-five grains per one hundred cubic feet." According to these gentlemen the cause of the more perfect removal of the sulphur by the partially foul purifier is the formation of a sulphur compound by the combined action of the carbon disulphide in the gas and the foul lime.

Causes of Scurvy.

M. LEVEN, being in charge of one of the hospitals of Paris during the siege, made a study of scurvy, and concludes that it is not produced by a want of vegetables, nor are vegetables indispensable for its cure, but that it is the result of bad hygienic conditions in those who contract it. Cold, dampness, excessive work, moral depression and insufficient alimentation, he thinks are the principal causes of scurvy. He believes it to be a fatty degeneration of the muscular system, beginning in the heart, and

those muscles which are most active, when the degeneration appears in the liver, kidneys and other organs. A great number of cures were obtained by the use of raw meat without vegetables.

Boiler Scale.

MANY substances are employed for the purpose of preventing the formation of scale in boilers. Among these, some act chemically, as soda ash, chloride of barium, carbonate of ammonia, chloride of ammonia and tannin, or extract of oak bark. Saw-dust from mahogany and from the wood of cone-bearing trees acts in part mechanically, but the slime it produces in the boiler often passes over into the valve-chambers and cylinders, and causes serious trouble. Clay free from sand is said to have been used with success, but it also at times passes over into the cylinder. Starch and potatoes have been used for a long time, and now molasses is recommended. Dye-wood extracts, bran and chicory act by the starch and glucose they contain. Fats and tar are also used, but many deny their efficiency.

Memoranda.

PAINTING on tin-foil has reached so high a degree of perfection as to constitute a new and beautiful decorative art. The tin-foil is stretched on a moistened plate of thick glass and carefully smoothed, the design is painted in oils on the tin, and when perfectly dry it is varnished. The foil is then removed from the glass and transported on wooden rollers to the surface or object to which it is to be attached; this is covered with a non-hygrometric gum, and the decoration applied. The flexibility of the tin-foil enables the artist to attach it in the most perfect manner even to surfaces which are very irregular.

M. Helouis proposes the introduction of a platinum-bronze for the manufacture of cooking utensils. It is said to be entirely inoxidizable. The proportions are, nickel 100, tin 10, platinum 1.

M. Liguier has applied the Lenoir gas-engine to the working of a rammer for laying pavements. To the fly-wheel of the engine a rammer of steel, smaller but heavier than that ordinarily used, is attached. The movement of the machine is controlled by the operator, and according to the inventor the rapidity of its operation more than counterbalances the greater first cost.

Adolph Ott works up tin scraps by placing them in a large perforated copper vessel, and rotating this in a bath of warm hydrochloric acid for 30 to 50 minutes. The tin and lead are thus dissolved off with a trace of iron. The contents of the copper drum are then washed in water, dipped into alkali, and again washed in water, when they are ready for the puddling furnace.

In a recent article in which the writer differs from an opinion formerly expressed by him, he supports his right to change his opinion by quoting an old dictum

of Faraday's, that "the only man who ought really to be looked upon as contemptible is the man whose ideas are not in a constant state of transition."

M. Eug. Gayot has produced a cross between the hare and rabbit which has been fertile to the sixth generation.

The use of zinc for the manufacture of the so-called tinned iron employed in making domestic cooking utensils is on the increase in France. Articles of food cooked in such vessels are not only unwholesome but also poisonous.

Experiments were recently made in Berlin to ascertain the effect of gas on the roots of trees. The gas from the street mains was delivered into the soil in which two lime-trees and a maple were planted. After the lapse of two months the roots were examined, and it was found that all the fibers were dead. The bark of the strongest roots was decayed, and even the woody part altered. The gas was then cut off to see if the trees would recover; one of the limes produced a sickly crop of leaves, but the other trees showed no signs of life.

Baerle & Co., of Worms, recommend the use of soluble glass in washing wool. The operation is conducted as follows: Forty parts of water are mixed with one of soluble glass at a temperature of 50° to 57° Cent. The wool is then plunged into the mixture and stirred about for a few minutes; it is then rinsed in tepid water and is found to be clean, white and devoid of odor. After the operation the wool is said to be perfectly soft, and not to have lost any of the properties that fit it for the purposes to which it is applied.

It has generally been supposed that the leaves of plants neither absorb vapor of water nor water. M. Cailletet finds that when the supply of water to the roots is sufficient this is true, but if the supply to the roots is insufficient the leaves will absorb liquid water though they will not absorb watery vapor.

During the last week in July a remarkable excess of temperature prevailed throughout the south-eastern half of England, the maximum of the thermometer being from five to fifteen degrees higher in London than in Plymouth. Considering the small extent of surface of the earth under examination and the great differences in temperature, a result like this appears to indicate that the heat at the surface of the earth varies rather with changes in the atmosphere and its action on the sun's rays than with changes in the sun itself.

A writer in *The Country Gentleman* recommends that late winter and early spring celery should not be earthed up at all. Just before winter sets in, he says, have all the plants carefully lifted with a spade and the earth partly shaken out from the roots. Place them in a trench in a place protected from the winds, and cover them over with a foot of dead leaves.

Large quantities of volcanic dust were ejected from Vesuvius during the recent eruption. A sample, collected at Ischia, about twenty-five miles from the mountains, was composed of quartz and magnetite without titanium.

M. Bolestra finds in the water of the Pontine Marshes and similar malarious regions a minute algoid vegetation with an abundance of transparent yellow spores which float off in the surrounding air. These, he thinks, may in some way be connected with the production of miasmatic fevers.

Maranzoni and Stefanelli have discovered that a film of an essential oil on the zinc plates of a voltaic pile has an effect similar to that of amalgamation, preventing local action to a certain extent. It diminishes the quantity and intensity of the current at the commencement of the action, rendering it for a certain time more constant, but stopping it entirely after two or three hours. In like manner the evolution of hydrogen by the action of zinc on dilute sulphuric acid is quickly arrested by the addition of an essential oil, but is recommenced on adding alcohol.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Monday Payments.

Is it best to pay weekly wages on Monday instead of Saturday? The question, at all events, is beginning to be agitated, and may at any moment assume serious importance. The one and only argument of weight so far adduced, is that the comparatively uncultivated and morally less trustworthy classes of working people who draw weekly wages, will be less exposed to the temptation of extravagance or debauchery when their money is paid them at the opening of a working week, than when they have a leisure evening and a Sunday holiday before them in which to spend it. The argument looks plausible, and is one of those whose

validity will be best tested by actual experience and statistics. It is possible that the dissipated or irresolute factory-hand who now finds the charms of a Saturday night spree, followed by a long Sunday's stupor and recovery, too much for his power of resistance, will be in some degree protected against himself, when he receives his little weekly windfall at such season as renders indulgence less convenient, or indeed practically almost impossible. To be drunk on Saturday night means only a headache on Sunday, but on Monday evening is apt to bring delinquency the next day and consequent dismissal.

That a sadly large share of the wages received by

our working people on Saturday night practically finds its direct way to the gin-mill, or some scarcely less hurtful form of dissipation, it is impossible to doubt. But it is open to grave question whether postponement of payment would radically or even seriously affect the matter. A debauch on Monday is as hurtful as on Saturday—and where this is practically impossible, the taste for dissipation will be pretty sure to invent some way of satisfying itself even in the dead low tide of the weekly purse. Publicans are of all men in the world the ones who know best how and when to trust judiciously for their own interest, and the score which is chalked up—on an imaginative basis—to-day, may be settled in sad reality next week.

Then, if this enforced hebdomadal economy applies to wrongful expense, why not to rightful as well, and if Phelim, in Saturday impecuniosity, must go without his whisky, how about Bridget's chicken or the children's airing next day?

But the evil, after all, seems of far too wide range, of far too vital moment, to be treated with such secondary considerations and merely symptomatic remedies. We must attack the source of the disease, not its phenomena. Instead of merely making it inconvenient for the workman to spend his earnings in vice, we must address ourselves, sooner or later, to the far higher problem of rendering it distasteful, repugnant, and, if it may be, morally impossible. And to do this, we must begin with the workman himself, not his wages.

The question needs more elaborate treatment than our present space permits, but by way of suggestion we would only allude, among other agencies bearing on the point, to the wise and noble charities instituted in many of the great mill corporations of England, by which the operatives are invited to pleasant evening clubs and lyceums, with all that can make social intercourse cheerful, entertaining and improving, nothing to make it dangerous. Suffice it for us to have given the hint: who will carry it further? Depend upon it, it is wasteful work, this trying to head off our neighbor in the indulgence of his fascinating vices: take out the fascination, or give him a better one—that is the radical way, and the shortest in the end.

The Picturesque in Tresses.

A TERRIBLE revolution is under way in the matter of ladies' hair-dressing. Fashion sometimes moves *per saltum*, and in her freakish fickleness, from the chignon to the cucumber is but one step. Lately we aspired to be Hottentot, this year Chinese. Then we clustered every resource of art and nature, all richness of curl and coil, braid and bandeau, at the back of the head and neck. Now we strain it tightly—so tightly that one fancies it must lift the poor victim on her tiptoes—off the back of the head, and pile it, pagoda-like, on top. The general oval of the head, as seen in profile, once ran horizontal, but now vertically; and the quaint caricatures formerly made of hickory-nuts

and cotton-wool for the amusement of fancy fairs, must now for resemblance' sake be set with the longer axis upright. What must be, must; but it's frightfully ugly. After all, there is a principle in such matters, and even in dressing—not to say disfiguring—Nature, it is only fair to give some heed to what we think she meant in making us. When she created hair soft and long and silky, she clearly intended it to fall and droop and wave, to cluster and curl, not to sprout and bristle. Traddles had to shut a lock of his self-assertive chevelure in his Latin dictionary to keep it down, but such elasticity is exceptional. The ancients, on the whole, stuck closest to the *idea* of the matter—use, simplicity, and grace combined; and just as the Parthenon is the primitive log-house glorified, so the wavy richness and droop of lock in the Clytie, the Ceres, or the Minerva, is merely a beautiful development of the careless way in which Nausicaa's handmaidens may have hastily twisted or looped or knotted up their superabundant tresses on the way to the river-bank and the week's washing.

It is mortifying to think that the exponent of the soul—the face—is so utterly dependent for its beauty on a mere external appendage and the arrangement thereof; but so it is. If you doubt it, look at the wig-blocks in Signor Parruchini's barber-shop; or behold Augustus, but now gorgeous as Jove himself, in clustering luxuriance of chestnut curl, starting for his yachting cruise in the last extreme of "fighting crop." It was not meant that we should study phrenology gratis at soirée or opera; and the natural cragginess and bumpiness of the craniologic contour calls for some kindly envelopment. Then the simplest law of symmetry prescribes relation and counterpoise. The rich and graceful but moderate masses of hair at the back of the head give tone and harmony; they lend to pinched or insignificant features breadth and dignity,—to harsh or coarse ones, contrast and relief.

So, dear ladies, if you *will* catch cold by going about with your pretty heads looking like Columbus' egg, broadest end uppermost, *libre à vous*. You have the pain of building them, we only that of seeing them. Only be consistent; go the whole Chinese figure, if we may be pardoned a popular expression; and if you *will* play "*Fleur de Thè*" in the bosom of your families, do it in character; let your pearly nails grow, blacken your teeth and eyelids, drop silk and lawn for large-patterned brocades, and affect lackered fans, chop-sticks, and infinitesimal tea-cups.

The Chairs of Society.

SOMEWHERE in his "Dunciad," Pope speaks of being

"Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,"

but we may feel quite certain that at the time at which he made the remark the poet was not visiting in a parlor furnished as many modern parlors are. Not that our company rooms are destitute of elaborately cushioned and spacious seats, but these are generally for show,

for occasional use by the family, or for the ease of some favored guest. Even at a little evening gathering it seldom happens that all the company can drop into easy *fauteuils*, or sofas. The seats that the majority of the party must occupy are those instruments of torture generally known as "reception chairs." These are sold in sets, they are of cheap or costly material, and may be of elaborate or plain designs, but always, and without fail, they are better adapted to look at than to sit upon. For some reason—occult to the ordinary mind—these chairs are so made as to require a certain amount of physical effort on the part of those sitting in them. There is no such a thing as resigning one's self to their support—it was not intended and is impossible. On such a chair one must be a little independent. He must support his back, or he must balance himself, or he must do something for himself—it will not do to depend upon the chair. The backs of these chairs are generally bitter enemies of ease, as much so, in their way, as hair-cloth shirts or pebbles in the shoes. They have either a carved ornament which irritates one's lumbar vertebræ, or a cross-bar which cuts into the dorsal portion of his spine, or knobs which indent his shoulder-blades, or vertical or diagonal rods which render him miserable all over his back. And the seats are always too small or too hard or too peaked or too slippery to allow of any considerations of comfort. And yet these are the chairs which we purchase expressly for our company!

Is it not possible that a set of chairs may be tasteful and graceful and appropriate to the furnishing of a parlor, and yet have comfortable backs and seats suitable to sit upon?

But if the chairs were easier people might stay too long! After all there is something in this consideration, which may be at the bottom of the whole matter.

Art Nooks.

As returning Autumn brings back the tasteful, wealthy and liberal people who love paintings—and buy them—the great picture-shops begin to bloom out in renewed beauty, and to tempt their patrons with the choicest and most expensive products of modern studios on either side the Atlantic. In order to that publicity which is the life of their trade, they gracefully welcome the public to their show-galleries, and in furtherance of their own ends do an amount of good to all about them which almost transcends calculation. Goupil and Snedecor and Schaus—all grateful names to our æsthetic memories—are a sort of public art-apostles—whether they mean it or no. Till we have public galleries of the best class, they are almost the only channel through which the unbuying public may keep trace of the course of the best modern work, and from their pleasant rooms goes out an influence which freshens and instructs and refines as no other can. Good luck to them all; may their best pictures—however costly—always go off "like hot cakes," and their poor ones, however cheap, hang unhonored in the

basement, a terror and a remorse. May they always give us good art—the very best their patrons will pay for—and always continue to make us as happy as now when we come to their door, whether we pay or no.

For the public, too, it is to be wished that they may grow more regular in their pleasant habit of "dropping in" to hear the last word from Munich or Paris or Berlin, to say nothing of Tenth Street and the Association Building. What kindlier or more inspiring friends and Mentors could we find than Bouguereau and Merle and Achenbach, and Church and Kensett and Coleman, and the host of others, their colleagues or their peers? Only, it were equally to be wished that in these little art shrines a certain awe and reverence in the air might act with more restraining and refining influence on the would-be worshippers. If people would only apply in such public places all the rules of sense and taste which they recognize in private society, or more; if voluble and superficial critics would only consent to air their vast incompetence—as a clever journalist calls it—in a whisper at most, and if kittenish school-girls would refrain from planting themselves, beautiful but opaque, right under our contemplative nose, and cutting off our rapt enjoyment of the last new Brion or Gérôme with an avalanche of coquetry and cream-drops; and if—last and most momentous if—idyllic young people could but refrain from making a flirtation-corner of those delightful lounges, and mingling a profane and passing sentiment with the serenity of the elder gods. Think of making eyes in presence of the "Sistine," or whispering sweet nothings before the silent ecstasy of the "Murillo!" Shall we ever forget our awkward consciousness and half-guilty embarrassment the other afternoon, striving to get at the inner sweetness of Bouguereau's lovely group—the one with the shell—yet forced to play an unwilling eavesdropper to the insipid tenderness which Romeo was pouring into Juliet's ear, right in our line of vision, and taking up the only available post of view!

At the Table.

"I LIKE the Americans," wrote Thackeray from a Continental hotel to a friend on this side of the Atlantic. "But"—in a burst of frankness that would be pathetic were it not comic—"I could have wished that *all* of the five who sat opposite me at the *table d'hôte* to-day had not put their knives in their mouths!"

The satirical Englishman may have said this sneeringly. There are many readers of the pregnant criticism who will sigh in spirit over it and the unwritten memories suggested by it.

"Gentlemen without ladies are requested not to occupy seats in this saloon while ladies stand"—"Passengers are requested not to put their feet upon the (velvet-covered) seats"—"Gentlemen are requested not to smoke in this (the ladies') car;" and in the state drawing-rooms of republican magnates—"Guests are requested not to spit upon the carpets,"—are placarded warnings that may well excite the

wondering ridicule of the uninitiated traveler. The frequent recurrence of the word "gentlemen," in these and similar notices, while it looks, at the first blush, like savage irony, is esteemed a clever stroke of policy by those who post the "request." One hesitates before gainsaying the principle that as good a way of managing a chimpanzee as any other is to strive to impress him with the belief that he is akin to humankind, and supposed to be amenable to civilizing influences. By tacit consent of the amiable public, he may range our palace cars, ramp in our steamboat saloons, and revel in the royal right of expectation in church, theater, concert and lecture-room—in every place to which respectable garments and a purchased ticket guarantee admission. Our business at present is with neither the wild man of the woods nor his cousin-german of the city. If we do not bar the doors of our homes against such, refuse them seats in our parlors and plates at our tables, it is because we are cowards or—politicians. But that host is exceptionally fortunate or dull-sighted whose sense of the common proprieties of life has not been outraged again and again by such prandial solecisms as Thackeray has sketched with a dash of his trenchant pen. It is a patent saying that wealth should not presuppose refinement, nor social or political distinction, culture of mind and manner. It should be as patent that birth, education and habitual association with well-bred people ought to make of any tolerably intelligent, imitative man or woman a gentleman or lady in appearance and demeanor.

Is this the rule, or are the exceptions so numerous and notable as to prove it, and the expectations based upon it, fallacious? Leaving generalities, let us look at a few facts taken at random from the experience of a single household, which will illustrate the nature of the grievance under which good society groans (or ought to groan) better than columns of reasoning and assertion.

A valued acquaintance is Hon. Horace Midas,—the rich statesman whose ability and courtesy in debate, and wise counsels in the matter of national finances, have won for him respect and popularity as surely and rapidly, as his unblemished private character has made him hosts of friends at home. He is a graceful, unaffected gentleman,—so lovable in disposition and behavior, that we look quite away from him, and artfully beguile others into doing the same, when he leans back in his chair at the close of the repast he has graced, and picks his teeth with his penknife.

Not a century ago, we were invited to a dinner-party at the house of an "old family,"—a family with a pedigree, and a veritable coat-of-arms—inherited, not bought,—a family to which ample store of massive silver and proud traditions had descended in a direct and legitimate line,—a family still resident in a mansion which had been inhabited by a grandfather with three "greats" before his name, and one that, strange to say, had kept patrimonial riches with

the untainted strain of patrician blood. The *paterfamilias* in this generation was a noble-looking man, still in the prime of life. He was liberally educated, courtly in address, and resembled Washington Irving more than any other person we had ever seen. And while he quoted Plato and Tasso and Cervantes, and talked familiarly of foreign courts and potentates, he munched an artichoke, pulling it into bits with his greasy fingers, and dipping each fragment into a boat of melted butter intended for general use.

Neither of these trespasses upon the patience and comfort of fastidious hosts and fellow-guests occurred within the pinchbeck circle of Parvenuism. Though thou bray an upstart in society's mortar with a golden pestle, yet will not the *parvenuism* depart from him, nor his lapses into the habits of his olden time cease to remind the sarcastic beholder of the leap of the transmogrified cat from the arms of her lord, when the nibbling of a mouse broke the stillness of the bridal chamber. The behavior of such at "feeding time" is a subject we gladly leave to Swift, than whom no grosser Yahoo ever existed. But in view of the fact—and fact it is—that our best classes are as mannerly as are those of the same or any rank in the most polished foreign nations, where is the solution of such violations of established customs rendered binding, one would think, by mere decorum and daily habit, if nothing else—as the satirist has described, and which we cannot excuse?

Modern Convenience.

THE establishment of private telegraphs all over our large cities is beginning to be one of the notable features of our material progress. Here again physical science is supplemented by that economic ingenuity which organizes and systematizes our daily life through co-operation and division of labor. Any one may *own* a private telegraph who chooses, but he may *hire* one just as well. Companies established for the purpose will stretch his wires for him, set up his batteries, and "coach" him in the few simple practical methods of signaling required, into the bargain. For all this they will charge him a sum which in view of the convenience attained is almost insignificant, and on any change of residence or place of business will patiently pick up their machinery, and set it all up again before the wandering client is fairly settled in his new abiding-place. Thus the merchant may be in immediate communication with his counting-room, and close bargains or make consignments from his library fire; or, from down town, may talk familiarly with madame and the little ones about the afternoon drive or the evening's entertainment. The lawyer may know at his office just what is going on in court, and the politician, with his finger on the magic key, may make his busy brain felt in a dozen different places at once. The manufacturer may watch from his central point of observation the ramifications of his immense industry, directing its momentary and minutest detail as if personally on

hand. Sitting with an editorial friend the other day, whom late work and a headache had kept up town, we were amused and interested to see him step to his dressing-table, and, with a little buzzing and clicking of wheelwork and a few mystic waverings of a ghostly index, inform "the office" that he should be down town at 2 P.M., to which the office responded with a cheerful but laconic O. K. ! As we had been told at the office an hour or two before that the luxurious journalist had just telegraphed to have his mails sent up, we were profoundly impressed with the coziness of the whole arrangement. And behold ! we too have become a sharer in the blessing. Having, a few evenings ago, to send a message and parcel down town at a late hour of the evening, one touch of a little key at the office of the nearest hotel brought in three minutes a blue-coated, wide-awake little lad from the messenger office in Twentieth street at full gallop, and our parcel was on its way down town in less time than would have been needed to don the journalistic coat or draw on the editorial boots. The whole operation cost less than 50 cents ! The same company expect soon to have the city partitioned out with districts and district offices, in such sort that a private family may communicate their wants, and call for messengers, police officers, fire service, and the like, in a very few minutes at furthest. Thus Bridget need not

leave her steak spoiling at the kitchen fire while she runs for the doctor, and, as the circular roguishly suggests, the timid householder in process of being "burgled" may call down a squad of policemen on the artistic cracksmen, who is working away at his area window in all the security of conscious well-doing.

Such improvements are welcome, not merely because they make life more sensuously comfortable and easy, but because they help to make it more effective. The province of society is to offer to mind the freest play and influence over matter, and everything which helps us to throw off the needless vexations and hampering limitations of time and space, gets the world forward not merely in seeming but in fact. The future of this curious application of a familiar principle seems incalculable. It may not be many years before the housetops over our heads, the very steeples, and flagpoles, and trees shall be knit and tangled in an interlacing net-work of wires, over which the thoughts and plans, desires and passions of our crowded population shall go swarming and tingling with a pulsation as constant as that of our lungs or our hearts—crossing, intersecting and blending, a fit emblem in their silent activity of the more evident strife and bustle, trial and work and suffering below.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Froude on the American Platform.

TALL, firm, well built, with a glow in his dark cheek and the light of kindness in honest eyes, dressed with absolute simplicity, and outwardly more American than half of the Americans behind him, Mr. Froude established cordial relations with his first audience almost before he uttered a word. For the supreme qualities of the man, which seem to breathe from him, commanding the respect and conciliating the prejudices of men, are candor and courage. A candor so courageous that he seems to state the extremest truth against himself without reserve. A courage so candid that it looks often like an aggressive pugnacity ; like that state of mind, indeed, which in the Vulgate is forcibly described as "spoiling for a fight."

And this is not to say that he is always convincing or unprejudiced. The doctrine, for example, with which he concluded his first lecture, though it sounds sternly just, is in action rapaciously cruel. But there's no wild-fowl like your British Lion for the right of might.

That Mr. Froude himself, though no sentimentalist, is less accuser than philanthropist is shown in the somewhat Quixotic nature of his self-imposed mission to America. He seeks, to heal the wounds of Ireland, "the herb which did never grow" on the soil of the Old World, but which he hopes to discover on the

soil of the New. That plant, to his thinking, is an enlightened public opinion. The condemnation, the advice, the instruction of America would have more weight with grateful Ireland than twenty batteries of English cannon, says this logical apostle of peace.

But though he speaks the words of truth and soberness, and though he cannot fail to convince candid minds that the miseries of Ireland are not such as legislation can redress, no general verdict to that effect will follow on his masterly arguments. Nay, the very public which knows them truest is loudest to deny, and in the vehemence of that denial proves his case. For the American-Irish vote to-day controls elections, and the demagogues who control *it* find it cheaper to "fire the Irish heart" than to convince the Irish head. The qualities they play upon are those which have made a United Ireland impossible and the unreasoning demand for it inevitable. It is these false friends who, to the average Irishman, represent hospitable America, and it is they who will exhort him to defy "the treacherous Saxon" for the next generation at least.

But if this new crusader fail in his eager quest, he will have sped in an unconscious mission not less worthy. Of all the peoples under the sun we Americans, who profess an utter respect for manhood as such, in our practice fall most sadly off. We worship

money and that which money buys, material success, political preferment, power. And here comes a preacher who not only in his words, but in his being, moving us by what he is, not less than by what he says, declares that the only result of life is character, the only excuse for living is work, the only greatness is moral greatness, the only patent of nobility is nobleness. Our petty ambitions, no bigger than pin-points, seemed to burn up in the flame this earnest soul kindled, and some thousands of listeners went away from his presence better Americans for the coming of this most English Englishman.

This charm of noble thinking and his literary art are the secret of Froude's success as a lecturer. For, like his nation, he seems to despise the arts of oratory as a dishonest grace. His voice is hard and ill-modulated. His bearing is constrained. His reading is monotonous and inexpressive. His use of the rising inflection confuses an American ear. He appears to feel that nothing in his speech becomes him like the leaving of it. But the man and the art are so fine that it seems ungracious to ask more. What a master-stroke it was, for example, to open his first lecture with the protest of our own minister against a certain proposed Irish immigration! How utterly disarmed was American criticism of English illiberality!

At the pleasant dinner which introduced him formally to America, and at which Mr. Curtis so gracefully presided, Mr. Froude said: "You make me feel like Falstaff before the battle of Shrewsbury:

'Would 'twere evening, Hal, and all were well.'

"Would it were a fortnight hence, when you have heard what I have to say to you, and your good opinion of me remained unchanged." And if that modest aspiration be unfulfilled, and if our good opinion have suffered change, it would seem that it was only to grow a better opinion, fuller of respect to rare honesty of thought and word, more cordial of welcome to a great writer and a hearty friend.

Pygmalion at Wallack's.

It may be gravely doubted whether any modern audience will or can endure a purely ideal bit of dramatic work in actual representation, most especially one which visibly and glaringly violates the laws of physical probability. That a statue, for example, should walk off its pedestal, and without a "by your leave" profess an ardent affection for the sculptor who created it, however beautiful as a thought, is so unlikely a thing in fact, and involves so many patent inconsistencies in the acting as to make it questionable whether such a subject is fit for dramatic treatment at all. If so treated, however, it must evidently be handled with the utmost delicacy and discretion. In the act of artistic perception the senses are tyrannous, and however the imagination of the reader may abstract and qualify, blend and reconcile, to the spectator the eye and ear are masters of the situation. Whatever, therefore, in such a creation savors of obtrusive realism, and disturbs the finer appreciation

by its importunate suggestion of material contradiction or a paradox, must be subordinated, toned down, and touched, if touched at all, with the lightness, rapidity and grace of an imaginative propriety. Thus, in using the beautiful old fable of Pygmalion for a subject, as Mr. Gilbert has done in his new piece at Wallack's, it is not at all clear that he could, as public taste now stands, have made of it a successful drama, though he undoubtedly might have made a lovely poem. It is evident, however, that in order to make a piece which can be acted without absurdity or platitude, it must be kept as far as possible on the ideal plane, and the material inconsistency of the situation must be relieved or excused by warmth of color, ideal elevation, and essential truth in thought and treatment. Any touch of farce must be fatal, for the funny is the real, and realism takes no cognizance of statues which walk, and talk, and make love.

Pygmalion therefore halts between two extremes. It is too real and comic for a poem and not broadly and consistently droll or extravagant enough for a burlesque. Much of intrinsic beauty and elevation in thought, dialogue, and situation is counterbalanced by the disturbing absurdities in all three, and the spectator's thrill of tender and sympathetic interest is unkindly checked by the cachinnation of tickled humor or the groan of offended taste.

The piece, too, though beautifully mounted, is very unevenly acted, and a very graceful and judicious *Galatea* is offset by a *Pygmalion* of the right Bowery pattern, and a *Cynisca* who loves and curses alike on the old-fashioned pump-handle principle.

"The City of God."

ONE more contribution to the study of the theory and polity of the Church has just now appeared in a volume published by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton. (*The City of God and the Church-makers; an Examination into Structural Christianity, and Criticism of Christian Scribes and Doctors of the Law*; by R. Abbey.) The general title of the book suggests the argument of it, and is perhaps the best thing in it. The author has a large and liberal conception of the Church of Christ, and a jealous impatience of the various attempts to narrow it by artificial bounds,—especially of the attempt to distinguish between the Church of the Old Testament and that of the New. He denies, with an asperity that ill-becomes such a discussion, and that proves him to be broad only on one single point of dogma, that the Church which Jesus promised to build upon a rock can with any fitness be said to have begun with what is known in history as the Christian era. Indeed, according to Mr. Abbey's theory, there is properly no Christian era. Because Christ is an eternal person, "from before the foundation of the world," and because the love of God in him is an eternal fact, revealed more or less dimly to the souls of patriarchs and prophets, therefore the Christian Church begins in Eden with the first trustful acceptance of a promised salvation. All which may be and of

course is true enough. But it hardly justifies Mr. Abbey in having so implacable an enmity against the phraseology of those who recognize a new, and more distinctively and formally Christian, era as having begun with the advent of our Lord in the flesh, and a more formally and distinctively Christian Church as having been inaugurated on the day of Pentecost. The quarrel is largely one of names, and a little less acrimonious method of conducting it would be more becoming and probably more successful.

As for the manner of the book in other respects it is in an unpleasant degree confused and disorderly. The theses which the author desires to prove are distinctly stated in an introductory address of a dozen pages, and argued in the last hundred pages of the volume. And then he goes for his "scribes and doctors of the law" with more zeal than discrimination,—taking them up apparently as he happens to light upon them, jumping from England to America, and from the seventeenth or eighteenth century into the nineteenth, and then back again with great agility and friskiness, but with a bewildering result upon the reader. Some of these "scribes and doctors of the law" are found in extraordinary places, and are persons very much unknown to fame except as this volume may give them transient celebrity.

The opinion (which is after all the one important thought of the volume) that our Lord left no divinely-ordered polity which was obligatory on his Church, is one that good men of all names are more and more inclining to accept. That he left disciples who were to govern themselves under the guidance of his Spirit, with a government flexible and free, is a theory in which there seems the greatest hope for catholic unity. This theory Mr. Abbey is surely not peculiar in maintaining. The pity is that he should feel called upon to maintain it in a style which profane people may naturally regard as cantankerous.

"Sermons on Living Subjects."

A NEW volume of sermons from Dr. Horace Bushnell is an event of no small interest, both to the literary and to the religious world. The singular strength of this author's style, and its curious originality, and the poetic suggestiveness of his thought would make his sermons attractive, even to those whose sympathy with the religious aim and spirit of them was not especially intense. There are a good many preachers in America who are more popular than Dr. Bushnell, who win larger audiences and are listened to with more delightful ease; but it is safe to say that there is no one whose sermons are more stimulating and helpful to a really thoughtful and earnest reader, fair-minded and honestly concerned to know the truth. There is in them almost always something which startles, and at first repels a reader who is used to stereotyped and orthodox expressions of religious thought. There is almost always something which by its grotesqueness or its oddness will seem like a conceit of manner. There is no one, for

example, who discovers, in neglected by-ways of the Scripture, texts so strangely far-fetched and yet so ingeniously felicitous in their suggestion of his theme. A case in point is in the third sermon of this volume, where the superior privilege of a faith which soars above the world is hinted by Ezekiel's description of the cherubim (Ezek. i. 24): "When they stood, they let down their wings."

Dr. Bushnell is by this time so well understood that it is no surprise to any one if any book of his is audaciously broad and free in its theology. The sermon on "The Outside Saints," for example, will seem to some readers perilously loose. It recalls Frederick Robertson's sermon on "Salvation out of the visible Church,"—following something of the same line of thought and coming to the same issues, though in a characteristically fresh and striking way.

The great good sense and evident Scriptural truthfulness of its statements will undoubtedly secure for it a grateful and ready approval. As much may be said for the whole volume, which in the variety of topics treated, in the practical and earnest directness of its style, and in the tender and devout emotion which it everywhere expresses, falls no whit behind preceding volumes of the same sort, but if anything excels them. The book is published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

"How to Educate Yourself."

GEO. CARY EGGLESTON'S little book of counsel to young people in pursuit of culture (*How to Educate Yourself*: Putnam's) is modest and sensible. Addressing principally those of slender opportunities, the advice offered cannot fail to be helpful in preventing the waste of time in useless or ill-directed labor; or what is worse, and perhaps more common, the waste of time in doing nothing, from not knowing what to do.

In the main Mr. Eggleston is very happy in his remarks, with a lively comprehension of the difficulties to be encountered by any one who seeks to educate himself as best he may in the absence of school advantages. Sometimes, however, we fear that the pupil-reader will be perplexed rather than helped by opinions too briefly enunciated. To one who thoroughly understands the weakness of traditional grammar-teaching, for example, there is no mistaking the meaning of the author's assertion that while he regards the study of English Grammar as of the utmost importance, he thinks the study of English grammars almost useless in all cases and actually hurtful in many. The pupils might well retort: How then are we to acquire that "thorough and accurate knowledge" of the subject which you tell us is of such "very great value?" It would have been kinder to omit entirely this discouraging section on the failure of grammars, or else direct the inquirer to some of the small yet philosophic treatises prepared by recent English scholars, Morris for instance, or

Professor Bain. The volume is a worthy addition to Putnam's Handy-Book Series.

"Social Economy."

IN these days of conflict between capital and labor, of short-sighted haste to make money on the part of employers, and shorter-sighted strikes by workmen led astray by voluble but unreasoning demagogues, there is much need of cheap books, discussing the element of the social problem with a decent regard for the facts involved, and a reasonable estimate of the relation of all parties concerned. The little work entitled *Social Economy* (Putnam's Handy-Book Series), by Professor Rogers, of the University of Oxford, answers these requirements admirably. Intended primarily for young students, it presents the rudiments of social science with great clearness and simplicity, yet with nothing childish in method or illustration. The much-neglected study of the laws which regulate, or should regulate social life, is second to none in importance; and every effort to bring it within the range of common ability and primary scholarship is deserving of commendation. This work would make an interesting as well as valuable addition to our list of common school text-books. The subject is not beyond the grasp of ordinary students of geography and grammar, and much superior to these in interest and educative value. The American editor has translated the author's references to currency, measurements, trades, etc., from English to American terms, and changed certain of the illustrations, so as to make them apply to American circumstances, but has made no changes in the original plan of the work.

"The End of the World."

THE French actor Samson, after sleeping while a new play was being read, said: "Sleep is an opinion." The fact that ten thousand copies of Dr. Eggleston's story (Orange Judd & Co.) were ordered before its publication, is an opinion, and an opinion, too, which will take care of its own dissemination. It is safe to predict for this book a sale exceeding that of any other American novel, excepting perhaps some of Mrs. Stowe's. Not that the story, considered merely as story, is of surpassing interest, nor that its execution alone entitles it to so high a place in our literature. But it is a genuine picture of a type of life, as peculiar and as piquant as that of rural New England, and much less known.

Dr. Eggleston has portrayed one phase of this life before, in his *Hoosier Schoolmaster*, a story which, although less pleasing than *The End of the World*, has the same graphic, almost pre-Raphaelite quality in its touch. This story introduced us to the Hoosier dialect, a mode of speech so odd, that some shallow critics were rendered incapable, by its novelty of sound, of seeing anything else in the story, and reviewed the book as if it were a dictionary. This

struck us at the time as being little less comical than, in a critique on one of Teniers' pictures of peasant life, to occupy the chief space by a list of German verbs and adjectives.

Dr. Eggleston's style has at times a tenderness and pathos which remind us of MacDonald. He has the same breadth and tolerance of religious views, the same sympathy with Gentiles who cannot love the Lord after the manner of the Jews. But he has a readier, more plentiful humor than MacDonald, and presents the comical side of trivial things with capital effect. His "Jonas Harrison," in this story, is an original and delightful character, worthy to be classed with Mrs. Stowe's "Sam Lawson;" in fact, he is very much what Sam Lawson would have been had he lived in Ohio instead of in New England.

The title, "The End of the World," is justified by the story's climax, which is reached on the occasion of an excitement of the Second Adventists, on the day predicted by their preachers as the Day of Judgment. But we are haunted by a suspicion that Dr. Eggleston had in his mind another meaning to the phrase. There are passages in the book which are idyls of love. It is, as he says, a "Love Story," and what is the End of this world to any or all of us, except to love, and be loved!

"The Moon."

WE are apt to overlook the plentiful lack of common knowledge in estimating the usefulness of simple works of popular science. They may follow very far in the wake of science as the learned estimate it, yet, if well done, may interest and instruct a large and not unintelligent class of old as well as young people, and so really help more to spread knowledge among the many, than the most scholarly and valuable works that come from the scientific press. Of this class the last volume of the Wonder Library of Nature, Science and Art (*The Moon*: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) is especially meritorious. Under the careful editing of Miss Maria Mitchell, the vagaries of the author, M. Guillemin, have been pruned without detracting from his simple method and lively style, and the work made trustworthy for its science, as well as entertaining and intelligible to the unscientific reader.

Mrs. Oliphant's "Ombra."

MESSRS. HARPER & BROS. have issued as one of the latest of their Library of Select Novels what will be regarded by judicious and temperate novel-readers as one of the best of that large and varied collection, a new story by Mrs. Oliphant. To the injudicious and intemperate novel-reader, who is probably in the majority as opposed to the more sober-minded, the story may seem tame and unattractive, lacking in tragic intensity as in wicked and passionate relish of sin.

These things it does lack indeed, and of course is none the worse for the lack of them. But as a plea-

sant story of the quiet life of two young English girls from childhood to womanhood, as a careful study of character, and a fine discriminating portraiture of certain easy faults which work hard mischief, it is a story every way good to read and profitable to remember. The readers of this magazine do not need to be reminded of the vigor and skill by which the pen that gives us *At His Gates* is characterized.

Lord Brougham's Autobiography.

THE three volumes of Lord Brougham's "Life and Times,—written by himself,"—republished on this side of the Atlantic by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, have now been so long before the public that no especial commendation of them is necessary. The career of the author, and his strong and positive and not always perfectly admirable character, are matters of recent and familiar history. His long life, almost from its beginning to its end, was, more than that of most men, a public life. What a prodigious span it had and to how remote a past its single link unites our present, is evident from a fact which he mentions at the outset of his story. "My grandmother was born

in Queen Anne's reign, so that I have conversed with a person who was alive a hundred and eighty years ago, and who *might* have heard her relation, Anna Brougham, who lived to the age of a hundred and six, speak of events that happened in Queen Elizabeth's time ! This is only conjecture ; but it is, at all events, a certain fact that I, now writing in the latter half of the nineteenth century, have heard my grandmother, being, at the time I refer to, about ninety years of age, relate all the circumstances of the execution of Charles I., as they had been told her by an eye-witness who stood opposite to Whitehall, and saw the king come out upon the scaffold."

The story of a life which links such remote history to our latter days, and which was so filled with various experiences of, a public sort, by whomsoever told, would be an interesting story. But told in this autobiographic form, with evident fairness and plainness, it has extraordinary interest and value. And there could scarcely be a better way to grow familiar with English history for the past ninety years than by becoming familiar with the life of this conspicuous actor in it.

ETCHINGS.

THE STORY OF ARION.

NEWLY TRANSLATED FROM THE HIGH OLD
ORIGINAL GREEK.

ARION of Lesbos, who played on the banjo,
Likewise sang tenor, went off to a Saengerfest
Got up in Thrinikia by the Germans—
(Gay folk and thrifty).



There he partook of the beer of Bavaria,
Limburger fragrant, and tooth-testing pretzels ;
Won all their hearts, and obtained a gold medal—
(Gold stood at 50).

Not alone that was his guerdon : of greenbacks,
Each with a C on, he hived a huge sack-full ;
Presents so many, their number in speeches
Senator S. quotes—

More than ten thousand Partagas in boxes—
Duty paid up—and no end of gold watches ;
Sinister, a horse that could go in 2.20 ;
Claw-hammer dress-coats ;

Four brown-stone fronts in the town of Methumna ;
Sewing-machines, apple-peelers and meerschams ;
Four casks of Bourbon, and two of peach-brandy—
(Strong drinks he went on).

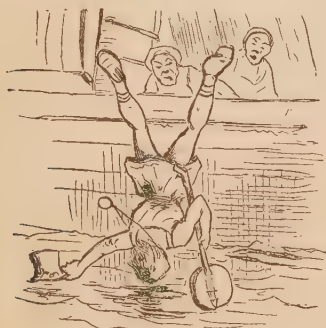
Ten silver tea-sets, and twenty ice-pitchers :
Four Buckeye mowers ; a black-and-tan terrier ;
Also a billiard-cue tipped with a diamond,
Worth a talenton.



Having so much, the great player was forced to
Charter, to carry his many possessions,
Nothes, an oyster-smack sailed by Kratippos,
Owner and master.



This was to take him in haste to Korinthos,
Which it could well do, since none of the yachts there,
In the Olympian regatta contending,
Ever sailed faster.



Captain Kratippos, he longed for that cargo,
And with his men, Parmenon and Kometes,
Made an agreement to pitch poor Arion
Out to the fishes.

So scarce a league had they sailed on their voyage,
Ere this vile trio informed the gay singer,
He must depart to the dark realm of Aides,
Mauger his wishes.



Cool as a cucumber then was the minstrel;
All that he craved was their ke-yind permission
One little break-down to pick on the banjo—
(So runs the story).

And as they listened his nimble ten fingers
Danced on the strings till they cried in amazement—
Τῖς α βουλῆ; οἱ, βοι οὐθ' ἀγλᾶσεῖ—
Ω ὑνκίδωρι.

When he had finished, he walked to the quarter,
Banjo in hand, and went merrily over,
Diving down, down, derry down, to the bottom,
Quite disappearing.

Thinking their man gone to Aides with Hermes,
Hurried the rogues in their greed to the cabin,
Where they cast lots for their choice of the plunder,
All the while jeering.

But an art-loving, benevolent dolphin,
Sent by Poseidon to specially aid him,
Carried the bard off to Tainoron swiftly,
On its back mounted,

Where when he landed he first took his breakfast,
Then took the six o'clock train for Korinthos,
And to his crony, the king Periandros,
All this recounted.

Wroth was his majesty at the recital:
Swearing by Stux he would punish the varlets;
Sent for the Chief of Police in a hurry—
Dionkenedios—



Thus to him saying:—"When comes here the Nothes,
Seize on Kratippos and both of his sailors;
Bring them before us for justice, or never
Come back to see us."

So when the vessel came home in a fortnight,
Off went policeman 940,
Who with 2,750,
Caught the offenders.

They were all tried, and—the spring being over—
In a most summary manner; the seamen
Sent off to Sing-Sing—Kratippos, he hanged himself
With his suspenders.

So the musician recovered his riches,
And for a week, with his friend Periandros,
Went on a spree, for he thought the occasion
One to get high on.

As for the dolphin, it met with misfortune—
As it went back a great shark bit its tail off:
That was the tail of the dolphin; this is the
Tale of Arion.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

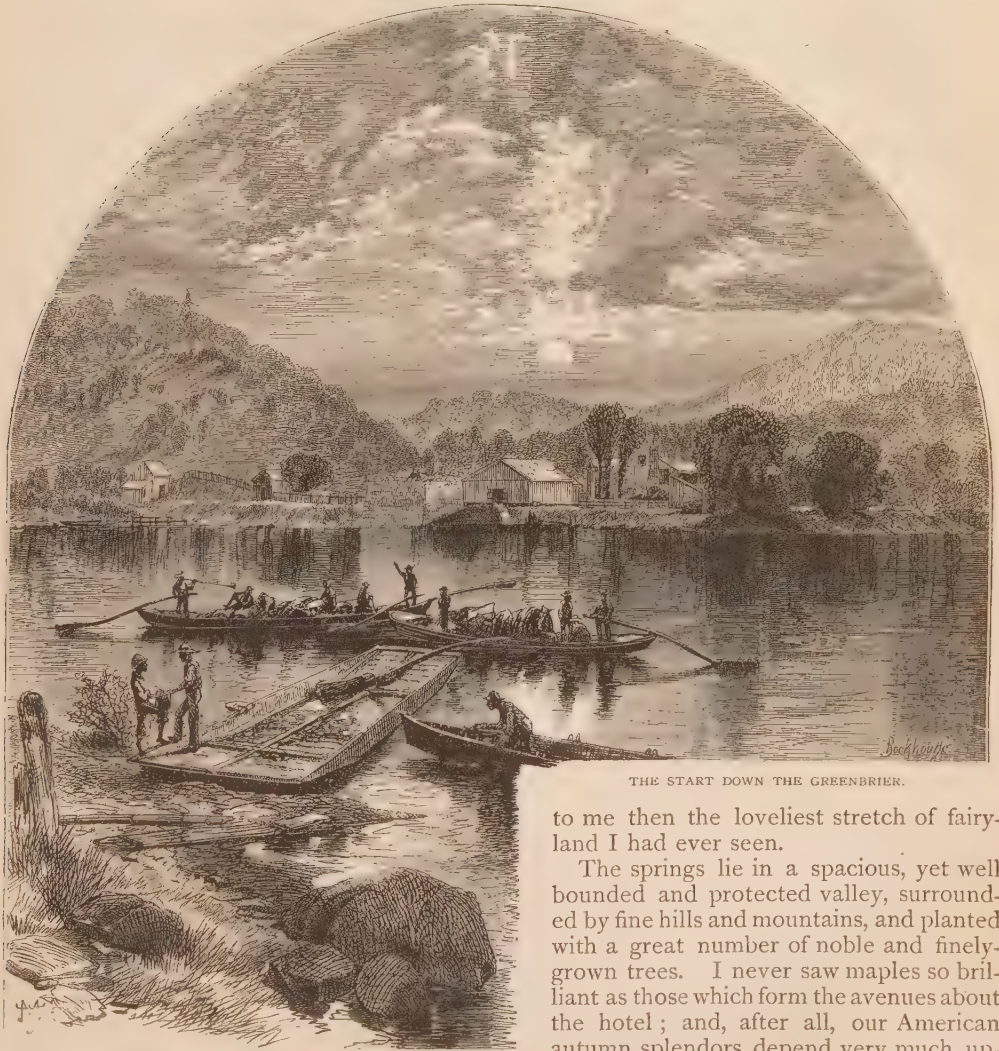
VOL. V.

JANUARY, 1873.

NO. 3.

NEW WAYS IN THE OLD DOMINION.—II.

THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILROAD.



THE START DOWN THE GREENBRIER.

to me then the loveliest stretch of fairy-land I had ever seen.

The springs lie in a spacious, yet well bounded and protected valley, surrounded by fine hills and mountains, and planted with a great number of noble and finely-grown trees. I never saw maples so brilliant as those which form the avenues about the hotel; and, after all, our American autumn splendors depend very much upon the maple. The yellow of the hickory and poplar; the maroon of the oak, the russet of the chestnut, the fiery blaze of the sweet-gum, and the indomitable green of the pine, all harmonize with the crimson of the maple; but they need its glory to set them off. I

My first sight of the famous White Sulphur Springs was obtained on an October morning, when, hungry, dusty, unshaven, and just a little tired, I emerged from the wilderness, after an eight days' horseback ride from Huntington on the Ohio, into what seemed



GREENBRIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

remember, too, a Virginia creeper, which had climbed into the branches of a tall hemlock, and had, as is its habit, shot its arms out to the extremities of those of the tree, where it glowed, as though it was the very burning bush of Moses, with so dazzling an effulgence that all similes fail to describe it.

And I remember, too, that on that lovely and invigorating October day our small party had the whole vast hotel to ourselves. The guests had all untimely departed; the great dining-hall, the most spacious I have ever seen, echoed to our footsteps; the halls and broad piazzas were all deserted; the very barber had "gone a shooting," for lack of beards to cut; and I saw once more that the fashionable American has chosen to leave the country in the very finest time of the year, when health and beauty most abound in it.

There is a singular, and for a fashionable watering-place, an extraordinary look of comfort and careless ease about the White Sulphur Springs. Not only are the piazzas broad and endlessly long, the halls wide, and the grass green and covered with fine shade-trees; but the little white cottages, scattered over the broad surrounding space, very plain, highly unornamented, but with white, clean piazzas, and cozy, give the place an odd look of a village. The post-office, the telegraph, the railroad depot, connect you with the outer world, but do not rob the place of its charming air of seclusion and quiet; while the mountains and vales invite to out-door life. The hotel

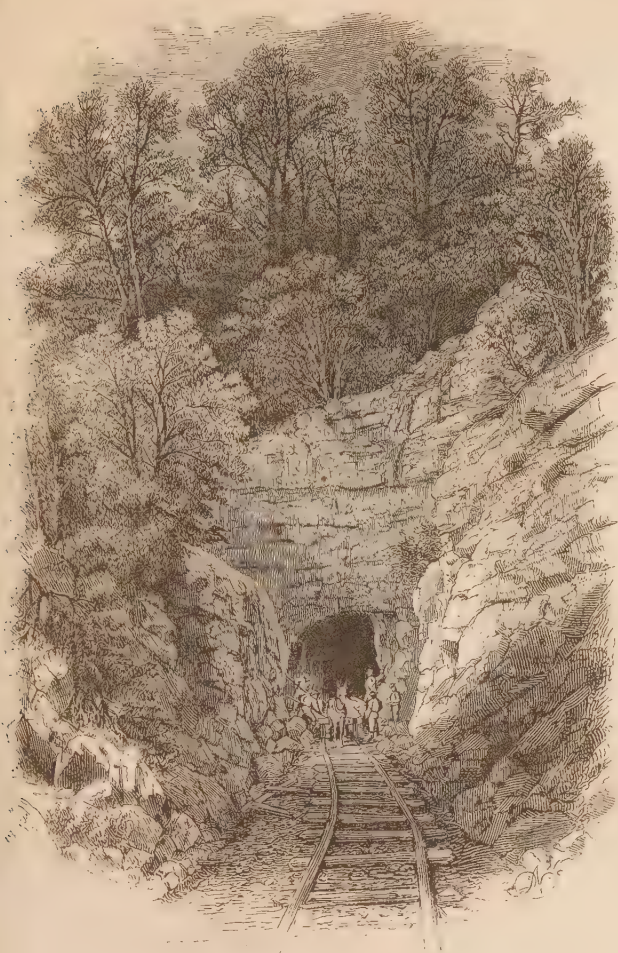
lords over the valley, and it seems as though when you engaged your room at the White Sulphur you secured at the same time, and for the same price, your undivided share of all out-doors.

Hitherto there has been to the White Sulphur, or to its neighboring watering-places,—the "Blue Sulphur," "Rock-bridge Alum," "Old Sweet," and others whose medicinal waters and fine scenery have made them long famous with East-

ern and Southern people,—no access except from the east. Now that the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad is completed to the Ohio, it would not be surprising if these should become rapidly the favorite watering-places of Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, and Louisville, to all of which places they will be easily accessible. The West has no fine or fashionable or famous watering-place; and here in Virginia it may find one, or indeed a number, worthy of praise and patronage.



JUNCTION OF GREENBRIER AND NEW RIVERS.



EASTERN PORTAL OF SECOND CREEK TUNNEL.

Until the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad was completed to the White Sulphur, that resort was reached only by a stage journey.

Until the railroad pushed westward beyond the White Sulphur, westward lay, for many, many miles, as fine a bit of wilderness as you might expect to find anywhere; a country remarkably rich in oak, hickory and other valuable timber, which was commercially valueless because it could get to no market; but which must soon become very valuable, I should say. Through this region, picturesque, and having at many points the air of an old and comfortable farming country, while at others it lies in its aboriginal wildness, you reach the spot where amid charming forest glades the Greenbrier, the Ronce Vert of the old French, joins the New River,

which last has its source in North Carolina.

About Lewisburgh, you pass through a region containing many large and well-kept, and evidently prosperous farms; there you may see fine cattle, and can imagine the grazing to be excellent the year through. Western Virginia, in general, does not bear the aspect of a slave State; it is not dilapidated; the people, in fact, had formerly but few slaves, and those mostly house-servants, who, in many cases, are still attached to the old families. The fresh breezes of these high plains are refreshing and health-giving; and make traveling a pleasure. In the Greenbrier country, there is much evidence of wealth and refinement, in large houses, well-kept fences, and good crops. They raise fine horses hereabout; and no doubt the large farmers have found, as they will continue to find, the neighborhood of the Sulphur Springs convenient, because it gives them access to good society during the summer.

The cañon of the New River seems to have been intended by Nature as a passage through the mountains for a railroad. It looks at first like a most unpromising passage; but did it not exist it is doubtful if a railroad would ever, or at least for many years to come, have been run across the two



ANVIL ROCK, GREENBRIER RIVER.



A HARD ROAD FOR ARTISTS.

Virginias, to connect the Atlantic Ocean with the Ohio. This cañon is one of the most remarkable natural wonders of the Eastern States.

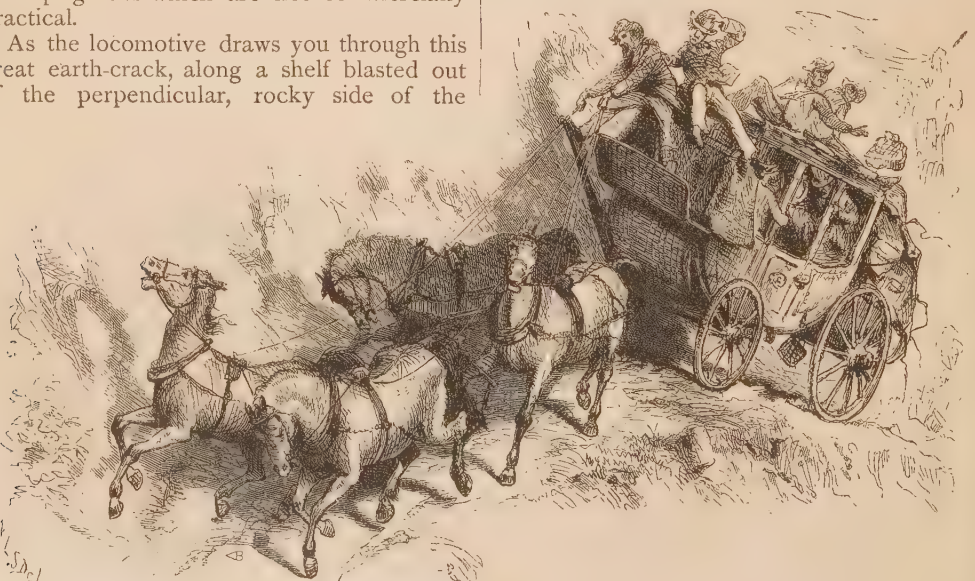
It is, in fact—so geologists affirm—a deep crack in the earth, a hundred miles long, a mile wide at the summit, from eight hundred to fifteen hundred feet deep, and bearing at its bottom a noisy turbulent stream, dangerous as well as difficult to navigate, and to the first look, useless.

To the railroad builders this earth-crack was invaluable. It opened them a passage through the mountains which they could never have made by art or force, and gave them easy grades where, but for its existence, they must either have diverted their road in an impracticable manner, or been forced to attempt grades which are not commercially practical.

As the locomotive draws you through this great earth-crack, along a shelf blasted out of the perpendicular, rocky side of the

cañon, and whirls you sharply around corners, and past rapids and roaring waters, you should remember that you are not traveling at the general level of the surrounding country, but often hundreds of feet below it. The cañon is as really a deep gorge or cut, as that more famous and deeper one of the Colorado river. You approach it and enter it on the train, in such a way that you can with difficulty realize, that up at the summit of the steep declivity, if you stood there, you would see before you a great broad spacious plain, stretching away on both sides, in which the cañon would appear what it is—a mere earth-crack.

Above are wide fertile fields of corn and wheat; there are towns and villages; there the world wags; down here in the silent



THE STAGE-COACH.



FREIGHTERS' CAMP.

cañon—silent except when the shriek of the locomotive is reëchoed from its precipitous cliffs, or when the roar of the train contends with the roar of the rapids below—you are apart from the world, in the bowels of the earth.

Near the junction of the Greenbrier with the New River, you pass through a somewhat rude, sparsely-populated farming country; a region which will remind you a little of Vermont, and where some day, I should think, sheep will be found profitable.

When you glide into the long cañon, you leave farming, school-houses, and civilization behind—or, more correctly, above you. The people live on the high plain; the cañon is but thinly inhabited; it contains very little agricultural land; and you will be surprised to see farms on some hill-slopes so steep that one wonders how the horses keep their footing while they plough; and the odd conceit of an engineer becomes plausible, that

the farmers stand on the other bank of the river and shoot in their seed-corn from a rifle. As an agricultural country the New River



PERPENDICULAR FARMING.



A WEST VIRGINIA SCHOOL-HOUSE.

cañon is a failure. There is enough 'of it, but it mostly stands on end. I thought it at first a convenient but unprofitable passage for a railroad—a haunt most likely to be very famous among the lovers of grand and picturesque scenery, affording numberless charming spots for summer resorts, where fishing and hunting would entice lovers of outdoor life, and clear pure air and solitude would reward them with renewed health and vigor.

Such indeed it will be, no doubt; for this hundred-mile long crack in our planet deserves to be ranked among the famous sights; and now that it is accessible by railroad, it will attract tourists and sight-seers from all parts of the country.

But as the train thunders along, if you examine the bluff or precipice across the river, you will by and by begin to notice that the stratification of the rocks is very remarkable. The rocks lie in their beds evidently as they were deposited. There has been, through all this country, no upheaval, no disorganization of the strata; it is a real earth-crack, in which you are; and if from the tree-clad summit to your road-bed the distance is five hundred, or eight hundred, or a thousand feet, you may take it for granted that you are just that depth in the bowels of the earth.

Curious, but unimportant, do you say? On the contrary, it is both curious and important. For if you keep your eyes open, or if you have a companion familiar with the country, you will be made aware that out of the steep high bank there crops, at numerous points already laid bare, a coal seam, or perhaps several coal seams.

In many spots the road-bed itself cuts veins of the best cannel coal; and everywhere this



"NO MORE WORK FOR POOR UNCLE NED."



TUB MILL—BUFFALO CREEK.

coal lies so that as it is mined it can be cheaply dumped into cars.

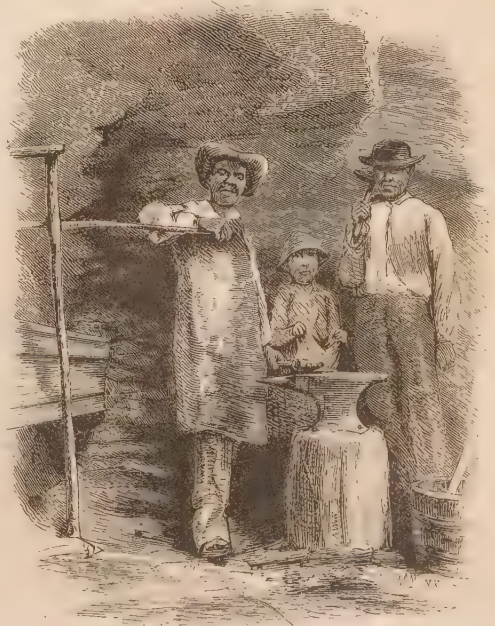
Nor is this the sole advantage. Suppose this huge long vein, or seam, or bed of coal had been upturned, overthrown, slanted back—give it any position but that which it has—then to work it, to get it out, would be difficult and costly. The coal would have to be raised from a depth by costly labor; the water would have to be pumped out of the shaft by costly machinery; and the more coal was dug, the more it would cost to raise it. Here, by a singularly fortunate chance, the miner digs straight into the mountain, the mine drains itself, and his dump-cars deposit it by gravity at the pit's mouth, alongside of the railroad. I have heard that the cannel and gas coal of the whole Kanawha region can be delivered in New York, and sold at a profit, for eight or ten dollars per ton.

What a difference a railroad makes. Here is a region so inaccessible, that but a few months ago it needed a hardy and expert tourist to attain and pass through it. Two years ago it was impossible even to ride through the long cañon on horseback, and the only way in which it could be seen was by means of the long, narrow, arrowy batteaux, and their skillful masters even at times hesitated to shoot the more impetuous rapids. When the engineers of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad made their surveys, they had in

dozens of places to get their measurements by letting men down the precipitous cliffs by stout ropes. The survey of the New River cañon for railroad purposes was probably as tedious and difficult an enterprise as engineers ever attempted. The instruments had to be taken to pieces, and carried from camp to camp on the backs of men; at not a few points, it was impossible to get even level space enough to make a camp; and after the preliminary survey was completed, and it had been declared a practicable route, the first undertaking was to cut a narrow and difficult bridle-path, the whole length of the cañon—a 'bridle-path' which needed, when our artists traveled over it, extremely sure-footed horses and tolerably clear-headed riders. It was only by this bridle-path that the surveying and locating parties could be provisioned; for to them, hanging from cliffs eighty or a hundred feet above the water, batteaux were in most cases useless.

When the contractors went to work, they of course, needing larger quantities of supplies, employed the river boats to bring them; but even they had to transport everything from a few landings, on horses' backs; they brought boats, and used them until several men were drowned; and so treacherous is the river that it was presently found necessary to absolutely forbid the men to bathe in it.

Yet through this but lately inaccessible region you may now ride in a railcar, at the

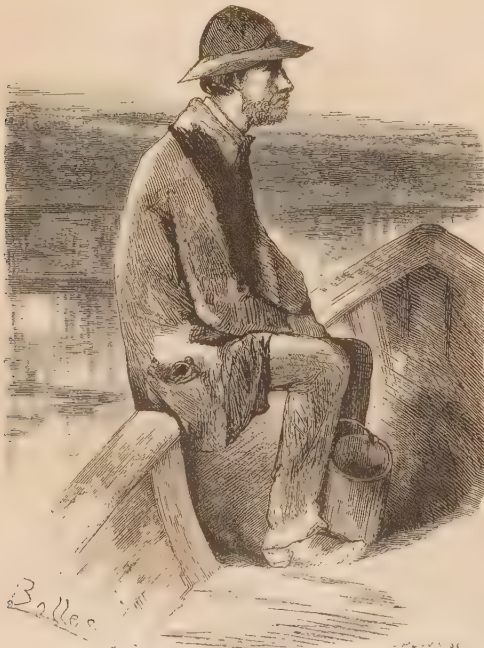


NEW RIVER SMITHY.

rate of forty miles an hour, without inconvenience or danger; the two great bends or elbows in the river's course have been tunneled; impeding bowlders have been blasted away; all obstacles have been removed; and the journey from the White Sulphur to the Ohio at Huntington, which but the other day required eight days of weary and often perilous horseback travel, you may now make in six hours, and sleep all the way if you please.

A railroad is but a road, after all. One needs to remember it, when he sees the wonderful changes the completion of a great railroad brings about; for it seems more like some supernatural work in its results. Here, between the White Sulphur Springs and the Ohio at Huntington, lies one of the richest mineral regions in the world; and not only are the deposits abundant, but they are so disposed that even the country road cuts through coal-beds; opposite Charleston, in the Kanawha Valley, you may see the little ferry-boat tied up to the river bank, and the deck-hand shoveling coal from the vein itself into the steamboat's coal-bunker; every farmhouse has its coal heap—just as further west they have a wood-pile near the house; and almost every farmer has somewhere on his land an outcropping coal-vein, from which he supplies himself.

Yet almost the whole of this vast mineral wealth lay useless, absolutely unprofitable,



A WEST VIRGINIAN.



NATHAN'S "TARPIN."

until the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad was built. From time to time, during the last fifty years, capitalists seeing how cheaply the coal could be mined, how abundant it was, and how rich in all the qualities that make coal valuable for house-fuel, for moving machinery, for reducing ores, or for gas, have been tempted to buy these coal lands, and open mines; and most of them have lost money. Transportation was too difficult and costly, even in the most favorable localities. The coal and limestone of the New River and the Kanawha Valley lie within a hundred miles or less of some of the richest and most important deposits of iron ore in the United States. Both in Virginia and in Kentucky on the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio road, there is abundance of the best iron ore. But without a railroad the ore, the coal, and the limestone were separated by a barrier of distance too great to make their union practicable. With the railroad, this union becomes at once easy, and already iron works are starting up all over a region which for a century has lain idle but expectant; and the natural wealth which General Washington understood so well before the Revolution, that to-day, on the old survey maps, the best lands are found to have been entered by him or in his name,

will at last become useful to mankind.

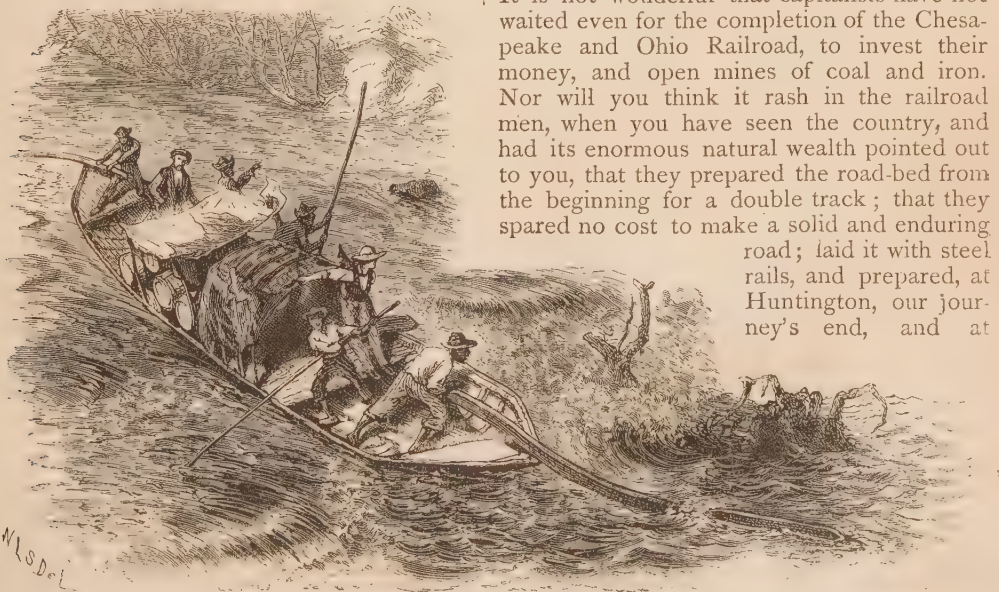
Our artist's illustrations have preserved features of life and scenery, most of which will pass away within a very few years. The stage-coach; the rough scramble of photographers over cliffs; the rude camp of the freighter, with his heavy wagons; the perilous descent of the New River rapids in batteaux; the burial of "poor old Ned;" the log school-house; the "Tub mill;" the New River smithy: all these will be relics, very soon, of a life gone out before the rush of the railroad, and the rush of capital and population into this rich region. The magnificent and peculiar scenery will remain, for the gratification of tourists; and it is to be hoped that enterprising men will seize upon the more picturesque points in the great cañon, as the sites for summer hotels, where tourists, curious to see in some detail this remarkable region, may be accommodated. For though a railroad ride through the New River gorge is itself one of the oddest experiences to be attained on a railroad in this country, few will be content merely to ride through it; most, who have



NEW RIVER PLOW-TEAM.

time, will desire to examine in more detail, and in a more leisurely manner, this singular freak of nature.

The tourist, however, will have to contend with the more utilitarian capitalist; for already they are cutting timber on the Greenbrier and on the New, and building saw-mills to saw lumber, with which to build iron furnaces at favorable localities in the cañon. It is an undoubted fact, established by careful calculations, that the rich iron ores lying so temptingly near the surface and near the railroad, in Virginia east of the White Sulphur, can be brought by rail to the coal and limestone in the New River, and there reduced so cheaply, that the iron-master can sell his pig iron for from \$18 to \$20 per ton. It is not wonderful that capitalists have not waited even for the completion of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, to invest their money, and open mines of coal and iron. Nor will you think it rash in the railroad men, when you have seen the country, and had its enormous natural wealth pointed out to you, that they prepared the road-bed from the beginning for a double track; that they spared no cost to make a solid and enduring road; laid it with steel rails, and prepared, at Huntington, our journey's end, and at



RUNNING NEW RIVER RAPIDS.



RICHMOND FALLS, NEW RIVER.

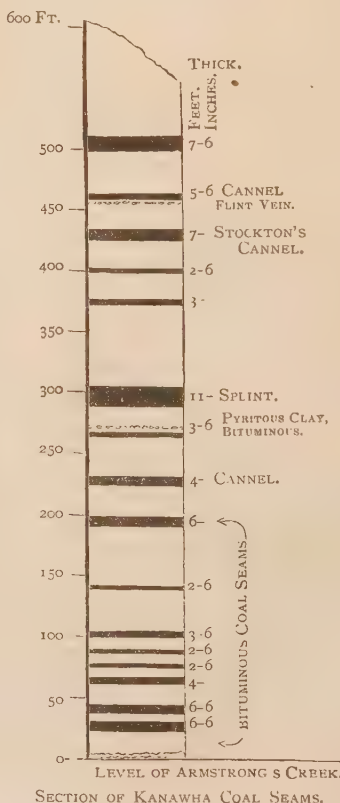
other points, for a traffic so great that their expectations are evidently for the vast business of a first-class and crowded through or trunk-line. The costly tunnels, the substantial iron bridges—as that which at Miller's ferry spans a raging torrent—the solid masonry of the arches and other stone-work which you meet everywhere, the thorough finish of the whole work, which even the rapidly passing traveler by rail will notice, and which surprised and pleased our artists on their picturesque tour—all these show that the men who took this enterprise in hand had faith in the future of the region their road traverses, and had closely examined its resources in timber, iron, coal, salt, and other products.

A list of the important mineral deposits found along the line of our present travel, is a curiosity in itself. Near Richmond are granite quarries, out of which is now taken the stone from which the new State Department building in Washington is being constructed. Twenty miles north of Richmond are vast deposits of marl, the best manure for the wheat and tobacco fields of Virginia. Next, on a geological map, you meet with the gold-bearing region of Virginia, which has been for a long time unmethodically worked. Near by is found copper; around Keswick station are slate quarries, whence merchantable slate of good quality has been taken; in Augusta county, near Staunton, is a famous bed of kaolin, or porcelain clay; near Swoope's Station, and further west, near Covington, are beds of that kind of limestone which is made into hydraulic cement; that from Swoope's Station has been, and is now prepared, in consider-

able quantities, and has already a high reputation. In the New River cañon valuable beds of fire-clay and pipe clay have been already opened, and fire-brick of the best quality has been made. And finally, the whole of West Virginia through which the Chesapeake and Ohio road

passes, abounds in salines; and as you pass over the railroad toward Huntington, you may see some of the most extensive salt works in the United States.

In this list we have said nothing of the veins of iron ore, beginning with a vein of hematite thirty feet wide, near Tolarsville, Louisa county, of which, at the Victoria furnace, two and a



SECTION OF KANAWHA COAL SEAMS.

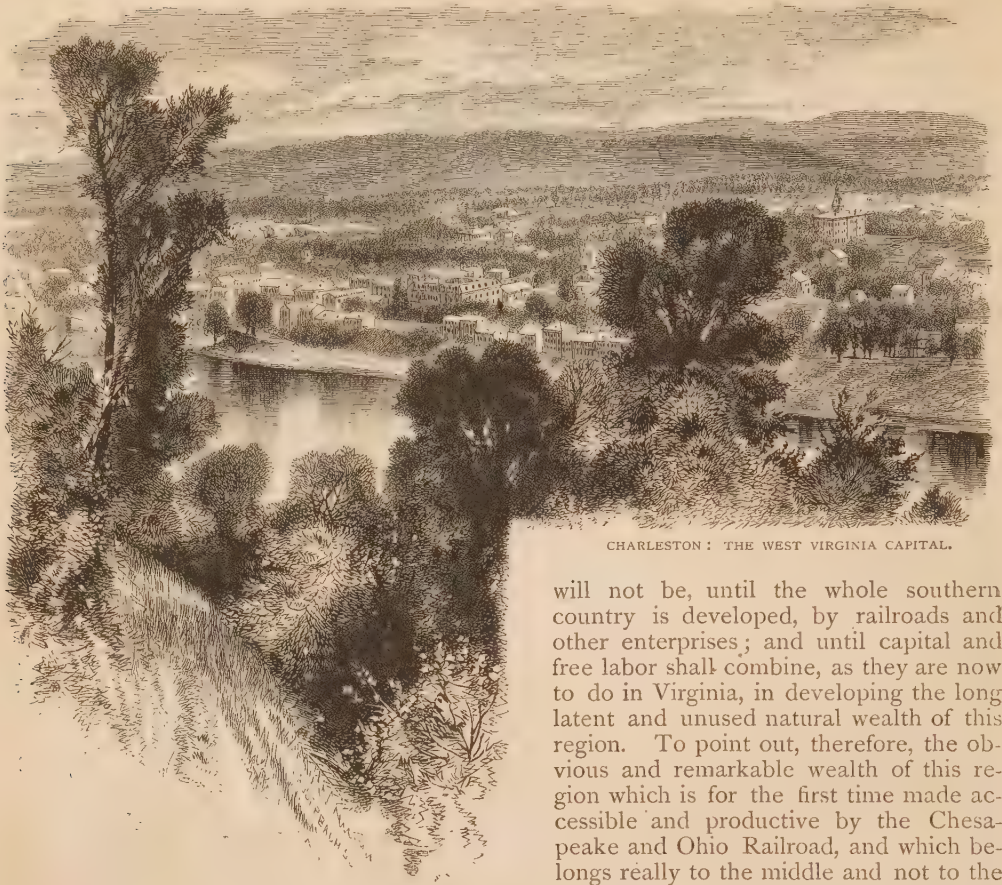
half tons now make a ton of pig iron ; continuing, with a vein of brown argillaceous ore near Gordonsville ; veins of magnetic ore near Rockfish Gap ; hematite, near Fisher's Station, containing from 40 to 50 per cent. of iron, and lying so well that it is now mined for 60 cents a ton ; immense cliffs of hematite further west, in a region already dotted with furnaces, where the ore can be mined and put into the cars for \$1.40 per ton, including the royalty ; deposits of fossiliferous ore near Panther Gap, very rich, and found in a band 18 inches thick where the railroad crosses it, and easily mined. This is the same kind of ore which at Lewiston, in Pennsylvania, is now mined from a vein 9 inches thick, at a depth of 1200 feet, and its value is so great, that even at this depth its production is profitable. This list of deposits and veins of iron ore might be continued, but it is needless. Everywhere, too, lime-stone, of the proper quality for fluxes, abounds ; and with the coal of the New River and of the Kanawha region cheaply accessible, and railroad transportation to tide-water on the east, and to the Ohio river at Huntington—a point accessible at extreme low water—for the west, for the product, it is impossible to over-estimate the near future of this great region.

The development of so extensive and rich a country, almost untouched hitherto, interests of course the capitalist, who owns the railroad, or who is looking for new enterprises into which to put his spare cash. But it is of even greater interest to the great army of laboring men, all over the Union ; for here they may see the promise of cheaper and more abundant iron and coal ; of the cheapening of everything which is made of iron, as rails, nails, tools, implements of husbandry, etc. ; and what is of equal importance, here is a new field for labor, where, every year, for a century to come, a more and more numerous army of workmen may gather, to build up their homes in a mild climate, and live by developing the natural resources of the country.

It will not be long before we number a hundred millions ; the child is already born who may see this Union contain even one hundred and twenty millions. Looking to this near, or at least not far-off future, it is of inestimable importance that we have a country so rich in natural wealth as ours. The opening of a great region, near the center of our population, in a mild climate, not far from the centers of commerce, so rich as Virginia and West Virginia, in the minerals most im-

HUNTINGTON AND THE OHIO RIVER.





CHARLESTON : THE WEST VIRGINIA CAPITAL.

portant to all industries, is something of immediate and direct interest to every working-man in the whole Union. It was once asserted by a shrewd observer, that the slave labor of the South, distant as it was from the North, sensibly depressed the wages of every northern laborer. And this was true : for not only did the slaves consume little, and therefore discourage manufactures, and thus help to keep down wages, but slavery kept free labor out of a vast region—nearly one-half the Union—and thus unnaturally crowded the labor-market in the free States, and depressed wages. The late war, by freeing the slaves, benefited every laboring man in the northern States. Already the consumption of products in the southern States has very largely increased. It is within bounds to say that every free negro family consumes at least three times as much as a slave family did in former times. But the whole force and benefit, to the laboring men of the Union, of the emancipation act, has not yet been realized, and

will not be, until the whole southern country is developed, by railroads and other enterprises ; and until capital and free labor shall combine, as they are now to do in Virginia, in developing the long latent and unused natural wealth of this region. To point out, therefore, the obvious and remarkable wealth of this region which is for the first time made accessible and productive by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, and which belongs really to the middle and not to the southern States, is to show to the work-

ingmen of America not merely a new field of labor, but a new and permanent addition to the general labor fund.

In their journey through the New River cañon, our artists found hospitable entertainment with the resident engineers and contractors on the line of the road. These gentlemen are, with few exceptions, Virginians, and very practical, cheerful, hopeful men they are, being busy with honest work. Most of them had served in the war—generally under Lee or Stonewall Jackson—with an occasional Northern man, who had served with Meade, or Sheridan, or Grant. There were no signs of any bloody chasm, hereabouts, to be bridged over or filled up ; and indeed Virginia seems, both by its soil, its climate, its products, and its people, to belong rather to the North than the South. Our artists usually found a picture of Lee or Stonewall Jackson hanging up in the cabin ; and sitting about the big blazing wood fire, after supper, the conversation often turned upon the “late

unpleasantness," and Northern and Southern men amicably fought their battles over again, and compared notes and opinions upon great events and great names. We noticed that Sheridan received many a hearty compliment from our friends of the other side in these discussions, some of whom, being cavalymen, had fought against him, and imbibed an honest admiration of his skill and dash.

It was pleasant to hear these Virginians speak of the colored laborers on the road, whom they all praised as being perhaps the most useful laboring force for such a work that could be got anywhere; strong, healthy, easily managed, sober, and quick to learn. The relations between the whites and blacks, indeed, seemed of the most kindly sort; as was but natural where all were engaged together in a work calculated to develop their own State's wealth.

On one part of the line a motley crew of State-prison birds were at work. The State of Virginia hires out its convicts to such outdoor labor, and does well for them as well as itself in the act. For surely it is better for a man to live out of doors, even though his labor is more severe, than to be shut up between walls, away from the sunshine, the trees, and the fresh air. These convicts were dressed in shirts and trowsers having broad black stripes; they lived in strongly built shanties, having iron gratings in the windows; and guards, dressed in home-spun and armed with rifles, watched over them to prevent escapes. Our artists were amused at the coolness with which one of these guards explained that he was rather a noted shot; and that he did not think, from where he stood, on a little knoll, any man could get away alive from his rifle. The convicts thrive much better than in prison, and we could not help but wonder if it would not be wise to employ State-prison convicts generally or universally in road-building. All our States need good country roads; and if convict labor were turned systematically to the thorough construction of such roads, it would be but a few years before country life, in the Eastern States at least, would lose



INDIAN MOUND, NEAR ST. ALBANS.

one of its most serious drawbacks; while the convicts themselves would acquire the knowledge of an art—the art of constructing durable and smooth hard country roads—which would make them skilled laborers and useful in every new country.

The adventurous and enterprising tourist, if hereafter there shall remain such a being,



RAFTS OF SAW-LOGS.

may make the tour of the New River cañon, as our artists did, in a batteau; as voyages by canoe are just now fashionable, we do not doubt that some romantic voyagers will make this attempt. They are hereby warned that it is an exciting and in some parts even a perilous passage, through a long succession of rapids, for which even the passenger needs good nerves. The boats are admirably adapted to the work they have to do. More than sixty feet long by less than six wide, they accommodate themselves very well to the impetuous torrent, and are, for these waters, excellent sea-boats. The steersman, clear eyed, skillful, cool-headed, as he needs to be, winds a parting blast on his horn as your boat is let go. Three negroes make up the whole crew—the headsman, who is in fact the captain, and stands in the bow to direct the steersman by waving his arms; the steersman, who guides the boat with a long and powerful oar; and a third man, who accelerates the boat's speed, with oars, in the eddies and smooth parts of the river. The headsman, or captain, "knows the river," and he not only directs the course of the boat, but has besides, under his own control, an oar projecting from the bow, with which, in sudden emergencies, to "slew" the boat more quickly around. Then, the boat has dashboards, which are put up to make her low sides higher, when she is to pass through the roughest waters.

Captain George Napper and his crew beguiled the time with singing, and were very ready to point out to our tourists the most remarkable objects in the long descent. An occasional water-snake excited the crew; and in the eddies and where the current runs smoothly, fishing was in order, and the excellent Nathan not only caught fish, but—more than he bargained for—was alarmed by the heavy bite of a terrapin, or "tarpin," as he preferred to call the beast, which broke his pole and got away from him. To a summer tourist in search of a novel adventure, this passage of the New River in a batteau can be confidently recommended as an enterprise pleasant in itself, and of which he will have charming memories. He needs only to leave the train anywhere near the junction



BIG DOWDY FALLS, NEAR NEW RIVER.

of the Greenbrier and the New, and will find safe boats and skillful crews ready for a moderate sum to make the voyage with him.

You emerge from the New River cañon near the Great Falls of the Kanawha. Between Miller's Ferry and this point you are in a country which filled the newspapers during the earlier part of the war. Here Rosecrans operated against Wise and other Confederate generals; and it will give you a good idea of some of the difficulties of mountain warfare, to see the ruins of the old Gauley bridge which General Wise burned when he was retreating before the Union troops, and to notice the rough country roads, and the rougher country, over and through which men had to march and fight. Kanawha Falls is probably destined to become a famous summer watering-place. It has fine scenery, and a

varied and pleasant country around it ; and the falls are themselves so picturesque that I wonder they are not better known. There is here too an important water-power, which must become of commercial importance before long, and will make the place, probably, the seat of important manufacturing industries.

At Kanawha Falls there is a comfortable old-fashioned country inn, remembered by our artists, because here they rested their weary bones after the exciting but tiresome descent of the New River. This old tavern has a glorious situation on the edge of the long rapids which make the main part of the falls ; and after wandering over the huge boulders, and propelling the little flat-bottomed skiffs about the eddies, and across the quieter part of the stream, to the vast rocks which occupy its middle, and over which, when the river is high, the torrent dashes in a very wild and wicked way, our party were glad to return to a "square meal" of fried



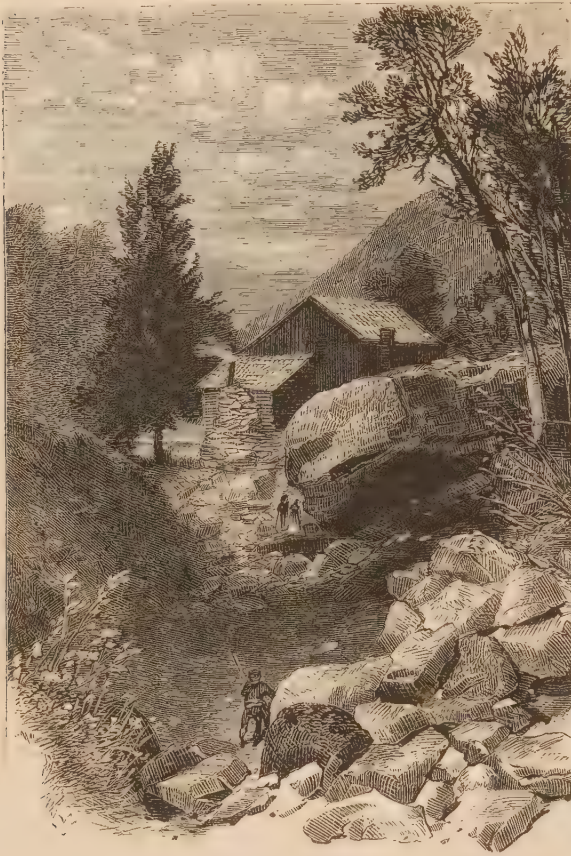
WHITCOMB'S BOWLER.



INCLINED PLANE AT CANNELTON.

chicken and its Virginia concomitants, and spend a restful evening around the huge coal fire which is the liberal custom of this region—a coal fire contained in a grate so big, so high, so roomy, so full and bright and blazing and crackling, that it would have seemed a shameless extravagance in any country but this region, where coal is the most plentiful of all things of value to man. It was here that an engineer, sitting by the fire, related that he had been puzzled once, when one of his Yankee subordinates sent him a map of part of the line, by an annotation—"Extensive indications of defunct Virginians whereabouts." He did not comprehend the meaning of his Yankee assistant's note, until the latter explained that at that point he had discovered a very large bed of mint. The mint-julep, you should understand, is a favorite beverage among the old Virginians ; and "in Chotank," said a Virginian to our artists, "even the mocking-birds wake you up in the morning with an invitation to a julep so mellifluous that it would tempt a saint. They begin at early dawn, sitting in the tree by your window, and their song, which I have often heard, runs thus :

" "Getting late! getting late!
Get up! get up! get up!



FERN SPRING BRANCH.

Julip, Julip, Julip, Julip!
 Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet!
 Taste, taste, taste, taste!
 Get up, get up!
 Julip, Julip, Ju-u-l-i-i-i-p!"

As the Virginian warbled these words, it appeared to the artists that the invitation was altogether irresistible; and that the mocking-bird is really a dangerous animal, which, fortunately for us, is not found in our more severe northern climate; for the deleterious grass of which the mint-julep is compounded, thrives with us as well as in the Old Dominion.

When you leave Kanawha Falls, you pass into a region which has decided agricultural advantages, combined with its mineral wealth. It is an old and indeed a somewhat thinly-peopled, though by no means worn-out farming country. The houses are often of stone; and you find the better class surrounded with numerous out-houses, which bespeak a mild winter, and much out-door life. Between Kanawha Falls and the Ohio, there is

not only coal—of which all the mountains are full, and timber of different kinds—but salt. Over two millions of bushels of salt have been made here, in a single year; and the product can be increased very largely. Geologists say that saliferous sand-rock underlies the whole coal-field of West Virginia; and artesian wells, sunk deeply enough, yield a rich brine, which is boiled down to salt which already has a high reputation in the market. It is a curious fact that several of the Kanawha Valley salt works have for some time stood still, receiving pay from other salt companies for this cessation from production. But with the completion of the railroad it will probably be more profitable for their owners to set the works going, than to remain idle for any pay which other salt producers can afford to give them.

As you pass through the Kanawha Valley, you will find the river running close to the mountains, first on one side, then on the other. The rich bottom-lands, which produce grain and other valuable crops, were very valuable long before the railroad came; they supplied a considerable region almost entirely dependent upon them for corn and wheat; and farms here were sold for

from fifty to as high as a hundred dollars per acre.

During one of the noonday camps in this beautiful region our photographer climbed up a sapling to get a better view of the country. The sapling bent beneath his weight, but instead of "letting him down easy," its top caught in another tree and left our photographer in the "fix" which is so well illustrated in the cut.



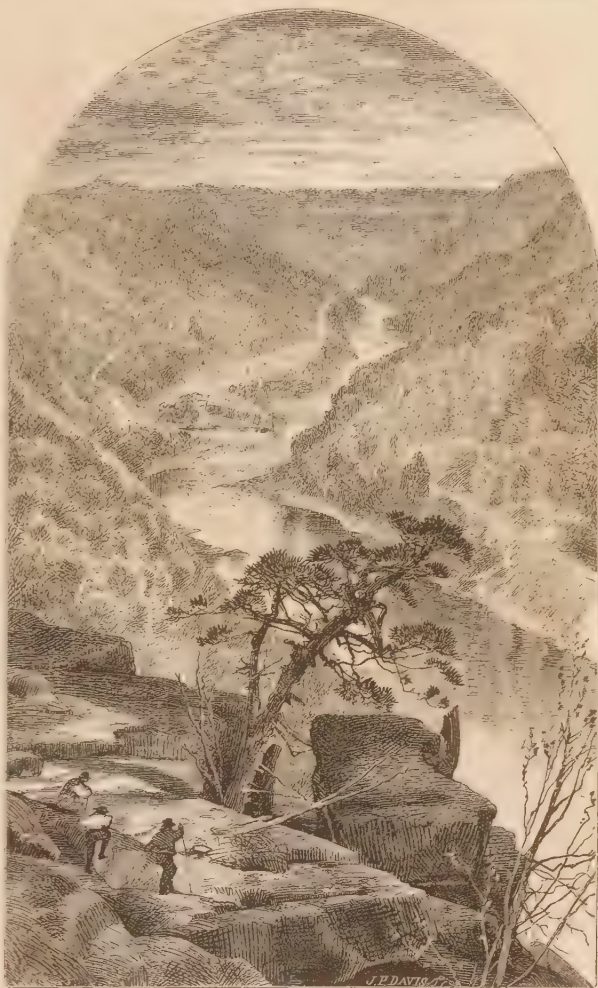
GREAT KANAWHA FALLS.

At many points you will notice preparations for building short branch lines, to connect mines within three or five miles of the main line, with that. It is a well-ascertained fact that the coal which can be mined at a profit within five miles of the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, amounts to not less than several thousands of millions of tons. More than fifteen thousand square miles of coal lie within the bounds of the State of West Virginia.

Our artists were surprised to find negroes so generally employed as road-builders. They have proved in fact excellent laborers, both as track-makers, and for mining, blasting, and all the other work of railroad building. They lived in shanties along the road, wherever their work lay; and as is usual with the negroes, they were musical, as well as orderly and sober. Ragged, too, they were, to the last degree, until one wondered where so great a multitude of rags came from; and whether it had ever occurred to one of these jolly fat fellows to buy himself a new suit of clothes. They live well, rather despising corn bread, and using a good deal of canned fruits and vegetables; and the sausage is to them a savory dish.

But few of them had learned to read—though some had learned a trade, and were proud of it. We heard it often remarked that they would never again live in cities, but acquire farms for themselves. No doubt their experience on the road, far away from home, has increased their intelligence, and their capacity to help themselves. They save money—the contractors reported this very generally; they have not the habit of drinking whisky; and on the work itself, as they took their chance with the white workmen, so they were treated with absolute equality, not the slightest bullying being allowed or attempted. Indeed, wherever there is real genuine hard work to be done by men, they soon cease to regard color or other distinctions, and respect each other according to the ability each manifests. This is true everywhere, and was true of course here.

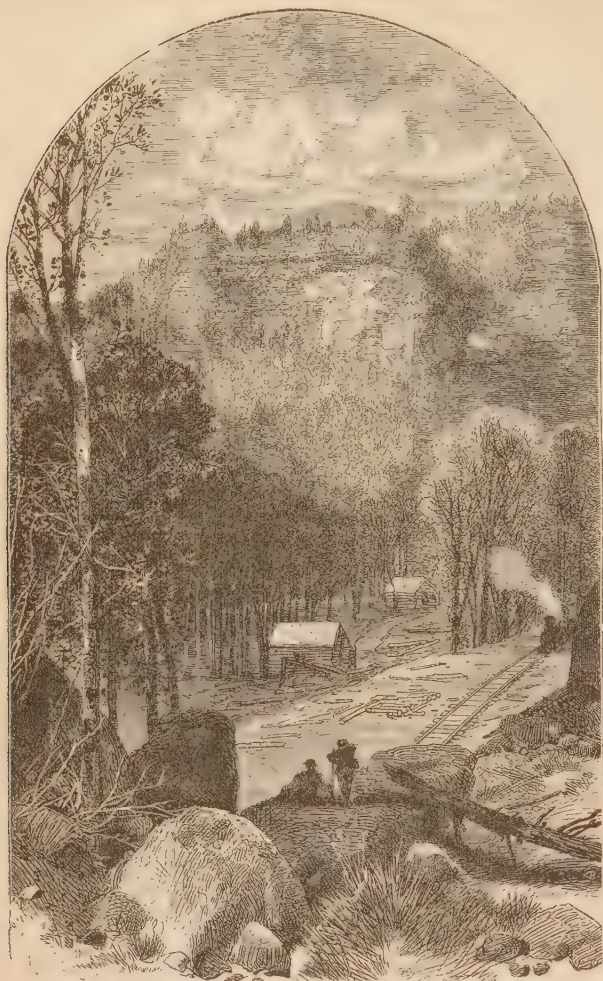
The contractors had but one complaint to make—that the colored men *would* go



MILLER'S FERRY, FROM THE HAWK'S NEST.

“home” for Christmas. Home, to them, meant Eastern Virginia, and we were told that many of them returned joyfully to the old plantations where formerly they were slaves, and where, as more than one former master told us, they are still made welcome on holidays.

They have some curious phrases. One, being asked about a matter concerning which he had not made up his mind, said—“I’ll look over my mind and see.” Another, being asked how his wife and children were doing, replied—“they’re all knocking around,” meaning that they were well. You will notice, too, that they do not live *in* any place, or seek for a place where to live. “I’m looking round fore a place to live *at* after this yere job’s done,” said one to us. They seemed too, according to their own reports at least, disinclined



THE HAWK'S NEST, FROM BOWLDER POINT.

to marry, preferring to live with their mothers. A number of colored men spoke hopefully of going back home, to buy a farm, and live comfortably with their mothers. Wives, these men thought, were too unreasonable, and made too many demands. Their mothers they could get on with. But I suspect, like the rest of mankind, they will be caught some day. One would need a pretty high premium to insure a likely young fellow, with a house and farm, against being married off, whether he was willing or not.

At Cannelton, the railroad has already given a stimulus to a mining operation conducted, as you will see in passing, on a very large scale. A long incline of 1100 feet, laid against the almost perpendicular face of the mountain, on the side of the Kanawha opposite the road, shows you where coal is let down

from the dark mouths of tunnels, at different levels, from veins of cannel, splint, and other bituminous coals, one of them eleven feet thick, whose outcrop is everywhere seen in this valley. Cannelton has a singular history. It was owned and built by a Rhode Island company, who established works here, not to ship coal, but to melt it into oil. They expended a large capital here in their distillery and mining works; and reaped very handsome returns until the Western Pennsylvania men "struck oil." Then the occupation of Cannelton was gone. The company could not compete with the flowing wells of Titusville, and the works were closed; for without railroad transportation their coal was valueless. But now they begin again, and what was but lately worthless, now suddenly proves a property as valuable and more certain than a gold mine.

When the Kanawha country was first surveyed by Washington, numerous springs were found, which emitted a mixture of brine and gas. For many years later, the gas was used to heat the evaporating pans at these springs, for the manufacture of salt; and when new wells were bored, the gas was sometimes ejected to the height of 150 feet, with a roar that could be heard eight miles away. The gas still

bubbles up in the old Washington Spring, but the great gas tank which was built to accumulate it for burning, was emptied long ago. It is said that a too curious Yankee "professor," wandering through this region, tried an unlucky experiment with the gas-holder. He applied a lighted match to a leaky seam, to see if the stuff would really burn; his success probably far exceeded his expectations, for he not only burned up the whole establishment, but almost roasted himself, and arrived in Charleston by stage, in a state which would have made him an object of interest to a hungry Feejee. Tradition relates that the owner of the salt-works, an eccentric old man, when he was told of the destruction, ordered his overseer to go down to Charleston and have the Yankee professor arrested, "if he had any

sense ;" and this proviso saved the unfortunate experimenter, for the literal overseer, having found the professor, said to him : " I have come, Sir, to get out a warrant for you, if you have any sense ; but if you are a natural born durned fool I'm to let you go." The professor—or what was left of him—comprehended the situation and owned up, and the overseer went back satisfied.

The Snow Hill salt-works, perhaps the largest of their kind in the world, lie near the road. They produced last year 402,680 bushels. The brine is here drawn from nine wells, which are from 800 to 1000 feet deep. They are bored through about 300 feet of sandstone, below which the brine is found. From 45 to 50 gallons make a bushel of salt. Attached to the salt-works is a bromine factory, where a hundred pounds of this odorous drug are daily made. The coal used for fuel for all this work is taken from a five-foot seam on the adjacent hills—nature having thus done all that she could for man's convenience and profit.

The rich bottom-lands of the Kanawha, by the way, are cultivated with a singular rotation of crops, on what is called the twenty-one-year system—twenty years in corn, and one year in wheat, "to rest the land."

Charleston, the capital of West Virginia, is a thriving and rapidly growing town, which promises to become, in time, an important manufacturing place, for which it has good natural facilities. It is very favorably situated, as a center of lines of railroad now projected to connect as feeders with the main line of the Chesapeake and Ohio ; and it has a fertile country around it, and a noble navigable river in its front. It is still called by the Post-Office Department "Kanawha Court-House," but the inhabitants properly reject this insignificant name.

Between Charleston and St. Albans—the latter formerly known as "Coalsmouth"—you will see some singular conical hills raising their heads, not very conspicuously, on the plain ; and it will interest you to know that these are the works of that curious lost race whom our ethnologists and antiquarians have called the "Mound-builders." Wherever these mounds have been leveled by farmers or engineers, human remains, flint weapons, and I believe sometimes bones of animals, have been found in them. The artist has pictured one of these singular remains of the industry of an age lost to history—one of the smallest ; it stands on the left of the road as you travel west, and is guarded by two spreading beeches.



A PHOTOGRAPHER IN A FIX.

At St. Albans you are in the midst of a rich and extensive timber country. The Coal river serves a double purpose ; for its current bears down to the railroad not only the coal mined on its banks, but the timber—very large it is too—which grows upon them. St. Albans will be for many years the center of an important lumber region ; the whole river is filled with huge rafts ; and long iron chains haul the ponderous logs up inclined planes to meet the saws, which are to turn them into lumber.

At the mouth of the Scary, a few miles beyond St. Albans, you leave the Kanawha, and the railroad cuts directly across the country, thirty-two miles, to Huntington ; the winding of the river making the distance by water 72 miles. The nomenclature of Virginia and West Virginia is in many points curious. East of the Alleghanies we met with such streams as the Cow Pasture, the Bull Pasture, and the Great and Little Calf Pasture. Here you cross the Coal River, not so inaptly named, and then the Scary, the Hurricane, and the Mud. And crossing these, and the lonely Guyandotte River,

whose euphonious name the natives shorten to *Guyan* with the accent strong on the last syllable, you are at last landed at Huntington and find yourself in a place, new, but evidently thriving, full of busy life, showing already manufacturing works planned on a large scale, and having broad streets, and a noble water-front on the Ohio.

The importance of the situation of Huntington as the terminus of a railroad connecting the west with tide-water, does not need explanation to a western man, who knows what it means to place a river town so that it shall be able to use the river at all seasons. Huntington stands at the head of what is called "reliable navigation" on the Ohio. This point steamers can reach at all seasons; and hence neither drought nor frost will interrupt commerce or transportation here, as they do almost every year further up the river. One fact alone shows the enormous importance of this to the cities and towns of the lower Ohio. At Cincinnati and Louisville there was formerly a periodical coal famine. Winter after winter, when severe cold followed quickly after a dry summer, the coal mined on and near the upper Ohio could not be got down to these points; and coal became naturally an article of speculation, the sport of middlemen and forestallers. But at Huntington vast supplies are now to accumulate, from which the whole lower Ohio valley may draw at any time; and thus this important article will be made cheap to the poor.

Pittsburgh sent last year fifty million tons of coal past the mouth of the Kanawha to the lower Ohio. Huntington will compete with Pittsburgh by making the supply constant and regular, accessible at all seasons.

The place itself has undoubtedly a remarkable future; for it lies in the heart of a region filled with coal and iron. Back and south of Huntington lie immense deposits of splint and cannel coal—the splint such that it can be used with iron ore without coking. Boyd, Carter and Rowan counties, in Kentucky, joined to Huntington by the Lexington and some other roads, have not only coal but iron; and the whole region about here is full of valuable iron ores, which are already worked at Ironton, Ashland, and other points on the Ohio.

Just above Huntington lies Guyandotte, an old river town, with such a picturesque situation as the early settlers on the Ohio knew how to select. The town is placed at the confluence of the Guyandotte river with the Ohio, and was once a trading place of considerable importance. It has still a commerce of its own with the country lying up the Guyandotte river, which is carried on to a considerable extent in long, narrow, shallow batteaux, called "push-boats," because they are propelled by long poles set in the bank or the bottom of the river. As you cross the river on the cars, you will see, if it is summer time, a fleet of these curious boats moored to the shore, and their crews engaged

in loading and unloading. They bring down, our artists were told, chiefly tobacco and dried apples, together with some other country produce; and carry back various articles of merchandise, but mostly coffee, which they say is indispensable in this region. Tea is little used by the country people. A dealer in Guyandotte reported the proportion to be about 50 bags of Rio coffee to six pounds of tea.

The building of railroads has had a curious effect upon the prosperity of many interior towns, which were placed, before



SNOW HILL SALT-WORKS.

railroads were thought of, with reference to river navigation only. To us moderns, a river is often a troublesome affair, because it necessitates bridges; and the course of commerce, ruled by the iron roads, makes rivers certainly of secondary importance. The Hudson is probably one of our most important streams, but New York could very easily get along without it; and until it is satisfactorily bridged or tunneled, it will be more or less in the way of commerce. Yet it is curious to note that the river traffic, everywhere increases the more railroads are run along river banks. The New York and Albany boats were few in number and of small capacity before the Hudson River Railroad was built, compared with their present number, capacity, and cost; and no doubt the Ohio and the Mississippi will be used for navigation more and more as the railroads increase on their borders.

At Huntington, and within the city limits, stands the State Normal School of West Virginia. It was formerly Marshall College, one of the old collegiate schools of Virginia, and no doubt the Alma Mater of many now prominent Western Virginians. When the State of West Virginia was set apart, it purchased the land and buildings, and turned the establishment into a well-conducted normal school, having all the apparatus needed to train teachers for the public schools of the whole State. A model school is maintained here, for practice, and this is attended by the children of the town, and is a great advantage to them.

On the upper waters of the Guyandotte lies a rich timber country, and when this mountain stream runs with its high banks full, as it does in winter and spring, it is covered by timber rafts, going to mill.

At Huntington are placed the Company's repair and construction shops, which of themselves make up almost a town; and hither are being drawn various branches of manufacture, which need cheap coal, cheap iron, and cheap transportation, both eastward and westward, for their prosperity.

This is the end of the journey over which our artists have carried the reader of SCRIBNER, showing him in their illustrations many objects which the march of improvement will presently sweep away. You will perhaps be struck with the national importance of such a work, when you have passed over it with intelligent eyes. We discuss, in newspapers



DR. HALE'S HOTEL, CHARLESTON.

and reviews, the danger and inconvenience of the great railroad monopolies, and try to invent some way of controlling them by laws; but here, a few practical capitalists have struck what will seem to you a harder blow at these monopolies than any possible laws; and have done it, not because they thought about monopolies—but because they are working for their own interests. Every new line connecting the tide-water with the western waters is a new guard to the public against the carelessness or overcharging of existing lines. To the Erie, the New York Central, the Pennsylvania Central, and the Baltimore and Ohio railroads, now comes the Chesapeake and Ohio, and claims a share of freight and passengers.

Nor is the construction of such a road without what may be called wholesome political results. In the first place, it was built almost entirely by the labor of negroes, who here proved themselves admirable and trustworthy workmen; sober, equal to the severest toil, and winning the good opinion of every one. In the work, they learned self-dependence, became more intelligent, were drawn away from their homes, and thus had the advantage of travel and of seeing a new life. These blacks, of whom five thousand were employed on the road, all formerly slaves in Eastern Virginia, will be the better citizens for this experience.

Again, northern capital and northern men are invading this new country; and thus will be induced and facilitated that intermingling of northern with southern men, which is, in the long run, our best and perhaps only surety for a "more perfect Union." And so the "new Virginia" will be a benefit not only to herself, but to the whole sisterhood of States.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S SONS.

IN Denmark gone is many a year,—
So fair upriseth the rim of the sun,—
 Two sons of Gorm the King there were,—
So gray is the sea when the day is done.

Both these were gotten in lawful bed
 Of Thyri, Denmark's Surety-head.

Fair was Knut of face and limb
 As the breast of the Queen that suckled him :

But Harald was hot of hand and heart
 As lips of lovers ere they part.

Knut sat at home in all men's love,
 But over the seas must Harald rove ;

And for every deed by Harald won
 Gorm laid more love on Knut alone.

On a high-tide spake the King in hall :
 "Old I grow as the leaves that fall :

"Knut shall reign when I am dead,
 So shall the land have place and aid ;

"But many a ship shall Harald have,
 For I deem the sea well wrought for his grave."

Then none spake save the King again :
 "If Knut die all my days be vain,

"And whoso the tale of his death shall tell,
 Hath spoken a word to gain him hell.

"So here a doom I will not break,—
So fair upriseth the rim of the sun,—
 For life or death or any man's sake,—
So gray is the sea when the day is done."

O merry days in the summer-tide !—
So fair upriseth the rim of the sun,—
 When the ships sail fair and the young men ride,—
So gray is the sea when the day is done.

Now Harald has got him east-away,
 And each morrow of fight was a gainful day ;

But Knut is to his fosterer gone
 To deal in deeds of peace alone.

So wear the days, and well it is
 Such lovely lords should dwell in bliss.

O merry in the winter-tide,
 When men to Yule-feast wend them wide !

And here lieth Knut in the Lima-firth
When the lift is low o'er the Danish earth.

"Tell me now, shipmaster mine,
What are yon torches I see shine?"

"Lord, no torches may these be,
But golden prows across the sea:

"For over there the sun shines now,
And the gold-worms gape from every prow."

The sun and the wind came down o'er the sea—
"Tell them over, how many they be!"

"Ten I tell with shield-hung sides,
Naught but a fool his death abides."

"Ten thou tellest, and we be three;
Good need that we do manfully.

"Good fellows, grip the shield and spear,
For Harald my brother draweth near.

"We'll breakfast we when night is done,
And Valhall's cock crows up the sun."

Up spoke Harald in wrathful case:
"I would have word with this waxen-face!"

"What wilt thou pay, thou hucksterer,
That I let thee live another year?"

"For oath that thou wilt never reign
Will I let thee live a year or twain."

"Kisses and love shalt thou have of me
If yet my liegeman thou wilt be.

"But stroke of sword, and dint of axe,
Or ere thou makest my face as wax."

As thick the arrows fell around
As fall sere leaves on autumn ground.

In many a cheek the red did wane
No maid might ever kiss again.

"Lay me abroad," Lord Harald said,
"The winter day will soon be dead!"

"Lay me abroad the bastard's ship,
And see to it lest your grapnels slip!"

Then some they knelt and some they drowned,
And some they lay dead Lord Knut around.

"Look here at the wax-white corpse of him,
As fair as the Queen in face and limb!"

"Make now for the shore, for the moon is bright,
And I would be home ere the end of night.

"Two sons last night had Thyrrí the Queen,—
So fair upriseth the rim of the sun,—
And both she may lack ere the woods wax green,—
So gray is the sea when the day is done."

A little before the morning-tide,—
So fair upriseth the rim of the sun,—
Queen Thyrrí looked out of her window-side,—
So gray is the sea when the day is done.

"O men at-arms, what men be ye?"
"Harald thy son comes over the sea."

"Why is thy face so pale, my son?"
"It may be red or day is done."

"O evil words of an evil hour!
Come, sweet son, to thy mother's bower!"

None from the Queen's bower went that day
Till dark night o'er the meadows lay.

None thenceforth heard wail or cry
Till the King's feast was waxen high.

Then into the hall Lord Harald came,
When the great wax-lights were all aflame.

"What tidings, son, dost thou bear to me?
Speak out before I drink with thee."

"Tidings small for a seafarer—
Two falcons in the sea-cliffs were :

"And one was white, and one was gray,
And they fell to battle on a day :

"They fought in the sun, they fought in the wind,
No boot the white fowl's wounds to bind.

"They fought in the wind, they fought in the sun,
And the white fowl died when the play was done."

"Small tidings these to bear o'er the sea!
Good-hap that nothing worse they be!

"Small tidings for a traveled man!
Drink with me, son, whiles yet ye can!

"Drink with me ere thy day and mine,—
So fair upriseth the rim of the sun,—
Be naught but a tale told over the wine!"—
So gray is the sea when the day is done.

Now fareth the King with his men to sleep,—
So fair upriseth the rim of the sun,—

And dim the maids from the Queen's bower creep,—
So gray is the sea when the day is done.

And in the hall is little light,
 And there standeth the Queen with cheeks full white ;

And soft the feet of women fall
 From end to end of the King's great hall.

These bear the gold-wrought cloths away,
 And in other wise the hall array ;

Till all is black that hath been gold,
 So heavy a tale there must be told.

The morrow men looked on King Gorm and said,
 "Hath he dreamed a dream, or beheld the dead ?

"Why is he sad who should be gay,
 Why are the old man's lips so gray ?"

Slow paced the King adown the hall,
 Nor looked aside to either wall :

Till in high seat there he sat him down,
 And deadly old men deemed him grown.

"O Queen, what thrall's hands durst do this,
 To strip my hall of mirth and bliss ?"

"King's daughter's hands have done the deed,
 The hands of Denmark's Surety-head."

"Naught better the deed thy word unsaid—
 Tell me that Knut, my son, is dead !"

She said : "The doom on thee, O King !
 For thine own lips have said the thing."

Men looked to see the King arise,
 The death of men within his eyes ;

Men looked to see his bitter sword
 That once cleared ships from board to board :

But no red came into his cheek,
 He fell aback as one made weak.

His wan cheek brushed the high seat's side,
 And in the noon of day he died.

So lieth King Gorm beneath the grass,
 But from mouth to mouth this tale did pass.

And Harald reigned and went his way,—
So fair upriseth the rim of the sun,—
 And still is the story told to-day,—
So gray is the sea when the day is done.

HOW STANLEY FOUND LIVINGSTONE.



STANLEY AND KALULU.

"No young man thinks he shall ever die," admiringly repeats William Hazlitt in his own brother's words, and takes that sentence as his text to his beautiful and sublime essay, "On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth." Mr. Stanley, the courageous searcher after

and finder of Livingstone, must have had in large degree the feeling of limitless life, of unbounded capacity for effort, such as only youth can feel, when, after a long journey through Lower Egypt to Jerusalem, Constantinople, the Crimea, across the Caspian, down

to Persepolis, to Bagdad, to India, and thence to Zanzibar, he paused on the borders of that mystic continent whose inhabitants wear the "shadowed livery of the burnished sun," and reflected that he had two dread foes to encounter—African fever and African ignorance.

Mr. Stanley resolutely refuses to take to himself the credit of originating the Livingstone expedition. On the contrary, he has told you all how a sudden telegram called him from Madrid to Paris, and how, when he reached the Grand Hotel late at night, encountered young Mr. Bennett, who commanded him to complete a long and arduous series of travels by penetrating to Central Africa and finding Livingstone. Even the announcement of Mr. Stanley that Burton and Speke's journey into the great unknown land cost between £3,000 and £5,000 did not deter Mr. Bennett from his purpose—the only answer was explicit:

"Well, I will tell you what you will do. Draw a thousand pounds now, and when you have gone through that draw another thousand, and when that is spent draw another thousand, and when you have finished that draw another thousand, and so on; but FIND LIVINGSTONE!"

Mr. Stanley did not hesitate. His previous education and training in the school of journalism had accustomed him to rigorous obediences; and as he had done when the elder Bennett gave him ten minutes in which to consider whether or not he would accept the mission to Abyssinia, so now he simply drew a long breath, and agreed to find Livingstone living or Livingstone's bones dead. The story of his departure from Paris I have told you in a previous paper.

A little less than a year after his interview with young Mr. Bennett at the Grand Hotel, Mr. Stanley sailed from Bombay in the bark "Polly," and after a slow voyage of thirty-seven days arrived at Mauritius. During the voyage he became acquainted with the first mate, a Scotchman named William Lawrence Farquhar, and engaged him as a member of the expedition into Africa. He had also brought with him a Christian Arab boy of Jerusalem, named Selim, who was to act as interpreter, and the adventurous little party reached Zanzibar, via the Mauritius, January 6th, 1871.

Here was their last resting-place before the object of their expedition should be accomplished. In the early dawn of a glorious day they sailed through the channel which separates Zanzibar from Africa, and the highlands

of the continent loomed up in ghastly prominence. Zanzibar itself gradually unfolded its low coast, over which the sap-green water ever rolled with low moaning, and presently a dense mass of white, flat-topped houses came into view. Above many of them streamed the well-known banners of many foreign Powers, denoting hospitable consulates; and the American Consul welcomed the weary travelers to his commodious home. A brief repose, and the work began.

Mr. Stanley says that a day's sojourn in Zanzibar convinced him how little he knew respecting African people and things. All the estimates of expense, of pleasure, or of pain, which he had based upon copious studies in books of African travel, during the long voyages, were ridiculous. His brain was confused in vain efforts to distinguish one new type of nationality from another, one hard dialect from another still harder to master; and as he wandered through the crooked and narrow lanes, bordered with white-washed and ill-smelling rookeries, he for the first time began to appreciate the grave difficulties of his mission.

But here at Zanzibar, which is in a measure the Bagdad, the Ispahan, the Stamboul of East Africa—the great mart to which come the ivory, the gum copal, the hides, the orchilla, the timber, and the slaves from the African interior, must the outfit of the caravan with which Stanley was to find Livingstone—nay, the very persons to receive the outfit, be sought. Here everything must be purchased; here he might be compelled to wait months before he could accumulate the necessary supplies. And here he was compelled to encounter two types of the genus trader, who excel in sharpness at a bargain the most exaggerated specimens ever known in America—the Banyan and the Muscat Arab. The Banyan exercises the most powerful influence upon the trade of Central Africa. He is an usurer of the worst class, a swindler, and a thief; but to his pockets money flows as naturally as water down a steep. The Arab is adventurous and shrewd; will undertake the most difficult and dangerous journeys into the center of Africa after ivory and slaves; is usually of prepossessing appearance and manners, and easily dominates the simple tribes of the interior. Mr. Stanley had ample chance to learn all the pet meannesses of these traders ere he had completed his outfit.

A few days sped rapidly away, and Mr. Stanley had made no progress toward the one item of knowledge next his heart—had



THE ATTACK ON MIRAMBO.

Livingstone latterly been heard from? Although he was anxious to conceal from the majority of the foreign residents at Zanzibar the real object of his mission, he finally felt impelled to ask Dr. Kirk, the British consul at Zanzibar, where he thought the great traveler was.

Dr. Kirk answered carelessly that Livingstone might be dead; that nothing had been heard from him for more than two years; and that there was even then a small expedition at Bagamoyo preparing to go in search of him. Dr. Kirk did not think that Livingstone would be particularly pleased to see Stanley in case he should accidentally meet him—thought, indeed, that if Livingstone knew Burton, or Speke, or others, were going after him, he would put an hundred miles of swamp in a very short time between himself and them.

Encouraging, very! Mr. Stanley confesses that at that moment his ardor was a little damped. Dr. Kirk could hardly understand why Mr. Stanley was anxious to ascend the Rufiji river to its source, and possibly had some dim idea that a new search for Livingstone had been inaugurated. But he said nothing, save that he would aid Mr. Stanley as best he knew how; and our intrepid traveler went home to toss in his bed all night

long, tortured by tangled phantasmagoria of nationalities, moneys, jungles, spectral forms of fever and pestilence, merchandise, and Livingstone!

Next day he began to organize the expedition. He must have more than an hundred men for a year, and immense stores of cotton sheeting, brass wire, and beads, which take the place of specie among barbarous tribes who have never heard of money, and who are perpetually at war with each other. Not a white man in Zanzibar could tell him how to equip his caravan; so he was compelled to ask an Arab merchant for details. Sheikh Hassid, a man of note and wealth in Zanzibar, came to his aid. From him Mr. Stanley learned that with forty yards of cloth daily food for one hundred men could be purchased along the route; the quantity that would be necessary for an absence of one or two years; the qualities and textures preferred or expected by the different tribes; and the white, black, brown, yellow, red, and green beads considered most acceptable. This question of currency was of the greatest difficulty. It was precisely as if one who contemplated a trip in Europe were compelled before leaving America to calculate exactly how many days it would take him to travel through France, how many through

Prussia, Austria, Russia, etc. ; and then to reckon, in the currency of each country, how much expense he should incur each day. Then this currency, which was of tremendous bulk, was to be transported on the shoulders of men for hundreds of miles, and was likely at any time to be swooped down upon by the chieftain of some thievish tribe. Mr. Stanley purchased supplies of currency for a two years' journey, and packed them in the capacious store-room of the American consulate. He had obtained the main sinews of war. Next arose a huge catalogue of provisions, cooking-utensils, boats, ropes, twine, tents, donkeys, saddles, bagging, canvas, tan, needles, tools, ammunition and guns, equipments, hatchets, bedding, presents for chiefs, —and men ! While Stanley was driven half mad by the haggling of steel-hearted Banyans, Hindis, and Arabs, in the crooked markets of Zanzibar, another sailor, an Englishman named Shaw, joined his expedition, and Shaw and Farquhar were made the two lieutenants of the caravan. Men who were familiar with the route toward Ujiji were next necessary, and Mr. Stanley was fortunate in securing the services of a number who had formerly been the servants of Speke and Grant. Six of these men wore medals awarded them for having aided in the "Discovery of the Sources of the Nile," and all were duly furnished with guns and clothing. Bombay, the captain of escort, succeeded in getting eighteen more free men to volunteer as "askari," or soldiers, and declared himself responsible for their conduct. Mr. Stanley's heart gladdened as he saw a fine-looking body of black men march into his headquarters one day and place themselves at his disposition. Each man was engaged for \$36 per year, and provided with a flint-lock musket, powder-horn, bullet-pouch, knife, hatchet, and powder and ball for two hundred rounds. A large boat capable of carrying twenty men, and a smaller one to hold six, were procured, Stanley not wishing to be subject to the capricious insolence of any African chief whenever a river was to be ferried. Only the timbers and thwarts of the boats, covered with well tarred canvas, were carried. Stanley's English assistants showed themselves deft workmen ; and when the last purchase was made, a pile of material weighing six tons had been accumulated at the American consulate in Zanzibar. Twenty-eight days after Mr. Stanley's arrival on the island, the equipment and organization of the "*New York Herald Expedition*" was complete ; and after

a visit to the Sultan of the island, the reception of letters of introduction to officers and Arab merchants along the route, and presents of fine-blooded horses from the American merchants on the island, the expedition was ready to sail for the main-land, and for the dangers which lurked along the savage road.

Four clumsy crafts, called dhows, were anchored before the American consulate. Into one were lifted Mr. Stanley's two new horses, into two others the donkeys, and into the fourth the black escort and the bulky moneys of the expedition. Cheered by the foreign residents of the strange little island, which during his brief sojourn there Mr. Stanley had learned almost to love, the fleet set sail for Bagamoyo on the main-land. A sinuous line of green verdure, looming in a northerly direction to the sublimity of a mountain chain, greeted the traveler's eyes as Zanzibar, with its groves of cocoa-nut, mango, clove, and cinnamon, and its sentinel adjacent islets, faded from view. The distance from Zanzibar to Bagamoyo is only about twenty-five miles, yet it took the dull and lazy dhows ten hours before they dropped anchor on the top of the coral reef, plainly visible a few feet above the surface of the water, within a hundred yards of the beach.

Stanley's black soldiers celebrated their arrival on the main-land by repeated salvos from their muskets to the mixed crowds of Arabs, Banyans, and Wasawahili who stood on the beach to welcome the "white master," and who greeted him most cordially. Every one cried out, "Yambo, Bana ?" (How are you, master?) and Jemedar Esau, the commander of the local forces, gave material aid in the debarkation. Mr. Stanley was also greeted by a French Jesuit, who was in charge of a missionary post at Bagamoyo, and who afterward gave him many a good dinner and bottle of Burgundy in these African wilds. Nay, this good Jesuit even furnished the bottle of champagne which Stanley afterward cracked with Livingstone, on that memorable day when he came upon the "old man dressed in faded blue." In the gayly lighted rooms of the mission village the young explorer, while remaining at Bagamoyo to perfect the equipment of his caravan, passed many a joyful evening ; but the contrast was painful when he plunged from the light and cheer into the depths of the darkness of an African night, enlivened only by the wearying monotone of the frogs and crickets, and the distant howl of the hyena. Each morning brought fresh vexations ; the native population of Bagamoyo had a supreme affectio~

for the *Herald* donkeys, and stole them oftener than was convenient.

The expedition was hindered for some time at Bagamoyo by the knavishness of one of the native dignitaries who had formerly been employed by Burton and Speke, and who showed a real genius for procrastination in procuring the hundred and forty *pagazis*, or carriers of the goods which had been accumulated at Zanzibar. Mr. Stanley had numerous reasons for wishing to start on the march inland as speedily as possible: Firstly, he did not wish Dr. Livingstone to hear that he was in search of him, fearing lest the old man might hide himself; secondly, he desired to cross the sickly maritime region before the fever which was certain to come had seized firmly upon him; and thirdly, he had learned that the original Livingstone caravan, which Dr. Kirk had dispatched with supplies for Livingstone from Zanzibar, was about to proceed on its way, after having lain for *one hundred* days at Bagamoyo. The rainy season was also near at hand, and that meant a delay of forty days. Fifteen days passed by, and the *pagazis* promised by Ali-bin-Salim came not!

Meantime, the soldiers and the porters whom Stanley had brought with him from Zanzibar, occupied themselves with the re-packing of the cloth which was to serve as money. They cut a *doti*, or four yards, of Merikani (American cotton), ordinarily sold at Zanzibar for \$2.75 for the piece of thirty yards, and spread it out. Then they took a piece, or bolt, of good Merikani, and instead of the double fold given it by the Nashua and Salem mills, they folded it into three parts, by which the folds had the breadth of a foot. This piece formed the first layer, and weighed about nine pounds; then came six other layers of various kinds of cottons, each bale or bundle weighing in all about seventy-two pounds. The cloth was then folded singly over these layers, each corner tied to another. The bale was next beaten down securely with a wooden mallet, and tied up with extreme nicety, so that when completed it was a solid mass three feet and a-half long, a foot deep, and a foot wide. Of these bales the caravan had to convey eighty-two to Unyanyembe, many of which were to serve in payment of tribute to chieftains, and in the hiring of new carriers and soldiers for



THE WOUNDED BOAR COMES TO A HALT.

journeys beyond Ujiji. When the fifteen days which Mr. Stanley had believed would be the limit of his stay in Bagamoyo had expired, the wily Ali-bin-Salim failed to come to time with his soldiers and carriers; and a vexatious delay occurred in obtaining fresh letters of introduction from Zanzibar, and in quarreling with new knaves, until soldiers and carriers enough to start the first section of the caravan were secured. On making an estimate of the time of starting this branch of his expedition on the road to Unyanyembe, Mr. Stanley discovered that the cost of the carriage of the goods throughout the journey would considerably exceed the original cost of the goods themselves. The question of tribute was also very grave. The chiefs, it was found, would only be contented with costly stuffs, and Mr. Stanley made up his mind that African travel was as expensive as the dearest roystering along the well-worn routes from one European capital to another.

When at last the preparations were complete, and during these tedious months of hard labor four caravans had been dispatched by the commander of the *Herald* forces into the interior, Mr. Stanley headed the fifth and last detachment himself, and on the 21st of March, 1871, exactly seventy-three days after his arrival at Zanzibar, left the blue ocean behind him, and turned his back on civilization and his face toward Livingstone. The American flag was unfurled; the *Kirangozi* who upheld it stepped out majestically at the head of the little procession; twelve soldiers under Captain Marak Bombay, who had many times before made the journey, came next, in charge of seventeen donkeys and their loads; Selim, the boy-interpreter, proudly drove a little donkey-cart; the cook, tailor, and man-of-all-work followed leading the gray horse; the Englishman Shaw, rear-guard and overseer, was next, bestriding a donkey; and lastly, riding his bay horse, came the "Bana Mkuba," the "big master," the controller of the expedition. The little procession left the village of Bagamoyo at early morn, and defiled up a narrow lane shaded almost to twilight by the dense umbrage of two parallel hedges of mimosas. The soldiers sang loud and rude pæans of joy, and the little caravan sped briskly onward among the fertile fields, the luxurious vegetation, and the strange thickets from which constantly came the sibilant sound of innumerable insects. Naked men and women were tranquilly delving in the fields, as stolidly pursuing their daily tasks

as would so many German or French peasants.

Beyond the Kingani river there were lawns and swards; here and there the road led through a grove of young ebony-trees, where the guinea-fowl and hartebeest were seen, or led up and down a succession of land-waves crested by the green foliage of the mango. Great flocks of green pigeons, jays, ibis, turtle-doves, golden pheasants, quails, and moorhens winged their way above the heads of the travelers. Monkeys, with round bullet-heads, white breasts, and long tufted tails, swung and chattered in the branches. The settlements in this section were usually the merest collections of straw huts, built with an especial reference to keeping out sunshine; a sluice and a few wells, the water almost always unfit to drink because of the decayed matter which had been allowed to accumulate and had filtered through the soil; and a clearing of a few acres of jungle.

Ever and ever ahead rolled the monotonous land-waves, each ridge having its knot of jungle or its thin combing of heavily foliaged trees, like every other; valleys bisected by little streams nestling between. From time to time Stanley's detachment caught up with the four preceding, and then there were quarrels, complainings, and fresh extortions from the soldiers and carriers composing the motley troop. Wherever his tent was pitched in a village, the giant negroes from the country round came to see him and to say "Hi, hi! white man; I never saw anything like you before!" and when examining any object novel to them, like a watch or a fire-arm, would invariably retaliate, after an explanation of its qualities, with "Oh! you fool!" or "You are a liar!" which is African etiquette for a mild expression of doubt or wonder.

Now and then the soldiers of the caravan were stricken down with sickness, and even on the march would prostrate themselves on the ground and cry "Mama, mama!" although they were all grown men. The flies were a terrible pest, and the *Herald* commander began to foresee that he should soon lose his horses, which loss Dr. Kirk had predicted from the outset. When the "chufura," or any other venomous insect, fastened upon the donkeys or horses, the poor animals kicked and roared with pain, while the blood streamed from their limbs. The great thorns, *acacia horrida*, sometimes caught in the thick European garments worn by Mr. Stanley and tore them from his back; and once in a while he would trip against a convolvulus strong as ratline,

and would measure his length upon a bed of thorns. Every day the fatiguing journey told upon him; his skin was torn and poisoned by thorns and strange plants; and he was heartily glad when he left the jungle for a time and traveled once more in the "open." In a few days his best horse succumbed to the climate, and he saw that he should soon be compelled to walk side by side with his servants. The great chief of Kingani, the place where the horse died, was utterly amazed to learn that the beast had been buried by order of Mr. Stanley, and inquired who gave the white man permission to use the royal soil as a burial-ground. Whereupon Stanley ordered his men to dig up the body; but the great chief finally relented. The second horse died in a day or two from cancer in the stomach, and Stanley felt the loss bitterly, when, a few days afterward, he was compelled to penetrate a narrow jungle where fern plants emitted a fearful miasma, and thorny plants and creepers bristled on either side.

At Muhallah, just after Stanley had completed a long and tiresome march through deep clefts in a mountain chain, the expedition encountered an Arab caravan, bound eastward, with three hundred ivory tusks, and bringing news from Livingstone. Stanley looked upon him almost with awe. These Arabs had then really come from the interior, had seen Livingstone, could testify that he was alive! The young explorer's pulses beat deliriously, and the march through the valley of the Ungerengeri was taken up with alacrity and pleasure. In this section the natives were savage and brutal; they traded insolently, not suavely and cunningly, as among other tribes; and sometimes hinted at violence. The walled town of Simbamwenni was their next halting-place. There in a well-built town, the Sultana, the daughter of Kisabengo the infamous kidnapper, held her court and marshaled her warriors—fine-looking fellows armed with spears, bows, and muskets.

Near Simbamwenni the young explorer found that even his previous experience in the ague-fields of Arkansas would not grant him immunity from the East-African fever, the dread mukurungu. All the horrible premonitory symptoms came rapidly on—the general lassitude, the spinal aches, the chilliness over the whole body, a heavy head, swimming eyes, throbbing temples, and a distortion of all objects passing before the eyes. So he began to draw upon his stores of quinine, and by the time the ambassadors of the Sultana of Simbamwenni had arrived

to demand their tribute the crisis was over, but it was only a brief respite.

Mr. Stanley reviewed his progress when he had reached Simbamwenni. Since leaving Bagamoyo he found that he had traveled 119 miles in twenty-nine days. He saw no reason why a railway might not be constructed from Simbamwenni to the coast as readily as any section of the Union Pacific was built. After a few days of repose the caravans once more set off, in the midst of the rainy season, and, wading through Stygian quagmires, crossed a large river on tree-trunks and came into a series of glades, opening one after another between forest-clumps of young trees, hemmed in distantly by isolated peaks and scattered mountains. Henceforward, with no adventures save the thievery of some of the servants and a prompt penalty of severe scourgings, and an arrest of some of his soldiers by emissaries of the Sultana because he had not paid tribute enough, they went dragging through dripping woods enveloped in opaque mist, where the inundated country, with swathes of tiger-grass laid low by the turbid flood, and mounds of decaying trees and canes, were enough to engender the worst fever ever concocted under African skies. The soldiers arrested by the Sultana were released when the mistress of Simbamwenni learned how strong in arms, "which could carry bullets half an hour's distance," the white master was.

So on through swamp and forest, over moor and fen, along the bases of mountains, the little expedition urged its way, its four detachments now forming a solid column, and now scattered over miles of territory, but always clinging to the same trail. The animals died rapidly; the negroes were smitten with all kinds of disorders, and acute dysentery prostrated Stanley. After a few days he was up again, and found his attention at once occupied by the caravan headed by Farquhar; that enterprising mariner bidding fair, long before reaching Ujiji, to have no stores left, so freely had he used them. He had managed also to contract elephantiasis, and was almost a cripple. Stanley's heart began to fail him.

By and by they came to the confines of an uninhabited wilderness, where the hill-tops were bared of their bosky crowns, and showed rocks bleached white by rain and sun. For five days' journey ahead of them stretched a wilderness, in which there was neither food nor natural shelter; and while Stanley was fearfully waiting for his lagging comrades to come up, a singular procession appeared.



THE MUTINY.

First came stout Chowperreh, one of the master-carriers of the expedition, and on his head he carried proudly the cart which the poor donkeys had become too ill to trundle. Stanley promptly ordered the cart to be left by the roadside, and found that his European assistant, Shaw, had monopolized the draught-donkey, on the plea that he was too ill to walk. On the road through this wilderness desertions from the expedition were frequent; and as fast as Stanley's soldiers could bring the fugitives back from the rear, they were placed in chains, and soundly whipped, that they might not be likely to undertake any such rogueries in future. Shortly after, while the expedition was camped in a wild and lonely section of the country, Shaw and Farquhar one day came to breakfast with expressions on their faces which boded anything but good. When Mr. Stanley greeted them with a kindly "good morning," they did not answer him. As soon as a roast quarter of a goat, some stewed liver, some sweet potatoes, and coffee, had been served on the extempore table, Shaw began to quarrel with the food, and complained, with torrents of profanity, of the hardships he had endured. A

quarrel ensued, in which Mr. Shaw measured his length on the ground, and in consequence of which he asked permission to return to the coast. Mr. Stanley therefore ordered him to bring his gun and pistol to headquarters, and detailed five men to take the recalcitrant two hundred yards outside of the camp, and there leave him. This was done; and the leader of the expedition then turned to his other white companion, Farquhar, who made no further complaints. After an hour or two of penance, Shaw was willing enough to come back, and professed devotion for the future.

But that same night, as Mr. Stanley lay wakeful in his tent, a shot was heard, and a bullet tore through the canvas, a few inches above his body. He rose, and went to Shaw's tent. The Englishman lay apparently asleep, and breathing heavily. Beside his blankets was his gun; Stanley felt of it; it was warm. He inquired of him if he had fired. "Ah, yes," said Shaw, suddenly awakening, "I remember it; I dreamed I saw a thief pass my door, and I fired. Why? What is the matter?"

Stanley cautioned him as to the future, and

charitably, in the New York fashion, said that he supposed he was temporarily insane.

Shaw somewhat recovered his strength, but Farquhar grew rapidly ill, from excesses along the route, and was soon unfitted for marching. A long halt in a fertile region was necessary, and when the expedition reached Ugogo, a "land rich with milk and honey, flour and beans," a stay was ordered, and the half-famished men feasted for a week. Meantime Farquhar was placed in the kindly care of the chief of a village, to remain until he could regain his strength, and was given cloth and beads enough to purchase six months' provisions.

After a three days' halt at Iuwapwa,—a beautiful country, whose greenly-tinted slopes, dark with many a densely-foliaged tree, whose many rills, flowing sweet and clear, nourishing thick patches of gum and thorn-bush, quaint sycamore and parachute-topped mimosa, and whose broad fields, with thousands of cattle tranquilly grazing in them, were grateful to the weary traveler,—the expedition moved forward to Chunya, where several Arab caravans were united with it, and whence they all set off, about four hundred strong, to cross the dread waterless region of Ugogo. On the road a new and dangerous fever attacked Stanley, and he was borne along in his hammock by his soldiers, his heated imagination teeming with dreadful figures. In each village through which they passed, thousands of naked men and women rushed to see the musungu,—the white man; and the sultan of each district sent forth stern demands for tribute of cotton-cloth and beads. The country of the Ugogo was one of the most difficult to pass through, for there abode swarms of fierce and bloodthirsty warriors, and they endeavored, by every possible device, to bring about quarrels. The fourth caravan of the *Herald* Expedition distinguished itself by making a strong fight against some outlawed subjects of the Ugogo sultan, who had attempted to rob them, and by killing two of them. Some of the Ugogo sultans were arrant drunkards, and were always in an unfit condition to transact business; to which fact Mr. Stanley was happily indebted for much immunity from outrage.

On one occasion, when the caravans halted by the roadside near the village, the rascally savages crowded about them by thousands, insulting them in every possible manner, and endeavoring to provoke them to a fight; but a few leveled rifles scattered the mob as quickly as it assembled. One of the Arab chiefs, now Stanley's companion, dressing himself in his

best clothes, went to the sultan of the district and appealed for protection; but the sultan was, unhappily, very drunk, and all he was pleased to say was, "What do you want, you thief? You are come to steal my ivory, or my cloths. Go away, thief." A friendly chief interfered, however, and peace was finally made.

On the 7th of June the caravan departed from this village, where they had so nearly escaped destruction, and after an attempt at mutiny on the part of the carriers and soldiers, because Stanley insisted on taking a shorter route than that usually employed for reaching Unyanyembe, they passed through the great Riti defile, over a rugged and steep ridge, where thorns of the prickliest nature punished them severely; where the gum-trees stretched out their branches and entangled the loads; and the mimosa, with its umbrella-like top, served to shade them from the sun, but impeded a rapid advance. Great outcrops of syenite and granite, worn smooth by many feet, had to be climbed over; rugged terraces had to be ascended; and the resounding of shots in the forests from time to time, added no little to the general alarm and discontent. Stanley was compelled to ride around his caravan from hour to hour, as, had he not been watchful of every maneuver, his soldiers would have deserted to a man. After they had left the difficult and dangerous country of the Ugogo, they found the people more friendly, food and water more plenty. The Wanyamwezi celebrated their departure from the hated region by singing quaint songs, as they bore onward their burdens, making the great forest resound with their voices. Here the scenery was much more picturesque than anything that they had seen since leaving the coast. The ground rose into grander waves; hills cropped out here and there; castles of syenite appeared, giving a weird and strange look to the forest; the rocks assumed wonderfully fantastic shapes. Now they were round boulders, raised one above another, apparently susceptible to every breath of wind; anon they towered like blunt-pointed obelisks, taller than the tallest trees; again they took the shape of mighty waves vitrified. Here they were a small heap of fractured and rivened rock; there they rose to the grandeur of mountains.

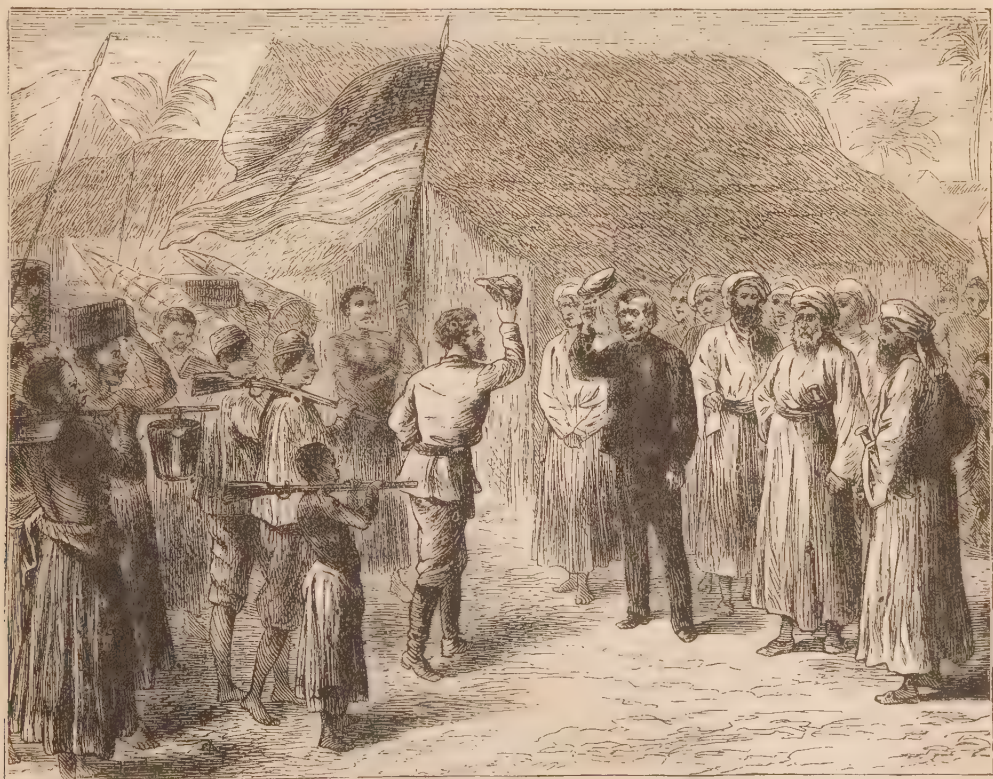
Passing through a succession of thriving and peaceful villages, where the races were given up to agriculture rather than to war, hunting only the elephant for his ivory, and trading decorously and willingly with passing

caravans ; now dragging onward across plains where the sun, like a globe of living flame, flared its heat on their heads, or descending toward the west, scorched the air before it was inhaled by the lungs which craved it, while *pagazis*, stricken down with the small-pox and fevers, fell by the roadside to die ; now striding through forests gradually dwarfed into low jungles ; now hurrying over subsiding, undulating, swelling plains, vanishing in front to one indefinite horizontal line, which purpled in the far distance, or through fields of ripening grain which followed the contour of the plain, and which rustled before the morning breeze, which came laden with the chills of Usagara ; now visited at night by innumerable thieves, who tried to steal their cotton and their beds ; now passing village after village, burned during the hostile incursion of some neighboring tribes, and around which the grain in the fields was left standing, to be overgrown with jungle and weeds, they finally reached a little town not far from Unyanyembe, where they were hospitably received by the sultan, and whence, after a feast, they departed merrily for the half-way point which had been so long the object of their aspiration, and en-

tered it joyfully, with banners flying, trumpets and horns blaring, and soldiers, who had mustered in new tarbooshes and long white shirts, firing volleys from their muskets, the Arab merchants meantime eagerly advancing to inquire the news, and to welcome Stanley and his companions. This was the great and happy occasion to which they had looked forward so eagerly ever since quitting the coast, and to reach which they had latterly made those noted marches of 178½ miles in 16 days.

Mr. Stanley received a noiseless ovation as he walked side by side with the governor, Sayd-ben-Salim, toward his *tembe* in the capital of Unyanyembe. Soldiers were out by thousands ; the warriors of the sultan hurried around their chiefs ; the children, naked, dusky cherubs, were nestled between the legs of their parents, even infants a few months old—all paid the tribute due to the white man's color, with one grand concentrated stare. The only persons with whom he could converse were the Arabs and the aged ruler of Unyanyembe.

At the house of the governor, within the fortified inclosure of the town, tea, made in a silver teapot, was served : and Mr. Stanley,



"DR. LIVINGSTONE, I PRESUME."

having walked eight miles before breakfast, with a tropical sun shining on him, did ample justice to the meal, and astonished the governor by the dexterous manner in which he managed to get away with eleven cups of the aromatic concoction of herbs of Assam, and the easy, effortless style with which he diminished his tower of slapjacks. After breakfast the chief conveyed Mr. Stanley to the house which had been selected for him, because Speke and Grant had lived near there when they were at Unyanyembe. They crossed a low ridge to Kwhari. There was a cold glare of intense sunshine over the valley; the hills were bleached, or seemed to be; the corn had been cut, and the stubble and fields were a brownish-white expanse. The houses were of mud, their flat roofs were of mud, and even the mud was of a brownish whiteness. The huts were thatched, the stockades around them were of barked timber, and these were of a brownish whiteness. The cold winds off the mountains of Usagara sent a chill through their very marrows, yet the intense sunshiny glare never changed, and if one looked up, above him there was the sky, of a pale blue, spotless, awfully serene!

Stanley's house proved a comfortable place for Central Africa. In it was a reception-room, where he was to meet the great Arabs; a cook-house, a store-house, a prison for the refractory; his "white man's apartments," as the negroes called them—a bed-room, a gun-room, and a bath-room.

Bombay, the leader of Stanley's caravan, was ordered to unlock the strong store-room, to pile the bales of cloth in regular tiers, the packages of beads one above the other, and the wire in coils. The boats and canvas were placed high above the reach of white ants. The leaders of the first, second, and fourth *Herald* caravans were then received, their separate stores inspected, and the details of the events of their marches heard. The first caravan had been engaged in a war on the road, but had come out of the fight successful; and none of the others had suffered misfortune. In the afternoon, when Mr. Stanley had dismissed from his service the carriers whom he no longer needed, and sent letters and dispatches by them, to the coast, a long train of slaves came in procession, bearing trays full of good things from the Arabs; enormous dishes of rice, bowls full of curried chicken, huge wheat-cakes, pawpaws, pomegranates, and lemons. Then came men driving humpbacked oxen, sheep, and goats, and bringing fresh eggs and chickens. Mr. Stanley's people were reduced to twenty-five, and set up a howl of rejoicing

over the prodigal plenitude now visible on their tables. On the second day after his arrival, the Arab magnates from Tabora came to congratulate him. Tabora is the principal Arab settlement in Central Africa, with a population of 5,000. The Arabs were fine, handsome men, mostly from Oman, and each had a large retinue of servants with him. After having exchanged the usual stock of congratulations, Stanley accepted an invitation to return the visit at Tabora, and three days afterward, accompanied by eighteen bravely-dressed soldiers, he was presented to a group of stately Arabs in long white dresses and janty caps of snowy white, and introduced to the hospitalities of Tabora.

This visit was not without singular results. A certain chief of Uyoweh, named Mirambo, had for the last few years been in a state of chronic discontent with the policies of all the neighboring chiefs. A kind of Napoleon III. in his own country, he had usurped power, entered the capital town, and constituted himself paramount by force. Certain feats of enterprise had firmly established him in his position, and he had carried war into all the surrounding country, and after destroying the populations over three degrees of latitude, had conceived a grievance against the Arabs because they would not sustain him in his ambitious projects against their allies and friends. He had begun hostilities by halting Arab caravans, and demanding from them kegs of gunpowder and bales of cloth, and had finally declared that no Arab caravan should henceforth pass through his country to Ujiji save over his dead body. This was a virtual declaration of war against the Arabs, who had accordingly resolved to humble this proud chieftain, and on the very day of Stanley's arrival in Tabora they held a council of war, in which it was resolved not to give up the ivory trade because of one opposing chief, but to put his beard, as they expressed it, under their feet, and to make the country so that they could walk through it with only their walking-canes.

Mr. Stanley's march toward Ujiji and Livingstone lay directly through the field of operations. As he found that the Arabs intended to finish the work quickly, at most within fifteen days, he volunteered to accompany them, taking his loaded caravan part of the way, and then, leaving it in charge of a few guards, to march with the rest toward Mirambo. He threw himself heartily into the enterprise, and returned to his house cheered by the Arabs.

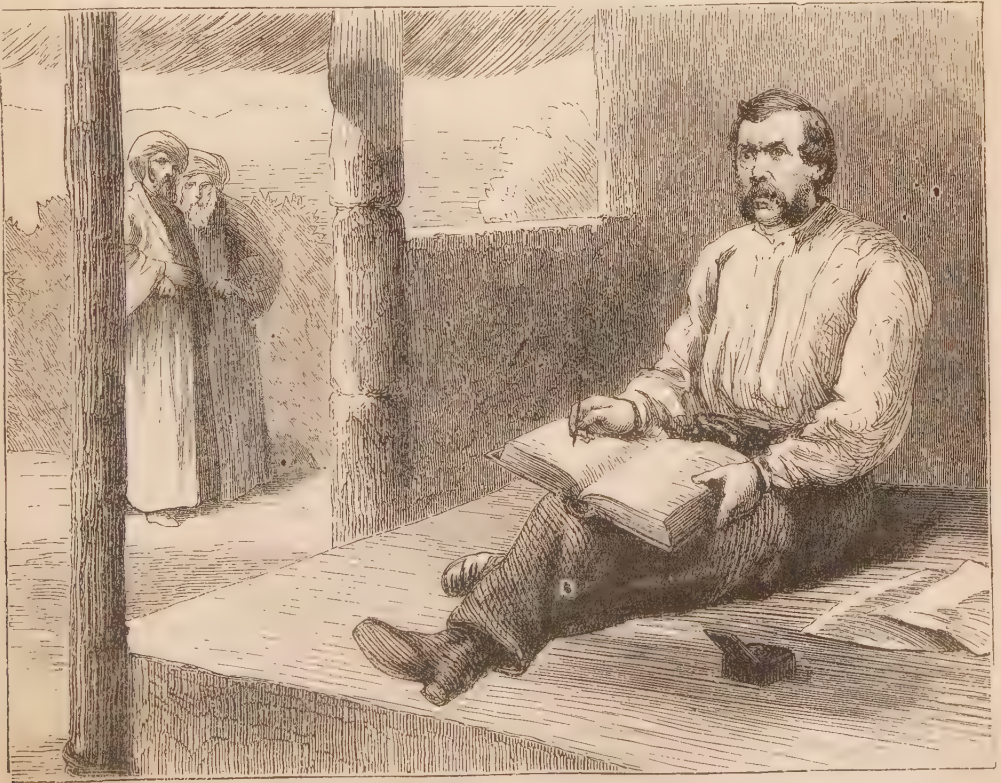
Although fully aware of the danger he was

about to incur, his mind was more firmly settled upon the expedition by an incident which occurred a few days afterward. The Livingstone caravan which had left ahead of him at Bagamoyo was still in Unyanyembe, and one day the chief of the caravan brought to Mr. Stanley a packet of missives directed to "Dr. Livingstone, Ujiji, Nov. 1st, 1870—registered letters." This convinced the young traveler that it would be but merciful to press on toward Livingstone, and give speedy relief, since he knew that the missives contained important advices, and that the Livingstone caravan, either owing to the thoughtlessness of Dr. Kirk, the consul at Zanzibar, or to its own recklessness, had already halted for a hundred days at Bagamoyo, and might halt for a hundred more in Unyanyembe. So he resolved to lose no time.

On the 7th of July, however, while sitting after dinner, sheltered from the heat of the sun, in his porch, he began to feel listless and languid, and a drowsiness came over him. All his life passed in retrospect before him. He thought of the great forests of Arkansas, the dreaming days passed under the sighing pines on the Ouachita's shores ; how he had drifted

down the Mississippi ; how he had wandered on foot through Spain and France, through Asia Minor ; of his hurried march from Zanzibar ; then there came a long blank, and he found he had been in bed two weeks, mortally ill with fever, attended by Shaw and his people. He owed his life to his own sagacity, because he had taught the Arab boy whom he had brought from Jerusalem with him, the use of every medicine in his medicine-chest, and, thanks to the memory of the youth, he had been properly attended. No sooner had he recovered than Shaw was stricken down ; then the Arab boy was prostrated ; but by the 28th of July all had recovered, and he began to brighten up with the prospect of a march upon Mirambo's stronghold.

On the morning of the 29th, fifty men were loaded with beads and cloth for Ujiji. Bombay, the leader, was missing, and after a long search was found blubbering at the prospect of being killed by Mirambo's soldiers. Only a stern lesson from Stanley's cane awakened him, and he finally led the caravan, the red blanket-robcs of the men streaming behind them as the furious north-easter blew over them.



DR. LIVINGSTONE AT WORK ON HIS JOURNAL.

When they arrived at the rendezvous of the Arab army, which consisted of about 2,200 men, armed with guns, flint-lock muskets, German and French double-barrels, English Enfields, and American Springfield, powder and ball were served out to all of Stanley's caravan; and although Stanley was again smitten with intermittent fever, an expedition at once set off into the hostile country. No sooner had they arrived in front of the first hostile village than a volley was opened on them as they emerged from the forests along the Unyanyembe road, and immediately the attacking force began its firing in the most splendid style. There were some ludicrous scenes of men pretending to fire and then jumping off to one side, then forward, then backward, with the agility of hopping-frogs; but the battle was none the less in earnest. The soldiers were soon rushing into the village from west, east, and north, and the poor villagers were flying from the inclosure toward the mountains, vigorously pursued. In about an hour, the neighborhood was cleared of the enemy, and two other villages were captured and committed to the flames. A second expedition of Arabs went out toward the stronghold where it was supposed Mirambo was living, and was defeated with great slaughter. Mirambo's men suddenly arose out of the long grass on each side of them, and stabbed them with their spears. The effect of this defeat was indescribable. Great consternation was brought among the Arabs by the news, and the next morning Stanley found that the Arabian forces were retreating, and his servants adjured him to follow, saying that "Mirambo was coming!" Stanley was wild with fever, and so ill that he would gladly have laid down by the roadside to die, but he was compelled to follow the retreating Arabs, and when he asked Selim "Why did not you also run away and leave your master to die?" the Arab boy answered naively, "Oh, sir, I was afraid you would whip me." It never occurred to the Arab magnates that Mr. Stanley had any cause of complaint against them, or that he had a right to feel aggrieved for their base desertion of an ally, and they were consequently surprised when he told them that they must not consider him as an ally any longer. He succeeded, after some effort, in producing a little courage among them; but that finally failed, and they retreated still further, he being compelled to follow them to Tabora. Meantime a caravan came in from the seacoast, reporting that Stanley's man Farqu-

har, whom he had left sick in Usagara, was dead, and that the body had been left naked in the jungle, without the slightest covering over it. Shaw was again taken down ill, and Stanley busied himself with preparations for another march, when he was surprised by the news that Mirambo had attacked Tabora, with over 2,000 men, and that a large force which had allied itself with him for the sake of plunder had also instituted an attack in an opposite direction; therefore a sally was at once determined against him. Some of the bravest of the Arabs saw a pavilion at some distance on the plain, which they knew to be Mirambo's war-tent, and under cover of a flag of truce approached the redoubtable chieftain, only to be incontinently slain by his men. The whole surrounding country was in flames, and Stanley at once began to prepare his house for defence. Loopholes for muskets were made in the stout gray walls, and refugees had guns put into their hands. Livingstone's men were invited to help defend their master's goods, and at night Stanley had 150 armed men in his court-yard, stationed at every possible point where an attack might be expected. The American flag was raised above the house; provisions and water enough for six days were brought in; rifle-pits were constructed round the exterior; all native huts that obstructed the view were taken down; and while the commander of the *Herald* expedition freely admitted that, with cannon, fifty Europeans could easily take the position, he readily defied 10,000 Africans. After waiting some days, Mirambo, having heard of all these formidable preparations, retreated; and when the Arabs went in force to attack his village of Kazama, they found it vacant.

Shaw, meantime, grew rapidly worse, and Stanley daily feared that he would die. The only comfort which he had during these exciting times was in a packet of letters and newspapers from the American consul at Zanzibar. The expedition increased in numbers. Mirambo made no more attempt at war, but finally retreated in disgust. Stanley gave a grand banquet to celebrate his departure from the forbidding and unhealthy country. Pots of "pombe," or native beer, were served out to the people, and on the 20th of September the American flag was once more raised, and the Kirangozi shouted lustily his song as he upheld the "Stars and Stripes," and led the caravan along the southern route toward Ujiji and Livingstone.

There were 54 people in the newly consti-

tuted caravan. Although the fevers came and went with terrible persistence, and from time to time carriers deserted, stealing cloths and guns, they made a fine march during four days, but at the end of that time Mr. Shaw was so capricious, and constantly ill, as the result of his own excesses, that when he finally asked to be allowed to return to the coast, Stanley readily consented; but he warned Shaw not to desert the only companion really faithful to him, and said, "If you return you die!" Shaw was not so afraid of death, however, as of progress forward into the unknown land of Africa, and a strong litter was made, on which he was transported back to Kwhara. The *Herald* caravan moved forward, and Shaw was soon lost in the distance. It moved forward, through illimitable forests, stretched in grand waves beyond the ken of vision; ridges, forest-clad, rising gently one above another, until they receded in the dim, purple, blue distance, through a leafy ocean, where was only an indistinct outline of a hill far away, or here and there a tall tree higher than the rest, conspicuous against the translucent sky; now mounting to the summit of a ridge, expectant of a change, but only to find wearied eyes fixed upon the same vast expanse of woods, woods, woods; leafy branches, foliaged globes, or parachutes, green, brown or sere in color; forests one above another. "And I say," adds Mr. Stanley, "that though the Windsor and New Forests may be very fine and noble in England, yet they are but fagots of sticks compared with these eternal forests of Unyanyembe." Mountainous as it was, the journey would have been pleasant had not the fever continually racked the frame of the white man, and even penetrated the thick skins of his comrades. It was usually succeeded by a severe headache, with excessive pains about the loins and the spinal column, which presently would spread over the shoulder-blades, and, running up the neck, find a final lodgment in the back and front



THE SNUFF-BOX PRESENTED BY QUEEN VICTORIA TO MR. STANLEY.

of the head. After languor and torpidity had seized the sufferer, raging thirst soon possessed him. The brain became crowded with strange fancies, figures of created and uncreated reptiles and headless monsters floated before the darkened vision, until, unable to longer bear the scene, the fever-stricken wretch made an effort, opened his eyes, and dissolved the delirious dream, only to glide into another more horrible.

Stanley next passed through a grand and noble expanse of grass land, which was one of the finest scenes he had witnessed since leaving the coast. Great herds of buffalo, zebra, giraffe, and antelope coursed through the plains, and the expedition indulged in a day or two of hunting. Mr. Stanley, while crossing a river at this point, narrowly escaped being devoured by a crocodile, but little recked the danger, led on by the excitement of stalking wild boars, shooting buffaloes, and bagging hartebeests.

On the 7th of October, as they were breaking camp once more, to the great regret of the gormandizing savages, a mutiny occurred. Stanley was busy with preparations for the start, when he saw the men standing in groups, and conversing angrily together. He took his double-barreled gun from the shoulder of Selim, the Arab boy; selected a dozen charges of buckshot, and slipping two of them into the barrels, and adjusting his revolvers for handy work, he walked toward the men. As he advanced, they seized their guns. When within thirty yards of the groups, he saw the heads of two men appear above an ant-hill on his left, with the barrels

of their guns carelessly pointed towards the road. He took deliberate aim at them, threatening to blow their heads off if they did not come forward to talk to him. They presently came, but keeping his eye on Asmani, the larger of them, he saw him move his fingers to the trigger of his gun, and bring it to a "ready." Meanwhile the other fellow slipped round to the rear. Both men had murder in their eyes. Stanley planted the muzzle of his rifle close to the wicked-looking face of the first, and ordered him to drop his rifle instantly. He did so, and in a few moments both were profuse in their protestations that they had not intended harm, but that they disliked to penetrate further into the country. Stanley found upon investigation, that Bombay and Ambari were the instituters of the mutiny, and after giving them a sound thrashing with a spear-stalk, clapped them into chains, with the threat that they would be kept chained until they knew how to ask his pardon. A penitent request came in an hour, and they were released.

Now, from time to time, they heard from passing savages occasional rumors of the presence of white men at various points. This encouraged Stanley to believe that Livingstone was not far off, and gave him the necessary boldness to traverse the great wilderness beyond Marara, the transit of which he was warned would occupy nine days. The negroes became enthusiastic at the prospect of their journey's end, and said they could already smell the fish in the waters of Lake Tanganika. It constantly haunted Stanley's mind, that if Dr. Livingstone should ever hear of his coming, which he might possibly do if he traveled out of the known road, he would leave, and his search for him would consequently be a stern-chase. They therefore boldly turned their faces north and marched for the Malagarazi, a large river flowing from the east to the Tanganika. One of the exciting episodes of the journey was a boar-hunt, in which Mr. Stanley had a narrow escape from ignominious death. In one of the forests through which he passed he encountered a huge, reddish-colored boar; and after provoking him with bullets, and shooting him through and through, found that his formidable antagonist still had strength to charge furiously upon him. But Mr. Stanley, by placing his snow-white Indian helmet at the foot of a tree, and enticing the boar to rush at it, managed to escape, but did not succeed in bagging his game. On the first of November they arrived at the long-looked-for river, and

after a fierce dispute with the officials of the primitive ferry, and a loss of one of the beasts of burden in the river, they met a caravan coming from the interior, and were told that a white man had just arrived at Ujiji.

"A white man!" cried Stanley.

"Yes, an old white man, with white hair on his face, and he was sick."

"Where had he come from?"

"From a very far country, indeed."

"Where was he—stopping at Ujiji?"

"Yes."

"And was he ever at Ujiji before?"

"Yes, he went away a long time ago."

"Hurrah!" said Stanley; "this must be Livingstone!"

Livingstone! Livingstone! Yes; but suppose that Livingstone were dead, or that he had departed on another exploring expedition. What then would become of Stanley's courage? He determined to hasten forward at all hazards, and passing through Ukha, where the scoundrelly chiefs and kings made most alarming exactions, and sadly diminished his stock of cloth, now running away by night to avoid fresh exactions on the following day, and now deciding to fight rather than submit to any more swindles, the caravan arrived, on the eighth of November, at the Rugufu river, at which point they could distinctly hear the thunders from the mysterious torrents which rolled into the cavernous recesses of Kabogo Mountain, on the further side of Lake Tanganika. The negroes informed Stanley that if he passed near there, he must throw beads and cloth into the caverns, to appease the god of the lake, or he would be lost. But the noise of the torrents gave Stanley the heartiest joy, because he knew that he was only forty-six miles from Ujiji, and possibly Livingstone! Still, that was a march of eighteen hours! He could have ridden it in one day if his noble horse had been alive, but now he must toil forward at a snail's pace. The thought made him frantic! On the ninth, in the morning, they had a terrible journey, hiding in the thicket nearly every hour in mortal dread of pursuit by the redoubtable warriors of Ukha; but by noon they had passed out of the limits of this dangerous territory, and reached a picturesque and sequestered series of valleys, where wild fruit-trees grew, and rare flowers blossomed. On this day they caught sight of the hills from which Lake Tanganika could be seen and passed through Ukango. Stanley ordered his boy Selim to furnish up his tattered traveling suits, that he might make as good an appearance as possible. On



"LOOK OUT, YOU DROP THAT BOX, I'LL SHOOT YOU."

the 236th day from Bagamoyo, and the 51st from Unyanyembe, they saw the Lake of Tanganika spread out before them, and around it the great blue-black mountains of Ugoma and Ukaramba. It was an immense broad sheet—a burnished bed of silver—a lucid canopy of blue above, lofty mountains for its valances, and palm forests for its fringes.

Descending the western slope of the mountain, the port of Ujiji lay below, embowered in palms.

"Unfurl your flags, and load your guns!" cried Stanley.

"Ay wallah, ay wallah, bana!" eagerly responded the men.

"One, two, three!"—and a volley from fifty muskets woke up the peaceful village below. The Kirangozi raised the American flag aloft once more; the men stepped out bravely, as the crowds of villagers came flocking around them, shouting *Bindera Merikani!* an American flag!

Suddenly Stanley heard a voice on his right say, in English, "Good morning, sir."

The blood leaped fiercely to his heart. Was it then true? Livingstone was near at hand!

A black man, dressed in a long white shirt, announced himself to the young adventurer as "Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone."

"What? Is Dr. Livingstone here?"

"Yes, sir."

"In this village?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure, sure, sir. Why I leave him just now."

Then another servant introduced himself; the crowds flocked around anew; Stanley scoured himself to keep down his furious emotions; and finally, at the head of his caravan, arrived before a semicircle of Arab magnates, in front of whom stood an old white man with a gray beard.

As Stanley advanced toward him he noticed that he was pale, looked wearied, had on his head a bluish cap with a faded gold band around it, a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of gray tweed trowsers. He would have run to him, but he remembered the traditional coldness of the English race; and so he walked deliberately to him, took off his hat, and said:

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Yes," said he, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly.

Then they clasped hands, and, after the necessary formalities with the Arab magnates, Mr. Stanley explained himself and his mission.

It was a great day for the old explorer. There were letters from his children! "Ah," he said, patiently, "I have waited years for letters." There was a whole epic of pathos in his voice.

And you may picture for yourselves that strangely-met pair, seated in the explorer's house, Livingstone hearing for the first time of the great changes in Europe, and Stanley offering a brimming goblet of champagne, brought all the way from the Jesuit mission at Bagamoyo! They sat long together, with their faces turned eastward, noting the dark shadows creeping up above the grove of palms beyond the village, and the rampart of mountains; listening to the sonorous thunder of the surf of the Tanganika, and to the dreamy chorus which the night-insects sang. When Livingstone bade Stanley "Good night," he added, "God bless you."

Mr. Stanley remained four months in the company of Dr. Livingstone, during which time an intimate and rich friendship grew up between the two men. Stanley brought youth, impulse, generous freedom of expression, and long experience of travel, to the veteran; Dr. Livingstone gave a deep gratitude, a thorough Christian love, and the wisdom of age to the companionship. From November 10, 1871, until March 14, 1872, the men were daily together. Dr. Livingstone had been in Africa since March of 1866. He left Zanzibar in April of that year for the interior, with thirty men, and worked studiously at his high mission of correcting the errors of former travelers, until early in 1869, when he arrived in Ujiji, and took a brief rest. He had been deserted in the most cowardly manner by the majority of his followers, and was much of the time in want. At the end of June, 1869, he went on to the lake into which the Lualaba ran, and then was compelled to return the weary distance of seven hundred miles to Ujiji. The magnificent result of his labors, both in the interest of science and humanity, are now known to all the world. Up to the time of Mr. Stanley's arrival, to succor him with Mr. James Gordon Bennett's generous stock of supplies, Livingstone had refrained from communicating to the Royal

Geographical Society of England, as a body, even an outline of his discoveries.

The two friends made a long cruise together on Lake Tanganika, traversing over three hundred miles of water in the primitive manner of African travel, in twenty-eight days, and passing through a great variety of adventures; after which Mr. Stanley persuaded Livingstone to return with him to Unyamwe, where he received his supplies, and enlisted soldiers and carriers enough to enable him to travel anywhere it might be necessary to thoroughly effect the settlement of the Nile problem. On the 27th of December they left Ujiji, and on the 31st of January met a caravan which brought them the news of the death of poor Shaw, Stanley's old comrade, at Kwi-hara, long before they reached Unyamwebe unharmed. On the 18th of February, four years' supplies, brought by the caravans of the *Herald* and the faltering expedition dispatched by Dr. Kirk, were given into Livingstone's possession; and on the 14th of March the two men parted, not without tears. On the way to Bagamoyo Stanley suffered much anxiety on account of the precious box containing the Livingstone papers, and once, at the crossing of a stream, nothing saved it from being lost but the prompt aim of Stanley's pistol at the head of the careless bearer. It was not until sunset on the 6th of May that the worn and fatigued Stanley reëntered Bagamoyo, and learned, from members of the Dawson expedition quartered there, the real purport and scope of his own magnificent daring and success. The next morning he crossed to Zanzibar, and thence, as soon as possible, departed for Europe, with his precious freight, the Livingstone journal and letters, and his own rich experience. These details, few in comparison with the mass given in Mr. Stanley's own account in his published book, "*How I Found Livingstone*,"* will serve to whet the reader's appetite. Mr. Stanley has not paraded himself as a hero, but those who read his book, as well as those who know him, can have no doubt that the heroic element is strong in his soul, and that his name will henceforth be as famous as those of Marco Polo, or the grimly striving Livingstone, who with true British pluck, proposes to cling to his task of exploration until it is finished.

* *How I found Livingstone in Central Africa*. By Henry M. Stanley. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

A SPIRITUAL SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

If I him but have,
 If he be but mine,
If my heart, hence to the grave,
 Ne'er forgets his love divine—
Know I nought of sadness,
Feel I nought but worship, love, and gladness.

If I him but have,
 Willing I depart ;
Follow, with my pilgrim staff—
 Follow him with honest heart ,
Leave them, nothing saying,
On broad, bright, and crowded highways straying.

If I him but have,
 Glad asleep I sink ;
Of his heart the gift he gave
 Shall to mine be meat and drink ;
Till, with sweet compelling,
All is leavened by its soft indwelling.

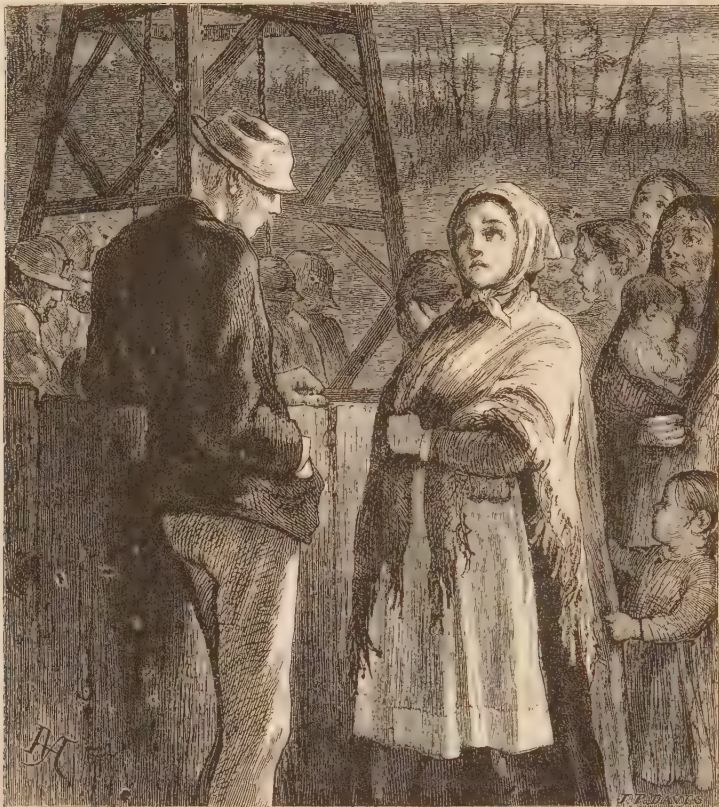
If I him but have,
 Mine the world I hail ;
Like a cherub, happy, grave,
 Holding back the virgin's veil ;
While the vision thralls me,
Earth no more with earthliness appals me.

Where I have but him,
 Is my fatherland ;
Every gift to me doth come
 As a heritage in hand ;
Brothers long deplored
 I in his disciples find restored.



AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

MOUTH OF THE SHAFT.



WHAT I want is my husband, sir,—
And if you're a man, sir,
You'll give me an answer,—
Where is my Joe?

Penrhyn, sir, Joe—
Caernovanshire,
Six months ago
Since we came here—
Eh?—Ah, you know!

Well, I *am* quiet
And still.
But I must stand here,
And will!
Please—I'll be strong—
If you'll just let me wait
Inside o' that gate
Till the news comes along.

"Negligence"—
That was the cause;
Butchery!—
Are there no laws—
Laws to protect such as we?

Well, then!—
I won't raise my voice.
There men!
I won't make no noise.
Only you just let me be.

Four, only four—did he say—
Saved! and the other ones?—Eh?
Why do they call?
Why are they all
Looking and coming this way!

What's that?—a message?
I'll take it.
I know his wife, sir,
I'll break it.

"Foreman!"
Ay, Ay!
"Out by and by"—
"Just saved his life."
"Say to his wife
Soon he'll be free,"
Will I?—God bless you,
It's *me*!

ON THE READING OF NEWSPAPERS.

Letter to a friend (highly-cultivated) who congratulated himself on having entirely abandoned the habit of reading newspapers.

YOUR abstinence from newspaper-reading is not a new experiment in itself, though it is new in reference to your particular case, and I await its effects with interest. I shall be curious to observe the consequences, to an intellect constituted as yours is, of that total cutting-off from the public interests of your own century which an abstinence from newspapers implies. It is clear that whatever the loss may be, you have a definite gain to set against it. The time which you have hitherto given to newspapers, and which may be roughly estimated at about five hundred hours a year, is henceforth a valuable time-income, to be applied to whatever purposes your best wisdom may select. When an intellectual person has contrived by the force of one simple resolution to effect so fine an economy as this, it is natural that he should congratulate himself. Your feelings must be like those of an able finance minister who has found means of closing a great leak in the treasury—if any economy possible in the finances of a state could ever relatively equal that splendid stroke of time-thrift which your force of will has enabled you to effect. In those five hundred hours which are now your own, you may acquire a science, or obtain a more perfect command over one of the languages that you have studied. Some department of your intellectual labors which has hitherto been unsatisfactory to you because it was too imperfectly cultivated, may henceforth be as orderly and as fruitful as a well-kept garden. You may become thoroughly conversant with the works of more than one great author whom you have neglected, not from lack of interest, but from want of time. You may open some old chamber of the memory that has been dark and disused for many a year; you may clear the cobwebs away, and let the fresh light in, and make it habitable once again.

Against these gains, of which some, to a man of your industry, are certain, and may be counted upon, what must be our estimate of the amount of sacrifice or loss? It is clear to both of us that much of what we read in the newspapers is useless to our culture. A large proportion of newspaper writing is occupied with speculations on what is likely to happen in the course of a few months, there-

fore by waiting until the time is past we know the event without having wasted time in speculations which could not affect it. Another rather considerable fraction of newspaper matter consists of small events which have interest for the day, owing to their novelty, but which will not have the slightest permanent importance. The whole press of a newspaper-reading country like England or America may be actively engaged during the space of a week or a fortnight in discussing some incident which everybody will have forgotten in six months; and besides these sensational incidents there are hundreds of less notorious ones, often fictitious, inserted simply for the temporary amusement of the reader. The greatest evil of newspapers, in their effect on the intellectual life, is the enormous importance which they are obliged to attach to mere novelty. From the intellectual point of view, it is of no consequence whether a thought occurred twenty-two centuries ago to Aristotle, or yesterday evening to Mr. Charles Darwin, and it is one of the distinctive marks of the truly intellectual to be able to take a hearty interest in all truth, independently of the date of its discovery. The emphasis given by newspapers to novelty, exhibits things in wrong relations, as a lantern shows you what is nearest, at the cost of making the general landscape appear darker by the contrast. Besides this exhibition of things in wrong relation there is a positive distortion arising from the unscrupulousness of party—a distortion which extends far beyond the limits of the empire. An essay might be written on the distortion of English affairs in the French Press, or of French affairs in the English Press, by writers who are as strongly partisan in another country as in their own. "It is such a grand thing," wrote an English Paris correspondent in 1870, "for Adolphus Thiers, son of a poor laborer of Aix, and in early life a simple journalist, to be at the head of the Government of France." This is a fair specimen of the kind of false presentation which is so common in party journalism. The newspaper from which I have quoted it was strongly opposed to Thiers, being in fact one of the principal organs of the English Bonapartists. It is not true that Thiers was the son of a poor laborer of Aix. His father was a workman of Marseilles, his mother belonged to a family in which neither wealth nor culture had been rare, and his mother's relatives had him educated at the Lycée. The art of the journalist in bring-

ing together the two extremes of a career remarkable for its steady ascent, had for its object to produce the idea of incongruity, of sudden and unsuitable elevation. Not only M. Thiers, however, but every human being, starts from a very small beginning, since every man begins life as a baby. It is a great rise for one baby to attain the Presidency of the French Republic; it was also a great rise for the babies who have attained the premiership of England. The question is not what Thiers may have been seventy years ago, but what he was immediately before his acceptance of the highest office of the State. He was the most trusted and the most experienced citizen, so that the last step in his career was as natural as the elevation of Reynolds to the presidency of the Academy.

It is difficult for any one who cares for justice to read party journals without frequent irritation, and it does not signify which side the newspaper takes. Men are so unfair in controversy that we best preserve the serenity of the intellect by studiously avoiding all literature that has a controversial tone. By your new rule of abstinence from newspapers, you will no doubt gain almost as much in serenity as in time. To the ordinary newspaper-reader there is little loss of serenity, because he reads only the newspapers that he agrees with, and however unfair it is, he is pleased by its unfairness. But the highest and best culture makes us disapprove of unfairness on our own side of the question also. We are pained by it. We feel humiliated by it, we lament its persistence and its perversity.

I have said nearly all that is to be said in favor of your rule of abstinence. I have granted that the newspapers cost us much time which if employed for great intellectual purposes would carry us very far; that they give disproportionate views of things by the emphasis they give to novelty, and false views by the unfairness which belongs to party. I might have added that newspaper writers give such a preponderance to politics, not to political philosophy, but to the every-day work of politicians, that intellectual culture is thrown into the background, and the election of a single member of Parliament is made to seem a matter of greater national importance than the birth of a powerful idea. And yet, notwithstanding all these considerations, which are serious indeed for the intellectual, I believe that your resolution is unwise, and that you will find it to be untenable. One momentous reason more than counterbalances all these considerations put together. Newspapers are to the whole civilized world

what the daily house-talk is to the members of a household. They keep up our daily interest in each other, they save us from the evils of isolation. To live as a member of the great white race of men—the race that has filled Europe and America, and colonized or conquered whatever other territories it has been pleased to occupy—to share from day to day its cares, its thoughts, its aspirations, it is necessary that every man should read his daily newspaper. Why are the French peasants so bewildered and at sea, so out of place in the modern world? It is because they never read a newspaper. And why are the inhabitants of the United States, though scattered over a territory fourteen times the area of France, so much more capable of concerted political action, so much more *alive* and modern, so much more interested in new discoveries of all kinds, and capable of selecting and utilizing the best of them? It is because the newspaper penetrates everywhere, and even the lonely dweller on the prairie or in the forest is not intellectually isolated from the great currents of public life which flow through the telegraph and the Press.

The experiment of doing without newspapers has been tried by a whole class—the French peasantry—with the consequences that we know; and it has also, from time to time, been tried by single individuals belonging to more enlightened sections of society. Let us take one instance, and let us note what appear to have been the effects of this abstinence. Auguste Comte abstained from newspapers as a teetotaler abstains from spirituous liquors. Now, Auguste Comte possessed a gift of nature, which though common in minor degrees, is in the degree in which he possessed it rarer than enormous diamonds. That gift was the power of dealing with abstract intellectual conceptions, and living amidst them always, as the practical mind lives in and deals with material things. And it happened in Comte's case, as it usually does happen in cases of very peculiar endowment, that the gift was accompanied by the instincts necessary to its perfect development and to its preservation. Comte instinctively avoided the conversation of ordinary people, because he felt it to be injurious to the perfect exercise of his faculty; and for the same reason he would not read newspapers. In imposing upon himself these privations he acted like a very eminent living etcher, who having the gift of an extraordinary delicacy of hand, preserves it by abstinence from everything that may affect the steadiness of

the nerves. There is a certain difference, however, between the two cases, which I am anxious to accentuate. The etcher runs no risk of any kind by his rule of abstinence. He refrains from several common indulgences, but he denies himself nothing that is necessary to health. I may even go further, and say that the rules which he observes for the sake of perfection in his art, might be observed with advantage by many who are not artists, for the sake of their own tranquillity, without the loss of anything but pleasure. The rules which Comte made for himself involved, on the other hand, a great peril. In detaching himself so completely from the interests and ways of thinking of ordinary men, he elaborated, indeed, the conceptions of the positive philosophy, but arrived afterward at a peculiar kind of intellectual decadence, from which it is possible—probable even—that the rough common sense of the newspapers might have preserved him. They would have saved him, I seriously believe, from that mysticism which led to the invention of a religion far surpassing in unreasonableness the least rational of the creeds of tradition. It is scarcely imaginable, except on the supposition of actual insanity, that any regular reader of the *Times*, the *Temps*, the *Daily News*, and the *Saturday Review* should believe the human race to be capable of receiving as the religion of its maturity the Comtist Trinity and the Comtist Virgin Mother. A Trinity consisting of the Great Being (or humanity), the Great Fetish (or the earth), and the Great Midst (or space), a hope for the human race (how unphysiological!) that woman might ultimately arrive at maternity independently of virile help—these are conceptions so remote not only from the habits of modern thought, but (what is more important) from its tendencies, that they could not occur to a mind in regular communication with its contemporaries.

“If you should transfer the amount of your reading day by day, from the newspaper to the standard authors?” To this suggestion of Emerson’s, it may be answered, that the loss would be greater than the gain. The writers of Queen Anne’s time could educate an Englishman of Queen Anne’s time, but they can only partially educate an

Englishman of Queen Victoria’s time. The mind is like a merchant’s ledger; it requires to be continually posted up to the latest date. Even the last telegram may have upset some venerable theory that has been received as infallible for ages.

In times when great historical events are passing before our eyes, the journalist is to future historians what the African traveler is to the map-makers. His work is not either complete or orderly, but it is the fresh record of an eye-witness, and enables us to become ourselves spectators of the mighty drama of the world. Never was this service so well rendered as it is now, by correspondents who achieve heroic feats of bodily and mental prowess, exposing themselves to the greatest dangers, and writing much and well in circumstances the most unfavorable to literary composition. How vividly the English war correspondents brought before us the reality of the great conflict between Germany and France! What a romantic achievement, worthy to be sung in heroic verse, was the finding of Livingstone by Stanley! Not less interesting have been the admirable series of letters by M. Erdan in the *Temps*, in which, with the cool firmness of a master-hand, he has painted from the life, week after week, year after year, the decline and fall of the temporal power of the Papacy. I cannot think that any page of Roman history is better worth reading than his letters; more interesting, instructive, lively, or authentic. Yet with your contempt for newspapers, you would lose all this profitable entertainment, and seek instead of it the accounts of former epochs, not half so interesting as this fall of the temporal power; accounts written in most cases by men in libraries, who had not seen the sovereigns they wrote about, nor talked with the people whose condition they attempted to describe. You have a respect for these accounts, because they are printed in books, and bound in leather, and entitled “history,” whilst you despise the direct observation of a man like Erdan, because he is only a journalist, and his letters are published in a newspaper. Is there not some touch of prejudice in this, some mistake, some narrowness of intellectual aristocracy?



"THE APPEAL FROM MAN TO WOMAN—FROM JUSTICE TO MERCY."

CHAPTER III.

THE first night which I spent in the Bird's Nest, after my father left me, was passed alone, though my room opened into another that was occupied by two boys. On the following day Mr. Bird asked me if I had met with any boy whom I would like for a roommate; and I told him at once that Henry Hulm was the boy I wanted. He smiled at my selection, and asked for the reason of it; and he smiled more warmly still when I told him I thought he was handsome, and seemed lonely and sad. The lad was at least two years older than I, but among all the boys he had been my first and supreme attraction. He was my opposite in every particular. Quiet, studious, keeping much by himself, and bearing in his dark face and eyes a look of patient self-repression, he enlisted at once my curiosity, my sympathy and my admiration.

Henry was called into our consultation, and Mr. Bird informed him of my choice. The boy smiled gratefully, for he had been shunned by the ruder fellows for the same qualities which had attracted me. As the room I occupied was better than his, his trunk was moved into mine; and while we remained in the school we continued our relations, and

kept the same apartment. If I had any distinct motive of curiosity in selecting him, he never gratified it. He kept his history covered, and very rarely alluded, in any way, to his home or his family.

The one possession which he seemed to prize more highly than any other was an ivory miniature of his mother, which, many a time during our life together, I saw him take from his trunk and press to his lips. I soon learned to respect his reticence on topics that were quite at home on my own lips. I suspect I did talking enough for two boys. Indeed, I threw my whole life open to him, with such embellishments as my imagination suggested. He always seemed interested in my talk, and was apparently pleased with me. I brought a new element into his life, and we became constant companions when out of school, as well as when we were in our room.

We were always wakened in the morning by a "whoop" and "halloo" that ran from room to room over the whole establishment. A little bell started it somewhere; and the first boy who heard it gave his call, which was taken up by the rest and borne on from bed to bed until the whole brood was in full cry. Thus the school called itself. It was the voices of merry and wide-awake boys that roused the drowsy ones; and very rarely

did a dull and sulky face show itself in the breakfast-room.

This morning call was the key to all the affairs of the day and to the policy of the school. Self-direction and self-government—these were the most important of all the lessons learned at the Bird's Nest. Our school was a little community brought together for common objects—the pursuit of useful learning, the acquisition of courteous manners, and the practice of those duties which relate to good citizenship. The only laws of the school were those which were planted in the conscience, reason, and sense of propriety of the pupils. The ingenuity with which these were developed and appealed to has been, from that day to this, the subject of my unbounded admiration. The boys were made to feel that the school was their own, and that they were responsible for its good order. Mr. Bird was only the biggest and best boy, and the accepted president of the establishment. The responsibility of the boys was not a thing of theory only. It was deeply realized in the conscience and conduct of the school. However careless and refractory a new boy might be, he soon learned that he had a whole school to deal with, and that he was not a match for the public opinion. He might evade the master's or a teacher's will, but he could not evade the eyes or the sentiments of the little fellows around him.

On the first Friday evening of my term, I entered as a charmed and thoroughly happy element into one of the social institutions of the school. On every Friday evening, after the hard labor of the week was over, it was the custom of the school to hold what was called a "reception." Teachers and pupils made the best toilet they could, and spent the evening in the parlors, dancing, listening to music, and socially receiving the towns-people and such strangers as might happen to be in the village. The piano that furnished the music was the first I had ever heard, and at least half of my first reception-evening was spent by its side, in watching the skillful and handsome fingers that flew over its mysterious keys. I had always been taught that dancing was only indulged in by wicked people; but there were dear Mr. and Mrs. Bird looking on; there was precious Miss Butler without her belt, leading little fellows like myself through the mazes of the figures; there were twenty innocent and happy boys on the floor, their eyes sparkling with excitement; there were fine ladies who had come to see their boys, and village maidens simply clad and as fresh as roses; and I could

not make out that there was anything wicked about it.

It was a theory of Mr. Bird that the more the boys could be brought into daily familiar association with good and gracious women the better it would be for them. Accordingly, he had no men among his teachers, and as his school was the social center of the village, and all around him were interested in his objects, there were always ladies and young women at the receptions who devoted themselves to the happiness of the boys. Little lads of less than ten summers found no difficulty in securing partners who were old enough to be their mothers and grandmothers; and as I look back upon the patient and hearty efforts of these women, week after week and year after year, to make the boys happy and manly and courteous, it enhances my respect for womanhood, and for the wisdom which laid all its plans to secure these attentions and this influence for us. I never saw a sheepish-looking boy or a sheepish-acting boy who had lived a year at the Bird's Nest. Through the influence of the young women engaged as teachers and of those who came as sympathetic visitors, the boys never failed to become courteous, self-respectful, and fearless in society.

Miss Butler, the principal teacher, who readily understood my admiration of her, undertook early in the evening to get me upon the floor; but it was all too new to me, and I begged to be permitted for one evening to look on and do nothing. She did not urge me; so I played the part of an observer. One of the first incidents of the evening that attracted my attention was the entrance in great haste of a good-natured, rollicking boy, whose name I had learned from the fellows to be Jack Linton. Jack had been fishing, and had come home late. His toilet had been hurried, and he came blundering into the room with his laughing face flushed, his neck-tie awry, and his heavy boots on.

Mr. Bird, who saw everything, beckoned Jack to his side. "Jack," said he, "you are a very rugged boy."

"Am I?" And Jack laughed.

"Yes, it is astonishing what an amount of exercise you require," said Mr. Bird.

"Is it?" And Jack laughed again.

"Yes, I see you have your rough boots on for another walk. Suppose you walk around Robin Hood's Barn, and report yourself in a light, clean pair of shoes, as soon as you return."

Jack laughed again, but he made rather sorry work of it; and then he went out.

"Robin Hood's Barn" was the name given to a lonely building a mile distant, to which Mr. Bird was in the habit of sending boys whose surplus vitality happened to lead them into boisterousness or mischief. Jip, who had been an attentive listener to the conversation, and apparently understood every word of it, followed Jack to the door, and, having dismissed him into the pleasant moonlight, gave one or two light yelps and went back into the drawing-room.

Jack was a brisk walker and a lively runner, and before an hour had elapsed was in the drawing-room again, looking as good-natured as if nothing unusual had occurred. I looked at his feet and saw that they were irreproachably incased in light, shining shoes, and that his neck-tie had been readjusted. He came directly to Mr. Bird and said: "I have had a very pleasant walk, Mr. Bird."

"Ah! I'm delighted," responded the master, smiling; and then added:

"Did you meet anybody?"

"Yes, sir; I met a cow."

"What did you say to her?"

"I said 'How do you do, ma'am? How's your calf?'"

"What did she say?" asked Mr. Bird, very much amused.

"She said the calf was very well, and would be tough enough for the boys in about two weeks," replied Jack, with a loud laugh.

Mr. Bird enjoyed the sally quite as much as the boys who had gathered round him, and added:

"We all know who will want the largest piece, Jack. Now go to your dancing."

In a minute afterward, Jack was on the floor with a matronly-looking lady to whom he related the events of the evening without the slightest sense of annoyance or disgrace. But that was the last time he ever attended a reception in his rough boots.

The evening was filled with life and gayety and freedom. To my unaccustomed eyes it was a scene of enchantment. I wished my father could see it. I would have given anything and everything I had to give could he have looked in upon it. I was sure there was nothing wrong in such amusement. I could not imagine how a boy could be made worse by such happiness, and I never discovered that he was. Indeed, I can trace a thousand good and refining influences to those evenings. They were the shining goals of every week's race with my youthful competitors; and while they were accounted simply as pleasures by us, they were regarded by the master and the teachers as among the choic-

est means of education. The manners of the school were shaped by them; and I know that hundreds of boys attribute to them their release from the bondage of bashfulness, under which many a man suffers while in the presence of women during all his life.

I repeat that I have never discovered that a boy was made worse by his experiences and exercises during those precious evenings; and I have often thought how sad a thing it is for a child to learn that he has been deceived or misinformed by his parents with relation to a practice so charged with innocent enjoyment. I enter here no plea for dancing beyond a faithful record of its effect upon the occupants of the Bird's Nest. I suppose the amusement may be liable to abuse: most good things are; and I do not know why this should be an exception. This, however, I am sure it is legitimate to say: that the sin of abuse, be it great or little, is venial compared with that which presents to the conscience as a sin in itself that which is not a sin in itself, and thus charges an innocent amusement with the flavor of guilt, and drives the young, in their exuberant life and love of harmonious play, beyond the pale of Christian sympathy.

As I recall the events of the occasion I find it impossible to analyze the feeling that one figure among the dancers begot in me. Whenever Miss Butler was on the floor I saw only her. Her dark eyes, her heavy shining hair, the inexpressible ease of her motions, her sunny smile,—that combination of graces and manners which make what we call womanliness,—fascinated me, and inspired me with just as much of love as it is possible for a boy to entertain. I am sure no girl of my own age could have felt toward her as I did. I should have been angry with any boy who felt toward her thus, and equally angry with any boy who did not admire her as much, or who should doubt or undertake to cheapen her charms. How can I question that it was the dawn within me of the grand passion—an apprehension of personal and spiritual fitness for companionship? Pure as childhood, inspired by personal loveliness, clothing its object with all angelic perfections, this boy-love for a woman has always been to me the subject of pathetic admiration, and has proved that the sweetest realm of love is untainted by any breath of sense.

There was a blind sort of wish within me for possession, even at this early age, and I amused the lady by giving utterance to my feelings. Wearied with the dancing, she took my hand and led me to a retired seat, where we had a delightful chat.

"I think you were born too soon," I said to her, still clinging to her hand, and looking my admiration.

"Oh! if I had been born later," she replied, "I should not be here. I should be a little girl somewhere."

"I don't think I should love you if you were a little girl," I responded.

"Then perhaps you were not born soon enough," she suggested.

"But if I had been born sooner I shouldn't be here now," I said.

"That's true," said the lady, "and that would be very bad, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, ever so bad," I said. "I wouldn't miss being here with you for a hundred dollars."

The mode in which I had undertaken to measure the pleasure of her society amused Miss Butler very much; and as I felt that the sum had not impressed her sufficiently, I added fifty to it. At this she laughed heartily, and said I was a strange boy, a statement which I received as pleasant flattery.

"Did you ever hear of the princess who was put to sleep for a hundred years and kept young and beautiful through it all?" I inquired.

"Yes."

"Well, I wish Mr. Bird were an enchanter, and would put you to sleep until I get to be a man," I said.

"But then I couldn't see you for ten years," she replied.

"Oh dear!" I exclaimed, "it seems to be all wrong."

"Well, my boy, there are a great many things in the world that seem to be all wrong. It is wrong for you to talk such nonsense to me, and it is wrong for me to let you do it, and we will not do wrong in this way any more. But I like you, and we will be good friends always."

Thus saying, my love dismissed me, and went back among the boys; but little did she know how sharp a pang she left in my heart. The forbidden subject was never mentioned again, and, like other boys under similar circumstances, I survived.

There was one boy besides myself who enacted the part of an observer during that evening. He was a new boy, who had entered the school only a few days before myself. He was from the city, and looked with hearty contempt upon the whole entertainment. He had made no friends during the fortnight which had passed since he became an occupant of the Bird's Nest. His haughty and supercilious ways, his habit of finding

fault with the school and everything connected with it, his overbearing treatment of the younger boys, and his idle habits, had brought upon him the dislike of all the fellows. His name was Frank Andrews, though for some reason we never called him by his first name. He gave us all to understand that he was a gentleman's son, that he was rich, and, particularly, that he was in the habit of doing what pleased him and nothing else.

He was dressed better than any of the other boys, and carried a watch, the chain of which he took no pains to conceal. During all the evening he stood here and there about the rooms, his arms folded, looking on with his critical eyes and cynical smile. Nobody took notice of him, and he seemed to be rather proud of his isolation. I do not know why he should have spoken to me, for he was my senior, but toward the close of the evening he came up to me and said, in his patronizing way:

"Well, little chap, how do you like it?"

"Oh! I think it's beautiful," I replied.

"Do you? That's because you're green," said Andrews.

"Is it!" I responded, imitating his tone. "Then they're all green—Mr. Bird and all."

"There's where you're right, little chap," said he. "They *are* all green—Mr. Bird and all."

"Miss Butler isn't green," I asserted stoutly.

"Oh! *isn't* she?" exclaimed Andrews, with a degree of sarcasm in his tone that quite exasperated me. "Oh, no! Miss Butler isn't green, of course," he continued, as he saw my face reddening. "She's a duck—so she is! so she is! and if you are a good little boy you shall waddle around with her some time, so you shall."

I was so angry that I am sure I should have struck him if we had been out of doors, regardless of his superior size and age. I turned sharply on my heel, and, retiring to a corner of the room, glared at him savagely, to his very great amusement.

It was at this moment that the bell rang for bed; and receiving, one after another, the kisses of Mr. and Mrs. Bird, and bidding the guests a good-night, some of whom were departing while others remained, we went to our rooms.

Scarcely less interesting than the exercises of reception-evening were those of the "family meeting," as it was called, which was always held on Sunday. This family meeting was one of the most remarkable of all the institu-

tions of The Bird's Nest. It was probably more influential upon us than even the attendance at church and our Bible lessons there, which occurred on the same day, for its aim and its result were the application of the Christian rule to our own actual everyday conduct.

I attended the family meeting which was held on my first Sunday at the school with intense interest. I suspect, indeed, that few more interesting and impressive meetings had ever been held in the establishment.

After we were all gathered in the hall, including Mrs. Bird and the teachers, as well as the master, Mr. Bird looked kindly out upon us and said:

"Well, boys, has anything happened during the week that we ought to discuss to-day? Is the school going along all right? Have you any secrets buttoned up in your jackets that you ought to show to me and to the school? Is there anything wrong going on which will do harm to the boys?"

As Mr. Bird spoke, changing the form of his question so as to reach the consciences of his boys from different directions, and get time to read their faces, there was a dead silence. When he paused, every boy felt that his face had been shrewdly read and was still under inspection.

"Yes, there is something wrong. I see it," said Mr. Bird. "I see it in several faces; but Tom Kendrick can tell us just what it is. And he will tell us just what it is, for Tom Kendrick never lies."

All eyes were instantly turned on Tom, a blushing, frank-faced boy of twelve. Close beside him sat Andrews, the new boy, who had so roused my anger on Friday night. His face wore the same supercilious, contemptuous expression that it wore that night. The whole proceeding seemed to impress him as unworthy even the toleration of a gentleman's son, yet I felt sure that he would be in some way implicated in Tom Kendrick's revelations. Indeed there was, or I thought there was, a look of conscious guilt in his face and the betrayal of excitement in his eye, when Tom rose to respond to Mr. Bird's bidding.

Tom hesitated, evidently very unwilling to begin. He looked blushing at Mrs. Bird and the teachers, then looked down, and tried to start, but his tongue was dry.

"Well, Tom, we are all ready to hear you," said Mr. Bird.

After a little stammering, Tom pronounced the name of Andrews, and told in simple, straightforward language, how he had been

in the habit of relating stories and using words which were grossly immodest; how he had done this repeatedly in his hearing and against his protests, and, furthermore, how he had indulged in this language in the presence of smaller boys. Tom also testified that other boys besides himself had warned Andrews that if he did not mend his habit he would be reported at the family meeting.

There was the utmost silence in the room. The dropping of a pin could have been heard in any part of it, for, while the whole school disliked Andrews, his arrogance had impressed them, and they felt that he would be a hard boy to deal with. I watched alternately the accuser and the accused, and I trembled in every nerve to see the passion depicted on the face of the latter. His face became pale at first—deathly pale—then livid and pinched—and then it burned with a hot flame of shame and anger. He sat as if he were expecting the roof to fall, and were bracing himself to resist the shock.

When Tom took his seat Andrews leaned toward him and muttered something in his ear.

"What does he say to you, Tom?" inquired Mr. Bird.

"He says he'll flog me for telling," answered Tom.

"We will attend to that," said Mr. Bird. "But first let us hear from others about this matter. Has any other boy heard this foul language? Henry Hulm, can you tell us anything?"

Henry was another boy who always told the truth; and Henry's testimony was quite as positive as Tom's, though it was given with even more reluctance. Other boys testified in confirmation of the report of Tom and Henry, until, in the opinion of the school, Andrews was shamefully guilty of the matter charged upon him. I was quite ignorant of the real character of the offense, and wondered whether his calling Miss Butler a duck was in the line of his sin, and whether my testimony to the fact was called for. No absurdity, such as this would have been, broke in upon the earnest solemnity of the occasion, however, and the house was silent until Mr. Bird said:

"What have you to say for yourself, Andrews?"

The boy was no whit humbled. Revenge was in his heart and defiance in his eye. He looked Mr. Bird boldly in the face; his lips trembled, but he made no reply.

"Nothing?" Mr. Bird's voice was severe this time, and rang like a trumpet.

Andrews bit his lips, and blurted out: "I think it is mean for one boy to tell on another."

"I don't," responded Mr. Bird; "but I'll tell you what is mean: it is mean for one boy to pollute another—to fill his mind with words and thoughts that make him mean; and I should be sorry to believe that I have any other boy in school who is half as mean as you are." If there is anything to be said about mean boys, you are not the boy to say it."

At first, I confess that I was quite inclined to sympathize with the lad in his view of the dishonor of "telling on" a boy, notwithstanding my old grudge; but my judgment went with the majority at last.

Mr. Bird said that, as there were several new boys in the school, it would be best perhaps to talk over this matter of reporting one another's bad conduct to him and to the school.

"When boys first come here," said Mr. Bird, "they invariably have those false notions of honor which lead them to cover up all the wrong-doings of their mates; but they lose them just as soon as they find themselves responsible for the good order of our little community. Now we are all citizens of this little town of Hillsborough, in which we live. We have our town authorities and our magistrate, and we are all interested in the good order of the village. Suppose a man should come here to live who is in the habit of robbing hen-roosts, or setting barns on fire, or getting drunk and beating his wife and children: is it a matter of honor among those citizens who behave themselves properly to shield him in his crimes, and refrain from speaking of him to the authorities? Why, the thing is absurd. As good citizens—as honorable citizens—we must report this man, for he is a public enemy. He is not only dangerous to us, but he is a disgrace to us. So long as he is permitted to live among us, unreprieved and uncorrected, every man in the community familiar with his misdeeds is, to a certain extent, responsible for them. Very well: we have in this house a little republic, and if you can learn to govern yourselves here, and to take care of the enemies of the order and welfare of the school, you will become good citizens, prepared to perform the duties of good citizenship. I really know of nothing more demoralizing to a boy, or more ruinous to a school, than that false sense of honor which leads to the covering up of one another's faults of conduct."

Mr. Bird paused, and, fixing his eye upon Andrews, who had not once taken his eye from him, resumed: "Now here is a lad who has come to us from a good family; and they have sent him here to get him away from bad influences and bad companions. He comes into a community of boys who are trying to lead good lives, and instead of adopting the spirit of the school, and trying to become one with us, he still holds the spirit of the bad companions of his previous life, and goes persistently to work to make all around him as impure and base as himself. Nearly all these boys have mothers and sisters, who would be pained almost to distraction to learn that here, upon these pure hills, they are drinking in social poison with every breath. How am I to guard you from this evil if I do not know of it? How can I protect you from harm if you shield the boy who harms you? There is no mischief of which a boy is capable that will not breed among you like a pestilence if you cover it; and instead of sending you back to your homes at last with healthy bodies and healthy minds and pure spirits, I shall be obliged, with shame and tears, to return you soiled and spotted and diseased. Is it honorable to protect crime? Is it honorable to shield one who dishonors and damages you? Is it honorable to disappoint your parents and to cheat me? Is it honorable to permit these dear little fellows to be spoiled, when the wicked lad who is spoiling them is allowed to go free of arrest and conviction?"

Of course I cannot pretend to reproduce the exact words in which Mr. Bird clothed his little argumentative address. I was too young at the time to do more than apprehend the meaning of it; and the words that I give are mainly remembered from repetitions of the same argument in the years that followed. The argument and the lesson, however, in their substance and practical bearings, I remember perfectly.

Continuing to speak, and releasing Andrews from his regard for a moment, Mr. Bird said: "I want a vote on this question. I desire that you all vote with perfect freedom. If you are not thoroughly convinced that I am right in this matter, I wish you to vote against me. Now all those boys who believe it to be an honorable thing to report the persistently bad conduct of a schoolmate will rise and stand."

Every boy except Andrews rose, and with head erect stood squarely upon his feet. The culprit looked from side to side with a sneer upon his lip, that hardened into the

old curl of defiance as he turned his eyes upon Mr. Bird's face again.

"Very well," said Mr. Bird, "now sit down, and remember that you are making rules for the government of yourselves. This question is settled for this term, and there is to be no complaint hereafter about what you boys call "telling on one another." I do not wish you to come to me as tattlers. Indeed, I do not wish you to come to me at all. If any boy does a wrong which I ought to know, you are simply to tell him to report to me what he has done, and if he and I cannot settle the matter together I will call upon you to help us. There will be frictions and vexations among forty boys; I know that, and about these I wish to hear nothing. Settle these matters among yourselves. Be patient and good-natured with each other; but all those things that interfere with the order, purity, and honor of the school—all those things that refuse to be corrected—must be reported. I think we understand one another. The school is never to suffer in order to save the exposure and punishment of a wrong-doer.

"As for this boy, who has offended the school so grossly and shown so defiant a spirit, I propose, with the private assistance of the boys who have testified against him, to make out a literal report of his foul language and forward it to his mother, while at the same time I put him into the stage-coach and send him home."

It was a terrible judgment, and I can never forget the passion depicted upon Andrews' face as he comprehended it. He seemed like one paralyzed.

"Every boy," said Mr. Bird, "who is in favor of this punishment will hold up his right hand."

Two or three hands started to go up among the smaller boys, but as their owners saw they had no support, they were drawn down again. Four or five of the boys were in tears, and dear Mr. Bird's eyes were full. He gathered at a glance the meaning of the scene, and was much moved. "Well, Tom Kendrick, you were the first to testify against him; what have you to say against this punishment?"

Tom rose with his lips trembling, and every nerve full of excitement. "Please, sir," said Tom, "I should like to have you give Andrews another chance. I think it's an awful thing to send a boy home without giving him more than one chance."

Tom sat down and blew his nose very loud, as a measure of relief.

I watched Andrews with eager eyes during the closing passages of his trial. When Tom rose on behalf of the whole school to plead for him—that he might have one more chance—the defiant look faded from his face, and he gave a convulsive gulp as if his heart had risen to his throat and he was struggling to keep it down. When Tom sat down, he rose upon his feet and staggered and hesitated for a moment; then, overcome by shame, grief, and gratitude, he ran rather than walked to where Mrs. Bird was sitting near her husband, and with a wild burst of hysterical sobbing threw himself upon his knees, and buried his face in the dear motherly lap that had comforted so many boyish troubles before. The appeal from man to woman—from justice to mercy—moved by the sympathy of the boys, was the most profoundly touching incident I had ever witnessed, and I wept almost as heartily as did Andrews himself. In truth, I do not think there was a dry eye in the room.

"Tom," said Mr. Bird, "I think you are right. You have helped me, and helped us all. The lad ought to have another chance, and he shall have one if he desires it. The rest of this matter you can safely leave to Mrs. Bird and myself. Now remember that this is never to be alluded to. If the lad remains and does right, or tries to do right, he is to be received and cherished by you all. No one of us is so perfect that he does not need the charity of his fellows. If Andrews has bad habits, you must help him to overcome them. Be brothers to him in all your future intercourse, as you have been here to-day; and as we have had business enough for one family meeting, you may pass out and leave him with us."

"Gorry!" exclaimed Jack Linton, wiping his eyes and wringing his handkerchief as he left the door, "wasn't that a freshet? Wet-test time I ever saw in Hillsborough."

But the boys were not in a jesting mood, and Jack's drolleries were not received with the usual favor. Every thoughtful and sympathetic lad retired with a tableau on his memory never to be forgotten—a benignant man looking tearfully and most affectionately upon him, and a sweet-faced, large-hearted woman pillowing in her lap the head of a kneeling boy, whose destiny for all the untold and unguessed ages was to be decided there and then.

It was more than an hour before we saw anything of Mr. and Mrs. Bird. When they issued from their retirement they were accompanied by a boy who was as great a

stranger to himself as he was to the school. Conquered and humbled, looking neither to the right nor the left, he sought his room, and none of us saw his face until the school was called together on Monday morning. His food was borne to his room by Mrs. Bird, who in her own way counseled and comforted him, and prepared him to encounter his new relations with the institution. The good, manly hearts of the boys never manifested their quality more strikingly than when they undertook on Monday to help Andrews into his new life. The obstacles were all taken out of his path—obstacles which his own spirit and life had planted—and without a taunt, or a slight, or a manifestation of revenge in any form, he was received into the brotherhood.

On Sunday evening we were somewhat surprised to see him appear, dressed in his best, his hands nicely gloved, making his way across the village green. No one questioned him, and all understood the case as he turned in at the gate which led to the home of the village minister. When any lad had behaved in an unseemly manner at church, it was Mr. Bird's habit to compel him to dress himself for a call, and visit the pastor with an apology for his conduct. "It is not a punishment, my boy," Mr. Bird used to say, "but it is what one gentleman owes to another. Any boy who so far forgets his manners as to behave improperly in the presence of a clergyman whose ministrations he is attending owes him an apology, if he proposes to be considered a gentleman; and he must make it, or he cannot associate with me or my school."

In this case he had made conformity to his rule a test of the genuineness of the boy's penitence, and a trial of his newly-professed loyalty. The trial was a severe one, but the result gratified all the boys as much as it did dear Mr. and Mrs. Bird.

I was very much excited by the exposure of Andrews, and put a good many serious questions to myself in regard to my own conduct. The closing portion of the Sunday evening on which the event occurred was spent by several boys and myself in our rooms. We were so near each other that we could easily converse through the open doors, and I was charged with questions.

"What do you think Mr. Bird will do with Andrews?" I inquired of Jack Linton.

"Oh, nothing; he's squelched," said Jack.

"I should think he would punish him," I said, "for I know Mr. Bird was mad."

"Yes," responded Jack, "the old fellow

fires up sometimes like everything; but you can't flail a boy when he's got his head in a woman's lap, can you, you little coot?"

"That's the way my mother always flailed me, any way," I said, at which Jack and all the boys gave a great laugh.

"Flailing," said Jack, taking up a moralizing strain, when the laugh was over, "don't pay. The last school I went to before I came here was full of no end of flailing. There gets to be a sort of sameness about it after a while. Confound that old ruler! I used to get it about every day—three or four whacks on a fellow's hand; first it stung and then it was numb; and it always made me mad, or else I didn't care. There isn't quite so much sameness about a raw-hide, for sometimes you catch it on your legs and sometimes on your shoulders, but there gets to be a sort of sameness about that too. But here in this school! My! You never know what's coming. Say, boys, do you remember that day when I was making such a row out in the yard, how Mr. Bird made me take a fish-horn, and blow it at each corner of the church on the green?"

The boys laughed, and Henry Hulm said: "Yes, Jack, but you liked that better than that other punishment when he sent you out into the grove to yell for three-quarters of an hour."

"I'll bet I did," responded Jack. "I got so hoarse that time I couldn't speak the truth for a week, but that's enough better than meditating. If there's anything I hate it's meditating on my misdemeanors and things, kneeling before a tree by the side of the road, like a great heathen lunny. I suppose half the people thought I was praying like an old Pharisee. Gorry! If the minister had found me there I believe he'd have kneeled right by the side of a fellow; and wouldn't that have been a pretty show! Did any of you ever hug a tree for an hour?"

None of them ever did. "It's awful tiresome," continued Jack, upon whose punishments Mr. Bird seemed to have exercised all his ingenuities. "It's awful tiresome and it isn't a bit interesting. If it was only a birch-tree a fellow might amuse himself gnawing the bark, but mine was a hemlock with an ant-heap at the bottom. Oh! I tell you, my stockings wanted 'tending to when I got through: more ants in 'em than you could count in a week. Got a little exercise out of it, though—fighting one foot 'with the other. After all it's better than it is when there's so much sameness. It's tough enough when you are at it, but it doesn't make you

mad, and it's funny to think of afterwards. I tell you old Bird—"

"Order! Order! Order!" came from all the boys within hearing.

"Well, what's broke now?" inquired Jack.

"There isn't any Old Bird, in the establishment," said one of them.

"Mr. Bird, then. Confound you, you've put me out. I forget what I was going to say."

Here I took the opportunity to inquire whether any sins of the boys were punishable by "flailing."

"Yes," replied Jack, "big lying and tobacco. Unless a fellow breaks right in two in the middle, as Andrews did to-day, he'd better make his will before he does anything with either of 'em. Old Bird—Mr. Bird, I mean—don't stand the weakest sort of a cigar; and look here, Arthur Bonnicastle" (suddenly turning to me), "you're a little blower, and you'd better hold up. If you don't you'll find out whether there's any flailing done here."

The conversation went on, but I had lost my interest in it. The possibility of being punished filled me with a vague alarm. It was the first time I had ever been characterized as "a little blower," but my sober and conscientious chum had plainly told me of my fault, and I knew that many statements which I had made during my short stay in the school would not bear examination. I resolved within myself that I would reform, but the next day I forgot my resolution, and the next, and the next, until, as I afterwards learned, my word was good for nothing among the boys as a voucher for the truth. I received my correction in due time, as my narrative will show.

My readers will have seen already that the Bird's Nest was not very much like other schools, though I find it difficult to choose from the great variety of incidents with which my memory is crowded those which will best illustrate its peculiarities. The largest liberty was given to us, and we were simply responsible for the manner in which we used it. We had the freedom of long distances of road and wide spaces of field and forest. Indeed there was no limit fixed to our wanderings, except the limit of time. There were no feuds between the town-boys and the school. It was not uncommon to see them at our receptions, and everybody in Hillsborough was glad when The Bird's Nest was full.

During the first week of my active study

I got very tired, and after the violent exercise of the play-ground I often found myself so much oppressed with the desire for sleep that it was simply impossible for me to hold up my head. It was on one such occasion that my sleepy eyes caught the wide-awake glance of Mr. Bird, and the beckoning motion of his finger. I went to his side, and he lifted me to his knee. Pillowing my head upon his broad breast, I went to sleep; and thus holding me with his strong arm he went on with the duties of the school. Afterwards, when similarly oppressed, or when languid with indisposition, I sought the same resting-place many times, and was never refused. A scene like this was not an uncommon one. It stirred neither surprise nor mirth among the boys. It fitted into the life of the family so naturally that it never occasioned remark.

It must have been three weeks or a month after I entered the school that, on a rainy holiday, as I was walking through one of the halls alone, I was met by two boys who ordered me peremptorily to "halt." Both had staves in their hands taller than themselves, and one of them addressed me with the words: "Arthur Bonnicastle, you are arrested in the name of The High Society of Inquiry, and ordered to appear before that august tribunal, to answer for your sins and misdemeanors. Right about face!"

The movement had so much the air of mystery and romance that I was about equally pleased and scared. Marching between the two officials, I was led directly to my own room, which I was surprised to find quite full of boys, all of whom were grave and silent. I looked from one to another, puzzled beyond expression, though I am sure I preserved an unruffled manner, and a confident and even smiling face. Indeed, I supposed it to be some sort of a lark, entered upon for passing away the time while confined to the house.

"We have secured the offender," said one of my captors, "and now have the satisfaction of presenting him before this honorable Society."

"The prisoner will stand in the middle of the room, and look at me," said the presiding officer, in a tone of dignified severity.

I was accordingly marched to the middle of the room and left alone, where I stood with folded arms, as became the grand occasion.

"Arthur Bonnicastle," said the officer before mentioned, "you are brought before The High Society of Inquiry on a charge of telling so many lies that no dependence

whatever can be placed upon your words. What have you to reply to this charge. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I am not guilty. Who says I am?" I exclaimed indignantly.

"Henry Hulm, advance!" said the officer.

Henry rose, and, walking by me, took a position near the officer, at the head of the room.

"Henry Hulm; you will look upon the prisoner and tell the Society whether you know him."

"I know him well. He is my chum," replied Henry.

"What is his general character?"

"He is bright and very amiable."

"Do you consider him a boy of truth and veracity?"

"I do not."

"Has he deceived you?" inquired the officer. "If he has, please to state the occasion and circumstances."

"No, your Honor. He has never deceived me. I always know when he lies and when he speaks the truth."

"Have you ever told him of his crimes, and warned him to desist from them?"

"I have," replied Henry, "many times."

"Has he shown any disposition to mend?"

"None at all, your honor."

"What is the character of his falsehood?"

"He tells," replied Henry, "stunning stories about himself. Great things are always happening to him, and he is always performing the most wonderful deeds."

I now began with great shame and confusion to realize that I was to be exposed to ridicule. The tears came into my eyes and dropped from my cheeks, but I would not yield to the impulse either to cry or to attempt to fly.

"Will you give us some specimens of his stories?" said the officer.

"I will," responded Henry, "but I can do it best by asking him questions."

"Very well," said the officer, with a polite bow. "Pursue the course you think best."

"Arthur," said Henry, addressing me directly, "did you ever tell me that, when you and your father were on the way to this school, your horse went so fast that he ran down a black fox in the middle of the road, and cut off his tail with the wheel of the chaise, and that you sent that tail home to one of your sisters to wear in her winter hat?"

"Yes, I did," I responded, with my face flaming and painful with shame.

"And did your said horse really run down said fox in the middle of said road, and cut off said tail; and did you send home said tail to said sister to be worn in said hat?" inquired the judge, with a low, grum voice. "The prisoner will answer so that all can hear."

"No," I replied, and, looking for some justification of my story, I added: "but I did see a black fox—a real black fox, as plain as day."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" ran around the room in chorus. "He did see a black fox, a real black fox, as plain as day!"

"The witness will pursue his inquiries," said the officer.

"Arthur," Henry continued, "did you or did you not tell me that when on the way to this school you overtook Mr. and Mrs. Bird in their wagon, that you were invited into the wagon by Mrs. Bird, and that one of Mr. Bird's horses chased a calf on the road, caught it by the ear and tossed it over the fence and broke its leg?"

"I s'pose I did," I said, growing desperate.

"And did said horse really chase said calf, and catch him by said ear, and toss him over said fence, and break said leg?" inquired the officer.

"He didn't catch him by the ear," I replied doggedly, "but he really did chase a calf."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" chimed in the chorus again. "He didn't catch him by the ear, but he really did chase a calf!"

"Witness," said the officer, "you will pursue your inquiries."

"Arthur, did you or did you not tell me," Henry went on, "that you have an old friend who is soon to go to sea, and that he has promised to bring you a male and female monkey, a male and female bird of paradise, a barrel of pineapples, and a Shetland pony?"

"It doesn't seem as if I told you exactly that," I replied.

"Did you or did you not tell him so?" said the officer, severely.

"Perhaps I did," I responded.

"And did said friend, who is soon to go to said sea, really promise to bring you said monkeys, said birds of paradise, said pineapples, and said pony?"

"No," I replied, "but I really have an old friend who is going to sea, and he'll bring me anything I ask him to."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" swept round the room again. "He really has an old friend who is going to sea, and he'll bring him anything he asks him to."

"Hulm, proceed with your inquiries," said the officer.

"Did you or did you not," said Henry, turning to me again, "tell me that one day, when dining at your Aunt's, you saw a magic portrait of a boy upon the wall, that came and went, and came and went, like a shadow or a ghost?"

As Henry asked this question he stood between two windows, while the lower portion of his person was hidden by a table behind which he had retired. His face was lighted by a half-smile, and I saw him literally in a frame, as I had first seen the picture to which he alluded. In a moment I became oblivious to everything around me except Henry's face. The portrait was there again before my eyes. Every lineament and even the peculiar pose of the head were recalled to me. I was so much excited that it really seemed as if I were looking again upon the picture I had seen in Mrs. Sanderson's dining-room. Henry was disconcerted, and even distressed by my intent look. He was evidently afraid that the matter had been carried too far, and that I was growing wild with the strange excitement. Endeavoring to recall me to myself, he said with a tone of friendliness:

"Did you or did you not tell me the story about the portrait, Arthur?"

"Yes," I responded, "and it looked just like you. Oh! it did, it did, it did! There—turn your head a little more that way—so! It was a perfect picture of you, Henry. You never could imagine such a likeness."

"You are a little blower, you are," volunteered Jack Linton, from a corner.

"Order! Order! Order!" swept around the room.

"Did said portrait," broke in the voice of the officer, "come and go on said wall, like said shadow or said ghost?"

"It went but it didn't come," I replied, with my eyes still fixed on Henry.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" resumed the chorus. "It went but it didn't come!"

"Please stand still, Henry! don't stir!" I said. "I want to go nearer to it. She wouldn't let me."

I crept slowly toward him, my arms still folded. He grew pale, and all the room became still. The presiding officer and the members of The High Society of Inquiry were getting scared. "It went but it didn't come," I said. "This one comes but it doesn't go. I should like to kiss it."

I put out my hands toward Henry, and he sank down behind the table as if a ghost were

about to touch him. The illusion was broken, and I started as if awakened suddenly from a dream. Looking around upon the boys, and realizing what had been done and what was in progress, I went into a fit of hearty crying, that distressed them quite as much as my previous mood had done. Nods and winks passed from one to another, and Hulm was told that no further testimony was needed. They were evidently in a hurry to conclude the case, and felt themselves cut short in their forms of proceeding. At this moment a strange silence seized the assembly. All eyes were directed toward the door, upon which my back was turned. I wheeled around to find the cause of the interruption. There, in the doorway, towering above us all, and looking questioningly down upon the little assembly, stood Mr. Bird.

"What does this mean?" inquired the master.

I flew to his side and took his hand. The officer who had presided, being the largest boy, explained that they had been trying to break Arthur Bonnicastle of lying, and that they were about to order him to report to the master for confession and correction.

Then Mr. Bird took a chair and patiently heard the whole story.

Without a reproach, further than saying that he thought me much too young for experiments of the kind they had instituted in the case, he explained to them and to me the nature of my misdemeanors.

"The boy has a great deal of imagination," he said, "and a strong love of approbation. Somebody has probably flattered his power of invention, and, to secure admiration, he has exercised it until he has acquired the habit of exaggeration. I doubt whether the lad has done much that was consciously wrong. It is more a fault of constitution and character than a sin of the will; and now that he sees that he does not win admiration by telling that which is not true, he will become truthful. I am glad if he has learned, even by the severe means that have been used, that if he wishes to be loved and admired he must always tell the exact truth, neither more nor less. If you had come to me, I could have told you all about the lad, and instituted a better mode of dealing with him. He has been through some sudden changes of late that have had the natural tendency to exaggerate his fault. But I venture to say that he is cured. Aren't you, Arthur?" And he stooped and lifted me to his face and looked into my eyes.

"I don't think I shall do it any more," I said.

Bidding the boys disperse, he carried me down stairs into his own room, and charged me with kindly counsel. I went out from the interview humbled and without a revengeful thought in my heart toward the boys who had brought me to my trial. I saw that they were my friends, and I was determined to prove myself worthy of their friendship.

Jack Linton was waiting for me on the piazza, and wished to explain to me that he hadn't anything against me. "I went in with the rest of 'em because they wanted me to," said Jack, "and because I wanted to see what it would be like; but really, now, I don't object so much to blowing, myself. There's a sort of sameness, you know, about always telling the truth that there isn't about blowing, but it's the same thing with hash and bread and butter, and it seems to be necessary."

I told him that I wasn't going to blow any more, and that I had arranged it all with Mr. Bird. He shook hands with me and then stooped down and whispered: "You don't catch me trying any High old Society of Inquiries on a chap of your size again."

As soon as I settled into the routine of my school life the weeks flew away so fast that they soon got beyond my counting. The term was long, but I was happy in my study, happy in my companionships, and happy in the love of Mr., and Mrs. Bird, and in their control and direction. I wrote letters home every week, and received prompt replies from my father. The monthly missives to "My dear Aunt" were regularly written, though I won no replies to them. I learned, however, that Mr. Bird had received communications from her concerning myself. On one occasion she sent her love to me through him, and he delivered the message with an amused look in his eyes that puzzled me.

The summer months passed away, and that great, mysterious change came on which reported the consummation of growth and maturity in the processes and products of the year. The plants that had toiled all summer, evolving flower and fruit, were soothed to sleep. The birds stopped singing lest they should waken them. The locusts by day and the crickets by night crooned their lullaby. A dreamy haze hung around the distant hills, and here and there a woodbine lighted its torch in the darkening dingle, and the maples in mellow fire signalled each other from hill to hill. The year had begun to die. There were chills at night and fevers by day, and

stretches of weird silence that impressed me more profoundly than I can possibly reveal. It was as if the angels of the summer had fled at the first frost, and the angels of the autumn had come down, bringing with them a new set of spiritual influences that saddened while they sweetened every soul whose sensibilities were delicate enough to apprehend and receive them.

During these days I felt my first twinges of genuine home-sickness. I was conscious that I had grown in body and mind during my brief absence; and I wanted to show myself to the dear ones with whom I had passed my childhood. I imagined the interest with which they would listen to the stories of my life at school; and I had learned enough of the world already to know that there was no love so sweet and strong as that which my home held for me. I had been made glad by my father's accounts of his modest prosperity. Work had been plenty and the pay was sure and sufficient. The family had been re clothed, and new and needed articles of furniture had been purchased.

I wrote to Mrs. Sanderson and asked the privilege of going home to spend my vacation, and through my father's letters I learned that she would send for me. A week or more before the close of the term I received a note, addressed to me in a handwriting gone to wreck through disuse, from old Jenks. If I were to characterize the orthography in which it was clothed, I should say it was eminently strong. I do not suppose it was intended to be blank verse, but it was arranged in disconnected lines, and read thus:

"Bring home your Attlus.

"I stere boldly for the Troppicks.

"Desk and cumppuses in the stable.

"When this you see burn this when this you see.

"The see rolls away and thare is no old wooman thare.

"Where the spisy breazes blow.

"I shall come for you with the Shaze.

"From an old Tarr

"THEOPHILUS JENKS."

This unique document was not committed to the flames, according to the directions of the writer. It was much too precious for such a destiny, and was carefully laid away between the leaves of my Testament, to be revealed in this later time.

The last evening of the term was devoted to a reception. Many parents of the boys who had come to take their darlings home were present; and sitting in the remotest corner of the dancing-room; shrunken into the smallest space it was possible for him to occupy, was old Jenks, gazing enchanted upon

such a scene as had never feasted his little gray eyes before. I had learned to dance in a boy's rollicking fashion, and during the whole evening tried to show off my accomplishments to my old friend. One after another I led ladies—middle-aged and young—to the floor, and discharged the courtesies of the time with all the confidence of a man of society. Occasionally I went to his side and asked him how he liked it.

"It's great—it's tremendous," said Jenks. "How do you dare to do it—eh? say!" said he, drawing me down to him by the lappel of my coat. "I've been thinking how I'd like to have the old woman on the floor, and see her tumble down once. I ain't no dancer, you know, but I'd dance a regular breakdown over her before I picked her up and set her on her pins again. Wouldn't it be fun to see her get up mad, and limp off into a corner?"

I laughed at Jenks's fancy, and asked him what he thought of the last lady I danced with.

"She's a beauty," said Jenks. "I should like to sail with her—just sit and hold her hand and sail—sail away, and keep sailing and sailing and sailing."

"I'm glad you like her," I said, "for that is my lady-love. That's Miss Butler."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Jenks. "Well, you don't mind what I say, do you?"

"Oh no," I said, "you're too old for her."

"Well, yes, perhaps I am, but isn't she just—isn't she rather—that is, isn't she a bit too old for you?"

"I shall be old enough for her by and by," I replied.

"Well, don't take to heart anything I say," responded Jenks. "I was only talking about sailing, any way. My mind is on the sea a good deal, you know. Now you go on with your dancing, and don't mind me."

The next morning there were all sorts of vehicles at the door. There were calls and farewells and kisses, and promises to write, and hurrahs, and all the incidents and excitements of breaking up. With a dozen kisses warm upon my cheeks, from teachers and friends, I mounted the chaise, and Jenks turned the old horse toward home.

I suppose the world would not be greatly interested in the conversation between the old servant and the boy who that day drove from Hillsborough to Bradford. Jenks had been much moved by the scenes of the previous evening, and his mind, separated somewhat from the sea, out toward whose billowy

freedom it had been accustomed to wander, turned upon women.

"I think a woman is a tremendous being," said Jenks. "When she's right, she's the rightest thing that floats. When she's wrong, she's the biggest nuisance that plows the sea, even if she's little and don't draw two feet of water. Perhaps it isn't just the thing to say to a boy like you, but you'll never speak of it, if I should tell you a little something?"

"Oh, never!" I assured him.

"Well, I s'pose I might have been a married man," and Jenks avoided my eyes by pretending to discover a horseshoe in the road.

"You don't say so!" I exclaimed in undisguised astonishment, for it had never occurred to me that such a man as Jenks could marry.

"Yes, I waited on a girl once."

"Was she beautiful?" I inquired.

"Well, I should say fair to middling," responded Jenks, pursing his lips as if determined to render a candid judgment. "Fair to middling, barring a few freckles."

"But you didn't leave her for the freckles?" I said.

"No, I didn't leave her for the freckles. She was a good girl, and I waited on her. It don't seem possible now that I ever ra'alay waited on a girl, but I did."

"And why didn't you marry her?" I inquired warmly.

"It wasn't her fault," said Jenks. "She was a good girl."

"Then why didn't you marry her?" I insisted.

"Well, there was another fellow got to hanging round, and—you know how such things go. I was busy, and—didn't tend up very well, I s'pose—and—she got tired waiting for me—or something—and the other fellow married her, but I've never blamed her. She's been sorry enough, I guess."

Jenks gave a sigh of mingled regret and pity, and the subject was dropped.

The lights were shining cheerfully in the windows as we drove into Bradford. When we came in sight of my father's house, Jenks exacted a pledge from me that all the confidences of the day, which he had so freely reposed in me, should never be divulged. Arriving at the gate, I gave a wild whoop, which brought all the family to the door, and in a moment I was smothered with welcome. Ah! what an evening was that! What sad, sweet tears drop upon my paper as I recall it, and remember that every eye that spar-

kled with greeting then has ceased to shine, that every hand that grasped mine is turned to dust, and that all those loving spirits wait

somewhere to welcome me home from the school where I have been kept through such a long eventful term !

(To be continued.)

THE PILGRIM'S PACKETS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

WEARY, hungry, and somewhat disconsolate, three pilgrims met at the top of a treeless hill. Greeting each other with the greetings of the season, for it was the Christmas-time, they seated themselves on the short brown sward.

The tallest man spoke first. "I would," said he, "that, having met, we could make merry, and eat and drink. But I have nothing to offer. In fact I have no possessions whatever but this." And he produced a small brown packet from his breast-pocket, and laid it on the ground before him.

"By something of a coincidence," said the second pilgrim, a man who had been happy, "my possessions are included in a similar parcel." And he drew from his pocket a yellow packet and laid it on the sward.

"Curious !" said the third pilgrim, an ordinary man, "but here is all my wealth." And he laid on the ground a gray package.

"My parcel," said the tall man, somewhat apologetically, "contains a story."

"So does mine," said the man who had been happy.

"And mine," said the ordinary man.

"My story," said the tall man, "has been objected to by the Realists. In fact, they have gone so far as to call it absurd."

"They have said the same thing of mine," said the man who had been happy.

"And of mine," said the ordinary man.

"The Materialists and Rationalists of Literature will have none of me," said the tall man. "They object to my machinery, and send me to the children. But I have nothing for children. There is a moral purpose running through my story—a purpose for maturest minds."

"Your case is mine exactly," said the man who had been happy.

"And mine," said the ordinary man.

"I propose," said the tall man, after a short pause, during which the wind had swept several times across the hill, "that we read our stories to each other. Mine is a little one."

"And so is mine," said the man who had been happy.

"And mine, likewise," said the ordinary man.

"I will commence," said the tall man. "My story is called

D. O. M.

le Directeur.

In the deep forests of Normandy, where the top leaves of the tall oaks sometimes caught a whiff or two of sea air from the western breeze, there lived, years ago, a diminutive damsel, Vio by name. She was not only diminutive, and a damsel, but she was a fay, an elf, or, as these creatures are called in some localities, a pigwidgeon—in fact, a fairy no bigger than your thumb. She was very fair to see, provided you were close enough to her, and she loved a Benedictine Abbot. The monastic institution over which this good man presided, stood at the edge of the wood ; and there he and his monks devoted themselves to religious duties, and the manufacture of a grateful cordial of rare flavor and value. By a recipe hundreds of years old, and known only to the brothers of that convent, they made their cordial, which was held in high esteem all over the world.

To this monastery would the fairy oft repair, hoping for no better cordial than to feast her eyes upon the face of him who had won her young affections. She never passed through his portals, for, as all men know, fairies cannot enter monasteries. But she often caught glimpses of him through the windows, and over the walls ; and each day, as the long line of monks emerged to take their regulation walk, she followed close to the portly form which brought up the rear, hoping, longing for a word, a glance. But she hoped in vain. Her love was not returned.

There were reasons for this. In the first place, the Abbot was quite short-sighted, and

she was very little. So he never saw her, which was reason enough in itself. But this she did not know, neither did she know that, as a rule, monks do not marry. In ignorance she loved; in ignorance she hoped.

At last, her little heart demanding sympathy, she determined to seek a confidant, and one bright December morning she repaired to the abode of a friend she had—a Neophyte. This youth resided in a shallow cave—one of the kind used by beginners—where he was learning to be a hermit. So far he had had a very hard time. Originally a town-boy, and knowing little of water-cresses, he had had many a good round stomach-ache from eating improper weeds; and for a long time the water of the rill had made him sick. And then he was very lonely, and, not understanding Latin, he found but little comfort in the well-worn lives of the saints, which were the companions of his solitude. But the fairy had been of the greatest service to him. She had taught him what water-cresses were, and had shown him how to dip up the silvery drops from the rivulet without getting too much sand. When he was cold and homesick she often came and talked to him, and amused him. So, too, when the venerable form of the old hermit, under whom he studied, appeared in the distance, she would fly to give notice to the Neophyte, that he might drop his boyish game, or wake from his idle nap, in time to snatch up his tomes and ponder over their pious lore.

To this friend, then, came the fairy, and told her woes.

"I can't imagine for the life of me," said the Neophyte, "what you see in that old Abbot to make you love him."

"I can't tell either," said the fairy, "unless it is his general air."

"And you can never get him to speak to you?" asked the other, as with surreptitious jack-knife he continued his game of mumbly-peg upon the back of one of his tomes.

"No indeed!" said she, "he is so particular. Whenever the monks walk out he keeps his eye on them all, and if one of them as much as wiggles the corner of his eye he sees it, and makes that man come and walk under his umbrella. There's no use trying to make Dom look around the least bit in the world when he is out, and, you know, I can't go into his house."

"Why do you call him Dom?" asked the Neophyte.

"Because it is on his bottles—D. O. M. *le Directeur*—that's on every one of them."

"Bother!" said the Neophyte. "D. O. M. isn't the Abbot's name. His name is Anselmo. Nearly every one of those monks is named Anselmo. They can't tell each other apart as far as name goes, but as one is pretty much the same as another it don't make much difference. But I'll tell you," he continued, "how perhaps you can get a word with the old Abbot. You know the cordial these monks make?"

"Oh, yes," said the fairy, "to fill Dom's bottles."

"I told you his name wasn't Dom," said the Neophyte.

"Well, I have always given him that name," said the fairy. "I have breathed it in my dreams quite plain—Dom, *le directeur*,—for my sister heard me. I like it, and it don't make any difference if I call him that just among ourselves, does it?"

"No, I suppose it don't; so call him Dom if you choose. You know what herbs they put in their cordial?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said the fairy. "Those which grow on the cliffs by the sea, and which are thus incrustured with bromine, iodine, and chloride of sodium."

"You are right," said the Neophyte. "Those things give the cordial its rare flavor and value. Now hear me. Near about the Christmas-time, when the days are holy, and the dry herbs are well incrustured, the Abbot, accompanied by one or two of his monks, will go out to gather these plants on the cliffs by the sea. If you then can manage to get the Abbot by himself, perhaps you may have a talk with him."

This advice struck the fairy as eminently sensible, and she retired into the depths of the forest to ponder it over.

It was not long after this, in the early days of the Christmas-tide, that the Abbot and two of his monks, with great bags over their shoulders, set out early in the morning for the cliffs by the sea. There they found plenty of the half-dried plants with which they gave flavor and value to the cordial for which their monastery was famous. But they soon perceived that there was something strange about these plants—something they did not understand.

"It seems to me, Anselmo," said one of the monks, chewing an herb, "that on these leaves there is neither bromine, iodine, nor chloride of sodium."

"You are right, Anselmo," said the other, chewing another herb; "there is nothing of the kind."

"I agree with you, Anselmos," said the

Abbot; "these plants have no valuable properties."

The monks and the Abbot were certainly right for, on the night before, the fairy, with hundreds of her companions, had scraped from the leaves and stalks of the plants which grew on the cliffs every trace of bromine, iodine, and chloride of sodium.

"Ah, me!" said the Abbot, "this is very bad. We must have some perfect herbs, or give up the cordial business. So you, Anselmo, hurry along to the right, and see what you can find on the sides of the cliffs; and you, Anselmo, hurry along to the left; while I will make a search over there toward the sea."

Thus separated from his companions, as the fairy hoped he would be, the Abbot pressed on toward the sea, every now and then sniffing with delight the salty perfume from a few leaves which the fairy carried, as, all unseen by him, she led the holy Abbot literally by the nose to a sheltered nook near the outermost edge of the cliff. Here the valuable herbs, in the most satisfactory chemical condition, rustled in profusion. The Abbot, delight sparkling in his countenance, immediately fell on his knees, and began to fill his bag. While engaged in this pleasing occupation the fairy, sitting on a twig of a neighboring bush, watched him with undisguised admiration. He had nearly finished his task, when, plucking up all her courage, she spoke:

"Most reverend Dom," said she; and then she tried her best to say something that would seem spontaneous and unconcerned-like; "I hope I see you well."

The Abbot looked up with a jerk, and beheld a fairy, sitting on a twig before him, actually speaking to him!

"Anathema! little fairy," he cried, "I exorcise thee!" And he put his hands in his pocket for his cross and beads.

"Oh, stop a minute!" cried the fairy; "don't exorcise me just yet. I have a word or two I want to say to you. I know where there's lots of these weeds, all white with bromine, and the other things."

"But if I wait," said the Abbot, "you'll skip away."

"Oh! no, I won't," said the fairy. "I promise you solemnly I won't."

"Solemnly!" said the Abbot, looking at her steadfastly through his spectacles; "you don't know what 'solemn' means."

"Oh, yes, but I do," said she.

"You can't!" cried the Abbot. "Don't you know you are a miserable heathen? Yes,

worse than that, a spirit of darkness and iniquity, a wretched demon, a—," and he paused.

"Am I anything else?" asked the fairy tearfully, seeing the Abbot hesitate.

"Yes," said he, "you are several other things. I've got them in a book at home, but I forget them now."

"But then *you* are so good," said the fairy, casting a timid glance at him from beneath her long dark eyelashes.

The Abbot did not take the hint at all. "And I should very much like to know," said he, "why a fairy, a lost little thing like you, should take the trouble to tell a holy man where he can find the herbs he needs."

"But you see," said the fairy, "I—I—want to make you a Christmas present of them."

"A Christmas present!" cried the Abbot. "I am not sure that you ought to do that. A Christmas present from a heathen pig-widgeon! I never heard of such a thing! And I know that I should not even be talking to you as I am. For what I have already said I must starch my horse-hair shirt. But tell me where these herbs are that you spoke of—although I think you wickedly called them weeds—and then let me exorcise you and go."

In a very few minutes the fairy had led the Abbot to a sequestered spot where there was a vast growth of valuably incrustated herbs, and then she sat and shivered. She had been exorcised before, and she hated it.

When he had exorcised her sufficiently, the Abbot took up his bag and left the spot, rejoicing in his new-found wealth of herbs. But the poor little fairy sat trembling on the ground.

The next day, as the Neophyte was standing in front of his cave, wondering if it were allowable for hermits—especially those who had such shallow caves as this one—to build a little portico in front to keep the snow and rain from beating in, the fairy came and sat on the rock near him.

"Well," said he, "did you see your Dom?"

"Yes, I saw him," she said.

"And what did he say?"

"He—he—he exorcised me!" said the little fairy, the tears starting to her eyes. "He did so, and I tell you it's horrible. It makes the chills run down my very back. You never were exorcised, I suppose," said she, wiping her eyes.

"Oh, no," said the Neophyte, "they don't exorcise hermits."

"And why should they exorcise me?" she asked.

"Oh, well, there's a whole lot of bothersome reasons which I can't tell you now; but it is all perfectly right. Some holy abbots would think it a sin even to speak with you."

"Dom thinks that," said the fairy; "he said he'd have to starch his horse-hair shirt."

"Bother horse-hair shirts!" cried the Neophyte, digging his heel into one of his ponderous tomes. "My old man said he was going to bring me one the next time he came, but he is mistaken if he thinks I am ever going to starch it. I don't see what students want with horse-hair shirts, any way. But, of course, it's all right enough for a real good old fellow like that Abbot."

"The Abbot *is* a real good man, isn't he?" said the fairy.

"Oh, yes," said the Neophyte, as he walked down the stream to pick his water-cresses for dinner. "And he is growing better and better."

When the Neophyte returned he found the fairy deeply immersed in thought, and still sitting on the rock in the same position in which he had left her. He stood for a mo-

ment regarding her, and then he said, "Look here! I wouldn't think any more of that Abbot if I were you. I don't believe it will ever come to anything."

"When I think it all over," said the fairy, slowly coming down from the rock, "and especially when I consider that he is growing better and better, I don't believe it ever will."

And it never did.

"No one, I imagine," said the tall man, replacing his manuscript in the breast-pocket of his coat, "with a clear insight into the hidden sources of the ambiguous, could fail to understand my story."

"My story," said the man who had been happy, "is so much like yours that it is needless to read it."

"The same may be said of mine," said the ordinary man.

"Then all our stories mean the same thing, I presume," said the tall man. "Do either of you know what that is?"

"Certainly not," said the man who had been happy.

"Not I, indeed!" said the ordinary man.

"Nor I," added the tall man.

A BIRD-SONG.

It's a year-almost that I have not seen her:
Oh! last summer, green things were greener,
Brambles fewer, the blue sky bluer.

It's well-nigh summer, for there's a swallow;
Come one swallow, his mate will follow,
The bird-race quicken and wheel and thicken.

Oh, happy swallow, whose mate will follow
O'er height, o'er hollow! I'd be a swallow
To build, this weather, one nest together!

THE ONE-LEGGED DANCERS.

VERY early one morning in March, ten years ago, I was sitting alone on one of the crumbling ledges of the Coliseum: larks were singing above my head; wall-flowers were waving at my feet; a procession of chanting monks was walking slowly around the great cross in the arena below. I was on the highest tier, and their voices reached me only as an indistinct wail, like the notes of a distant *Æolian* harp; but the joyous sun and sky, and larks' songs, seemed darkened and dulled by their presence. A strange sadness oppressed me, and I sank into a deep reverie. I do not know how long I had been sitting there, when I was suddenly roused by an exclamation of pain, or terror, and the noise of falling stones. I sprang to my feet and, looking over, saw a young and beautiful woman lying fearfully near the edge of one of the most insecure of the projecting ledges on the tier below me—the very one from which I had nearly fallen myself, only a few days before, in stretching over after some *asphodels* which were beyond my reach.

I ran down as fast as possible, but when I reached the spot she had fainted, and was utterly unconscious. She was alone; I could see no other human being in the Coliseum. The chanting monks had gone; even the beggars had not yet arrived. I tried in vain to rouse her. She had fallen so that the hot sun was beating full on her face. I dared not leave her there, for her first unconscious movement might be such that she would fall over the edge. But I saw that she must have shade and water, or die. Every instant she grew whiter and her lips looked more rigid. I shouted aloud, and only the echoes answered me, as if in mockery. A little lark suddenly flew out from a tuft of yellow wall-flower close by, and burst into a swift carol of delight as he soared away. At last, with great efforts, I succeeded in dragging her, by her feet—for I dared not venture out so far as the spot on which her head lay—to a safer place, and into the partial shadow of a low bush. In doing this, one of her delicate hands was scratched and torn on the rough stones, and drops of blood came to the surface. In the other hand were crushed a few spikes of *asphodel*, the very flowers, no doubt, which had lured me so near the same dangerous brink. It seemed to me impossible to go away and leave her, but it was cruel to delay a moment. My feet felt like lead as I flew around those dark galleries and down

those long stone flights of giddy stairs. Just in the entrance stood one of those pertinacious sellers of old coins and bits of marble. I threw down a piece of silver on his little stand, seized a small tin basin in which he had his choicest coins, emptied them on the ground, and saying, in my poor Italian, "*Lady—ill—water*," I had filled the basin at the old stone fountain near by, and was half way up the first flight of stairs again, before he knew what had happened.

When I reached the place where I had left the beautiful stranger she was not there. Unutterable horror seized me. Had I, after all, left her too near that crumbling edge? I groaned aloud and turned to run down. But a feeble voice arrested my steps—a whisper rather than a voice, for there was hardly strength to speak—

"Who is there?"

"Oh, thank God," I exclaimed, "you are not dead!" and I sprang to the next of the cross corridors, from which the sound had come.

She was there, sitting up, leaning against the wall. She looked almost more terrified than relieved when she saw me. I bathed her face and hands in the water, and told her how I had found her insensible, and had drawn her away from the outer edge before I had gone for the water. She did not speak for some moments, but looked at me earnestly and steadily, with tears standing in her large blue eyes.

Then she said, "I did not know that any one but myself ever came to the Coliseum so early. I thought I should die here alone; and Robert was not willing I should come."

"I owe you my life," she added, bursting into hysterical crying.

Then in a few moments she half laughed, as if at some droll thought, and said, "But how could you drag me? You are not nearly so big as I am. The angels must have helped you;" and holding up the poor crushed *asphodels*, she went on: "As soon as I came to my consciousness, I saw the *asphodels* in my hand, and I said to myself, '*Asphodel* for burial,' and I tried to throw them away, so that if Robert came he would not find me dead with them in my hand, for only yesterday he said to me, 'Please never pick an *asphodel*—I can't bear to see you touch one.'"

Slowly I soothed her excitement and she recovered her color and strength. The owner of the basin, followed by a half-dozen

of chattering vetturini, had climbed up to us, but we had peremptorily sent them all away. It was evident that she was not seriously hurt. The terror, rather than the fall, had caused her fainting. It was probably a sudden dizziness which had come as she drew back and turned after picking the flowers. Had she fallen in the act of picking them she must inevitably have been dashed to the ground below. At the end of an hour she was so nearly well, that she walked slowly down the long stairs, leaning on my arm, and taking frequent rests by the way. 'I was about to beckon to one of the vetturini, when she said, "Oh no! my own carriage is near here, up by the gate of the Palace of the Cæsars. I rambled on, without thinking at first of coming to the Coliseum: it will do me good to walk back; every moment of the air makes me feel better."

So we went slowly on, up the solemn hill, arm in arm like friends, sitting down now and then on old fallen columns to rest, and looking back at the silent, majestic ruins, which were brightened almost into a look of life under the vivid sun. My companion spoke little; the reaction after her fearful shock had set in; but every few moments her beautiful eyes would fill with tears as she looked in my face and pressed my arm. I left her at her apartment on the Via Felice; my own was a mile farther on, in the Piazza del Popolo, and I would not allow her to drive so far.

"It grieves me not to go with you to your door," she said, as she bade me good-bye, "but I shall come and see you to-morrow and bring my husband."

"No, you must not," I replied. "To-morrow you will be wise enough—or, if you are not wise enough, you will be kind enough to me because I ask it—to lie in bed all day, and I shall come very early in the morning to see how you are."

She turned suddenly on the carriage-steps, and, leaning both her hands on my knees, exclaimed, in a voice full of emotion,

"Will you let me kiss you? Not even my mother gave me what you have given. For you have given me back life, when it was too infinitely precious to lose. Surely you will not think me presuming?" and her cheek flushed a little.

"Presuming! my dear child, I loved you the first moment I saw you lying there on the stones; and I am almost old enough to be your mother, too," I replied, and I kissed her sweet face warmly.

This was the beginning of my acquaintance and friendship with Dora Maynard.

At eleven o'clock the next morning I went to see her. I was shown into a room, whose whole atmosphere was so unlike a Roman apartment, that I could scarcely believe I had not been transported to English or American soil. In spite of its elegance, it was as home-like and cozy as if it nestled in the Berkshire hills or stood on Worcestershire meadows. The windows were heavily curtained, and the furniture covered with gay chintz of a white ground, with moss-rose buds thickly scattered over it between broad stripes of rose-pink. The same chintz was fluted all around the cornice of the room, making the walls look less stately and high. The doorways, also, were curtained with it; great wreaths and nodding masses of pampas grass were above the doors; a white heron and a rose-colored spoonbill stood together on a large bracket in one corner, and a huge gray owl was perched on what looked like a simple old apple-tree bough, over an inlaid writing-table which stood at an odd slant near one of the windows. Books were everywhere—in low swinging shelves, suspended by large green cords with heavy tassels; on low bracket shelves, in unexpected places, with deep-green fringes or flutings of the chintz; in piles on Moorish stools or old Venice chests. Every corner looked as if somebody made it a special haunt and had just gone out. On a round mosaic table stood an exquisite black-and-gilt Etruscan patera filled with white anemones; on another table near by stood a silver one filled with the same flowers, pink and yellow. Each was circled around the edge with fringing masses of maiden-hair fern. Every lounge and chair had a low, broad foot-stool before it, ruffled with the chintz; and in one corner of the room was a square pink and white and green Moorish rug, with ten or a dozen chintz-covered pillows, piled up in a sort of chair-shaped bed upon it, and a fantastic ebony box standing near, the lid thrown back, and battledoors and shuttlecocks, and many other gay-colored games, tossed in in confusion. The walls were literally full of exquisite pictures; no very large or rare ones, all good for everyday living; some fine old etchings, exquisite water colors, a swarthy Campagna herds-boy with a peacock feather and a scarlet ribbon in his black hat, and for a companion-picture the herds-boy of the mountains, fair, rosy, standing out on an opaline snow-peak, with a glistening Edelweiss in his hand; op-

posite these a large picture of Haags, a camel in the desert, the Arab wife and baby in a fluttering mass of basket and fringe, and shawl and scarf, on his back, the Arab father walking a few steps in advance, playing on musical pipes, his tasseled robe blowing back in the wind; on one side of this a Venice front, and on another a crag of Norway pines; here and there, small leaves of photographs from original drawings by the old masters, Leonardo, Raphael, Titian, and Luini; and everywhere, in all possible and impossible places, flowers and vines. I never saw walls so decorated. Yellow wall-flowers waved above the picture of the Norway pines; great scarlet thistles branched out each side of the Venetian palace; cool maiden-hair ferns seemed to be growing all around the glowing crimson and yellow picture of the Arabs in the Desert. Afterward I learned the secret of this beautiful effect; large, flat, wide-mouthed bottles, filled with water, were hung on the backs of the picture frames, and in these the vines and flowers were growing; only a worshiper of flowers would have devised this simple method of at once enshrining them, and adorning the pictures.

In one of the windows stood a superbly-carved gilt table, oblong, and with curiously-twisted legs, which bent inward and met a small central shelf half-way between the top and the floor, then spread out again into four strange claw-like vases, which bore each two golden lilies standing upright. On this stood the most singular piece of wood-carving I ever saw. It was of very light wood, almost yellow in tint; it looked like rough vine trellises with vines clambering over them; its base was surrounded by a thick bed of purple anemones; the smaller shelf below was also filled with purple anemones, and each of the golden lilies held all the purple anemones it could—not a shade of any other color but the purple and gold—and rising above them the odd vine trellises in the pale yellow wood. As I stood looking at this in mute wonder and delight, but sorely perplexed to make out the design of the carving, I heard a step behind me. I turned and saw, not my new friend, as I had expected, but her husband. I thought, in that first instant, I had never seen a manlier face and form, and I think so to-day. Robert Maynard was not tall; he was not handsome; but he had a lithe figure, square-shouldered, straight, strong, vitalized to the last fiber with the swift currents of absolutely healthful blood, and the still swifter currents of a passionate and pure manhood. His eyes were blue, his hair and full beard of the bright-

brown yellow which we call, rightfully or wrongfully, Saxon. He came very quickly toward me with both hands outstretched and began to speak. "My dear madam," he said, but his voice broke, and with a sudden, uncontrollable impulse, he turned his back full upon me for a second, and passed his right hand over his eyes. The next instant he recovered himself and went on.

"I do not believe you will wonder that I can't speak, and I do not believe you will ever wonder that I do not thank you—I never shall," and he raised both my hands to his lips.

"Dora is, as you bade her to be," he continued, "in bed. She is well, but very weak. She wants to see you immediately, and she has forbidden me to come back to her room with you. I think, perhaps," he added hesitatingly, "she is not yet quite calm enough to talk long. Forgive me for saying it. I know you love her already."

"Indeed I do," replied I, "as if I had known her all my life. I will not stay long;" and I followed him through a small dining-room, also gay with flowers and vines, to a little room which had one side almost wholly of glass and opened on a *loggia* full of orange-trees and oleanders, geraniums and roses. I will not describe Dora Maynard's bed-room. It was the dainty room of a dainty woman, but spiritualized and individualized and made wonderful, just as her sitting-room was, by the creative touch and the magnetic presence of a soul such as few women possess. I really believe that she could not be for twenty-four hours in the barrenest and ugliest room possible, without contriving to diffuse a certain enchantment through all its emptiness.

She looked far more beautiful this morning than she had looked the day before. I never forgot the picture of her face, as I saw it then lying on the white pillow and turned toward the door, with the eager expression which her waiting for me had given it. Neither of us spoke for some seconds, and when we did speak we took refuge in commonplaces. Our hearts were too full—mine with a sudden and hardly explicable overflow of affection toward this beautiful being whom I had saved from dying; hers with a similar affection for me, heightened a thousand-fold by the intense love of love and living that filled her whole soul and made her gratitude to me partake almost of the nature of adoration. I think it was years before she could see me without recalling the whole scene so vividly that tears would fill her eyes. Often she would suddenly seize both my hands in hers, kiss them and

say, "Oh! but for these dear, strong, brave little hands, where should I be!"

And whenever we parted for a length of time she was overshadowed by presentiment. "I know it is superstitious and silly," she would say, "but I cannot shake off the feeling that I am safer in the same town with you. I believe if any harm were to threaten me you would be near."

But the story I am to tell now is not the story of Dora Maynard's life after I knew her, nor of our friendship and love for each other, rare and beautiful as they were. It is the story of her girlhood, and of the strange wood-carving which stood on the gilded table in the bed of purple anemones.

One morning in April, as I climbed up the long stone stairs which led to her apartment, I met, coming down very slowly, Anita, the flower-woman who carried flowers to her every day. Anita looked troubled.

"What is the matter, my Anita?" said I; "is the Signora ill?"

"Ah no, thank the Blessed Virgin!" said Anita; "the dearest, most beautiful of Signoras is well, but I am obliged to tell her to-day that there are no more anemones. Biagio went yesterday to the farthest corner of the Villa Doria, to a dark shady spot beyond the Dove Cote, which the strangers know not, hoping to find some; but the heavy rains had beaten them all down—there is no longer one left. And the Signora had tears in her eyes when I told her; and she did not care for all the other beautiful flowers; she said none of them could go on the gold-table; never yet has the Signora put any flowers on the gold-table except the purple anemones," and real tears stood in old Anita's eyes.

"Why, Anita," said I, "I am sure some other flowers would look very pretty there. I do not believe the Signora will be unhappy about it."

Anita shook her head and half smiled with a look of pitying compassion.

"But, Signora, you do not know; that dearest and most beautiful of Signoras has visions from the angels about her flowers. Holy Virgin! if she would but come and hang flowers around the Bambino in our church! None of the Holy Sisters can so weave them as she does; she makes Festa forever in the house for the Signor; and I think, Signora," crossing herself and looking sharply at me, "perhaps the gold-table is the shrine of her religion: does the Signora know?"

I could not help laughing. "Oh no, Anita," I said: "we do not have shrines in our religion,"

Anita's face clouded. "Iddio mio!" she said, "but the Virgin will keep the dearest Signora Maynardi. Biagio and I have vowed to keep a candle always burning for her in Ara Coeli! The dearest, most beautiful of Signoras;" and Anita walked disconsolately on down the stairs.

I found Dora kneeling before the "gold-table," arranging great masses of maiden-hair fern around the wood-carving and in the shelf below. As I saw the rapt and ecstatic expression of her face, I understood why Anita had believed the gold-table to be a shrine.

"They do not suit it like the anemones," said she, sadly; "and I can have no more anemones this year."

"So poor Anita told me just now on the stairs," replied I. "She was almost crying, she was so sorry she could not get them for you. But I am sure, dear, the ferns are beautiful on it. I think the pale green looks even better than the purple with the gold and the pale yellow wood."

"I like the purple best," said Dora; "besides, we always had purple at home," and her eyes filled with tears. Then, turning suddenly to me, she said, "Why have you never asked me what this is? I know you must have wondered: it looks so strange—this poor little clumsy bit of American pine, on my gilt table shrined with flowers!"

"Yes, I have wondered, I acknowledge, for I could not make out the design," I replied; "but I thought it might have some story connected with it, which you would tell me if you wished I should know. I did not think it clumsy; I think it is fantastic, and has a certain sort of weird life-likeness about it."

"Do you really think it has any life-like look about it?" and Dora's face flushed with pleasure. "I think so, but I supposed nobody else could see anything in it. No one of my acquaintance has ever alluded to it," continued she, half laughing, half crying, "but I see them trying to scrutinize it slyly when they are not observed. As for poor old Anita, I believe she thinks it is our Fetish. She walks round it so on tiptoe with her hands clasped on her apron."

"But now," she continued, "I will show you the same design in something else;" and she led the way through her own bedroom to Robert's, which was beyond. On the threshold she paused, and kissing me, said: "If you can stay with me to-day, I will tell you the whole story, dear; but I want you to look at this chintz first." Then she walked to

the window, and drawing out one of the curtains to its full width, held it up for me to see. It was a green and white chintz, evidently of cheap quality. At first I did not distinguish any meaning to the pattern; but presently I saw that the figures were all of vines and vine-leaves, linked in a fantastic fashion together, like those in the wood-carving on the gold-table.

"Oh yes," I said, "I see; it is exactly like the carving, only it looks differently, being on a flat surface."

Dora did not speak; she was gazing absently at the chintz she held in her hand. Her face looked as if her soul were miles and years away. Presently I saw a tear roll down her cheek. I touched her hand. She started, and smiling sweetly, said: "Oh! forgive me. Don't think I am crying for any sorrow; it is for joy. I am so happy, and my life has been so wonderful. Now would you really have patience to listen to a long story?" she said, beseechingly; "a long story all about me—and—Robert? I have been wanting to tell you ever since I knew you. I think you ought to know all about us."

For my answer, I sank into a large chair, drew her down into my lap, and said: "Begin, you dearest child. Nothing could give me such pleasure. Begin way back."

She slipped from my lap to a low footstool at my feet, and resting both her arms on my knees in a graceful way she had, looked up into my face, and began by a sentence which made me involuntarily start.

"I used to work in a factory." My start was so undisguised, so uncontrollable, that Dora drew back and her cheeks turned red.

"Perhaps I ought to have told you before."

"Oh, my dear, beautiful, marvelous child!" I exclaimed; "you cannot so misjudge me. I was startled only because you had always seemed to me so much like one born to all possible luxury. I supposed you had been nurtured on the beautiful."

"So I have been," she replied, earnestly, smiling through tears; "but, nevertheless, three years ago I was working in a factory in America."

I did not interrupt her again; hour after hour passed by; not until twilight was deepening into dusk did the story come to end. I shall try to give it in Dora's own words—their simplicity adds so much to the narrative; but it will not be possible for me to convey the heightened effect with which they fell upon my ears as I looked down into her sweet child-woman's face.

"I do not remember much about mamma. It is strange, too, that I do not, because I was thirteen when she died; but I always loved papa best, and I stayed all the time I could in his study. Mamma was very pretty; the prettiest woman I ever saw; but I don't know how it was, all her prettiness did not seem to make papa care about her. He was a clergyman—an Episcopal clergyman—and his father and his father's father were too; so you see for three whole generations it had been all books and study in the family; but mamma's father was a farmer, and mamma was stronger than papa; she liked to live in the country and be out of doors, which he hated. I think I know now just how it all was; but it used to puzzle me till I grew up. When I was sixteen, my Aunt Abby, papa's sister, told me that mamma was said to be the most beautiful girl in the whole State, and that papa fell so in love with her when he was just out of college, that he came very near dying because his father did not wish them to be married. Poor papa! it was just so always with him; he had such a poor feeble body that any trouble or worry made him ill. I can see now that it was because he and all his family had been such scholars, and lived in the house, and sat still all their lives; their bodies were not good for anything; and I am thankful enough that my body is like mamma's; but I don't know what good it would all do me, either, if dear papa hadn't taught me all his ways of seeing things and feeling things. Mamma never seemed to care much about anything, except when Dick or Abby were sick, and she always used to go to sleep in church while papa was saying the most beautiful things; sometimes it used to make me almost hate her. I hated everybody that didn't listen to him. But Aunt Abby said once that very few people could understand him, and that was the reason we never stayed long in one place. People got tired of hearing him preach. This made me so angry I did not speak to Aunt Abby for two years, except when I was obliged to. But I see now that she was right. As I read over papa's sermons I see that they would seem very strange to common men and women. He saw much more in every little thing than people generally do. I used to tell him sometimes he 'saw double,' and he would sigh and say that the world was blind, and did not see half; he never could take any minute by itself; there was the past to cripple it and the future to shadow it. Poor, poor papa! I really think I have learned in

a very strange way to understand his capacity for sadness. I understand it by my own capacity for joy. I often smile to think how I used to accuse him of seeing double, for it is the very thing which Robert says to me again and again when a sight or a sound gives me such intense pleasure that I can hardly bear it. And I see that while I have nearly the same sensitiveness to all impressions from things or from people which he had, my body compels the impressions to be joyous. This is what I owe mamma. If papa could have been well and strong, he would have sung joy such as no poet has ever sung since suns began to shine.

"But most that he wrote was sad; and I am afraid most that he taught the people was sad too, or, at any rate, not hopeful, as it ought to be in this beautiful, blessed world, which 'God so loved' and loves. So perhaps it was better for people that papa never preached in any one parish more than three or four years. Probably God took care to send next a man who would make everybody take courage again. However, it was very hard for mamma, and very hard for us; although for us there was excitement and fun in getting into new houses and getting acquainted with new people; but the worst thing was that we had very little money, and it used it up so to move from place to place, and buy new things. I knew all about this before I was ten years old as well as if I had been forty; and by the time I was twelve, I was a perfect little miser of both clothes and money—I had such a horror of the terrible times, which sometimes came when we sorely wanted both.

"Early in the spring after I was thirteen—my birthday was in December—we went to live in a little place called Maynard's Mills. It was a suburban village near the largest manufacturing town in the State. The other two homes which I could remember had been very small country villages, where none of the people were rich, and only a few attended the Episcopal church. In Maynard's Mills there were many rich people, and almost everybody went to our church. The whole place was owned by Mr. Maynard, Robert's father. He had gone out there to live near his mills, and the place was so beautiful that family after family of the rich mill-owners had moved out there. At first they used to go into town to church; but it was a long drive, cold in winter and hot in summer, and so Mr. Maynard built a beautiful chapel near his house and sent for papa to come and preach there. Mr. Maynard had been his

classmate in college and loved him very much, just because they were 'so different,' papa said, and I think it must have been so, for Mr. Maynard is the merriest man I ever saw. He laughs as soon as he sees you, whether there is anything to laugh at or not, and he makes you feel just like laughing yourself, simply by asking you how you do. I never saw papa so happy as he was the day Mr. Maynard's letter came asking him to go there.

"It was a very kind letter, and the salary, of which Mr. Maynard spoke almost apologetically, saying that it would be increased in a few years as the village grew, was more than twice as large as papa had ever received, and there was a nice parsonage besides.

"We moved in April. I always associate our moving with blue hepaticas, for I carried a great basketful of them, which I had taken up, roots and all, in the woods the morning we set out; and what should I find under papa's study window but a great thicket of wild ferns and cornel bushes growing—just the place for my hepaticas, and I set them out before I went into the house. The house was very small, but it was so pretty that papa and I were perfectly happy in it. Poor mamma did not like the closets and the kitchen. The house we had left was a huge, old-fashioned house, with four square rooms on a floor; one of these was the kitchen, and mamma missed it very much. But she lived only a few days after we moved in. I never knew of what disease she died. She was ill but a few hours and suffered great pain. They said she had injured herself in some way in lifting the furniture. It was all so sudden and so terrible, and we were surrounded by such confusion and so many strange faces, that I do not remember anything about it distinctly. I remember the funeral, and the great masses of white and purple flowers all over the table on which the coffin stood, and I remember how strangely papa's face looked.

"And then Aunt Abby came to live with us, and we settled down into such a new, different life, that it seemed to me as if it had been in some other world that I had known mamma. My sister Abby was two years old, and my darling brother Nat was ten, when mamma died. It is very hard to talk about dear Nat, I love him so. He is so precious, and his sorrow is so sacred, that I am hardly willing to let strangers pity him, ever so tenderly. When he was a baby he sprang out of mamma's lap, one day, as she was reaching up to take something from the mantel-piece. He fell on the andiron-head and injured his

spine so that he could never walk. He is twenty years old now; his head and chest and arms are about as large as those of a boy of sixteen, but all the rest of his poor body is shrunken and withered; he has never stood upright, and he cannot turn himself in his chair or bed. But his head and face are beautiful. It is not only I who think so. Artists have seen him sitting at the window, or being drawn about in his little wagon, and have begged permission to paint his face, for the face of a saint or of a hero, in their pictures. It is the face of both saint and hero; and after all, that must be always so, I think; for how could a man be one without being the other? I know some very brave men have been very bad men, but I do not call them heroes. Nat is the only hero I ever knew; if I were a poet I would write a poem about him. It should be called 'THE CROWNLESS KING.' Oh, how he *does* reign over suffering, and loss, and humiliation, and what a sweet kingdom spreads out around him wherever he is! He does everybody good, and everybody loves him. Poor papa used to say sometimes, 'My son is a far better preacher than I; see, I sit at his feet to learn;' and it was true. Nat used to keep up papa's courage, even when he was a little fellow. Many a time, when papa looked dark and sad, Nat would call to him, 'Dear papa, will you carry me up and down a little while by the window? I want the sky.' And then, while they were walking, Nat would say such sweet things about the beauty of the sky, and the delight it gave him to see it, that the tears would come into papa's eyes, and he would say, 'Who would think that we could ever forget for a moment this sky which is above us?' and he would go away to his study comforted.

"As I said, when mamma died, Nat was ten and I was thirteen. From that time I took all the care of him. Aunt Abby, who came to live with us and keep the house, was not strong, and she did not love children. She was just, and she meant to be always kind to us; but that sort of kindness is quite different from loving-kindness. Poor Nat never could bear to have her do anything for him, and so it very soon came about that I took all the care of him. It was not hard, for he was never ill; he suffered constant pain in the lower part of the spine; but in spite of it he was always cheerful, always said he felt well, and never had any of the small ailments and diseases which healthy children are apt to have. 'I shouldn't know what to do without the ache, Dot,' he said to me one day when he

was only twelve years old. 'I've got so used to it, I should miss it as much as I should miss you, and it keeps me good. I don't think I should dare have it go away.' A few years later he wrote some lovely little verses called 'The Angel of Pain,' which I will show you. Our life after mamma died was very happy and peaceful. It makes me grieve for her, even now, to think how little she was missed. We had all loved her. She was always pleasant and good, and took the best possible care of us and of everything; but she was not one of those persons whose presence makes itself necessary to people. It seems hardly right to say such a thing, but I really think papa seemed more cheerful without her, after the first. I think that while she lived he was always groping and reaching after something in her which did not exist. The hourly sight of her reminded him hourly of his ideal of what a wife might be, and he was forever hoping that she might come a little nearer to it—enter a little more into his world of thought and feeling. This is how it has looked to me since I have been married, and can understand just how terrible it must be to have the person whom you love best disappoint you in any way.

"Nat was in all my classes in school. Although he was three years younger he was much cleverer than I, and had had nothing to do, poor dear, all his life, but lie in his chair and read. I used to draw him to and from school in a little wagon; the boys lifted it up and down the steps so carefully it did not jar him; and papa had a special desk built for him, so high that part of the wagon could roll under it, and the lid could rest just wherever Nat needed it for writing or studying. When we went home, there was always a sort of procession with us; a good many of the children had to go in the same direction, but many went simply to walk by Nat's wagon and talk with him. And whenever there was a picnic or a nutting frolic, we always took him; the boys took turns in drawing him; nobody would hear a word of his staying at home; he used to sit in his wagon and look on while the rest played, and sometimes he would be left all alone for awhile, but his face was always the happiest one there. At school the boys used to tell him everything, and leave things to his decision. Almost every day, somebody would call out, at recess or intermission, 'Well, I'll leave it to Nat'—or 'I'll tell Nat.' One day somebody shouted, 'Take it before the king—let's call him King Nat.' But it

almost made Nat cry. He exclaimed, 'Oh, boys, please don't ever say that again;' and they never did. But he had a great deal more influence over them than any teacher. He could make them do anything. Sometimes the teachers themselves used to come to him privately and tell him of things they did not like, which the boys were getting into the way of doing, and ask him to try to stop them. If Nat had not been a saint, as I said before, all this would have spoiled him; but he never thought of its being any special power in him. He used to think it was only because the boys were so kind-hearted that they could not bear to refuse any request which a poor cripple made.

"When I think how happy those days were and how fast the darkest days of our lives were drawing near, it makes me shrink from happiness almost as much as from grief. It seems only grief's forerunner. On the evening of my sixteenth birthday, we were all having a very merry time in papa's study, popping corn over the open fire. We had wheeled Nat near the fire, and tied the corn-popper on a broom-handle, so that he could shake the popper himself; and I never saw him laugh so heartily at anything. Papa laughed too, quite loud, which was a thing that did not happen many times a year. It was the last time we heard the full sound of dear papa's voice. Late that night he was called out to see a poor man, one of the factory operatives, who was dying. It was a terrible snow-storm, and papa had been so heated over the fire and in playing with us that he took a severe cold. The next morning he could not speak aloud. The doctor said it was an acute bronchitis and would pass off; but it did not, and in a very few weeks it was clear that he was dying of consumption. Probably the cold only developed a disease which had been long lying in wait for him.

"I can't tell you about the last months of papa's life. I think I shall never be able to speak of them. We saw much harder days afterward, but none that seemed to me so hard to bear; even when I thought Nat and I would have to go to the alms-house it was not so hard. The love which most children divide between father and mother I concentrated on my father. I loved him with an adoration akin to that which a woman feels for her husband, and with the utmost of filial love added. Nat loved him almost as much. The most touching thing I ever saw was to see Nat from his wagon, or wheeled chair, reaching out to take care of papa in the bed.

Nobody else could give him his medicine so well; nobody could prepare his meals for him, after he was too weak to use a knife and fork, so well as Nat. How he could do all this with only one hand—for he could not bend himself in his chair enough to reach with the hand farthest from the bed—nobody could understand; but he did, and the very last mouthful of wine papa swallowed he took, the morning he died, from poor Nat's brave little hand, which did not shake nor falter, though the tears were rolling down his cheeks.

"Papa lived nearly a year; but the last nine months he was in bed, and he never spoke a loud word after that birthday night when we had been so happy in the study. He died in November, on a dreary stormy day. I never shall forget it. He had seemed easier that morning, and insisted on our all going out to breakfast together and leaving him alone, the doors being open between the study and the dining-room. We had hardly seated ourselves at the table when his bell rang. Aunt Abby reached him first. It could not have been a moment, but he did not know her. For the first and only time in my life I forgot Nat, and was out of the room when I heard him sob. Dear Nat! not even then would he think of himself. I turned back. 'Oh, don't stop to take me, Dot,' he said. 'Run!' But I could not; and when I reached the door, pushing his chair before me, all was over. However, the doctor said that, even if we had been there at the first, papa could not have bid us good-bye; that the death was from instantaneous suffocation, and that he probably had no consciousness of it himself. Papa's life had been insured for \$5,000, and he had saved, during the three years we had lived at Maynard's Mills, about \$1,000 more. This was all the money we had in the world.

"Mr. Maynard had been very kind through papa's illness. He had persuaded the church to continue the salary; every day he had sent flowers, and grapes, and wine, and game, and everything he could think of that papa could eat; and, what was kindest of all, he had come almost every day to talk with him and cheer him up. But he did not mean to let his kindness stop here. The day after the funeral he came to see us, to propose to adopt me. I forgot to say that Aunt Abby was to be married soon and would take little Abby with her; so she was provided for, and the only question was about Nat and me.

"Fortunately, dear Nat was in the dining-

room and did not see Mr. Maynard when he came. I have told you what a merry man Mr. Maynard is, and how kind he is, but he is also a very obstinate and high-tempered man. He had never loved Nat; I do not know why; I think he was the only human being who ever failed to love him. He pitied him, of course; but he was so repelled by his deformity that he could not love him. As soon as Mr. Maynard said, 'Now, my dear child, you must come to my house and make it your home always,' I saw that he intended to separate me from Nat.

"I replied, 'I cannot leave Nat,' Mr. Maynard. I thank you very much; you are very good; but it would break my heart to leave him, and I am sure papa would never forgive me if I should do it.'

"He made a gesture of impatience. He had foreseen this, and came prepared for it; but he saw that I promised to prove even more impracticable than he had feared.

"'You have sacrificed your whole life already to that miserable unfortunate boy,' he said, 'and I always told your father he ought not to permit it.'

"At this I grew angry, and I replied:

"'Mr. Maynard, Nat does more for us all, every hour of his life, than we ever could do for him: dear papa used to say so too.'

"No doubt papa had said this very thing to Mr. Maynard often, for tears came into his eyes and he went on:

"'I know, I know—he is a wonderful boy, and we might all learn a lesson of patience from him; but I can't have the whole of your life sacrificed to him. I will provide for him amply; he shall have every comfort which money can command.'

"'But where?' said I.

"'In an institution I know of, under the charge of a friend of mine.'

"'A hospital!' exclaimed I; and the very thought of my poor Nat, who had been the center of a loving home-circle, of a merry school play-ground, ever since he could remember—the very thought of his finding himself alone among diseased people, and tended by hired attendants, so overcame me that I burst into floods of tears.

"Mr. Maynard, who hated the presence of tears and suffering, as mirthful people always do, rose at once and said kindly, 'Poor child, you are not strong enough to talk it over yet; but as your aunt must go away so soon, I thought it better to have it all settled at once.'

"'It is settled, Mr. Maynard,' said I, in a

voice that half frightened me. 'I shall never leave Nat—never, so long as I live.'

"'Then you'll do him the greatest unkindness you can—that's all,' replied Mr. Maynard angrily, and walked out of the room. I locked myself up in my own room and thought the whole matter over. How I could earn my own living and Nat's, I did not know. We should have about \$400 a year. I had learned enough in my childhood of poverty to know that we need not starve while we had that; but simply not starving is a great way off from really living; and I felt convinced that it would be impossible for me to keep up courage or hope unless I could contrive, in some way, to earn money enough to surround our home with at least a semblance of the old atmosphere. We must have books; we must have a flower sometimes; we must have sun and air.

"At last an inspiration came to me. Down stairs, in the saddened empty study, sat little Miss Penstock, the village dress-maker, sewing on our gloomy black dresses. She lived all alone in a very small house near Mr. Maynard's mill. I remembered that I had heard her say how lonely she found it living by herself since her married sister, who used to live with her, had gone to the West. Since then, Miss Penstock had sometimes consented to go for a few days at a time to sew in the houses of her favorite employers, 'just to keep from forgetting how to speak,' the poor little woman said. But she disliked very much to do this. She was a gentlewoman; and though she accepted with simple dignity the necessity of earning her bread, it was bitterly disagreeable to her to sit as a hired sewer in other people's houses. She liked to come to our house better than to any other. We also were poor. My Aunt Abby was a woman of great simplicity, and a quiet, stately humility, like Miss Penstock's own; and they enjoyed sitting side by side whole days, sewing in silence. Miss Penstock had always spoken with a certain sort of tender reverence to Nat, and I remembered that he liked to be in the room where she sewed. All these thoughts passed through my mind in a moment. I sprang to my feet and exclaimed aloud, 'That is it—that is it!' and I ran hastily down to the study. Miss Penstock was alone there. She looked up in surprise at my breathlessness and my red eyes. I knelt down by her side and took the work out of her hands.

"'Dear Miss Penstock,' said I, 'would you rent part of your house?'

"She looked up reflectively, took off her spectacles with her left hand, and tapped her knees slowly with them, as she always did when puzzling over a scanty pattern.

"I don't know, Dora, but I might; I've thought of it; it's awful lonely for me as 'tis. But it's such a risk taking in strangers; is it any friends of yours you're thinking of?"

"Nat and me," said I, concisely. Miss Penstock's spectacles dropped from her fingers, and she uttered an ejaculation I never heard from her lips on any other occasion. "Good Heavens!"

"Yes," said I, beginning to cry, "Nat and me! I've got to take care of Nat, and if you would only let us live with you I think I could manage beautifully." Then I told her the whole story of Mr. Maynard's proposal. While we were talking Aunt Abby came in. The problem was no new one to her. Papa and she had talked it over many a time in the course of the past sad year. It seemed that he had had to the last a strong hope that Mr. Maynard would provide for us both. Poor papa! as he drew near the next world, all the conventionalities and obligations of this seemed so small to him, he did not shrink from the thought of dependence upon others as he would have done in health.

"But I always told him," said Aunt Abby, "that Mr. Maynard wasn't going to do anything for Nat beyond what money'd do. He'd give him a thousand a year or two, if need be, but he'd never set eyes on him if he could help it."

"Aunt Abby," exclaimed I, "please don't say another word about Mr. Maynard's helping Nat. I'd die before Nat should touch a cent of his money."

"There is no use talking that way," said Aunt Abby, whose tenderest mercies were often cruelly worded. "Mr. Maynard's a good, generous man, and I'm sure he's been the saving of us all. But that's no reason he should set up to take you away from Nat now; and I know well enough Nat can't live without you; but I don't see how it's to be managed." And Aunt Abby sighed. Then I told her my plans; they grew clearer and clearer to me as I unfolded them; the two gentle-faced spinster women looked at me with surprise. Miss Penstock wiped her eyes over and over.

"If I could only be sure I wasn't going against your best interests to let you come," said she.

"Oh, Miss Penstock," exclaimed I, "don't think so—don't dare to say no for that

reason; for I tell you, I shall go away to some other town with Nat if you don't take us; there is no other house here that would do; think how much better it would be for Nat to stay among friends."

"It's lucky I am their guardian," said Aunt Abby, with an unconscious defiance in her tone. "There can't anybody hinder their doing anything I am willing to have them do. My brother wanted to have Mr. Maynard, too; but I told him no; I'd either be whole guardian or none."

"I think good Aunt Abby had had a dim foreboding that Mr. Maynard's kindness might take a shape which it would be hard to submit to. Great as her gratitude was, her family pride resented dictation, and resented also the implied slight to poor Nat. As I look back now, I can see that, except for this reaction of feeling, she never would have consented so easily to my undertaking all I undertook, in going to house-keeping alone with that helpless child, on \$400 a year. But before night it was all settled, and Miss Penstock went home two hours before her time, 'so stirred up, somehow,' as she said, 'to think of those blessed children's coming to live in my house, I couldn't see to thread a needle.' After tea Mr. Maynard came again: Aunt Abby saw him alone. When she came up stairs she had been crying, but her lips were closed more rigidly than I ever saw them. Aunt Abby could be as determined as Mr. Maynard. All she said to me of the interview was, 'I don't know now as he'll really give in that he can't have things as he wants to. For all his laughing and for all his goodness, I don't believe he is any too comfortable to live with. I shouldn't wonder if he never spoke to one of us again.'

"But Mr. Maynard was too well-bred a man for any such pettiness as that. His resentment showed itself merely in a greater courtesy than ever, combined with a careful absence of all inquiries as to our plans. It hurt me very much, for I knew how it would have hurt dear papa. But I knew, too, that I was right and Mr. Maynard was wrong, and that comforted me.

"Four weeks from the day papa was buried, the pretty parsonage was locked up, cold, dark, empty. Aunt Abby had gone with little Abby to her new home, and Nat and I were settled at Miss Penstock's. The night before we moved, Mr. Maynard left a note at the door for me. It contained \$500 and these words:

"Miss Dora will not refuse to accept this from one who hoped to be her father."

"But I could not take it. I sent it back to him with a note like this :

"*'DEAR MR. MAYNARD :—I shall never forget that you were willing to be my father, and I shall always be grateful to you ; but I cannot take money from one who is displeased with me for doing what I think right. — I promise you, however, for papa's sake and for Nat's, that if I ever need help I will ask it of you, and not of any one else.'*

"The next time I saw Mr. Maynard he put both his hands on my shoulders and said : 'You are a brave girl ; I wish I could forgive you ; but remember your promise.' And that was the last word Mr. Maynard spoke to me for three years.

"Our new home was so much pleasanter than we supposed it could be, that at first, in spite of our grief, both Nat and I were almost gay. It was like a sort of picnic, or playing at housekeeping. The rooms were sunny and cozy. Rich people in splendid houses do not dream how pleasant poor people's little rooms can be, if the sun shines in and there are a few pretty things. We kept all the books which could ever be of use to Nat, and a picture of the Sistine Madonna which Mr. Maynard had given us on the last Christmas Day, and papa's and mamma's portraits. The books, and these, made our little sitting-room look like home. We had only two rooms on the first floor ; one of these was a tiny one, but it held our little cooking-stove and a cupboard, with our few dishes ; the other we called 'sitting-room ;' it had to be dear Nat's bedroom also, because he could not be carried up and down stairs. But I made a chintz curtain, which shut off his bed from sight, and really made the room look prettier, for I put it across a corner and had a shelf put up above it, on which Nat's stuffed owl sat. My room was over Nat's, and a cord went up from his bed to a bell over mine, so that he could call me at any moment if he wanted anything in the night. Then we had one more little chamber, in which we kept the boxes of papa's sermons, and some trunks of old clothes, and things which nobody wanted to buy at the auction, and papa's big chair and writing-table. We would not sell those. I thought perhaps some day we should have a house of our own—I could not imagine how ; but if we did we should be glad of that chair and table, and so Aunt Abby let us keep them, though they were of handsome wood, beautifully carved, and would have brought a good

deal of money. For these four rooms we paid Miss Penstock three dollars a month ; the rent would have been a dollar a week, but she said it was really worth a dollar a month to her to have people who would not trouble her nor hurt the house ; and as Aunt Abby thought so too, I believed her.

"My plan was to have Nat keep on at school, and to take in sewing myself, or to work for Miss Penstock. For the first year all went so smoothly that I was content. I used to draw Nat to and from school twice a day, and that gave me air and exercise. Everybody was very kind in giving me sewing, and I earned four and five dollars a week. We did not have to buy any clothes, and so we laid up a little money. But the next year people did not give me so much sewing ; they had given it to me the first year because they were sorry for us, but now they had forgotten. Very often I would sit idle a whole week, with no work. Then I used to read and study, but I could not enjoy anything, because I was so worried. I felt that trouble was coming. Early in the fall dear Nat was taken ill—the first illness of his life. It was a slow fever. He was ill for three months. I often wonder how I lived through those months. When he recovered he seemed better than ever. The doctor said he had passed a sort of crisis and would always be stronger for it. The doctor was very kind. Several nights he sat up with Nat himself and made me go to bed, and he would not let me pay him a cent, though he came every day for weeks. When I urged him to let us pay the bill he grew half angry, and said, 'Do you think I am going to take money from your father's daughter ?' and then I felt more willing to take it for papa's sake. But the medicines had cost a great deal, and I had not earned anything ; and so, at the end of the second year, we had been obliged to take quite a sum out of our little capital. I did not tell Nat, and I did not go to Mr. Maynard. I went on from day to day, in a sort of stupor, wondering what would happen next. I was seventeen years old, but I knew of nothing I could do except to sew ; I did not know enough to teach. All this time I never once thought of the mills. I used to watch the men and women going in and out, and envy them, thinking how sure they were of their wages ; and yet it never crossed my mind that I could do the same thing. I am afraid it was unconscious pride which prevented my thinking of it.

"But the day came. It was in the early spring. I had been to the grave-yard to set out

some fresh hepaticas on papa's grave. His grave and mamma's were in an inclosure surrounded by a high, thick hedge of pines and cedars close to the public street. As I knelt down, hidden behind the trees, I heard steps and voices. They paused opposite me. The persons were evidently looking over the fence. Then I distinguished the voice of our kind doctor."

"'Poor Kent!' he said, 'how it would distress him to see his children now! That Nat barely pulled through his fever; but he seems to have taken a new turn since then and is stronger than ever. But I am afraid they are very poor.'

"To my astonishment, the voice that replied was Mr. Maynard's."

"Of course they are," said he impatiently. 'but nobody will ever have a chance to help them till the last cent's gone. That Dora would work her fingers off in the mills rather than ask or receive help.'

"But good heavens! Maynard, you'd never stand by and see Tom Kent's daughter in the mills?' exclaimed the doctor.

"I could not hear the reply, for they were walking away. But the words 'in the mills' rang in my ears. A new world seemed opening before me. I had no particle of false pride; all I wanted was to earn money honestly. I could not understand why I had never thought of this way. I knew that many of the factory operatives, who were industrious and economical, supported large families of children on their wages. 'It would be strange enough if I could not support Nat and myself,' thought I, and I almost ran home, I was so glad. I said nothing to Nat; I knew instinctively that it would grieve him.

"The next day after I left him at school I went to the largest mill and saw the overseer. He was a coarse, disagreeable man; but he had known my father and he treated me respectfully. He said they could not give me very good wages at first; but if I learned readily, and was skillful in tending the looms, I might in time make a very good living. The sums that he named seemed large, tried by my humble standard. Even at the beginning I should earn more than I had been able to for many months at my needle. After tea I told Nat. He lay very still for some moments; the tears rolled down his cheeks; then he reached up both hands and drew my face down to his, and said, 'Dear sister, it would be selfish to make it any harder for you than it must be at best. But oh, Dot, Dot! do you think you can dream what it is for me

to have to lie here and be such a burden on you?'

"'Oh, Nat!' I said, 'if you don't want to break my heart, don't speak so. I don't have to earn any more for two than I should have to alone; it does not cost anything for you; and if it did, you darling, don't you know that I could not live without you? you are all I have got in the world.' Nat did not reply; but all that evening his face looked as I never saw it before. Nat was fifteen; instinct was beginning to torture him with a man's sense of his helplessness, and it was almost more than even his childlike faith and trust could bear.

"The next day I told Miss Penstock. She had been as kind to us as a mother through this whole year and a half, and I really think we had taken the place of children in her lonely old heart. But she never could forget that we were her minister's children; she always called me Miss Dora, and does to this day. She did not interrupt me while I told her my plan, but the color mounted higher and higher in her face. As soon as I stopped speaking, she exclaimed:

"Dora Kent, are you mad—a girl with a face like yours to go into the mills? you don't know what you're about.'

"'Yes I do, dear Pennie,' I said (Nat had called her Pennie ever since his sickness, when she had taken tender care of him night and day). I know there are many rude, bad men there, but I do not believe they will trouble me. At any rate I can but try. I must earn more money, Pennie; you know that as well as I do.'

"She did indeed know it; but it was very hard for her to give approbation to this scheme. It was not until after a long argument that I induced her to promise not to write to Aunt Abby till I had tried the experiment for one month.

"The very next day I went to the mill. Everything proved much better than I had feared. Some of the women in the room in which I was placed had belonged to papa's Sunday-school, and they were all very kind to me, and told the others who I was; so from the outset I felt myself among friends. In two weeks I had grown used to the work; the noise of the looms did not frighten or confuse me, and it did not tire me to stand so many hours. I found that I should soon be able to do most of my work mechanically, and think about what I pleased in the mean time. So I hoped to be able to study at home and recite my lessons to myself in the mill. The only thing that troubled me was

that I could not take Nat to and from school, and he had to be left alone sometimes. But I found a very pleasant and faithful Irish boy, who was glad to earn a little money by drawing him back and forth, and often staying with him after school till I came home at six o'clock. This boy was the son of the Irish gardener on the overseer's place. The overseer was an Englishman; his name was Wilkins. He is the only human being I ever disliked so that it was hard to speak to him. His brother, too, the agent who had charge of all Mr. Maynard's business, was as disagreeable as he. They both looked like bloated frogs; their wide, shapeless mouths, flat noses, and prominent eyes, made me shudder when I looked at them.

"Little Patrick soon grew fond of Nat, as everybody did who came into close contact with him; and he used often to stay at our house till late at night, hearing Nat's stories, and watching him draw pictures on the black-board. One of the things I had kept was a great black-board which papa had made for him. It was mounted on a stout standard, so that it could be swung close in front of his chair or wagon, and he would lie and draw for hours together. Some of the pictures he drew were so beautiful I could not bear to have them rubbed out. It seemed almost like killing things that were alive. And whenever I dared to spend a penny for anything not absolutely needful, I always bought a sheet of drawing-paper or a crayon; for Nat would rather have them than anything in the world—even than a book—unless the book had pictures.

"One night, when I went home, I found him sitting up very straight in his wagon, with his cheeks crimson with excitement. Patrick was with him, and the table and the whole floor were covered with queer, long-jointed paste-board sheets, with pieces of gay-colored calicoes pasted on them. Patrick looked as excited as Nat, and as soon as I opened the door he exclaimed, 'Och, Miss Dora, see how he's plazed with um.' I was almost frightened at Nat's face. 'Why Nat, dear,' said I, 'what are they? I don't think they are very pretty;' and I picked up one of the queer things and looked at it. 'The colors are bright and pretty, but I am sure almost all the patterns are hideous.'

"'Of course they are,' shouted Nat hysterically. 'That's just it. That's what pleases me so,' and he burst out crying. I was more frightened still. Trampling the calicoes under my feet, I ran and knelt by his chair, and put my arms around him. 'Oh,

Nat, Nat, what is the matter?' cried I. 'Patrick, what have you done to him?' Poor Patrick could not speak; he was utterly bewildered; he began hastily picking up the prints and shuffling them out of sight.

"'Don't you touch one!' screamed Nat, lifting up his head again, with tears rolling down his cheeks. 'Dot, Dot,' he went on, speaking louder and louder, 'don't you see? those are patterns; Patrick says Mr. Wilkins buys them. I can earn money too; I can draw a million-times prettier ones than those.'

"Like lightning the thing flashed through my brain. Of course he could. He drew better ones every day of his life, by dozens, on the old black-board, with crumbling bits of chalk. Again and again I had racked my brains to devise some method by which he might be taught, as artists are taught, and learn to put his beautiful conceptions into true shapes for the world to see. But I knew that materials and instruction were both alike out of our reach, and I had hoped earnestly that such longing had never entered his heart. I sat down and covered my face with my hands.

"'You see, sister,' said Nat in a calmer tone, sobered himself by my excitement—'you see, don't you?'

"'Yes, dear, I do see,' said I; 'you will earn much more money than I ever can, and take care of me, after all.'

"To our inexperience, it seemed as if a mine had opened at our feet. Poor Patrick stood still, unhappy and bewildered, twisting one of the pattern-books in his hand.

"'An' is it these same that Misther Nat'll be after tryin' to make?' said he.

"'O no, Patrick,' said Nat, laughing, 'only the pictures from which these are to be made.'

"Then we questioned Patrick more closely. All he knew was that Mr. Wilkins' sister made many of the drawings; Patrick had seen them lying in piles on Mr. Wilkins' desk; some of them colored, some of them merely in ink. The pieces of paper were about the size of these patterns, some six or eight inches square.

"'Will I ask Miss Wilkins to come and show yees?' said Patrick.

"'No, no,' said we both, hastily; 'you must not tell anybody. Of course she would not want other people to be drawing them too.'

"'Especially if she can't make anything better than these,' said Nat, pityingly. Already his tone had so changed that I hardly

recognized it. In that moment the artist-soul of my darling brother had felt its first breath of the sweetness of creative power.

"Patrick promised not to speak of it to a human being; as he was going out of the door he turned back, with a radiant face, and said, 'An 'twas meself that only thought maybe the calikers 'd amuse him for a minnit with their quare colors,' and he almost somerseted off the door-steps, uttering an Irish howl of delight.

"'You've made our fortunes! there'll always be calicoes wanted, and I can draw fifty patterns a day, and I'll give you half of the first pay I get for them,' called the excited Nat; but Patrick was off.

"We sat up till midnight. I was scarcely less over-wrought than Nat. He drew design after design and rejected them as not quite perfect.

"'You know,' he said, 'I must send something so very good to begin with, that they can't help seeing at first sight how good it is.'

"'But not so good that you can't ever make another equal to it,' suggested I out of my practical but inartistic brain.

"'No danger of that, Dot,' said Nat, confidently. 'Dot, there isn't anything in this world I can't make a picture of, if I can have paper enough, and pencils and paint.'

"At last he finished three designs which he was willing to send. They were all for spring or summer dresses. One was a curious block pattern, the blocks of irregular shapes, but all fitting into each other, and all to be of the gayest colors. Here and there came a white block with one tiny scarlet dot upon it; 'That's for a black-haired girl, Dot,' said Nat; 'you couldn't wear it.'

"The second was a group of ferns tied by a little wreath of pansies; nothing could be more beautiful. The third was a fantastic mixture of pine-tassels and acorns. I thought it quite ugly, but Nat insisted on it that it would be pretty for a summer muslin; and so it was the next year, when it was worn by everybody, the little plumey pine-tassels of a bright green (which didn't wash at all), and the acorns all tumbling about on your lap, all sides up at once.

"It was one o'clock before we went to bed, and we might as well have sat up all night, for we did not sleep. The next morning I got up before light and walked into town, to a shop where they sold paints. I had just time to buy a box of water-colors and get back to the mill before the bell stopped ringing. All the forenoon the little white parcel lay on the floor at my feet.

As often as I looked at it I seemed to see Nat's pictures dancing on the surface. I had given \$5.00 for the box; I trembled to think what a sum that was for us to spend on an uncertainty; but I had small doubt. At noon I ran home; I ate little dinner—Nat would not touch a mouthful. 'You must see the pansies and ferns done before you go,' he said.

"And before my hour was up they were so nearly done that I danced around Nat's chair with delight.

"'I know Mr. Wilkins never saw anything so pretty in his life,' said Nat, calmly.

"The thought of Mr. Wilkins was a terrible damper to me. Nat had not seen him: I had.

"'Nat,' said I, slowly, 'Mr. Wilkins won't know that it is pretty. He is not a man; he is a frog, and he looks as if he lied. I believe he will cheat us.'

"Nat looked shocked. 'Why Dora, I never in my life heard you speak so. You shall not take them to him. I will have Patrick take me there.'

"'No, no, dear,' I exclaimed, 'I would not have you see Mr. Wilkins for the world. He is horrible. But I am not afraid of him.'

"I meant that I would not for the world have him see Nat. He was coarse and brutal enough to be insulting to a helpless cripple, and I knew it. But Nat did not dream of my reason for insisting so strongly on going myself, and he finally yielded.

"I took the pictures to the overseer's office at noon. I knew that 'Agent Wilkins,' as he was called to distinguish him from his brother, was always there at that time. He looked up at me, as I drew near the desk, with an expression which almost paralyzed me with disgust. But for Nat's sake I kept on. I watched him closely as he looked at the pictures. I thought I detected a start of surprise, but I could not be sure. Then he laid them down, saying carelessly, 'I am no judge of these things; I will consult some one who is, and let you know to-morrow noon if we can pay your brother anything for the designs.'

"'Of course you know that the market is flooded with this sort of thing, Miss Kent,' he added, as I was walking away. I made no reply; I was already revolving in my mind a plan for taking them to another mill in town, whose overseer was a brother of one of papa's wardens. The next day at noon I went to the office; my heart beat fast, but I tried to believe I did not hope. Both the brothers were there. The overseer spoke first, but I felt that the agent watched me sharply.

"So your lame brother drew these designs, did he, Miss Dora?"

"My brother Nat drew them, sir; I have but one brother," said I, trying hard to speak civilly.

"Well," said he, "they are really very well done—quite remarkable, considering that they are the work of a child who has had no instruction; they would have to be rearranged and altered before we could use them, but we would like to encourage him and to help you too," he continued, patronizingly, "and so we shall buy them just as they are."

"My brother Nat is not a child," replied I, "and we do not wish to be helped. If the designs are not worth money, will you be so good as to give them back to me?" and I stepped nearer the desk and stretched out my hand toward the pictures which were lying there. But Agent Wilkins snatched them up quickly, and casting an angry glance at his brother, exclaimed:

"Oh, you quite mistake my brother, Miss Kent; the designs are worth money and we are glad to buy them; but they are not worth so much as they would be if done by an experienced hand. We will give you ten dollars for the three," and he held out the money to me. Involuntarily I exclaimed, "I had not dreamed that they would be worth so much." Nat could earn then in four hours' work as much as I could in a week; in that one moment the whole of life seemed thrown open for us. All my distrust vanished. And when the agent added, kindly, "Be sure and bring us all the designs which your brother makes. I think we shall want to buy as many as he will draw; he certainly has rare talent"—I could have fallen on the floor at his feet to thank him, so grateful did I feel for this new source of income for us, and still more for the inexpressible pleasure for my poor Nat.

"From that day Nat was a changed boy. He would not go to school in the afternoons, but spent the hours from two till five in drawing. I had a cord arranged from our room to Miss Penstock's, so that he could call her if at any moment he needed help, and she was only too glad to have him in the house. When I reached home at six, I always found him lying back in his chair, with his work spread out before him, and such a look of content and joy on his face, that more than once it made me cry instead of speaking when I bent over to kiss him. 'Oh, Dot—oh, Dot!' he used to say sometimes, 'it isn't all for sake of the money, splendid as that is; but I do feel as if I should yet do something

much better than make designs for calicoes. I feel it growing in me. O if I could only be taught; if there were only some one here who could tell me about the things I don't understand!"

"But you shall be taught, dear," I replied; "we will lay up all the money you earn. I can earn enough for us to live on, and then, with your money, in a few years we can certainly contrive some way for you to study."

"It seemed not too visionary a hope, for Nat's designs grew prettier and prettier, and the agent bought all I carried him. One week I remember he paid me \$30; and as he handed it to me, seeing how pleased I looked, he said:

"Your brother is getting quite rich, is he not, Miss Kent?" Something sinister in his smile struck me at that moment as it had not done for a long time, and I resolved to go more seldom to the office.

"We did not lay up so much as we hoped to; we neither of us had a trace of the instinct of economy or saving. I could not help buying a geranium or fuchsia to set in the windows; Nat could not help asking me to buy a book or a picture sometimes, and his paints and pencils and brushes and paper cost a good deal in the course of six months. Still we were very happy and very comfortable, and the days flew by. Our little room was so cozy and pretty, that Miss Penstock's customers used often to come in to see it; and if they happened to come when Nat was there, they almost always sent him something afterward; so at the end of two years you never would have known the bare little room. We had flowers in both windows, and as each window had sun, the flowers prospered; and we had a great many pretty pictures on the walls, and Nat's sketches pinned up in all sorts of odd places. A big beam ran across the ceiling in the middle, and that was hung full of charcoal sketches, with here and there a sheet just painted in bars of bright color—no meaning to them, except to 'light up,' Nat said. I did not understand him then, but I could see how differently all the rest looked after the scarlet and yellow were put by their side. Some of our pictures had lovely frames to them, which Nat had carved out of old cigar-boxes that Patrick brought him. Sometimes he used to do nothing but carve for a week, and he would say, 'Dot, I do not believe drawing is the thing I want to do, after all. I want more; I hate to have everything flat.' But then he would get discouraged and think all he had done was good for nothing. 'I never can do anything except draw till I go some-

where to be taught,' he would say, and turn back to the old calico patterns with fresh zeal.

One day a customer of Miss Penstock's brought Nat a book about grapes, which had some pictures of the different methods of grape-culture in different countries. One of these pictures pleased him very much. It showed the grape-vines looped on low trees, in swinging festoons. He had the book propped up open at that picture for day after day, and kept drawing it over and over on the black-board and on paper till I was tired of the sight of it. It did not seem to me remarkably pretty. But Nat said one day, when I told him so,

"It isn't the picture itself, but what I want to make from it. Don't you see that the trees look a little like dancers whirling around, holding each other by the hand—one-legged dancers?"

"I could not see it. 'Well,' said Nat, 'look at this, and see if you can see it any better;' and he drew out of his portfolio a sheet with a rough charcoal sketch of six or seven low, gnarled, bare trees, with their boughs interlocked in such a fantastic manner that the trees seemed absolutely reeling about in a crazy dance. I laughed as soon as I saw it. 'There!' said Nat triumphantly; 'now, if I can only get the vines to go just as I want them to, in and out, you see that will dress up the dancers.' He worked long over this design. The fancy seemed to have taken possession of his brain. He gave names to the trees, but he called them all men: 'It's a jolly crew of old kings,' he said; 'that's Sesostris at the head, and there's Herod; that old fellow with the gouty stomach' under his left arm.' Nat was now so full of freaks and fun, that our little room rang with laughter night after night. Patrick used to sit on the floor sometimes, with his broad Irish mouth stiffened into a perpetual grin at sight of the mirth, which though he could not comprehend he found contagious.

"But what will you do with it, Nat?" said I. "It will never do for a calico pattern."

"I don't know," said he reflectively; "I might make it smaller and hide the faces, and not make the limbs of the trees look so much like legs, and call it the 'vine pattern,' and I guess old Wilkins would think it was graceful, and I dare say Miss Wilkins would wear it, if nobody else did."

"Oh! Nat, Nat, how can you," exclaimed I, "when they have been so good to pay us so much money?"

"I know it," said Nat, "it's too bad; I'm ashamed now. But doesn't this look like the

two Wilkins brothers? You said they looked like frogs?" he ran on, holding up a most ludicrous picture of two tall, lank frogs standing behind a counter, and stretching out four front legs like greedy hands across the counter, with a motto coming out of the right-hand frog's mouth: "More designs, if you please, Mr. Kent—something light and graceful for summer wear."

"These were the words of a note which Mr. Wilkins had sent to Nat a few weeks before. I laughed till the tears ran down my cheeks, for really the frogs did look like the brothers Wilkins. The picture haunted my mind for weeks afterward, and seemed somehow to revive my old distrust of them.

"A few days after this Nat had finished a set of designs 'for summer wear,' as the order said, and among them he had put in the 'One-legged Dancers.'

"It'll do no harm to try it," said he. "I think it would be lovely printed in bright-green on a white ground, and nobody but you and I would ever see the kings' legs in it."

"It really was pretty; still I could not help seeing legs and heads and King Herod's stomach in it; and, moreover, it was entirely too large a figure for that year's fashions in calico or muslin. However, I said nothing and carried it with the rest. When I went the next day, Mr. Wilkins said, as he handed me the money,

"Oh, by the way, Miss Kent, one of the drawings has been mislaid. I suppose it is of no consequence; we could not use it; it was quite too large a figure, and seemed less graceful than your brother's work usually is; it was a picture of grape-vines."

"O," said I, "I told Nat I didn't believe that would be good for anything. No; it is not of the least consequence."

"When I repeated this to Nat, he did not seem surprised at their refusal of the design; they had already refused several others in the course of the year. But he seemed singularly disturbed at the loss of the drawing. At last he urged me to go and ask if it had not been found.

"I may do something with it yet, Dot," he said. "I know it is a good design for something, if not for calico, and I don't believe they have lost it. It is very queer."

"But Mr. Wilkins assured me, with great civility and many expressions of regret, that the design was lost; that they had made careful search for it everywhere.

"The thing would have passed out of my mind in a short time but for Nat's pertinacious reference to it. Every few days he

would say, 'It is very queer, Dot, about the One-Legged Dancers. How could such a thing be lost? They never lost a drawing before. I believe Miss Wilkins has got it, and is going to paint a big picture from it herself!'

"'Why, Nat!' I exclaimed, 'aren't you ashamed? that would be stealing.'

"'I don't care, Dot,' he said again and again, 'I never shall believe that paper was lost.'

"I grew almost out of patience with him; I never knew him to be unjust to any one, and it grieved me that he should be so to people who had been our benefactors.

"About four months later, one warm day in April, I walked over to the town after my day's work was done, to buy a gown for myself, and a new box of paints for Nat. I did not go to town more than two or three times a year, and the shop-windows delighted me as much as if I had been only eleven years old. As I walked slowly up and down, looking at everything, I suddenly started back at the sight of a glossy green and white chintz, which was displayed conspicuously in the central window of one of the largest shops. There they were, just as Nat had drawn them on the missing paper, 'The One-Legged Dancers!' Nat was right. It was a pretty pattern, a very pretty pattern for a chintz; and there was—I laughed out in spite of myself, as I stood in the crowd on the side-walk—yes, there was 'the ugly great knot in one of the trees which had made King Herod's stomach.' But what did it mean? No chintzes were made in any of Mr. Maynard's mills, nor, so far as I knew, in any mill in that neighborhood. I was hot with indignation. Plainly Nat's instinct had been a true one. The Wilkinses had stolen the design and had sold it to some other manufacturers, not dreaming that the theft could ever be discovered by two such helpless children as Nat and I.

"I went into the shop and asked the price of the chintz in the window.

"'O, the grape-vine pattern? that is a new pattern, just out this spring; it is one of the most popular patterns we ever had. A lovely thing, miss,' said the clerk, as he lifted down another piece of it.

"'I will take one yard,' said I with a choking voice. I was afraid I should cry in the shop. 'Do you know where this chintz is made?' I added.

"The clerk glanced at the price-ticket and read me the name. It was made by a firm I had never heard of, in another State. No wonder the Wilkinses thought themselves safe.

"When I showed Nat the chintz he seemed much less excited than I expected. He was not so very much surprised; and, to my great astonishment, he was not at first sure that it would be best to let the Wilkinses know that we had discovered their cheating. But I was firm; I would have no more to do with them. My impulse was to go to Mr. Maynard. Although during these three years he had never come to see us, I felt sure that, in the bottom of his heart, there still was a strong affection for us; and, above all, he was a just man. He would never keep in his employ for one day any person capable of such wrong as the Wilkinses had done us.

"'But,' persisted Nat, 'you do not know that either of the Mr. Wilkinses had anything to do with it. They may both have honestly supposed it was lost. It's much more likely that their sister stole it.'

"I had not thought of this before. Poor Miss Wilkins! Nat's artistic soul had been so outraged by some of her flagrant calicoes that he believed her capable of any crime.

"At last I consented to go first to the Wilkinses themselves, and I promised to speak very calmly and gently in the beginning, and betray no suspicion of them. I carried the chintz. When I entered the office, the overseer was talking in one corner with a gentleman whose back was turned to me. The agent sat by the counter.

"'Mr. Wilkins,' said I, 'do you remember the grape-vine pattern my brother drew last winter—the one which you refused?'

"The instant I spoke, I saw that he did remember. I saw that he was guilty, and I saw it all with such certainty that it enabled me to be very calm.

"'Let me see,' said he, trying to pretend to be racking his memory; 'the grape-vine pattern? It seems to me that I do recall something about a design with that name. Did you say we refused it?'

"'Yes, you refused it, but you did not return the drawing. You said it had been lost,' I replied.

"'Ah, yes, yes—now I recollect,' he said, recovering himself somewhat; 'we made great search for the drawing; I remember all about it now;' and he paused as if waiting civilly to know what more there could possibly be to be said on that point. But I watched him closely and saw that he was agitated. I looked him steadily in the eye and did not speak, while I slowly opened my little bundle and unrolled the piece of chintz.

"'Can you possibly explain this mystery, then, sir, that here is my brother's design

printed on this chintz?' said I, in a clear, distinct tone, holding out the yard of chintz at its full length. As I said the words 'my brother's design,' the gentleman who had been talking with the overseer turned quickly round, and I saw that it was Mr. Maynard's youngest son Robert, who a year before had come home from Germany, and had recently been taken into the firm as partner. He stepped a little nearer me, and was evidently listening to my words.

"Come into this room, Mr. Maynard, if you please, and we will finish discussing the matter we were speaking of," said Overseer Wilkins, turning pale, and speaking very hurriedly, and trying to draw Mr. Maynard into the inner office-room.

"And—if you will call some other time, Miss Kent," said Agent Wilkins, turning away from me and walking toward Mr. Maynard, in his anxiety to prevent my being seen or heard, 'I will try to attend to this matter; but just now I have not another moment to spare,' and he began at once to talk in a loud and voluble manner.

"I do not know how I had strength and courage to do what I did then; I do not know where the voice came from with which I spoke then; Robert has always said that I looked like a young lioness, and that my voice sounded like the voice of one crying 'fire.' I stepped swiftly up to him, and before the astounded Wilkins could speak a word, I had held up the chintz and exclaimed, 'But Mr. Maynard will have time to spare, and I thank God he is here. Mr. Maynard, this design is one of my brother's drawing; he has made most of the calico designs printed in your father's mills for a year and a half: I brought this one to the agent; he said it was not good for anything, but he stole the paper and sold it, and here it is!' and then suddenly my strength all disappeared, great terror seized me, and I burst into tears. Both the agent and the overseer began to speak at once.

"Be silent," thundered Robert, in the most commanding tone I ever heard out of human lips. 'Be silent, both of you!' and then he took the chintz away from me, and taking both my hands in his, led me to a chair, saying, in a voice as sweet and gentle as the other was terrible, 'Pray be calm, my dear young lady—this matter shall be looked into. Sit down and do not try to speak for a few minutes.'

"Then he walked over to the brothers; even through my tears I could see how terrified they looked; they seemed struck dumb

with fright; he spoke to them now in the most courteous manner, but the courtesy was almost worse than the anger had been before.

"I shall have to ask you for the use of the office for a short time, gentlemen. This is an affair I prefer to investigate immediately, and I would like to see this young lady alone.' They both began to speak again, but he interrupted them.

"I will send for you presently; not a word more now, if you please;" and in spite of themselves they were obliged to walk out of the room. As they turned to shut the door their faces frightened me.

"Oh!" I exclaimed; 'oh, Mr. Maynard, they will kill Nat. I must go home at once,' and I rose trembling in every nerve. But he made me sit down again, and brought me a glass of wine, and said, 'Do not be afraid, my dear child, they will not dare harm your brother. Drink this, and tell me your whole story.'

"Then I told him all. He interrupted me only once, to ask me about the prices paid us for two or three especial patterns which he happened to recollect. When I stopped, he jumped up from his chair and walked up and down in front of me, ejaculating, 'By Jove! this is infernal—I never heard of such a contemptible bit of rascality in my life. I have told my father ever since I came home that these men had bad faces, and I have looked carefully for traces of cheating in their accounts. But they were too cowardly to try it on a large scale.'

"He then told me that the originality and beauty of the designs which the Wilkinses had furnished the firm of late had attracted general attention; that they had said the best ones were the work of a sister in England, the others of the sister living with them. When he told me the prices which had been paid for them, I could not help groaning aloud and burying my face in my hands. 'Oh, my poor Nat!' I exclaimed, 'you might have had everything you wanted for that.'

"But he shall have it still, Miss Kent," said Robert—"I shall give you a check for the whole amount before you leave this room, and I do assure you that your brother has a fortune in his talent for drawing. Probably this work is only the beginning of what he will do."

"As Robert opened the office-door for me to pass out, I saw the two Mr. Wilkinses standing together at the gate through which I must go. Robert answered my look of alarm by saying, 'I shall walk home with you, Miss Kent. They shall not annoy you.'

"As we came near, they both lifted their hats with obsequious, angry bows. Robert did not look at them, but said in a low tone, as we passed, 'Go to the office and wait there till I return.'

"When he bade me good-bye at my door, he said, 'I shall go now to find my father, and if he is at home the brothers Wilkins will be dismissed from our employ in less than one hour.' I looked after him as long as I could see him. Then I went into our little sitting-room, sank into a chair, and sat motionless, turning the check over and over in my hand, and wondering if I really were awake and alive, or if all were a dream. In a few moments Nat came home. As Patrick lifted the wagon up over the door-steps, and Nat caught sight of my face, he called out, 'Oh, sister, what is the matter—are you ill?' I ran to him and put the check into his hands, but it was some minutes before I could speak. The wonderful fortune did not overwhelm Nat as it had me. He was much stronger than I. Every stroke of his pencil during the last year had developed and perfected his soul. He was fast coming to have that consciousness of power which belongs to the true artist, and makes a life self-centered.

"'I have felt that all this would come, dear,' he said, 'and more than this too,' he added dreamily; 'we shall go on; this is only the outer gate of our lives.'

"He prophesied more truly than he knew when he said that—my dear blessed artist-souled martyr! I need not dwell on the details of the next half-year. A few words can tell them; and then, again, worlds of words could not tell them.

"Three months from the day I carried the piece of chintz into the overseer's office, Robert and I were married in the beautiful chapel where papa used to preach. All the mills were shut, and the little chapel was crowded with the workmen and workwomen. When we came out they were all drawn up in lines on the green, and Robert and Mr. Maynard both made them little speeches. Nat and Miss Penstock and Patrick were in Mr. Maynard's carriage, and Robert and I stood on the ground by the carriage-door. After the people had gone, Mr. Maynard came up to me and put both his hands on my shoulders, just as he had done three years before, and said, 'You were a brave girl, but you had to take me for your father, after all.'

"Nat's wedding-present to me was a wood-carving of the 'One-Legged Dancers'—the

one which stands on the little gilt table. I shall never be separated from it.

"When I first found out how very rich Robert was, I was afraid; it seemed to me almost wrong to have so much money. But I hope we shall not grow selfish. And I cannot but be grateful for it, when I see what it has done for my darling brother. He is living now in a beautiful apartment in New York. Patrick is with him, his devoted servant, and Miss Penstock has gone to keep house for them. Nat is studying and working hard; the best artists in the city are his friends, and his pictures are already known and sought. When Robert first proposed this arrangement, Nat said, 'Oh no, no! I cannot accept such a weight of obligation from any man, not even from a brother.'

"Robert rose and knelt down by Nat's chair, and even then he was so far above him he had to bend over.

"'Nat,' said he, in a low tone, 'I never knelt to any human being before; I didn't kneel to Dora when I asked her to give herself to me, for I was sure I could so give myself to her as to make her happy; but it is to you, after all, that I owe it that she is mine; I never can forget it for an hour, and I never can repay you—no, not in my whole lifetime, nor with all my fortune.'

"Then he told him that the sum which it would need to support him and Miss Penstock and Patrick in this way was so small, in comparison with his whole income, that it was not worth mentioning. 'And at any rate,' he said, 'it is useless for you to remonstrate, Nat, for I have already made fifty thousand dollars' worth of stock so entirely yours, that you cannot escape from it. The papers are all in my father's hands, and the income will be paid to you, or left subject to your order, quarterly. If you do not spend it, nobody else will;' and then Robert bent down lower, and lifting Nat's thin hands tenderly in his, pressed them both against his cheek, in the way I often did. It was one of the few caresses Nat loved. I stood the other side of the chair, and I stooped down and kissed him, and said:

"'And, Nat, I cannot be quite happy in any other way.'

"So Nat yielded.

"It was hard to come away and leave him. For some time I clung to the hope that he might come with us; but the physicians all said it would be madness for him to run the risk of a sea-voyage. However, I know that for him, the next best thing to seeing Europe himself is to see it through my eyes. I write

to him every week, and I shall carry home to him such art-treasures as he has never dreamed of possessing.

"Next year we shall go home, and then he will come back to Maynard's Mills and live with us. Robert is having a large studio built for him on the north side of the house, with a bed-room and little sitting-room opening out of it. Miss Penstock, too, will always live with us; we shall call her 'house-keeper,' to keep her contented, and Patrick is to stay as Nat's attendant. Poor fellow, he is not quite full-witted, we think; but he loves Nat so devotedly that he makes a far better servant than a cleverer boy would with a shade less affection.

"And now you have heard the story of my life, dear friend," said Dora, as she rose from the seat and lit the rose-colored tapers in two low swinging Etrurian candlesticks just above our heads—"all that I can tell you," she added slowly. "You will understand that I cannot speak about the happiest part of it. But you have seen Robert. The only thing that troubles me is that I have no sorrow. It seems dangerous. Dear Nat, although he has all he ever hoped for, need not fear being too happy, because he has the ever-present pain, to make him earnest and keep him ready for more pain. I said so to him the day before I came away, and he gave me those verses I told you of, called 'The Angel of Pain.'"

Then she repeated them to me :—

THE ANGEL OF PAIN.

ANGEL of Pain, I think thy face
Will be, in all the heavenly place,
The sweetest face that I shall see,
And swiftest face to smile on me.
All other angels faint and tire;
Joy wearies, and forsakes desire;
Hope falters, face to face with Fate,
And dies because it cannot wait;
And Love cuts short each loving day,
Because fond hearts cannot obey
That subtlest law which measures bliss
By what it is content to miss.
But thou, O loving, faithful Pain—

Hated, reproached, rejected, slain—
Dost only closer cling and bless
In sweeter, stronger steadfastness.
Dear, patient angel, to thine own
Thou comest, and art never known
Till late, in some lone twilight place
The light of thy transfigured face
Sudden shines out, and, speechless, they
Know they have walked with Christ all day.

When she had done we sat for some time silent. Then I rose, and kissing her, still silent, went out into the unlighted room where the gilt table stood. A beam of moonlight fell, broad and white, across its top, and flickered on the vine-leaves and the ferns. In the dim weird light their shapes were more fantastic than ever.

The door into the outer hall stood open. As I went toward it, I saw old Anita toiling slowly up the stairs, with a flat basket on her head. Her wrinkled face was all aglow with delight. As soon as she reached the threshold she set the basket down, and exclaiming, "O look, look, Signora!" lifted off the cover. It was full of fresh and beautiful anemones of all colors. She moved a few on top and showed me that those beneath were chiefly purple ones.

"Iddio mio! will not the dearest of Signoras be pleased now!" she said. "The Saints wish that she shall have all she desires; did not my Biagio's brother come in from Albano this morning? and as I was in the Piazza Navona, buying oranges, I heard him calling from a long way off, 'Ho, Anita, my Anita, here are anemones for your beautiful Signora with the bright hair.'"

"They grow around an old tomb a mile away from his vineyard, and he set out from his home long before light to get them for me; for he once saw the Signora and he had heard me say that she never could have enough of anemones. Iddio mio! but my heart is glad of them. Ah, the dearest of Signoras!" and, with a tender touch, Anita laid the cool vine-leaves lightly back upon the anemones and hurried on in search of Dora.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

THE years have linings just as goblets do :
The old year is the lining of the new,—
Filled with the wine of precious memories,
The golden *was* doth line the silver *is*.

ON A PERSON CALLED FRIAR LUBIN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CLEMENT MAROT.

Post-haste to hurry into town,
 Time after time, and there fulfil
 Some dirty plan ; thus much I own
 That Friar Lubin does with skill.
 But bid him act a generous part
 And show himself upright and true—
 A Christian at the very heart—
 That Friar Lubin cannot do.

To mix, with well-dissembled guile,
 Your goods with his and keep them still,
 And leave you without cross or pile—
 That Friar Lubin does with skill.
 In vain his conscience you attack ;
 In vain your foolish trust you rue ;
 He never gives a farthing back ;
 That Friar Lubin cannot do.

To lure, with glozing words, a maid
 Into the paths of shame and ill,
 He needs no sly old pander's aid ;
 That Friar Lubin does with skill.
 He preaches sound divinity,
 But hates the water-drinking crew :
 Dogs may drink water, but not he ;
 That Friar Lubin cannot do.

Whate'er the form of doing ill,
 That Friar Lubin does with skill ;
 Whatever has men's good in view,
 That Friar Lubin cannot do.

VICTORIAN POETS.

MODERN criticism is scientifically applied to literature, and searches for the principles and conditions which enable us to estimate, and even to forecast, the poetic quality of any given era. It is a question whether the poet himself need be conscious of the existence and bearing of the laws under which he works. It may be a curb and detriment to his genius that he should trouble himself about them in the least. But this rests upon the character of his intellect, and includes a further question of the effects of culture.

Just here there is a difference between poetry and the cognate arts of expression, since the former has somewhat less to do with material processes and effects. The

freedom of the minor sculptor's, painter's, or composer's genius is not checked, while its scope and precision are increased, by knowledge of the rules of his calling, and of their application in different regions and times. But in the case of the minor poet, excessive culture, and wide acquaintance with methods and masterpieces, often destroy spontaneity. They shut in the voice upon itself, and overpower and bewilder the singer, who forgets to utter his native, characteristic melody, awed by the chorus and symphony of the world's great songs. Full-throated, happy minstrels, like Beranger or Burns, need no knowledge of thorough-bass and the historical range of composition. Their expression is the carol of the child, the warble of

the sky-lark scattering music at his own sweet will. Nevertheless, there is no strong imagination without vigorous intellect, and to its penetrative and reasoning faculty there comes a time when the laws which it has instinctively followed must be apparent; and, later still, it cannot blind itself to the favoring or adverse influences of period and place. Should these forces be restrictive, their baffling effect will teach the poet to recognize and deplore them, and to endeavor, though with wind and tide against him, —and how often in vain!—to make his progress noble and enduring.

With regard to the province of the critic there need, however, be no question. He *must* recognize and broadly observe the local, temporal, and generic conditions under which poetry is composed, or fail to render adequate judgment upon the genius of a poet. It is now well understood that the value of art depends on the importance and beneficence of the character involved; that the standard of the latter reflects and varies with the quality of the period; that only in exceptional cases, poetry rises fairly above the idealism of an age in which it is produced. Of late, and chiefly through translations from the French and German, the public mind has become somewhat aware of the advances made in the direction of true criticism, and acknowledges the philosophical character of a method signally illustrated, for example, by M. Taine, though often and justly at variance with the popular French critic's application of it to the works of prominent English writers. I trust that lovers of poetry who are familiar with the genius of Landor, Tennyson, Robert and Elizabeth Browning, Hood, Procter, Swinburne—British singers who have flourished during the last thirty years, and are, by common acceptance, representative poets—will not be repelled, by the hardness of the theme, from a reference to the characteristics of the Victorian Period, and to what I conceive to be the conditions which have sustained these poets, or against which they have struggled to pour forth their utterances with all the freedom and inspiration of some more fortunate time.

It is impossible, then, to observe the recent English era, and not to find the modern question of the relations between Poetry and Science pressing for consideration at every turn and outpost. The time has been especially characterized by a stress of scientific iconoclasm. This is mentioned as a fact; not, perforce, to be deplored; possibly as

leading to a new and grander manifestation of the eternal Muse.

There are two ways of regarding natural objects; first, as they appear to the bodily eye and to the normal, untutored imagination; second, as we know they actually are,—having sought out the truth of their phenomena, the laws which underlie their beauty or repulsiveness. The former, purely empirical, hitherto has been the simple and poetic function of art; the latter is that of reason, scientifically and radically informed. The one is Homeric, the other Baconian. Until Coleridge's time, his definition that poetry is the antithesis of science, though not complete, was true so far as it extended. Let us see how the ideals of an imaginative, primitive race, differ from those of the children of knowledge, who make up our later generations.

Look at the antique spirit as partially revived by a painter of the sixteenth century. The Aurora fresco in the Rospigliosi palace expresses the manner in which it once was perfectly natural to observe the perpetual, splendid phenomena of breaking day. Sunrise was the instant presence of joyous, effulgent deity. A Greek saw the morning as Guido has painted it. The Sun-God in very truth was urging on his fiery-footed steeds. The clouds were his pathway; the early morning Hour was scattering flowers, in advance, of infinite prismatic hues, and her blooming, radiant sisters were floating in air around Apollo's chariot; the earth was roseate with celestial light; the blue sea laughed beyond. Swiftly ascending Heaven's archway the retinue swept on; all was real, exuberant life and gladness; the gods were thus in waiting upon humanity, and men were the progeny of the gods. The elements of the Hellenic idealism, so often cited, are readily understood. It appeared in the blithesome imagery of a race that felt the pulses of youth, with no dogmas of the past to thicken its current and few analytical speculations to perturb it. Youth, health, and simplicity of life, brought men to accept and inform after their own longings the outward phenomena of natural things. Heaven lies about us in our infancy. I refer to the Greek feeling (as I might to that of the pastoral Hebraic age), not as to the exponent of a period superior to our own, or comparable with it in knowledge, comfort, grasp of all that enhances the average of human welfare; but as that of a poetical era, charged with what has ever, until now, made the excellence of such times—an era when gifted poets would find

themselves in an atmosphere favoring the production of elevated poetry, and of poetry especially among the forms of art, since this has seemed more independent than the rest of aid from material science. But there are other types of the poetical age. Pass from the simple and harmonious ideals of classicism to the romantic Gothic era, whose genius was conglomerate of old and new, and the myths of many ages and countries, but still fancy-free, or subject only to a *soi-disant* science as crude and wanton as the fancy itself; whose imagination was excited by chivalrous codes of honor, brave achievement, and the recurrent chances and marvels of new discovery. Such, for example, the Elizabethan period of our own literature; such the great Italian period from which it drew its forms. There was a certain largeness of mechanical achievement in the times of Dante, Boccaccio, Tasso and Ariosto, and a mass of theological inquiry, but all subject to the influence of superstition and romance. The world was only half discovered; men's fancy was constantly on the alert; nothing commonplace held the mind; to lives and ventures of merchants—though, like our own, it was a mercantile age—had a wealth of mystery, strangeness, and speculation about them, which might well make an Antonio and a Sebastian the personages of Shakespeare's and Fletcher's plays. Each part of the globe was a phantasmal or fairy-land to the inhabitants of other parts. A traveler was a marked man. Somewhere in Asia was the Great Khan; later, in America, were cities of Manoa paved with gold. Nothing was extraordinary, or, rather, everything was so. The people fed on the material of poetry, and wove laurel wreaths for those who made their song.

The characteristics of the middle portion of the nineteenth century are so different from all this, that it is but natural the elder generation among us should exclaim, "Where is it now, the glory and the dream?" While other arts must change and change, the pure office of poetry is ever to idealize and prophesy of the unknown; and its lovers, forgetting that Nature is limitless in her works and transitions, mourn that—so much having been discovered, robbed of its glamour, and reduced to prosaic fact—the poet's ancient office is at last put by. Let them take fresh heart, recalling the Master's avowal that Nature's "book of secrecy" is infinite; let them note what spiritual and material spheres are yet untrod; rejoicing over the past rather than hopeless of future achievement, let them hope with me the disillusionizing

process which has made their own time a turbulent, unrestful interval of transition from that which was to that which shall be; a time when, more than his perpetual wont, the poet "looks before and after, and pines for what is not."

As in chemical physics, first sublimation, then crystallization, then the sure and firm-set earth beneath our feet; so in human progress, first the ethereal fantasy of the poet, then discovery by experience and induction, bringing us to what is deemed scientific, prosaic knowledge of objects and their laws. Thus in the earlier periods, when poets composed empirically, the rarest minds welcomed and honored their productions in the same spirit. But now, if they work in this way, as many are still fain, it must be for the tender heart of women and the delight of youths, since the fitter audience of thinkers, the most elevated and eager spirits, no longer find mental sustenance in such empty magician's food. With regard to the soul of men and things, they still give rein to fancy and empiricism, for that is still unknown. Hence the new phases of psychical poetry, which formerly repelled the healthy-minded by its morbid cast. But touching material phenomena they no longer accept, even for its beauty, the language of myth and tradition; they *know* better; the glory may remain, but verily the dream has passed away.

Our own time, so eminently scientific, so devoted to investigation of universal truth, has found such wonders in the laws of force and matter, that the poetic bearing of their phenomena has seemed of transient worth; enjoyment and excitation of the intellect through the acquisition of knowledge is valued more and more. Thinkers become unduly impressed with the relative unimportance of man and his conceptions. Our first knowledge of the amazing revelations of astronomy—which I take as a most impressive type of the cognate sciences—tends to repress self-assertion, and to make one content with accepting quietly his little share of life and action. In earlier eras of this kind, discovery and invention occupied men's minds until, fully satiated, they longed for mental rest and a return to a play of heart and fancy. Too much wisdom seemed folly indeed; dance and song and pastoral romance resumed their sway; the harpers harped anew, and from the truer life and knowledge scientifically gained, broke forth new blossoms of poetic art. But our own period has no exact prototype. It is advanced in civilization; but the time of Pericles, though also exhibit-

ing a modern refinement, was one of scientific ignorance. There was, as we have seen, a mediæval spirit of scientific inquiry, but almost wholly guided by superstition. Even nature's laws were compelled to bow to church fanaticism; experiments were scientific and imaginative, and poetry took no alarm.

But in the nineteenth century, science, freedom of thought, refinement, and material progress have moved along together. The modern student often has been so narrowed by his investigations as to be more unjust to the poet than the latter was of old to the philosopher. Art has seemed mere pastime and amusement, as once it seemed the devil's frippery and seduction to the ascetic soul of the Puritan aglow with the gloomy or rapturous mysteries of his theology. Also by the multitude whom the practical results of science at last have thoroughly won over, and who now are impelled by more than Roman ambition to girdle the earth with engineering and conquer the elements themselves—neither the songsters nor the metaphysicians, but the physical investigators and men of action, are held to be the world's great men. The De Lesseps, Fields, Barings, and Vanderbilts, no less than Lyell, Darwin, and Agassiz, wear the bay-leaves of to-day. Religion and theology, also, are subjected to analysis and the universal tests, and at last the divine and the poet, traditionally at loggerheads, have a common bond of suffering—a union of toleration or half-disguised contempt. Eating together at the side-tables, neither is adequately consoled by reflecting that the other is no more to be envied than himself. The poet's hold upon the youthful mind and sentimental popular emotion has also measurably relaxed; for Professor Huxley, who regards poetic expression as "sensual caterwauling," and the gratification of the æsthetic perceptions as of little worth, grossly underrated his position when he said that, "at present, education is almost entirely devoted to the cultivation of the power of expression and of the sense of literary beauty." The truth is that our school-girls and spinsters wander down the lanes with Darwin, Huxley, and Youmans under their arms; or, if they carry Tennyson, Longfellow, and Morris, read them in the light of spectrum analysis, or test them by the economics of Mill and Bain. The very tendency of modern poetry to wreak its thoughts upon expression, of which Huxley so complains, naturally follows the iconoclastic overthrow of its cherished ideals, reducing it to skillful availment

of the laws of form and melody. Ay, even the poets, with their intensely sympathetic natures, have caught the spirit of the age, and pronounce the verdict against themselves. The more intellectual will confess to you that they weary less of a new essay by Proctor or Tyndall than of the latest admirable poem; that, overpowered in the brilliant presence of scientific discovery, their own conceptions seem less dazzling. A thirst for more facts grows upon them; they throw aside their lyres and renew the fascinating study, forgetful that the inspiration of Plato, Shakespeare, and other poets of old, often foreshadowed the glory of these revelations, and neglecting to chant in turn the transcendent possibilities of eras yet to come. Science, the modern Circe, beguiles them from their voyage to the Hesperides, and transforms them into her voiceless devotees.

In this iconoclasm, then, we have the most important of the symptoms which mark the recent era as a Transition Period, and presently shall observe features in the structure and composition of its poetry which justify us in thus classifying it. The Victorian poets have flourished in an equatorial region of common sense and demonstrable knowledge. Thought has outlived its childhood, yet not reached a growth from which experience and reason lead to visions more radiant than the early intuitions. The zone of youthful fancy, excited by unquestioning acceptance of outward phenomena, is now well passed; the zone of cultured imagination is still avant. At present, skepticism, analysis, scientific conquest, realism, scornful unrest. Apollo has left the heavens. The modern child knows more than the sage of antiquity.

To us the Sun is a material, flaming orb, around which revolves this dark, inferior planet, obedient to central and centrifugal forces. We know that no celestial flowers bestrew his apparent pathway; that all this iridescence is but the refraction of white light through the mists of the upper skies. Let me in advance disavow regret for the present, or desire to recall the past: I simply recognize a condition which was inevitable and in the order of growth to better things. "Much of what we call sublime," said Landor, "is only the residue of infancy and the worst of it." I cannot disbelieve the words of a latter-day writer, that, "so far from being unfriendly to the poetic imagination, science will breathe into it a higher exaltation." But the change is none the less severe, and the period has been indeed trying for the votaries of song. True, that already,

in our glimmerings of the source and motion of the "offspring of Heaven, first-born," in our partial knowledge of the meaning of appearances, we can use this meaning for the language and basis of poetical works; but recent poets have had to contend with the fact that, while men are instructed out of the early phenomenal faith, their recognition of scientific truth has not yet become that *second nature* which can replace it. The poet of to-day, burdened with his new wisdom, represents the contemporary treatment when he says:

"There sinks the nebulous star we call the Sun,
If that hypothesis of theirs be sound;"

but it is by a prosaic effort that he recalls a fact at variance with the impression of his own childhood, subduing his fancy to his judgment and to the spirit of the time. Let myths go by, and it still remains that every child is a natural Ptolemaist, who must be educated to the Copernican system, and his untutored notions generally are as far from the truth with regard to other physical phenomena.

There are passages in modern poems which nearly indicate the approaching harmony of Poetry and Science; and the essays of Tyn-dall and Spencer are, the question of form left out, poems in themselves; but up to the present moment the imagination, paradoxical as it may seem, has been most elevated and sustained by the contemplation of natural objects, rather *as they seem to be* than as we know they are. For to the pure and absorbed spirit it is the ideal only that seems real; as a lover adores the image and simulacrum of his mistress, reflected from his inner consciousness, more than the very self and substance of her being. Thus Keats, the English apprentice, surrounded himself with all Olympus' hierarchy, and breathed the freshness of Thessalian forest-winds. But, for an instance of perfect substitution of the seeming for the true, commend me to the passion and rhapsody of Heine, who on the last days of his outdoor life, blind to the loving sympathy of the actual men and women around him, falls smitten and helpless at the feet of the Venus of Milo, his loved ideal beauty, sees her looking upon him with divine pity and yearning, and hears her words, spoken only for his ear, "Dost thou not see that I have no arms, and therefore cannot help thee?" The knowledge of unreality was present to his reason, but the high poetic soul disdained it, and received such consolation as only poets know.

A transition-period may be negative, or composite, in the value of its art-productions. The dreary interval between the times of Milton and Cowper was of the former non-creative type. An eclipse of imagination prevailed and seemed to chill and benumb the poets. They tried to plod along in the well-worn paths, but, like men with bandaged eyes, went astray without perceiving it. Substituting pedantry for emotion, and still harping on the old myths, they reduced them to vapid, artificial unreality, not having the faculty of reviving their beauty by new forms of expression. Of the art to conceal art, none save a few like Collins and Goldsmith had the slightest instinct or control. As for passion, that was completely extinct. At last the soul of a later generation demanded the return to natural beauty, and the heart clamored for pulsation and utterance: Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, Byron, and their great contemporaries arose, and with them a genuine creative literature, of which the poetry strove to express the spirit of nature and the emotions of the heart—subtile, essential elements, in which no amount of scientific environment could limit the poet's restless explorations.

Our recent transition-period ensued, but, in its composite aspect, how different from that to which I have referred! Its poets have been generously endowed at birth, and who shall say that they have not done what they could, fulfilling their mission to the attainable extent? When not creative, their genius has been wonderfully eclectic and refining. Doubtless the time has displayed the invariable characteristics of such periods; writers have busied themselves with enjoying and annotating the great works of the past; criticism has predominated—but how exact and catholic! How searching the tests by which tradition and authority have been tried; how high the standard of excellence in art; how intolerant the healthy spirit of the last thirty years toward cant and melodramatic affectation; how vigorous the crusade against sham! In all this we discern the remaining features which, though less radical in their importance than the scientific revolution, have marked the Victorian period as one of transition, and as composite in the thought and structure of its poetic art.

And, first, their wholesome aversion to cant results largely from the peace, security, and ultra-comfortableness of the English people. It has been a time of repose and luxury, a felicitous Saturnian era, when all rare things that poets dream of are close at hand.

We see disease averted, life prolonged and increasing in average duration, the masses clothed and housed, vice punished, virtue rewarded, the landscape beautiful with the handiwork of culture and thrift. Granted: but in most countries advanced to the front of modern refinement, the dominant spirit has been antagonistic to the production of great and lasting poetry—and of this above other arts. For it is the passion of song that makes it lofty and enduring, and the snows of Hecla have overlaid human passion in English common life during most of the Victorian age. I am not deploring the so-called materialism of our century, for this may be more heroic and beneficial to mankind than the idealism of the past. Nevertheless, and without magnifying the poet's office, it is fair to assume that, although a poetical era may not be best for the contemporary world, it is well for a poet to be born in such an era, and not ill for literature that he was so born.

Having thus gone beyond the zone of idealism and the morning halo of impulsive deed and speech, we have reached the noonday of common sense, breeding, facts as they are. Men do not mouth it in the grand manner, for the world has no patience to hear them, and deems them staid or affected. Human emotions are the same, but modern training tones us down to that impassibility wherein the thorough-bred Christian woman has been said to rival the Indian squaw; madmen are not, as of old, thought to be inspired; eccentricity bores us; and poets, who should be prophets, are loth to boldly dare and differ. Men's hearts beat on forever, but Thackeray's Englishmen are ashamed to acknowledge it at their meetings and partings. The Platonists taught that the body should be despised; we quietly ignore the heart and soul. The time is offhand, chaffy, and must be taken in its mood. A point was very fairly made by "Shakespeare's Scholar," in his essay on "The Play of the Period," that the latter days have been unfavorable to strong dramatic verse, the highest form of poetry, and the surest mark of a true poetical era. The modern English have not been devoted to intense heroic feeling: whether above or below it, who shall say? but certainly not within it. The novel is our drama; true, but chiefly the photographic novel of conventional life; others have obtained a hearing slowly, by accident, or by sheer force of genius. We subject our tears to analysis, but do not care for tragic rage; avoiding high excitements, as carefully as Septimius Felton in his effort to perpetuate life, we distribute

our passion in a hundred petty emotions, and rather than be exalted are content with the usufruct of our five external wits. Domestic peace and comfort have resulted in absence of enthusiasm, and the rise and prolongation of an idyllic school in art. Adventure is the English amusement, not a mode of action; but the converse of this was true in the days of Raleigh, Drake, Sydney, and Richard Grenville. Not that England is wholly utilitarian, "domestic, student, sensualist," as has been charged, but she has well defined and studied the science of society. All this the Victorian poets have had to contend with as poets, or adapt themselves to as clever artists, and, above all, men of their time.

Lastly, however, we find that the structural, artistic phases of modern English poetry, in scorn of the stilted conventionalism of the eighteenth century, have been of the most composite range, variety, and perfection. Of course the natural forms were long since discovered, but lyrists have learned that combinations are endless, so that new styles, if not new orders, are constantly brought out. In the ultra-critical spirit of the time, they enhance the strength and beauty of their measures by every feasible process, and the careful adaptation of form to theme. "This is an excellence not to be under-estimated; for if, as Huxley asserts, "expression is not valuable for its own sake," it is at least the wedded body of inspiration, employing the poet's keenest sensibilities, and lending such value to thought as the cutting of a diamond adds to the rugged stone. Never was the technique of poetry so well understood as since the time of Keats and the rise of Tennyson and his school. The *best* models are selected by the song-writers, the tale-tellers, the preachers in verse; and a neophyte of to-day would disdain the triteness and crudeness of the master-workmen of fifty years ago. The greater number, instead of restricting themselves to a specialty, range over and include all departments of their art, and are lyrists, balladists, and idyllists by turn, achieving excellence in every direction except the dramatic, which indeed but few venture upon. Modern poetry, in short, has been as composite as modern architecture; and if, as in the case of the latter, grotesque and tawdry combinations abound, there also are many strong and graceful structures, which excel those of former periods in richness and harmony of adornment. The rhythm of every dainty lyrical inspiration which heralded the morning of English minstrelsy has been caught and adapted by the song-writers, all

of whom, from Barry Cornwall and Hood to Kingsley and Jean Ingelow, have new arrangements and fantasia of their own. The extreme of word-music and word-painting has been attained, together with a peculiar condensation in imagery and thought; so that, whereas the poets of the last era, for all their strength of wing, occupied whole passages with a single image, their more refined successors discover its essential quality, somewhat as chemists condense the active principle of a plant into the crystalline salt, and express it by a single adjective or epithet. If "the light that gilds" our recent English poetry be "the light of sunset," it is indeed beautiful with all prismatic hues, and its lusters are often as attractive in themselves as for the truth and beauty which they serve to illumine.

So far as progress is a change from the simple to the complex, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, we may hold that an advance is making in English art. But a period of transition is also one of doubt and turbulence; one of which it is especially requisite to bear in mind the characteristics in order to obtain a true appreciation of the leading poets who represent it. For we must consider an artist's good or ill fortune, his struggles and temptations, his aids and encouragements; remembering that the most important art of any period is that which most nearly illustrates its manners, thoughts, and emotions in imaginative language or form. Through his sensitive organization the poet is exquisitely affected by the spirit of his time; and, to render his work of future moment, seeks to reflect that spirit, or confines himself to expression of the spiritual experiences common to all ages and all mankind. Mr. Emerson, in his search for the underlying principle of things, finds it a defect in Homer, Shakespeare, and Milton, that their works are clogged with restrictions of times, personages, and places. Yet these are the world's great names; it has no greater. The potent allegory of their poems comes nearer to us than the abstract Shastas. Their personages and places are but the media through which the Protean forms of nature are set forth. The statement of un-mixed thought and beauty has not been the splendor of the masters. And while it is true that nature and history are the poet's work-shop, and all material his property, the studies and reproductions of foreign or antique models, except as practice-work, are of less value than what he can show or say of his own time.

Hence it is of the highest importance to the poet that he should live in a sympathetic, or coöperative, if not heroic period. In studying the minor poets, we see with especial clearness the adverse influences of a transition era, composite though it be. A likeness of manner and language is common to the Elizabethan writers, various as were their themes and natural gifts. The same is apparent in the Cromwellian period with regard to Marvell, Shirley, and their contemporaries. But now, as if in despair of finding new themes to suit their respective talents, yet driven on to expression, we discern the Victorian poets—one copying the refrains and legendary feeling of illuminated missals and black-letter lays; another recasting the most enchanting and famous romances of Christendom in delicious language and measures caught from Chaucer himself; others adopting the quaint religious manner of Herbert and Vaughan; a host essaying new and conscientious presentations of the undying beauty of Greek mythologic lore. We see them dallying with sweet sense and sound, until our taste for melody and color is more than surfeited. Conscious of this, a few, with a spasmodic effort to be original, break away in disdain of all art, palming off a "saucy roughness" for strength and coarseness for vigor; and even this return to chaos wins the favor of many who, from very sickness of over-refinement, pass to the other extreme, and welcome the meaner work for a time because it is a change. The effect of novelty gives every fashion a temporary hold; but the calmer vision looks above and along the succession of modes, and seeks what is in itself ennobling; and every disguise of dilettanteism, aristocratic or democratic, whether it struts in the rags of Autolycus, or steals the robe of Prospero and apes his majestic mien, must ultimately fall away. In the search for a worthy theme, more than one of the poets to whom I refer has, by a *tour de force*, allied himself to some heroic mission of the day. On the other hand, honest agitators have been moved by passionate zeal for their several causes, to outbursts of rhythmical expression. In most cases the lyrics of either class have been rhetorical and eloquent rather than truly poetical. Finally, in the wide diffusion of a partial culture, the Victorian period has been noteworthy for the multitudes of its tolerable poets. It has been a time of English minnesingers, hosts of them chanting "the old eternal song."

But the poets of such a period are like a collection of trout in water that has become stagnant or turbid. The graceful smaller fry, unconscious that the real difficulty is in the atmosphere about them, one after another yield to it and lose their color, flavor, and elastic life. But the few noble masters of the pool adapt themselves to the new condition, or resist it altogether, and abide till the disorder of the waters is assuaged. Reviewing the poetic genius of the closing era, we find at least one strong spirit maintaining an independent beauty and vigor through successive generations, composing the rarest prose and poetry with slight regard to temporal mode or hearing—a man neither of nor for an age—who has but lately passed away. He was one who could withstand the adverse influences of any period, for he held the mission of the highest, and laid hold of both the future and the past. But there are men and men, says Mr. Warrington. Another, of a different cast, the acknowledged master of the composite school, has reflected his own period by adapting his poems to its landscape, manners, and speculation, with such union of strength and varied elegance as even English literature has seldom displayed. We find a woman—an inspired singer, if there ever was one—all fire and air, her song and soul alike devoted to liberty, aspiration, and ethereal love. A poet, her masculine complement, whose name is rich with the added glory of her renown, represents the antiquity of his race by study of mediæval themes, and exhibits to the modern lover, noble, statesman, thinker, priest, their prototypes in ages long gone by; he constantly exalts passion above reason, while reasoning himself, withal, in the too curious fashion of the present day; again, he is the exponent of what dramatic spirit is still left to England, that of psychological analysis, which turns the human heart inside out, judging it not from outward action in the manner of the early, simply objective masters of the stage. Youngest and latest, we find a phenomenal genius, the extreme product of the time, carrying its artistic and spiritual features to that excess which foretokens exhaustion; possessed of unprecedented control over the rhythm and assonance of English verse; and, both in the purpose and structure of his work, to be studied as a force of expression carried to its furthest limits, and a sign of the reaction or transformation which surely is even now at hand.

For that the years of transition are near an

end, and that, in England and America, a creative poetic literature, adapted to the new order of thought and the new aspirations of humanity, will speedily grow into form, I believe to be evident wherever our common tongue is the language of imaginative expression. The idyllic philosophy in which Wordsworth took refuge from the cant and melodrama of his predecessors, has fulfilled its immediate mission; the art which was born with Keats and found its perfect work in Tennyson, already seems faultily faultless and over-refined. A craving for more dramatic, spontaneous utterance is prevalent with the new generation. There is an instinct that to interpret the hearts and souls of men and women is the poet's highest function; a disposition to throw aside precedents—to study life, dialect, and feeling, as our painters study landscape, out of doors and at first hand. Considered as the floating land-drift of a new possession, even careless and faulty work after this method is eagerly received; although in England, so surfeited of the past and filled with vague desire, the faculty to discriminate between the richer and poorer fabric seems blunted and sensational; experimental novelties are set above the most admirable compositions in a manner already familiar; just as an uncouth carving or piece of foreign lacker-work is more prized than an exquisite specimen of domestic art, because it is strange and breathes some unknown, spicy fragrance of a new-found clime. The transition-period, doubtless, will be prolonged by the ceaseless progress of the scientific revolution, occupying men's imaginations and constantly readjusting the basis of language and illustration. Ere long, some new Lucretius may come to reinterpret the nature of things, confirming many of the ancient prophecies, and substituting for the wonder of the remainder the still more wondrous testimony of the lens, the laboratory, and the millennial rocks. The old men of the Jewish captivity wept with a loud voice when they saw the foundations of the new temple, because its glory in their eyes, in comparison of that builded by Solomon, was as nothing; but the prophet assured them that the Desire of all nations should come, and that the glory of the latter house should be greater than of the former. But I do not endeavor to anticipate the future of English song. It may be lowlier or loftier than now, but certainly it will show a change, and my faith in the reality of progress is broad enough to include the field of poetic art.

THE CUCKOO.

FORTH I wandered, years ago,
When the summer sun was low,
And the forest all aglow

With his light :
'Twas a day of cloudless skies ;
When the trout declines to rise,
And in vain the angler sighs
For a bite.

And the cuckoo piped away—
How I love his simple lay,
O'er the cowslip-fields of May
As it floats !

May was over, and of course
He was just a little hoarse,
And appeared to me to force
Certain notes.

Since mid-April, men averred,
People's pulses, inly stirred
By the music of the bird,
Had upheapt :

It was now the close of June ;
I reflected that he'd soon
Sing entirely out of tune,
And I wept.

Looking up, I marked a maid
Float balloon-like o'er the glade,
Casting evermore a staid
Glance around :

And I thrilled with sweet surprise
When she dropt, all virgin-wise,
First a courtesy, then her eyes
To the ground.

Others' eyes have p'raps to you
Seemed ethereally blue,
But you see you never knew
Kate Adair.

What a mien she had ! Her hat .
With what dignity it sat
On the mystery, or mat,
Of her hair !

We were neighbors. I had doff'd
'Cap and hat to her so oft
That the latter had grown soft
In the brim :
I had gone out of my way

To bid e'en her sire good-day,
Though I wasn't, I may say,
Fond of him :—

And we'd met, in streets and shops,
But by rill or mazy copse,
Where your speech abruptly stops
And you get
Incoherent ere you know it—
Where, though nothing of a poet,
You intuitively go it—
Never yet.

So my love had ne'er been told !
Till the day when forth I strolled
And the jolly cuckoo trolled
Out his song,
Naught had passed betwixt us two
Save a bashful 'How d'ye do'
And a blushing 'How do *you*
Get along ?'

But that eve—how swift it passed !—
Words that burned flew from me fast
For the first time and the last
In my life :

Low and lower drooped her chin,
As I murmured how I'd skin
Or behead myself to win
Such a wife.

There we stood. The squirrel leaped
Overhead : the throstle peeped
Through the leaves, all sunshine-steeped,
Of the lime.

There we stood alone : a third
Would have made the thing absurd :
And she scarcely spoke a word
All the time.

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We've a little Kate, a dear !
She's attained her thirteenth year,
And declares she feels a queer
Sort of shock—
Not unpleasant though at all—
When she hears a cuckoo call :
So I've purchased her a small
Cuckoo-clock.

INTERCOLLEGIATE SCHOLARSHIPS.

ON the twenty-fourth of last July, the pupils of New England colleges were assembled by hundreds, almost by thousands, at Springfield, for the only American festival that brings together students from different academical haunts,—the Intercollegiate Regatta. All over the United States, that afternoon, the graduates of those same colleges were watching the telegraphic wires almost as eagerly as if the presidential election were at stake. And at night, when the news came that Amherst had won, the name of this modest institution was uttered from a thousand lips with more flattering emphasis than if it had been announced as having given birth to a new Shakespeare.

Let us waive the question whether the precedence thus given to the boatmen over the book-men be a good or an evil. Certain it is, that those who labored, twenty years ago, to introduce physical as well as mental training into our educational system did not fail in their attempt. If it turns out that they succeeded only too well, the remedy is not to be found in condemning the boat, but in securing for the book its fair chance. And by way of helping toward this, it may be well to point out that the athletic interest has been wise enough to employ one special lever which the intellectual interest has thus far overlooked;—intercollegiate emulation.

* Grant that athletic skill has always the advantage, at any rate, so far as popular enthusiasm goes; that it makes more visible show for itself, and appeals to a larger constituency than any form of merely intellectual power. If such be the case, is that a reason why athletic skill should add the incentive of the only public tournament to which all colleges are summoned? If the athletes are, as many good people think, only children of this world, after all, why suffer them to be so much wiser in their generation than the children of light? With all the other attractions of mere bodily prowess, it certainly should not be allowed to keep to itself the whole stimulus of national competition.

Who is, at present, the most popular man in any American college? Who is it that is followed, boasted of, pointed out in the streets? Who is it whose photograph is sold? By confession of all, the stroke-oar of the crew, or the captain of the base-ball nine. Why so? Partly, no doubt, for the intrinsic charm of athletic skill; but largely also for another reason. The eminent scho-

lar of the university, the brilliant writer, the able debater, has but a local reputation. His fame is provincial, confined to his little corner of the Great Republic. He does nothing, as yet, to enhance the fame of his college in the world outside. Years after, perhaps, his maturer fame may retrospectively honor his Alma Mater, but in student days he wins for her no laurels, since there is no intellectual field of competition. But the man who pulls his oar or trains his crew with such success as to send the name of his college flashing over the wires, so that the poorest school-master in a Western log-hut may look up with pride and say, "*Et ego in Arcadiâ*,"—I also am a son of Amherst,"—he is and must be the hero of his little world, while human nature holds its own. At least he must be, unless there is some method by which intellectual pursuits can also, through some organized intercollegiate competition, get the benefit of this very natural impulse.

In England, where athletic exercises are carried much farther than with us, men have learned the lesson that I urge. There is intense athletic rivalry between the different colleges of each university, but there is intellectual competition also.

Upon the river Cam, on the twenty-fifth of May last, I saw a regatta of sixteen eight-oared crews—(our best American colleges rarely attempt to get beyond six oars)—and all that was fairest and wisest in the university town was collected on the banks, to help solve the momentous problem whether St. John's would "bump" Trinity. In the university Union rooms I saw the charts hanging, whereon for each decennial period the relative position of each college had been recorded, to be read of all men's eyes. There was Trinity at the top, with the straight horizontal line, carried firmly on for six years during which it had been "head of the river"—a line which finally turned downward this year at a most disastrous angle, leaving the largest college of the university to stand only third in its boating list. All this I saw, but I saw in all directions also, on the various bulletin-boards, the announcement of intellectual honors and prizes and appointments, won by open competition, through which the men of mind as well as the men of muscle could achieve honor for their respective colleges. Grant that all this hardly restores the balance in favor of brains, yet it does something toward restoring it. In our American system, there is now no

intercollegiate competition except for the muscles.

I believe that some farther provision is needed. As American colleges grow and multiply, we shall need, more and more, to bring them together for purposes of intellectual comparison. They can never be embraced, like the English colleges, within a few great university organizations. It is not desirable that they should be so embraced. But, in the absence of this, they need all the more to be united in intellectual emulation, as some of them are linked for athletic competition already. As one step toward this, why not try the experiment of Intercollegiate Scholarships?

There are collegiate scholarships already, in our chief institutions. Harvard has seventy-seven for undergraduates, with incomes varying from \$40 to \$300. There are also eight for Harvard law students—of \$100 each—and there are two graduate-scholarships, one of which is called a fellowship, for more advanced students. These last endowments amount respectively to \$10,000 and \$20,000. Yale has fewer scholarships for undergraduates, but more for graduates, there being four at least of these, varying in income from \$46 to \$120. Similar provision is being rapidly made, first for undergraduates, then for graduates, at most of our leading colleges. But that which I propose is a step beyond all these.

All these funds are for local and limited purposes. They are specific gifts to some particular institution, and bring it into no relation with any other. I know of no provision for any prize or income beyond the range of a single college; nothing that is open to the competition of all comers; nothing that unites in honorable rivalry the students of all. Yet this is precisely what is needed. Let us see how it can be brought about. There are few things pleasanter than spending other people's money. Let us make ourselves, therefore, the almoners of some perplexed millionaire, and dispose of ten or twenty thousand dollars for him.

We will suppose that our millionaire, like many of his brethren, is without academical training, and would therefore as willingly oblige a hundred colleges as one. Let him select a board of trustees to take care of a fund for a scholarship, and another board of learned men to examine candidates. Let him then send circulars to all the colleges,—just as the English universities, when they have scholarships to award, send circulars to Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Chelten-

ham, and the rest,—inviting competitors to the examination. The best man will win, and will thus achieve something for the credit of his college. And when such scholarships multiply, and the records of their examinations accumulate, they will furnish as fair a test of the comparative intellectual training of our colleges as the regattas now furnish of their physical prowess.

But this would be only half the competition. These scholarships should not only be open to the pupils of all our colleges,—graduates or undergraduates, as might be thought best,—but their income should be available for use at any college, or at a series of colleges. A successful candidate might come from Princeton and go back to enjoy his scholarship there; or he might prefer to spend the prescribed years of his appointment at Cornell, or Yale, or Harvard. It would thus become a point of pride with our institutions, first, to furnish the largest quota of candidates for the Intercollegiate Scholarships; and secondly, to attract as residents those who had won these prizes. This second competition between colleges is not, however, essential to the plan; and it might be found best to let the successful competitors pursue their studies in Europe, if they preferred. The essential part of the project is the absolutely free competition for the scholarships, from all academical sources.

It is to be observed, that as such scholarships are multiplied, they will naturally be distributed over a range of special studies, and thus test the varied points of many institutions. Suppose the first three Intercollegiate Scholarships to be given for excellence in Philology, in Mathematics and in Natural History; the examining committees being taken respectively from the Philological Society, the Coast Survey, and the Smithsonian Institution. It would not be hard to guess which college would be most likely to lead in each of these competitions, though one might guess wrong. The prize might be carried off, after all, by some obscure institution, which had only prepared for the contest as Amherst prepared for the regatta; by quietly rearing a race of thoroughly trained men. Colleges would soon pride themselves on winning these laurels, as do the great schools of England on securing those of Oxford and Cambridge. I heard of a Scotch teacher who had achieved a national reputation for his school by the regularity with which his pupils had taken certain scholarships at Oxford, year after year. I think that the spirit of competition should

be extended, among ourselves, to such things as these, and not be limited to the biceps muscle.

I am satisfied that no academical emulation now known among us equals that which a system of Intercollegiate Scholarships would create. For the first time, there would be an intellectual competition on a national arena. The first scholar in his class is now apt to be a lonely being; his pursuits are solitary; so are his successes. If he wins applause, it is a local and provincial applause, agreeable, yet sometimes hurtful. But a public competition against those who represent the foremost educational institutions of the land,—this would be a stimulus. I was assured, at Oxford, that the university prizes, of whatever grade, were regarded as more honorable than any successes a separate college could give, because in the former case the success was won against the combined talent of the whole university. But, with our detached institutions, the same result can only be had through organized intercollegiate competition. The boating men have already secured this, but the men of books have it still to seek.

Into such a competition, of course, no question of politics, of religion, of race, should enter. By the time it goes into effect, the admission of women into our best colleges will probably have gone so far as virtually to remove even the question of sex from this arena. In the late competition for the Ricardo Scholarship of Political Economy, it was awarded by the University of London to Miss Orme, against six competitors, four of these being young men and two young women. If separate female colleges are to continue to exist, they will of course be entitled to compete. It would be absurd indeed to institute an astronomical scholarship, and then to exclude from competition the pupils of Maria Mitchell.

The regulations needed for the Intercollegiate Scholarship would naturally be founded upon those for the Graduate Scholarships already existing. In the Harvard Annual Catalogue for 1871-72, for instance, there appears on p. 120 (2d ed.) this extract from the directions given by the founder of one of these:—

"I direct that the Corporation, from time to time, shall select from the Senior Class the member who from his natural gifts, attainments, and general character, intellectual and moral, they, after consultation with the Faculty of the College, shall deem best fitted to attain the object contemplated by this donation,—and shall offer to him from said income and profits an annual grant of money upon the following conditions, viz.:—

"That he shall reside at Cambridge, and shall faithfully devote his time and thoughts to the pursuit of such branches and courses of study as he, with the approbation of the Corporation, may select. That whilst a recipient of this grant he shall engage in no studies designed to prepare him for a special profession, nor in any other business or occupation except that of a Proctor of the College, —or an occasional examiner of some of the classes, at the request of the Corporation. That, from time to time, he shall be subject to be called upon to give such evidence of his fidelity and proficiency as the Corporation may require, and especially to write essays and dissertations upon such subjects, within the circle of his studies, as they shall designate, and these, when completed, shall be at their disposal."

Substitute for this mode of selection a competitive examination by some authorized body, and strike out the required residence at Cambridge, and you have essentially what is needed for the foundation of an Intercollegiate Scholarship.

If some such measure has not before been proposed among us, it is probably because our collegiate system has not hitherto been ripe for it. But it is now ripe, or soon will be; and this opinion is indorsed by the most experienced college officers to whom the project has been submitted. I would therefore urge its consideration on those interested in this class of subjects, and shall be glad to receive any hints that may go towards the perfecting of the plan. There is no well-devised educational measure that does not sooner or later find, in America, a purse to back it.



A NIGHT IN THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES.

It was in the time of the Second Empire. To be exact, it was the night of the 18th of June, 1868; I remember the date, because, contrary to the astronomical theory of short nights at this season, this was the longest night I ever saw. It was the loveliest time of the year in Paris, when one was tempted to lounge all day in the gardens, and to give to sleep none of the balmy nights in this gay capital where the night was illuminated like the day, and some new pleasure or delight always led along the sparkling hours. Any day the Garden of the Tuileries was a microcosm repaying study. There idle Paris sunned itself; through it the promenaders flowed from the Rue de Rivoli gate by the palace to the entrance on the Place de la Concorde, out to the Champs Elysées and back again; here in the north grove gathered thousands to hear the regimental bands in the afternoon; children chased butterflies about the flower-beds and amid the tubs of orange-trees; travelers, guide-book in hand, stood resolutely and incredulously before the groups of statuary, wondering what that Infant was doing with the snakes, and why the recumbent figure of the Nile should have so many children climbing over him; or watched the long façade of the palace hour after hour, in the hope of catching at some window the flutter of a royal robe; and swarthy, turbaned Zouaves, erect, lithe, *insouciant*, with the firm, springy step of the tiger, lounged along the allées.

Napoleon was at home—a fact attested by a reversal of the hospitable rule of democracy, no visitors being admitted to the palace when he is at home. The private garden, close to the imperial residence, was also closed to the public, who in vain looked across the sunken fence to the parterres, fountains, and statues, in the hope that the mysterious man would come out there and publicly enjoy himself. But he never came, though I have no doubt that he looked out of the windows upon the beautiful garden and his happy Parisians, upon the groves of horse-chestnuts, the needle-like fountain beyond, the column of Luxor, up the famous and shifting vista terminated by the Arch of the Star, and reflected with Christian complacency upon the greatness of a monarch who was the lord of such splendors, and the goodness of a ruler who opened them all to his children. Especially when the western sunshine streamed down over it all, turning even the dust of the atmosphere into gold

and emblazoning the windows of the Tuileries with a sort of historic glory, his heart must have swelled within him in throbs of imperial exultation. It is the fashion nowadays not to consider him a great man, but no one pretends to measure his goodness.

The public garden of the Tuileries was closed at dusk, no one being permitted to remain in it after dark. I suppose it was not safe to trust the Parisians in the covert of its shades after night-fall, and no one could tell what foreign fanatics and assassins might do if they were permitted to pass the night so near the imperial residence. At any rate, everybody was drummed out before the twilight fairly began, and at the most fascinating hour for dreaming in the ancient garden. After sundown the great door of the Pavillon de l'Horloge swung open and there issued from it a drum-corps, which marched across the private garden and down the broad allée of the public garden, drumming as if the Judgment-day were at hand, straight to the great gate of the Place de la Concorde, and returning by a side allée, beating up every covert and filling all the air with clamor until it disappeared, still thumping, into the court of the palace; and all the square seemed to ache with the sound. Never was there such pounding since Thackeray's old Pierre, who, "just to keep up his drumming, one day drummed down the Bastille:"

"At midnight I beat the tattoo,
And woke up the Pikemen of Paris
To follow the bold Barbaroux."

On the waves of this drumming the people poured out from every gate of the garden, until the last loiterer passed and the gendarmes closed the portals for the night. Before the lamps were lighted along the Rue de Rivoli and in the great square of the Revolution, the garden was left to the silence of its statues and its thousand memories. I often used to wonder, as I looked through the iron railing at night-fall, what might go on there, and whether historic shades might not flit about in the ghostly walks.

Late in the afternoon of the eighteenth of June, after a long walk through the galleries of the Louvre, and excessively weary, I sat down to rest on a secluded bench in the southern grove of the garden, hidden from view by the tree-trunks. Where I sat I could see the old men and the children in that sunny flower-garden, *à la Petite Provence*,

and I could see the great fountain-basin facing the Porte du Pont-Tournant. I must have heard the evening drumming, which was the signal for me to quit the garden; for I suppose even the dead in Paris hear that, and are sensitive to the throb of the glory-calling drum. But, if I did hear it, it was only like an echo of the past, and I did not heed it any more than Napoleon in his tomb at the Invalides heeds, through the drawn curtain, the chanting of the daily mass. Overcome, with fatigue, I must have slept soundly.

When I awoke it was dark under the trees. I started up and went into the broad promenade. The garden was deserted; I could hear the plash of the fountains, but no other sound therein. Lights were gleaming from the windows of the Tuileries, lights blazed along the Rue de Rivoli, dotted the great Square, and glowed for miles up the Champs Elysées. There was the steady roar of wheels and the tramping of feet without, but within was the stillness of death.

What should I do? I am not naturally nervous, but to be caught lurking in the Tuileries Garden in the night would involve me in the gravest peril. The simple way would have been to have gone to the gate nearest the Pavillon de Marsan, and said to the policeman on duty there that I had inadvertently fallen asleep, that I was usually a wide-awake citizen of the land that Lafayette went to save, that I wanted my dinner, and would like to get out. I walked down near enough to the gate to see the policeman, but my courage failed. Before I could stammer out half that explanation to him in his trifling language (which foreigners are mockingly told is the best in the world for conversation), he would either have slipped his hateful rapier through my body, or have raised an alarm and called out the guards of the palace to hunt me down like a rabbit.

A man in the Tuileries Garden at night! an assassin! a conspirator! one of the carbonari, perhaps a dozen of them—who knows?—Orsini bombs, gunpowder, Greek fire, Polish refugees, murder, *émeutes*, REVOLUTION!

No, I'm not going to speak to that person in the cocked-hat and dress-coat under these circumstances. Conversation with him out of the best phrase-books would be uninteresting. Diplomatic row between the two countries would be the least dreaded result of it. A suspected conspirator against the life of Napoleon, without a chance for explanation, I saw myself clubbed, gagged, bound, searched (my minute notes of the

Tuileries confiscated), and trundled off to the Conciergerie, and hung up to the ceiling in an iron cage there, like Ravallac.

I drew back into the shade and rapidly walked to the western gate. It was closed, of course. On the gate-piers stand the winged steeds of Marly, never less admired than by me at that moment. They interested me less than a group of the Corps d'Afrique, who lounged outside, guarding the entrance from the square, and unsuspecting that any assassin was trying to get out. I could see the gleam of the lamps on their bayonets and hear their soft tread. Ask them to let me out? How nimbly they would have scaled the fence and transfixed me! They like to do such things. No, no—whatever I do, I must keep away from the clutches of these cats of Africa.

And enough there was to do, if I had been in a mind to do it. All the seats to sit in, all the statuary to inspect, all the flowers to smell. The southern terrace overlooking the Seine was closed, or I might have amused myself with the toy-railway of the Prince Imperial that ran nearly the whole length of it, with its switches and turnouts and houses; or I might have passed delightful hours there watching the lights along the river and the blazing illumination on the distant Trocadero. But I ascended the familiar northern terrace and wandered amid its bowers, in company with Hercules, Meleager, and other worthies I knew only by sight, smelling the orange-blossoms, and trying to fix the site of the old riding-school where the National Assembly sat in 1789.

It must have been eleven o'clock when I found myself down by the private garden next the palace. Many of the lights in the offices of the household had been extinguished, but the private apartments of the Emperor in the wing south of the central pavilion were still illuminated. The Emperor evidently had not so much desire to go to bed as I had. I knew the windows of his *petits appartements*, as what good American did not?—and I wondered if he was just then taking a little supper, if he had bid good night to Eugénie, if he was alone in his room, reflecting upon his grandeur and thinking what suit he should wear on the morrow in his ride to the Bois. Perhaps he was dictating an editorial for the official journal; perhaps he was according an interview to the correspondent of the London *Glorifier*; perhaps one of the Abbots was with him! Or was he composing one of those important love-letters of state to Madame Blank which have since delighted the lovers of litera-

ture? I am not a spy, and I scorn to look into people's windows late at night, but I was lonesome and hungry, and all that square round about swarmed with imperial guards, policemen, keen-scented Zouaves, and nobody knows what other suspicious folk. If Napoleon had known that there was a

MAN IN THE GARDEN!

I suppose he would have called up his family, waked the drum-corps, sent for the Prefect of Police, put on the alert the *sergents de ville*, ordered under arms a regiment of the Imperial Guards, and made it unpleasant for the Man.

All these thoughts passed through my mind, not with the rapidity of lightning, as is usual in such cases, but with the slowness of conviction. If I should be discovered, death would only stare me in the face about a minute. If he waited five minutes, who would believe my story of going to sleep and not hearing the drums? and if it were true, why didn't I go at once to the gate, and not lurk round there all night like another Clement? And then I wondered if it was not the disagreeable habit of some night-patrol or other to beat round the garden before the Sire went to bed for good, to find just such characters as I was gradually getting to feel myself to be.

But nobody came. Twelve o'clock, one o'clock sounded from the tower of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, from the belfry that the signal was given for the beginning of the massacre of St. Bartholomew—the same bells that tolled all that dreadful night while the slaughter went on, while the effeminate Charles IX. fired from the windows of the Louvre upon stray fugitives on the quay—bells, the reminiscent sound of which a legend (which I fear is not true) says at length drove Catharine de Medici from the Tuileries.

One o'clock! The lights were going out in the Tuileries, had nearly all gone out. I wondered if the suspicious and timid and wasteful Emperor would keep the gas burning all night in his room. The night-roar of Paris still went on, sounding always to foreign ears like the beginning of a revolution. As I stood there, looking at the window that interested me most, the curtains were drawn, the window was opened, and a form appeared in a white robe. I had never seen the Emperor before in a night-gown, but I should have known him among a thousand. The Man of Destiny had on a white cotton night-

cap, with a peaked top and no tassel. It was the most natural thing in the world; he was taking a last look over his restless Paris before he turned in. What if he should see *me*! I respected that last look and withdrew into the shadow. Tired and hungry, I sat down to reflect upon the pleasures of the gay capital.

One o'clock and a half! I had presence of mind enough to wind my watch; indeed I was not likely to forget that, for time hung heavy on my hands. It *was* a gay capital. Would it never put out its lights and cease its uproar, and leave me to my reflections? In less than an hour the country legions would invade the city, the market-wagons would rumble down the streets, the vegetable-man and the strawberry-woman, the fishmongers and the greens-venders would begin their melodious cries, and there would be no repose for a man even in a public garden. It is secluded enough, with the gates locked, and there is plenty of room to turn over and change position; but it is a wakeful situation at the best, a haunting sort of place, and I was not sure it was not haunted.

I had often wondered, as I strolled about here in the daytime or peered through the iron fence at dusk, if strange things did not go on here at night, with this crowd of effigies of persons historical and more or less mythological, in this garden peopled with the representatives of the dead, and no doubt by the shades of kings and queens and courtiers, *intrigantes* and panders, priests and soldiers, who lived once in this old pile—real shades, which are always invisible in the sunlight. They have local attachments, I suppose. Can science tell *when* they depart forever from the scenes of their objective intrusion into the affairs of this world, or how long they are permitted to revisit them? Is it true that in certain spiritual states, say of isolation or intense nervous alertness, we can see them as they can see each other? There was I—the I catalogued in the police description—present in that garden, yet so earnestly longing to be somewhere else, that would it be wonderful if my *eidolon* was somewhere else and could be seen?—though not by a policeman, for policemen have no spiritual vision.

There were no policemen in the garden, that I was certain of; but a little after half-past one I saw a Man, not a man I had ever seen before, clad in doublet and hose, with a short cloak and a flat cap with a white plume, come out of the Pavillon de Flore and turn down the quay toward the house—I had

seen that afternoon where it stood—of the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrées. I might have been mistaken but for the fact that, just at this moment, a window opened in the wing of the same pavilion, and an effeminate boyish face, weak and cruel, with a crown on its head, appeared and looked down into the shadow of the building as if its owner saw what I had seen. And there was nothing remarkable in this, except that now-a-days kings do not wear crowns at night. It occurred to me that there was a masquerade going on in the Tuileries, though I heard no music, except the tinkle of, it might be, a harp, or "the lascivious pleasing of a lute in a lady's chamber," and I walked along down toward the central pavilion. I was just in time to see two ladies emerge from it and disappear, whispering together, in the shrubbery; the one old, tall and dark, with the Italian complexion, in a black robe, and the other young, *petite*, extraordinarily handsome, and clad in light and bridal stuffs, yet both with the same wily look that set me thinking on poisons, and with a grace and a subtle carriage of deceit that could be common only to mother and daughter. I didn't choose to walk any farther in the part of the garden they had chosen for a night promenade, and turned off abruptly.

What?

There, on the bench of the marble hemicycle in the north grove, sat a row of gray-beards, old men in the costume of the first Revolution, a sort of serene and benignant Arcopagus. In the cleared space before them were a crowd of youths and maidens, spectators and participants in the Floral Games which were about to commence; behind the old men stood attendants who bore chaplets of flowers, the prizes in the games. The young men wore short red tunics with copper belts, formerly worn by Roman lads at the *ludii*, and the girls tunics of white with loosened girdles, leaving their limbs unrestrained for dancing, leaping or running; their hair was confined only by a fillet about the head. The pipers began to play and the dancers to move in rhythmic measures, with the slow and languid grace of those full of sweet wine and the new joy of the Spring, according to the habits of the golden age, which had come again by decree in Paris. This was the beginning of the classic sports, but it is not possible for a modern pen to describe particularly the Floral Games. I remember that the Convention ordered the placing of these hemicycles in the garden, and they were executed from Robespierre's designs; but I sup-

pose I am the only person who ever saw the games played that were expected to be played before them. It was a curious coincidence that the little livid-green man was also there, leaning against a tree and looking on with a half sneer. It seemed to me an odd classic revival, but then Paris has spasms of that, at the old Théâtre Français and elsewhere.

Pipes in the garden, lutes in the palace, paganism, Revolution—the situation was becoming mixed, and I should not have been surprised at a ghostly procession from the Place de la Concorde, through the western gates, of the thousands of headless nobility, victims of the axe and the basket; but, thank Heaven, nothing of that sort appeared to add to the wonders of the night; yet, as I turned a moment from the dancers, I thought I saw something move in the shrubbery. The Laocoön? It could not be. The arms moving? Yes. As I drew nearer the arms distinctly moved, putting away at length the coiling serpent, and pushing from the pedestal the old-men boys, his comrades in agony. Laocoön shut his mouth, which had been stretched open for about eighteen centuries, untwisted the last coil of the snake, and stepped down, a free man. After this it did not surprise me to see Spartacus also step down and approach him, and the two ancients square off for fisticuffs, as if they had done it often before, enjoying at night the release from the everlasting pillory of art. It was the hour of releases, and I found myself in a moment in the midst of a "classic revival," whimsical beyond description. Æneas hastened to deposit his aged father in a heap on the gravel and ran after the Sylvan Nymphs; Theseus gave the Minotaur a respite; Themistocles was bending over the dying Spartan, who was coming to life; Venus Pudica was waltzing about the diagonal basin with Antinous; Ascanius was playing marbles with the infant Hercules. In this unreal phantasmagoria it was a relief to me to see walking in the area of the private garden two men: the one a stately person with a kingly air, a handsome face, his head covered with a huge wig that fell upon his shoulders; the other a farmer-like man, stout and ungracious, the counterpart of the pictures of the intendant Colbert. He was pointing up to the palace, and seemed to be speaking of some alterations, to which talk the other listened impatiently. I wondered what Napoleon, who by this time was probably dreaming of Mexico, would have said, if he had looked out and seen, no: one man in the garden, but dozens of men.

and all the stir that I saw ; if he had known, indeed, that the Great Monarch was walking under his windows.

I said it was a relief to me to see two real men, but I had no reason to complain of solitude thereafter till daybreak. That any one saw or noticed me I doubt, and I soon became so reassured that I had more delight than fear in watching the coming and going of personages I had supposed dead a hundred years and more, the appearance at windows of faces lovely, faces sad, faces terror-stricken, the opening of casements and the dropping of billets into the garden, the flutter of disappearing robes, the faint sounds of revels from the interior of the palace, the hurrying of feet, the flashing of lights, the clink of steel, that told of partings and sudden armings, and the presence of a king that will be denied at no doors. I saw through the windows of the long Galerie de Diane the *roués* of the Regency at supper, and at table with them a dark, semi-barbarian little man in a coat of Russian sable, the coolest head in Europe at a drinking-bout. I saw enter the south pavilion a tall lady in black, with the air of a royal procuress ; and presently crossed the garden and disappeared in the pavilion a young Parisian girl, and then another and another, a flock of innocents, and I thought instantly of that dreadful Parc aux Cerfs at Versailles.

So wrought upon was I by the sight of this infamy that I scarcely noticed the incoming of a royal train at the southern end of the palace, and notably in it a lady with light hair and noble mien, and the look in her face of a hunted lioness at bay. I say scarcely, for hardly had the royal cortège passed within, when there arose a great clamor in the inner court, like the roar of an angry multitude, a scuffling of many feet, firing of guns, thrusting of pikes, followed by yells of defiance in mingled French and German, the pitching of Swiss guards from door-ways and windows, and the flashing of flambeaux that ran hither and thither. "Oho !" I said, "Paris has come to call upon its sovereign ; the pikemen of Paris, led by the bold Barbaroux."

The tumult subsided as suddenly as it had risen, hushed, I imagined, by the jarring of cannon from the direction of St. Roche ; and in the quiet I saw a little soldier alight at the Rue de Rivoli gate—a little man whom you might mistake for a corporal of the guard—with a wild, coarse-featured Corsican (say, rather, Basque) face, his disordered chestnut hair darkened to black locks by the use of

pomatum—a face selfish and false, but determined as fate. So this was the beginning of the Napoleon "legend," and by and by this coarse head will be idealized into the Roman Emperor type, in which I myself might have believed but for the revelations of this night of strange adventure.

What is history ? What is this drama and spectacle, that has been put forth as history, but a cover for petty intrigue, and deceit, and selfishness, and cruelty ? A man shut into the Tuileries Garden begins to think that it is all an illusion, the trick of a disordered fancy. Who was Grand, who was Well-Beloved, who was Desired, who was the Idol of the French, who was worthy to be called a King of the Citizens ? O for the light of day !

And it came, faint and tremulous, touching the terraces of the palace and the column of Luxor. But what procession was that moving along the southern terrace ? A squad of the National Guard on horseback, a score or so of king's officers, a King on foot, walking with uncertain step, a Queen leaning on his arm, both habited in black, moved out of the western gate. The king and the queen paused a moment on the very spot where Louis XVI. was beheaded, and then got into a carriage drawn by one horse and were driven rapidly along the quays in the direction of St. Cloud. And again Revolution, on the heels of the fugitives, poured into the old palace and filled it with its tatterdemalions.

Enough for me that daylight began to broaden. "Sleep on," I said, "O real President, real Emperor (by the grace of *coup d'état*) at last, in the midst of the most virtuous court in Europe, loved of good Americans, eternally established in the hearts of your devoted Parisians ! Peace to the palace and peace to its lovely garden, of both of which I have had quite enough for one night."

The sun came up, and as I looked about all the shades and concourse of the night had vanished. Day had begun in the vast city, with all its roar and tumult, but the garden-gates would not open till seven, and I must not be seen before the early stragglers should enter and give me a chance of escape. In my circumstances I would rather be the first to enter than the first to go out in the morning, past those lynx-eyed gendarmes. From my covert I eagerly watched for my coming deliverers. The first to appear was a *chiffonnier*, who threw his sack and pick down by the basin, bathed his face, and drank from his hand. It seemed to me almost like an act

of worship, and I would have embraced that rag-picker as a brother. But I knew that such a proceeding in the name even of *égalité* and *fraternité* would have been misinterpreted; and I waited till two and three and a dozen entered by this gate and that, and I was at full liberty to stretch my limbs

and walk out upon the quay as nonchalant as if I had been taking a morning stroll.

I have reason to believe that the police of Paris never knew where I spent the night of the 18th of June. It must have mystified them.

THE CHRISTMAS CLUB.

A GHOST STORY.

"THE Dickens!"

That was just what Charley Vanderhuyn said that Christmas Eve, and as a faithful historian I give the exact words. It sounded like swearing, though why we should regard it profane to make free with the devil's name, or even his Nickname, I never could see. Can you? Besides, there was some ambiguity about Charley's use of the word under the circumstances, and he himself couldn't tell whether his exclamation had reference to the Author of Evils or only to the Author of Novels. The circumstances were calculated to suggest equally thoughts of the Great Teller of Stories and of the Great Story-teller, and I have a mind to amuse you at this Christmas season by telling you the circumstances, and letting you decide, if you can, which Dickens it was that Charles Vanderhuyn intended.

Charley Vanderhuyn was one of those young men that could grow nowhere on this Continent except in New York. He had none of the severe dignity that belongs to a young man of wealth who has passed his life in sight of long rows of red brick houses, with clean door steps and white wooden shutters. Something of the venerableness of Independence Hall, the dignity of Girard College, and the air of financial importance that belongs to the Mint, gets into the blood of a Philadelphian. Charley had none of that. Neither did he have that air of profound thought, that Adams-Hancock-Quincy-Webster-Emerson-Sumner look that is the inevitable mark of Beacon Street. When you see such a young man you know that he has grown part of Faneuil Hall, and the Common, and the Pond, and the Historic Elm. He has lived where the very trees are learned, and carry their Latin names about with them. Charley had none of the "vim" and dash that belongs to a Westerner. He was of the metropolis—metropolitan. He had good

blood in him, else he could never have founded the Christmas Club, for you cannot get more out of a man than there is in his blood. Charley Vanderhuyn bore a good old Dutch name—I have heard that the Van der Huyns were a famous and noble family—his Dutch blood was mingled with other good strains, and the whole was mellowed into generousness and geniality in generations of prosperous ancestors; for the richest and choicest fruit (and the rankest weeds, as well!) can only be produced in the sunlight. And a very choice fruit of a very choice stock was and is our Charley Vanderhuyn. That everybody knows who knows him now, and that we all felt who knew him earlier, in the days of the Hasheesh Club.

You remember the Hasheesh Club, doubtless. In its day it numbered the choicest spirits in New York, and the very center of all of them was this same Charley Vanderhuyn, whose face, the boys used to say, was like the British Empire—for on it the sun never set. His unflagging spirits, his keen love for society, his quick sympathy with everybody, his fine appreciation of every man's good points, whatever they might be, made Charley a prince wherever he went. I said he was the center of the circle of young men about the Hasheesh Club ten years ago, and so he was, though, to tell the truth, he was then but about twenty-one years of age. They had a great time at the Club, I remember, when he came of age, and came into possession of his patrimony—a trifle of half a million I believe. He gave a dinner, and there was such a time as the Hasheesh Club never saw before nor since. I fear there was over-much wine-drinking, and I am sure there was a fearful amount of punch drunk. Charley never drank to excess, never lost his self-control for a moment under any temptation. But there was many another young man of different temperament, to whom

the rooms of the Club were what candles are to moths. One poor fellow, who always burnt his wings, was a blue-eyed golden-haired young magazine writer of that day. We all thought of his ability and promise—his name was John Perdue, but you will doubtless remember him by his *nom de plume* of "Baron Bertram." Poor fellow! he loved Charley passionately, and always drank himself drunk at the Club. He wasted all he had and all he made, his clothes grew shabby, he borrowed of Charley, who was always open-handed, until his pride would allow him to borrow no more. He had just married, too, and he was so ashamed of his own wreck that he completed his ruin by drinking to forget it. I am not writing a story with a temperance moral; temperance tales are always stupid, and always useless. The world is brimfull of walking morals on that subject, and if one will not read the lesson of the life of his next-door neighbor, what use of bringing Lazarus from the dead to warn him of a perdition that glares at him out of the eyes of so many men.

I only mentioned John Perdue—poor golden haired "Baron Bertram"—because he had something to do with the circumstances which led Charley Vanderhuyn to use that ambiguous interjection about "the Dickens!" Perdue, as I said, dropped away from the Hasheesh Club, lost his employment as literary editor of the *Luminary*, fell out of good society, and at last earned barely enough to keep him and his wife and his child in bread, and to supply himself with whiskey, by writing sensation stories for the "penny dreadfuls." We all suspected that he would not have received half so much for his articles had they been paid for on their merits, or at the standard price for hack writing. But Charley Vanderhuyn had something to do with it. He sent Henry Vail—he always sent Henry Vail on his missions of mercy—to find out where Perdue sold his articles, and I have no doubt the price of each article was doubled, at Vanderhuyn's expense.

And that mention of Henry Vail reminds me that I cannot tell this story rightly unless I let you know who he was. A distant relation of Charley's, I believe. He was a studious fellow from the country, and quite awkward in company. The contrast between him and Charley was marked. Vanderhuyn was absolutely *au fait* in all the usages of society: he knew by instinct how a thing ought to be done, and his example was law. He had a genius for it, everybody said. Vail was afraid of his shadow, did not know just what was proper to do in any new circumstances. His

manners hung about him loosely—Vanderhuyn's were part of himself. When Vail came to the Hasheesh Club for the first time, it was on the occasion of Charley's majority dinner. Vail consulted Vanderhuyn about his costume, and was told that he must wear evening dress; and never having seen anything but provincial society, he went with perfect assurance to a tailor's and ordered a new frock coat and a white vest. When he saw that the other gentlemen present wore dress coats, and that most of them had black vests, he was in some consternation. He even debated whether he should not go out and hire a dress coat for the evening. He drew Charley aside, and asked him why he did not tell him that those sparrow-tail things had come into fashion again!

But he never took kindly to the club-life; he soon saw that however harmless it might be to some men, it was destruction to others. After attending a few times, Henry Vail, who was something of a Puritan, and much of a philanthropist, declared his opposition to what he called an English dissipation.

Henry Vail was a scholarly fellow, of real genius, and studied for the ministry; but he had original notions, and about the time he was to have taken deacon's orders in the Episcopal Church he drew back. He said that orders would do for some men, but he did not intend to build a wall between himself and his fellows. He could do more by remaining a man of like passions with other men than he could by casing himself in a clerical "strait-jacket," as he called it. Having a little income of his own, he set up on his own account, in the dingiest part of that dingy street called Huckleberry Street—the name, with all its suggestions of fresh fields and pure air and liberty, is a dreary mockery. Just where Greenfield Court—the blackest and dingiest of New York alleys—runs out of Huckleberry Street, he set up shop, to use his own expression. He was a kind of independent lay clergyman, ministering to the physical and spiritual wants of his neighbors, climbing to garrets and penetrating to cellars, now talking to a woman who owned a candy and gingerbread stall, and now helping to bury a drunken sailor. Such a life for a scholar! But he always declared that digging out Greek and Hebrew roots was not half so fascinating a work as digging out human souls from the filth of Huckleberry Street.

Of course he did not want for money to carry on his operations. Charley Vanderhuyn's investments brought large returns, and Charley knew how to give. When

Vail would begin a pathetic story, Vanderhuyn would draw out his check-book, and say, "How much shall it be, Harry?—never mind the story. It's handy to have you to give away my money for me. I should never take the trouble to see that it went to the people that needed. One dollar given by you is worth ten that I bestow on Tom, Dick and Harry, so I prefer to let Tom and Dick go without, and give it all to Harry." In fact Vanderhuyn had been the prey of so many impostors that he adopted the plan of sending all of his applicants to Vail, with a note to him, which generally ran thus, "Please investigate." The tramps soon ceased to bother him, and then he took to entrusting to Vail each month a sum equal to what he had been in the habit of giving away loosely.

It was about the first of December, four years ago, that Harry Vail, grown younger and fresher in two years of toil among the poor—glorified he seemed by the tenderness of his sympathies and the nobleness of his aims—it was four years ago that Harry came into Charley Vanderhuyn's rooms for his regular monthly allotment. Vail generally came in the evening, and Charley generally managed to be disengaged for that evening. The two old friends whose paths diverged so widely were fond of one another's company, and Vail declared that he needed one evening in the month with Vanderhuyn; he liked to carry away some of Charley's sunshine to the darkness of Huckleberry Street and Greenfield Court. And Charley said that Harry brought more sunlight than he took. I believe he was right. Charley, like all men who live without a purpose, was growing less refined and charming than he had been, his cheeks were just a trifle graver than those of the young Charley had been. But he talked magnificently as ever. Vail said that he himself was an explorer in a barbarous desert, and that Charles Vanderhuyn was the one civilized man he could meet.

It is a curious thing that Vail had never urged Charley to a different life from the self-indulgent one that he led, but it was a peculiarity of Henry's that he was slow to attack a man directly. I have heard that it was one great secret of his success among the poor, that he would meet an intemperate man twenty times, perhaps, before he attacked his vice. Then, when the man had ceased to stand guard, Vail would suddenly find an entrance to him by an unwatched gate. It was remarkable, too, that when he did seize on a man he never for an instant relaxed his

grasp. I have often looked at his aquiline nose, and wondered if it were not an index to this eagle-like swoop at the right moment, and this unwavering firmness of hold.

On this evening, about the first of December, four years ago, he sat in Charley's cozy bed-room and listened to Vanderhuyn's stories of a life antipodal to the life he was accustomed to see—for the antipodes do not live round the world, but round the first street corner—he listened and laughed at the graphic and eloquent and grotesque pictures that Charley drew for him till nearly midnight, and then got ready to go back to his home, among the noisy saloons of Huckleberry Street. Charley drew out his check-book, and wrote and tore off the check, and handed it to Vail.

"I want more, Charley, this time," said Vail in his quiet, earnest way, with gray eyes fixed on his friend's blue ones.

"Got more widows without coal than usual, eh, old fellow? How much shall it be? Double? Ask anything. I can't refuse the half of my fortune to such a good angel as you are, Vail. I don't spend any money that pays so well as what I give you. I go to the clubs and to parties. I sit at the opera and listen to Signora Scracchioli, and say to myself, 'Well, there's Vail using my money to help some poor devil in trouble.' I tell you I get a comfortable conscience by an easy system of commutation. Here, exchange with me, this is for double the amount, and I am glad you mentioned it."

"But I want more than that this time," and Vail fixed his eyes on Charley in a way that made the latter feel just a little ill at ease, a sensation very new to him.

"Well, how much, Harry? Don't be afraid to ask. I told you you should have half my kingdom, old fellow?" And Vanderhuyn took his pen, and began to date another check.

"But Charley, I am almost afraid to ask; I want more than half you have—I want something worth more than all you have."

"Why, you make me curious. Never saw you in that vein before, Vail," and Charley twisted a piece of paper, lighted it in the gas-jet, and held it gracefully in his fingers while he set his cigar going, hoping to hide his restlessness under the wistful gaze of his friend by this occupation of his attention.

But however nervous Henry Vail might be in the performance of little acts that were mere matters of convention, there was no lack of quiet self-possession in matters that called out his earnestness of spirit. And now

he sat gazing steadily at Charley until the cigar had been gracefully lighted, the bit of paper tossed on the grate, and until Charley had watched his cigar a moment. When the latter reluctantly brought his eyes back into range with the dead-earnest ones that had never ceased to look on him with that strange wistful expression, then Henry Vail proceeded.

"I want *you*, Charley."

Charley laughed heartily now. "Me? What a missionary *I* would make! Kid-glove gospeller I'd be called in the first three days. What a superb Sunday-school teacher I'd make! Why, Henry Vail, you know better. There's just one thing in this world I have a talent for—and that's society. I'm a man of the world in my very fiber. But as for following in your illustrious footsteps—I wish I could be so good a man, but you see I'm not built in that way. I'm a man of the world."

"That's just what I want," said Henry Vail, looking with the same tender, wistful look into his friend's eyes. "If I'd wanted a missionary I shouldn't have come to you. If I'd wanted a Sunday-school teacher, I could have found twenty better; and for tract distributing and Bible-reading, you couldn't do either if you'd try. What I want for Huckleberry Street more than I want anything else, is a man of the world. You are a man of the world,—of the whole world. I have seen a restaurant waiter stop and gape and listen to your talk. I have seen a coal-heaver delighted with your manners when you paid him. Charley, you're the most magnificent man of the world I ever saw. Must a man of the world be useless? I tell you I want you for God and Huckleberry Street, and I mean to have you some day, old fellow;" and the perfect assurance with which he said this, and the settled conviction of final success that was visible in his quiet gray eyes, fascinated Charley Vanderhuyn, and he felt spell-bound, like the wedding guest by the "Ancient Mariner."

"I tell you what, Henry," he said presently, "I've got no call. I'm an Epicurean. I say to you in the words of an American poet :—
'Take the current of your nature, make it stagnant if you will :
Dam it up to drudge forever at the service of your will.
Mine the rapture and the freedom of the torrent at the hill !
I shall wander o'er the meadows where the fairest blossoms call :
Though the ledges seize and fling me headlong from the rocky wall,
I shall leave a rainbow hanging o'er the ruins of my fall.'"

"Charley, I don't want to preach," said Vail ; "but you know that this doctrine of mere selfish floating on the current of impulse, which your traveler poet teaches is devilish laziness, and devilish laziness always tends to something worse. You may live such a life, and quote such poetry, but you don't believe that a man should flow on like a purposeless river. The lines you quoted bear the mark of a restless desire to apologize to conscience for a fearful waste of power and possibility. No," he said, rising, "I don't want that check. This one will do ; but you won't forget that God and Huckleberry Street want you, and they will have you, too, noble-hearted fellow. Good night ! God bless you !" and he shook Charley's hand and went out into the night to seek his home in Huckleberry Street. And the genial Charley never saw his brave friend again. Yes, he did, too. Or did he?

II.

The month of December four years ago was a month of much festivity in the metropolis. Charley was wanted nearly every night to grace some gathering or other, and Charley was too obliging to refuse to go where he was wanted,—that is, when he was wanted in Fifth Avenue or Thirty-fourth Street. As for Huckleberry Street and Greenfield Court they were fast fading out of Charley's mind. He knew that Henry Vail would introduce the subject when he came for his January check, and he expected some annoyance from the discussion of the question—annoyance, because there was something in his own breast that answered to Vail's appeal. Charley was more than an Epicurean. To eat and drink, to laugh and talk, and die, was not enough for such a soul. He mentally compared himself to Felix, and said that Vail wouldn't let him forget his duty, anyhow. But for the present it was too delightful to him to honor the entertainment given by the Honorable Mr. So-and-so and lady ; it was pleasant to be assured by Mrs. Forty-Millions that her party would fail but for his presence. And then he had just achieved the end of his ambition. He was President of the Hasheesh Club. He took his seat at the head of the table on Christmas Eve.

Now, patient reader, we draw near to the time when Charley uttered the exclamation set down at the head of this story. Bear with my roundabout way of telling a little longer. It is Christmas-tide anyway, why should we hurry ourselves through this happy season?

Just as Charley went into the door of the Club-House—you remember the Hasheesh Club-House was in Madison Avenue then—just as Charley entered, he met the burly form and genial face of the eminent Dr. Van Doser, who said, “Well, Vanderhuyn, how’s your cousin Vail?”—“Is he sick?” asked Charley, struck with a foreboding that made him tremble.

“Sick? Didn’t you know? Well, that’s just like Vail. He was taken with small-pox two weeks ago, and I wanted to take the risk of penalties and not report his case, but he said if I didn’t he would do it himself; that sanitary regulations requiring small-pox patients to go to a hospital were necessary, and that it became one in his position to set a good example to Huckleberry Street. So I was compelled to report him, and let him go to the Island. And he hasn’t let you know? For fear you would try to communicate with him probably, and thus expose yourself to infection. Extraordinary man that Vail. I never saw his like,” and with that the Doctor turned to speak to some gentlemen who had just come in.

And so Charley’s Christmas Eve dinner at the Hasheesh Club was spoiled. There are two inconvenient things in this world—a conscience and a tender heart—and Charley Vanderhuyn was plagued with both. While going through with the toasts, his mind was busy with poor Henry Vail suffering in a small-pox hospital. In his graceful response to the sentiment, “The President of the Hasheesh Club,” he alluded to the retiring president, and made some witty remark—I forget what—about his being a denizen of Lexington Avenue; but in saying Lexington Avenue he came near slipping into Huckleberry Street, and in fact he did get the first syllable out before he checked himself. He was horrified afterwards to think how near he had come, later in the evening, to addressing the company as “Gentlemen of the Small-pox Hospital.”

Charley drank more wine and punch than usual. Those who sat near him looked at one another significantly, in a way that implied their belief that Vanderhuyn was too much elated over his election. Little did they know that at that moment the presidency of the famous Hasheesh Club appeared to Charley the veriest bawble in the world. If he had not known how futile would be any attempt to gain an entrance to the small-pox hospital he would have excused himself, and started for the Island on the instant.

But it was one o’clock before Charley got

away. Out of the brilliantly lighted rooms he walked, stunned with grief, and a little heavy with the wine and punch he had drunk, for in his pre-occupation of mind he had forgotten to be as cautious as usual. Following an impulse, he took a car and went directly down town, and then made his way to Huckleberry Street. He stopped at a saloon door and asked if they could tell him where Mr. Vail’s rooms were.

“The blissed man as wint about like a saint! Shure and I can,” said the boozy Irishman. “Its right ferninst where yer afther stanin, up the stairs on the corner of Grane-field Court—over there, bedad.”

Seeing a light in the rooms indicated by the man, Charley crossed over, passed through a sorrowful-looking crowd at the door, and went up the stairs. He found the negro woman who kept the rooms for Vail, standing talking to an Irishwoman. Both the women were deeply pitted with small-pox.

He inquired if they could tell him how Mr. Vail was.

“Oh, honey, he’s done dead sence three o’clock,” said the black woman, sitting down in a chair, and beginning to wipe her eyes on her apron. “This Misses McGroarty’s jist done tole me this minute.”

The Irishwoman came round in front of Mr. Vanderhuyn, and looked inquisitively at him a moment, and then said, “Faix, mister, and is yer name Charley?”

“Why do you ask?” said Vanderhuyn.

“Because I thought, mebbe, you might be after him, the gentleman. It’s me husband Pat McGroarty as is a nurruss in the horsepital, and a good one as iver ye seed, and its Pat as has been a tellin me about that blissed saint of a man, as how in his delairyum he kept a talkin to Charley all the time, and Pat said as he seemed to have something on his mind he wanted to say to Charley. An’ whin I see yer face, sich a gntleman’s face as ye’ve got, too, I says shure that must be Charley.”

“What did he say?” asked Vanderhuyn.

“Shure and Pat said it wasn’t much he could gether, for he was in a awful delairyum, ye know, but he would keep a sayin,’ ‘Charley, Charley, God and Huckleberry Street want you.’ Pat says he’d say it so awful as would make him shiver, that God and Huckleberry Street wanted Charley. Shure it must a bin the delairyum, you know, that made him mix up things loike, and put God and Huckleberry Street together, when its more loike the divil would seem more proper to go with Huckleberry Street, ye know. But if yer name’s Charley, and yer loike the loike’s of him as is

dead, shure Huckleberry Street is after wantin' of you, bad enough."

"My name's Charley, but I'm not a bit like him, though, I'm sorry to say, my good woman. Tell your husband to come and see me—there's my number."

Charley went out, and the men at the door whispered, "that must be the rich man as give him all the money." He took the last car up-town, and he who had been two hours before in that brilliant company at the Hash-eesh was now one of ten people riding in a street car. Of his fellow-passengers six were drunken men and two were low women of the town; one of them had no bonnet and lacked a penny of enough to pay her fare, but the conductor mercifully let her ride, remarking to Vanderhuyn, who stood on the platform, that "the poor devil had a hard life anyhow." Said I not a minute ago, that the antipodes live, not around the world, but around the street corner? Antipodes ride in the same street car.

As the car was passing Mott Street, a passenger, half drunk, came out, turned his haggard face a moment towards the face of Charley Vanderhuyn, and then with an exclamation of startled recognition, leaped from the car and hurried away in the darkness. It was not till the car had gone three blocks farther that Vanderhuyn guessed, from the golden hair, that this was Perdue, the brilliant "Baron Bertram" of the early days of the Hasheesh Club.

When Charley got back to his luxurious apartments, he was possessed with a superstitious feeling. He took up the paper-weight that Henry Vail had held in his hand the very last night he was in this parlor, and he thought the whole conversation over as he smoked his cigar, fearing to put out his light.

"Confound the man that invented ghost-stories for a Christmas amusement," he said, as he remembered Old Scrooge and Tiny Tim. "Well, I'm not Old Scrooge anyhow, if I'm not as good as poor Henry Vail."

I do not know whether it was the reaction from the punch he had drunk, or the sudden shock of Vail's death, or the troubled conscience, or both, when he got into bed he found himself shaking with nervousness.

He had been asleep an hour perhaps, when he heard a genuine Irish voice say, "Faix mister, and is yer name Charley?"

He started up,—looked around the room. He had made so much concession to his nervous feeling that he had not turned the gas quite out, as was his custom. The dim duskiness made him shudder, he expected to

see the Huckleberry Street Irishwoman looking at him. But he shook off his terror a little, uttered another malediction on the man that invented Christmas ghost-stories, concluded that his illusion must have come from his lying on his left side, turned over, and reflected that by so doing he would relieve his heart and stomach from the weight of his liver, repeated this physiological reflection in a soothing way two or three times, dropped off into a quiet snooze, and almost immediately found himself sitting bolt upright in bed, shaking with a chill-terror, sure that the Irish voice had again asked the question, "Faix, mister, and is your name Charley?" He had a feeling, though his back was toward the table, that some one sat at the table. Charley was no coward, but it took him a minute or two to shake off his terror, and regain enough self-control to look around.

For a moment he saw, or thought he saw, a form sitting at the table, then it disappeared, and then, after a good while, Charley got himself composed to sleep again, this time with his head well bolstered, to reduce the circulation in the brain, as he reflected.

He did not get to sleep, however, for before he became unconscious the Irish voice from just above the carved head-board spoke out so clear now, that there could be no mistake, "Faix, mister, and is yer name Charley?" It was then that he rose up in bed and uttered the exclamation which I set down in the first line of this story. Charley Vanderhuyn could not tell whether he meant Charles Dickens or Nick. Perhaps you can. Indeed, it doesn't seem to matter much after all.

III.

A narrative of this sort, like a French sermon, divides itself into three parts. I have now got through the preliminary tanglements of the history of the founding of the Christmas Club, and I hope to be able to tell the remainder of the story with as few digressions as possible, for even at Christmas-tide a body doesn't want his stories to stretch out to eternity, even if they are ghostly.

Charley Vanderhuyn said "The Dickens," and though his meaning was indefinite, he really meant it, whatever it might be. He looked up at the ornamental figure carved on the rich head-board of his bed, as if he suspected that the head-board of English walnut had spoken in Irish. He looked at the head-board intently a long time, partly be-

cause the Irish voice had come from that direction, and partly because he was afraid to look round toward the table. He *knew*, just as well before he looked around as he did afterwards, what he should see. He saw it before he looked round by some other vision than that of his eyes, and that was what made him shiver so. He knew that the persistent gray eyes were upon him, that they would never move until he looked round. *He could feel the look before he saw it.*

At last he turned slowly. Sure enough, in that very chair by the table sat the Presence, the Ghost—the—it was Henry Vail; or was it? There, in the dim light, was the aquiline nose like an eagle's beak, there were the steady unwavering gray eyes, with that same earnest wistful look fastened on Vanderhuyn; the features were Vail's, but the face was plowed and pitted fearfully as with the small-pox. All this Charley saw, and saw through the ghost and beyond—the carving on the rosewood dressing-case was quite as visible through the unsubstantial apparition as before. Charley was not ordinarily superstitious, and he quickly reasoned that his excited imagination had confounded the features of Harry Vail's face with the pock-marked visage of the Huckleberry Street Irishwoman. So he shook himself, rubbed his eyes and looked again. The apparition this time was much more distinct, and it lifted the paper-weight, as Henry had three weeks before. Charley was so sure that it was Henry Vail himself that he began to get up to shake hands with his friend, but the perfect transparency of the apparition checked him, and he hid his face in his hands a moment, in a terror that he could no longer conceal from himself.

"What do you want?" he said at last, lifting his eyes.

"I want you, Charley!" said the ghost.

Now I hardly know how to describe to you the manner in which the ghost replied. It was not speech, nor any attempt at speech. You have seen a mesmerist or biologist, or whatever-you-call-him-ist, communicate with a man under his spell without speech. He looks at him, *wills* that a distinct impression shall be made on his victim, and the poor fellow does or says as the master-spirit wishes him. By some such subtle influence the ghost, without the intervention of sound or the sense of hearing, conveyed this reply to Charley. There was no doubt about the reply. It was far more distinct than speech, an impression made directly upon the consciousness.

Charley arose and dressed himself under

some sort of fascination. His own will had abdicated; the tender, eager, wistful eyes of Vail held him fast, and he did not feel either inclination or power to resist. The eyes directed him to one article of clothing, and then to another, until he found himself muffled to the ears for a night walk.

"Where are we going?" asked Charley, huskily.

"To Huckleberry Street," answered the eyes, without a sound, and in a minute more the two were passing down the silent streets. They met several policemen and private watchmen, but Vanderhuyn observed that no one took notice either of him or the ghost. The feet of the watchmen made a grinding noise in the crisp snow, but Charley was horrified to find that his own tread and that of his companion made no sound whatever as their feet fell upon the icy sidewalks. Was he then out of the body also? This silence and this loss of the power of choice made him doubtful, indeed, whether he were dead or alive.

In Huckleberry Street they went first to a large saloon, where a set of roysterers were having a Christmas-eve spree preparatory to a Christmas-morning headache. Charley could not imagine why the ghost had brought him here, to be smothered with the smell of this villainous tobacco, for to nothing was Charley more sensitive than the smell of a poor cigar or a cheap pipe. He thought if he should have to stay here long he would like to distribute a box of his best brand among these smokers, so as to give the room the odor of the Hasheesh Club. At first it seemed a Babel of voices; there were men of several different nationalities talking in three or four languages. Six men were standing at the long counter drinking—one German, two Irishmen, a Portuguese sailor, a white American, and a black one. The spirit of Vail seemed to be looking for somebody; it peered round from table to table, where men slammed down the cards so as to make as much noise as possible. Nobody paid the least attention to the two strangers, and at last it flashed upon Vanderhuyn that he and Vail were both invisible to the throng around them.

The Presence stopped in front of a table where two young men sat. They were playing euchre, and they were drinking. It is an old adage that truth is told in wine, and with some men sense comes with whiskey.

"I say, Joe," said one, "blamed ef it 'taint too bad. You and me spendin' our time this way. The ole woman's mos' broke 'r heart over me t'day. Sh' said I ought be the s'port

'f her ole dage, 'stid 'f boozin' roun' thish yer way. 'S so! Tell you, Joe, 's so! Blam'd 'f 'taint. Hey? W'at y' say? Hey?"

"Of course 'tis, Ben," growled the other, "we all know that. But what's a feller goin' to do for company? Go on, it's your deal."

"Whokyeers fer th' deal? I d—ont. Now, Joe, I says, t—to th' ole lady, y' see, I says, a young man can't live up a dingy stairs on th' top floor all'ays, and never git no comp'ny. Can't do it. I don't want t' 'rink much, but I c—ome here to git comp'ny. Comp'ny drinks, and I git drunk 'f—fore I know—'fore you—pshaw! deal yerself 'f you want t' play."

After a while he put the cards down again, and began:

"What think I done wunst? He, he! Went to th' Young Men's Chrissen Soshiashen. Ole lady, you know, coaxed. He! he! You bet! Prayer meetin', Bible class, or somethin'. All slick young fellers 'th side whiskers. Talked pious, an' so genteel, you know. I went there fer comp'ny! Didn go no more. Druther git drunk at the 'free-and-easy' ever' night, by George, 'n to be a slick kind 'f feller 'th side-whiskers a lissin' t' myself make purty speeches 'n a prayer Bible class meetin' or such, you know. Hey? w'at ye say? Hey? 'S comp'ny a feller wants and 's company a fellers got t' have, by cracky. Hey? W'at ye say? Hey, Joe?"

"Blam'd 'f 't aint," said Joe.

"That's w'at them rich fellers goes to the club fer? Hey? wat ye say, Joe? Hey?"

"Yes, of course."

"Wish I had a club! Better'n this place to go to. Vail, he used to do a fellow good. If he'd a lived he'd a pulled me out this yer, would, you know. He got 's eyes onto me, and they say when he got 's eyes onto feller never let go, you know. Done me good. Made me 'shamed. Does feller good t' be 'shamed, Joe. Don't it? Hey? W'at you say?"

"Yes," said Joe.

"But w'en a feller's lonesome, a young feller, I mean; he's got to have company if he has to go down to Davy Joneses, and play seven up with Ole Nick. Hey, Joe? W'at you say? Hey?"

"I s'pose so," said Joe; "but come, deal, old fellow, don't go to preachin'."

I have heard Charley say that he never heard anything half so distinctly in his life as he felt what the apparition said to him when their eyes met at that moment.

"God and Huckleberry Street want you, Charley."

Charley looked away restively, and then

caught the eyes of the ghost again, and this time the ghost said—

"And they're going to have you, too."

I have heard Charley tell of several other visits they made that night; but, as I said before, even a Christmas yarn and a ghost story must not spin itself out, like Banquo's line, to the crack of doom. However true or authentic a story may be—and you can easily verify this by asking any member of the Christmas Club in Huckleberry Street—however true a yarn may be, it must not be so long that it can never be wound up.

The very last of the wretched places they looked in upon was a bare room in a third story. There was a woman sitting on a box in one corner, holding a sick child. A man with golden hair was pacing the floor.

"There's that devil again!" he said, pointing to the blank wall. "Now he's gone. You see, Carrie, I could quit if I had anybody to help me. O! I heard to-night that Charley Vanderhuyn had been elected president of the Hasheesh. And I saw him an hour ago on a Second Avenue car. I wish Charley would come and talk to me. He'd give me money, but 'taint money. I could make money if I could let whiskey alone. I used to love to hear Charley talk better than to live. I believe it was the ruin of me. But he don't seem to care for a fellow when his clothes get shabby. See there!" and he picked up a piece of wood, and threw it at the wall, startling his wife and making the child cry. "I hit him, that time. I wished I could hear Charley Vanderhuyn talk once more. His talk is enough to drive devils away any time. Great God! what an awful Christmas this is!"

Charley wanted to begin to talk on the spot, but when he found that poor "Baron Bertram" could neither see him nor hear a word he spoke, he had a fearful sense of being a disembodied spirit. The ghost looked wistfully at him, and said, "God and Huckleberry Street want *you*, Charley."

Charley was very loath to leave Perdue and his wife in this condition; he would have loved dearly to while away the dreary night for them, but he could not speak to them, and the eyes of the ghost bade him follow, and the two went swiftly back to Charley's rooms again.

Then the apparition sat down by the table, and fastened its sad and wistful eyes upon the soul of Charley Vanderhuyn. Not a word did it speak. But the look, the old tender, earnest look of Henry Vail drew Charley's heart into his eyes, and made him weep. There Vail sat, still and wistful, until Charley, roused by

all that he had seen, resolved to do what he could for Huckleberry Street. He made no communication of his purpose to the ghost. He meant to keep it close in his own breast. But no sooner had he formed the purpose than a smile—the old familiar smile—came across the face of Vail, the hideous scars of his loathsome disease disappeared, and the face began to shine, while a faint aureole appeared about his head. And Vanderhuyn became conscious that the room was full of other mysterious beings; they were radiant, and yet something about them seemed to indicate that they were glorified children from Huckleberry Street. And to his regret Vail ceased now to regard his friend any more, but looked about him at the Huckleberry Street angels, who seemed to be pulling him away. He and they vanished slowly, and on the wall there shone some faint luminous letters, which Vanderhuyn tried to read, but the light of the Christmas dawn disturbed his vision, and he was only able to see the latter part, and even that was not clear to his eyes, but he partly read and partly remembered the words, “When ye fail on earth they may receive ye into everlasting habitations.”

He rang for his servant, had the fire replenished, opened his desk and began to write letters. First he resigned the presidency of the Hasheesh Club. Next he begged that Mrs. Rear-Admiral Albatross would excuse him from her Christmas dinner. Unforeseen circumstances, and the death of an intimate friend, were his apologies. Then he sent his regrets, and declined all the invitations to holiday parties. He cancelled his engagements to make New Year's calls in company with Bird, the painter. Then he had breakfast, ordered his carriage, and drove to Huckleberry Street. On the way down he debated what he should do. He couldn't follow in Vail's footsteps. He was not a missionary. He went first and found out Perdue, who had been fighting off a threatened attack of tremors all night, relieved the necessities of his family, and took the golden-haired fellow into his carriage. He ordered the driver to drive the whole length of Huckleberry Street slowly.

“Perdue, what can I do down here? Vail always said that I could do something if I would try?”

“Why, Charley, start a club. That's what these fellows need. How I would like to hear you talk again.”

IV.

How provoking this is! I thought I should get through with three parts. But Christmas

is a time when a man cannot avoid a tendency to long stories. One cannot quite control one's self in a time of mirth, and here my history has grown until I will have to put in a mansard roof to accommodate it. For in all these three parts I have told you about everything but what my title promised. If you ever went through Huckleberry Street—of course you never did go through such a street except by accident, since you are neither poor, vicious, nor benevolent, and only the poor, the vicious, and the benevolent ever go there intentionally—but if you ever happened to go there by chance of late years, you have seen the Christmas Club building. For on that very morning with poor “Baron Bertram” in the carriage, Charley resolved to found a club in Huckleberry Street. And what house so good as the one in which Henry Vail had lived?

So he drove up to the house on the corner of Greenfield Court, and began to examine it. It was an old-fashioned house; and in its time, when the old families inhabited the down-town streets, it had been an aristocratic mansion. The lower floor was occupied by a butcher's shop, and in the front room, in which some old families had once entertained their guests, cheap roasts were being dispensed to the keepers of low boarding-houses. The antique fire-place and the ancient mantel-piece were forced to keep company with meat-blocks and butchers' cleavers. Above this were Henry Vail's rooms, where the old chamber had been carefully restored; and above these the third story and attic were crowded with tenants. But everywhere the house had traces of its former gentility.

“Good!” said Charley; “Vail preserved his taste for the antique to the last.”

“Perdue, what do you think of this for a club-house?”

“Just the thing if you can get it. Ten chances to one it belongs to some saloon-keeper who wouldn't rent it for purposes of civilization.”

“O! I'll get it. Such men are always susceptible to the influence of money, and I'm sure this is the spot, or Vail wouldn't have chosen it.”

And with that Charley and the delighted Perdue drove to the house of Charley's business agent, the same who had been his father's manager.

“Mr. Johnston,” said Charley, “I don't like to ask you to work on Christmas, but I want you to find out to-day, if you can, who owns No. 164 Huckleberry Street.”

"Do you mean the house Mr. Vail lived in?"

"Yes, that's it. Look it up for me if you can."

"Oh! that's not hard, the house belongs to you."

"To me! I didn't know I had anything there."

"Yes, that house was your grandfather's, and your mother lived there in her childhood, and your father wouldn't sell it. It brought good rent, and I have never tortured you about it."

"And you let Harry pay me rent."

"Well, sir, he asked me not to mention to you that he was in your house. He liked to pay his own way. Strange man that Mr. Vail. I heard from another tenant last night that he was dead."

"Perdue," said Charley, "I wish you would go down there to-day, and find out what each tenant in that house will sell his lease for, and give possession immediately. Give them a note to Johnston stating the amount, and I want Johnston to give them fifty per cent. over the amount agreed on. I must be on good terms with Huckleberry Street."

Johnston wondered what whim Charley had in his head. "Baron Bertram" completed his negotiations for the leases of the tenants, and then went off and drank Charley's health in so many saloons that he went home entirely drunk, and the next morning was ashamed to see Vanderhuyn. But Charley never even looked a disapproval at him. He had learned from Vail how easy it is for reformers to throw their influence on the wrong side in such a life-and-death struggle as that of Perdue's. In the year that followed he had to forgive him many more than seven times. But Perdue grew stronger in the sunlight of Vanderhuyn's steady friendship.

They had a great time opening the Club on New Year's Eve. There was a banquet,

not quite in Delmonico's style, nor quite so fine as those at the Hasheesh. But still it was a grand affair to the dilapidated wrecks that Charley gathered about him. Charley was president, and Vail's portrait hung over the mantel-piece, with this inscription beneath: "The Founder of the Club." Most of Charley's fine paintings were there, and the rooms were indeed brilliant. And if lemonade, and root beer, and good strong coffee could have made people drunk, there would not have been one sober man there. But Ben delighted "the old lady" by going home sober, owning it was better than the free-and-easy, and his friends all agreed with him. To Charley, as he looked round on them, this was a far grander moment than when, one week before, he had presided over the gay company at the Hasheesh. Here were good cheer, laughter, funny stories, and a New Year's Eve worth the having. The gray eyes of the portrait over the antique mantel-piece seemed happy and satisfied.

"Gentlemen," said Charley, "I rise to propose the memory of our founder," and he proceeded to set forth the virtues of Henry Vail. If there had been a reporter present he could have inserted in parenthesis, at several places in Charley's speech, the words, "great applause;" and if he had reported its effect exactly, would have, at several other places, inserted the words "great sensation," which, in reporter's phrase, expresses any great emotion, especially one which makes an audience weep. In conclusion, Charley lifted his glass of lemonade, and said: "To the memory of Henry Vail, the Founder of the Christmas Club."

"Christmas," said Baron Bertram, "a good name. For this man," pointing to Charley, "receiveth sinners and eateth with them" (applause).

I have done. Dear friends, a Merry Christmas to you all!

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Popular Capacity for Scandal.

ONE of the most saddening and humiliating exhibitions which human nature ever makes of itself, is in its greedy credulity touching all reports of the misdeemeanors of good men. If a man stand high as a moral force in the community; if he stand as the rebuker and denouncer of social and political sin; if he be looked up to by any considerable number of people as an example of virtue; if the whole trend and

power of his life be in a high and pure direction; if his personality and influence render any allegation against his character most improbable, then most readily does any such allegation find eager believers. It matters not from what source the slander may come. Multitudes will be influenced by a report against a good man's character from one who would not be believed under oath in any matter involving the pecuniary interest of fifty cents. The slanderer may be

notoriously base—may be a panderer to the worst passions and the lowest vices—may be a shameless sinner against social virtue—may be a thief, a notorious liar, a drunkard, a libertine, or a harlot—all this matters nothing. The engine that throws the mud is not regarded. The white object at which the foul discharges are aimed is only seen; and the delight of the by-standers and lookers-on is measured by the success of the stain sought to be inflicted.

As between the worldling and the man who professes to be guided and controlled by Christian motives, all this is natural enough. The man bound up in his selfish and sensual delights, who sees a Christian fall, or hears the report that he has fallen, is naturally comforted in the belief that, after all, men are alike—that no one of them, however much he may profess, is better than another. It is quite essential to his comfort that he cherish and fortify himself in this conviction. So, when any great scandal arises in quarters where he has found himself and his course of life condemned, he listens with ready ears, and is unmistakably glad. We say this is natural, however base and malignant it may be; but when people reputed good—nay, people professing to be Christian—shrug their virtuous shoulders and shake their feeble heads, while a foul scandal touches vitally the character of one of their own number, and menaces the extinguishment of an influence, higher or humbler, by which the world is made better, we hang our heads with shame, or raise them with indignation. If such a thing as this is natural, it proves just one thing, viz., that these men are hypocrites. There is no man, Christian or Pagan, who can rejoice in the faintest degree over the reputed fall of any other man from rectitude, without being at heart a scamp. All this readiness to believe evil of others, especially of those who have been reputed to be eminently good, is an evidence of conscious weakness under temptation, or of conscious proclivity to vice that finds comfort in eminent companionship.

There is no better test of purity and true goodness than reluctance to think evil of one's neighbor, and absolute incapacity to believe an evil report about good men except upon the most trustworthy testimony. Alas, that this large and lovely charity is so rare! But it is only with those who possess this charity that men accused of sins against society have an equal chance with those accused, under the forms of law, of crime. Every man brought to trial for crime is presumed to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty; but, with the world at large, every man slandered is presumed to be guilty until he proves himself to be innocent, and even then it takes the liberty of doubting the testimony. Every man who rejoices in a scandal thereby advertises the fact of his own untrustworthiness; and every man who is pained by it, and refuses to be impressed by it, unconsciously reveals his own purity. He cannot believe a bad thing done by one whom he regards as a good man, simply because he knows he would not do it himself.

He gives credit to others for the virtue that is consciously in his own possession, while the base men around him, whether Christian in name or not, withhold that credit because they cannot believe in the existence of a virtue of which they are consciously empty. When the Master uttered the words, "Let him that is without sin among you first cast a stone at her," he knew that none but conscious delinquents would have the disposition to do so; and when, under this rebuke, every fierce accuser retired overwhelmed, He, the sinless, wrote the woman's crime in the sand for the heavenly rains to efface. If He could do this in a case of guilt not disputed, it certainly becomes his followers to stand together around every one of their number whom malice or revenge assails with slanders to which his or her whole life gives the lie.

In a world full of influences and tendencies to evil, where every good force is needed, and needs to be jealously cherished and guarded, there is no choicer treasure and no more beneficent power than a sound character. This is not only the highest result of all the best forces of our civilization, but it is the builder of those forces in society and the State. Society cannot afford to have it wasted or destroyed; and its instinct of self-preservation demands that it shall not be suffered. There is nothing so sensitive and nothing so sacred as character; and every tender charity, and loyal friendship, and chivalrous affection, and manly sentiment and impulse, ought to intrench themselves around every true character in the community so thoroughly that a breath of calumny shall be as harmless as an idle wind. If they cannot do this, then no man is safe who refuses to make terms with the devil, and he is at liberty to pick his victims where he will.

Criticism.

A BRIEF article, entitled "Criticism as a Fine Art," which appeared three or four months ago in a foreign magazine, from the pen of Mr. Arthur Matheson, was a notable production that did not receive the attention in America which its merits deserved. Nothing more remarkable for acuteness of insight, justness of judgment, and appositeness of illustration has appeared, within our knowledge, upon this subject. The conclusion arrived at by the writer is, that there is no such thing as a science of criticism—that there are no such universally recognized canons of critical art as will enable any two writers of differing mental organization and differing education and opinions to arrive at identical decisions regarding a literary work worthy of being criticised at all. This being proved or admitted, it follows that criticism is nothing more nor less than the method by which the critic reveals, not the characteristics of the author criticised, but those of himself. Thus all the science there is in the matter applies to the critic, and not to the work he criticises. Given a certain book, and a critic of certain social, political, and religious opinions, with a certain grade of culture, and the critique he will write can be predetermined. The abstract or absolute

merits of the book, if it have any, have nothing whatever to do with the critic's decision. What he does is simply to describe himself and define his standpoint; and the book is used simply as a means for the end aimed at in entire unconsciousness.

The truthfulness of Mr. Mattheson's theory is proved by the history of criticism, for nothing is better known than that the great books of the world have made their way and their place in total disregard of its decisions. Though a thousand critics determine that a book ought not to live, if it is a real book it lives, without the slightest reference to their opinions and protests. What the critics prove by their work is, simply, their lack of power to comprehend and appreciate it. They prove nothing against the book whatever. There has not lived a great British author within the last century whose works have not been subjected to the most scorching criticisms and the most slashing and sweeping condemnations. Yet those criticisms and condemnations have passed for nothing. The criticisms, often profoundly ingenious, and full of learning and power, die, and the books live. They are often exceedingly creditable productions—so creditable, indeed, that they form the basis of great personal reputations—but they accomplish absolutely nothing except the revelation of the men who produce them. Criticism thus becomes a form of personal expression, and is just as thoroughly individualized as if it were poetry, or picture, or sculpture. The critic takes a book in one hand, and uses the other to paint himself with. When his work is done, we may fail to find the book in it, but we are sure to find him.

The growth in the popular regard of the music of Wagner might have furnished a forcible illustration to Mr. Mattheson of the soundness of his position, had he needed more than he used. No great musician of the century has been so persistently sneered at by the critics as Wagner. His music has been called, in derision, "The music of the future," until the phrase is everywhere identified with his productions. The young King of Bavaria has been supposed to be half daft, because, in addition to his other eccentricities, he has believed in Wagner, and devoted himself to him. During this storm of detraction which has rattled over the whole world, Wagner has been quietly and most fruitfully at work; and, as a single home-comment on his music, it is pleasant to recall the Wagner-evening given at Thomas' Garden among the closing summer concerts by the finest of our orchestras. The last work of the season was expended upon Wagner's music, and it drew together a great crowd of the first musicians of the city and of the country about us. "The music of the future" has become the music of the present. The critics, in deriding or denouncing it, simply proclaimed their inability to comprehend it, and their mocking phrase stares them in the face as a grand prophecy fulfilled.

Viewed from Mr. Mattheson's position, criticism becomes one of the most amusing branches of our literature. The opinion of a journal upon a literary work

is, after all, only the self-revelation of a man. When we look through the pretentious and authoritative types, into the manuscript written by some unfledged *littérateur*, or some disappointed and soured hireling, or some pretender charged with the affectation of learning, or some specialist possessed by his one idea, or some zealot or partisan, or some greedy seeker for sensation and notoriety, we lose our respect for much that passes for criticism, and learn the reason of its powerlessness in determining the public opinion. A poor fellow who pumps his brain and levies contributions on his common-place books, and crams himself with the lumber of libraries, to show how much more he knows than the authors upon whom he presumes to sit in judgment, is a funny spectacle to everybody but his unconscious self. "The light of the public square will test its value," was what Michael Angelo said to an artist whose work he was examining. The great artist was right. Not even his opinion could determine that value, and only after the people had decided upon it could the artist know whether it possessed those qualities which would make it immortal, or even temporarily useful and inspiring.

The general worthlessness of criticism is shown best perhaps, in the fact that the view which any given periodical will take of any given book can always be predicted by any man thoroughly conversant with the views, prejudices, and spirit of its conductors. Two periodicals, edited with equal talent and learning, can always be selected which will present opinions diametrically opposed to each other on any book of positive qualities. As a general thing, criticism has no drift. It is a confused mass of individual opinions whose tendency is to destroy each other. It may assist the public in getting a view of the different sides of a literary work, but it does not determine anything, and is not relied upon to determine anything. Indeed, it is so contradictory that it cannot possibly determine anything but its own worthlessness. In view of these facts, the *ex-cathedra* judgments of some of our journals are laughable enough, especially when we remember how sincerely their authors believe in their own judicial wisdom, and how disgusted they are with the fact that the world will not endorse it. Mr. Mattheson has at least helped us to apprehend one office of criticism, not commonly known hitherto. It quite reverses the point of observation and study, but it makes it more interesting, and ought to make it more useful.

The Free-Church Problem.

THERE is one sad fact that stares the churches of this city, and of all other American cities, in the face, viz., that Christianity is not preached to the poor. If we step into almost any church on Fifth and Madison Avenues, on any Sunday, we shall find there a well-dressed crowd, or a thinly scattered company of fashionable people, and almost no poor people at all. These churches may carry on, and, as a rule, do carry

on, a Mission Sunday-school in some part of the city, where a great deal of useful work is done. Under the circumstances, they do as well as they can; but the fact remains, that the people whose children are taught do not enter a church at all. It is in vain that they are invited to attend preaching; and the fact is demonstrated beyond all question, as it appears to us, that there must be a change effected in the basis and policy of church support before they can be induced to do so. We may attribute their non-attendance to indifference to religious subjects. This is an easy method of relieving ourselves of responsibility, but in view of the alarming fact that this indifference is steadily increasing, it becomes us to inquire whether the Church itself does not come in for a share of the blame, and to find, if possible, where that blame lies.

We have before us a book entitled *Copy*, by Hugh Miller Thompson, Rector of Christ Church, in this city, consisting of between sixty and seventy brief editorial articles, which has, we may say in passing, more straightforward common sense in it than any book we have met with in a year, and which presents to us two articles respectively revealing the basis of our difficulty and the way of release from it. The first is entitled, "A Proprietary Christianity," and the second, "A lost Act of Worship." We do not propose to quote from them, for we have not the space, but if the reason for a change in the basis of church support, and the solution of the problem of a free church are not to be found in them, then they are hardly to be found in current literature. Our churches are houses of men, and not houses of God. They are largely owned by individuals, and not by the church, or by any body of men representing the church. Either this is the case, or they are sold every year to the highest bidder. Tremendous expenditures are made in building churches; great outlays of money are needed for carrying them on; in most of the churches there is absolute ownership of pews on the part of individuals; and by private sale or public auction the sittings are apportioned to those who have the money to pay for them. There are free sittings, of course, but the men for whom they are left will not take and occupy them, and thus publicly advertise themselves as paupers. It seems plain to us that some change must be made exactly here, before the first step can be taken toward reform. Indeed, this change must be the first step. Our houses of worship must be recognized as houses of God—houses in which there are no exclusive rights purchasable in any way by money—houses where the rich man and the beggar meet on common ground to worship a common Lord—houses to any seat in which any man, high or low, rich or poor, has equal right with any other man. We have tried the other plan long enough, and ought to be satisfied by this time that it is a failure, as it most lamentably is.

Now comes up the question of church support. A church cannot be "run" without money. It cannot

be built or bought without money. Well, in the first place, churches need not cost half the money they do, either to build or to carry on. We pay immense sums to make churches attractive, and there are those in New York that are crammed every Sunday simply for the purpose of hearing expensive music. There is a very large attendance upon certain churches in this city that has not the first motive of worship in it—churches in which artistic music is made so prominent, indeed, as quite to put all ideas of worship out of the mind of those who are musically inclined. There is not only money enough for all necessary purposes, but money is absolutely wasted. Our churches are now built and run on the theory that men will pay for exclusive privileges for themselves, and will not pay for free privileges for all.

And here is where Dr. Thompson's article on "A lost Act of Worship" comes to its practical bearing. He claims that the Worship of God in Gifts has been lost, and ought to be recovered. The first worship offered to Christ on earth was a worship of gifts. Gifts were recognized acts of worship in the Jewish church from time immemorial. All that is necessary is to re-instate this act of worship, so that every Christian who goes to church shall bring with his tribute of prayer and praise his offering of money, as an act of worship, in order to solve the free church problem at once. Churches are to be built by gifts offered in worship—by a dedication of substance as well as of self; and they are to be carried on in the same way. We believe that if the solution of the free church problem is anywhere, it is here. We are to lay aside all ideas of the ownership of pews, in every sense, and to bring every Sunday our offering of gifts, according to our ability and our degree of prosperity, as an act of worship, just as conscientiously as we bring our petition and our praise. We believe in the theory and in the plan wholly, and thus believing we believe it to be wholly practicable. We have not a question that a living Christian church, thoroughly enlightened on this subject by a clergyman sympathetic with these views, would find the obstacles to the plan all removed, as well as the obstacles to its usefulness. Of course the church must go through a process of education to bring it to this high plane, but we are satisfied that it must be brought here before its triumphs will be great—before it will check in any considerable degree the tide of worldliness that threatens to engulf it, or bring its influence to bear upon those who persistently refuse to hear its voice.

In a recent article we talked about preaching to the outsiders in theaters, but that would be only a temporary expedient, in the place of nothing at all. Here is something infinitely better. We have seen no response to that article—Is there to be any to this? If not, then we are to conclude that the church is satisfied with the present state of affairs, and we must wait for a better age, and prepare to wade through the discouragements of a worse. The experiment will not be a new one of sustaining a

church on the current gifts of the attendants, but this grand idea of incorporating acts of beneficence into the regular Sunday worship of the Christian church will be new to the great multitude, and, if adopted, will forever relieve the preacher from appearing before his people as a beggar. It will make

the churches God's houses and not man's, and the ministry of the churches a universal ministry. It will at least secure the world's confidence in our sincerity, and, if it persists in its indifference, leave it without excuse.

THE OLD CABINET.

I HAD a call from the Editor this New Year's Eve. I can see him now, as he stood with his left elbow resting on the mantelpiece and his head leaning upon his hand. He had an uneasy, hunted, grieved look that I had never seen—at least in such intensity—upon his countenance before.

I saw at once that the poor fellow was in a state of mind. By subtlety I led him on to the free unburdening of his soul,—the first, best medicine to the wounded spirit.

Standing there—at his feet the inseparable red satchel, bursting with MSS.; his coat out-swelling in great lumps and humps, from that overcrowding of the pockets called literary; and with eyes set in fixed, unmeaning stare at the crumbling ashes on the hearth, my friend did deliver himself with an eloquent *abandon*, his possession of which I had never till that moment dreamed. I cannot follow his words; I can only give some faint idea of the general color and tenor of his passionate complaint.

An editor, he said, is the only human sufferer for whom there is no pity among his fellow-mortals. His is a lonely sorrow—there is nothing in the experience of those who are near to him that can help them either to mourn with him in his misery, or, what is sometimes needed more, to be glad with him in his joy.

Can you imagine the effect upon the human brain of the unintermitted wash over it of a steady, unending stream of MSS., year in and year out? Can you imagine the intellectual distraction, disintegration, demoralization, that comes of entertaining an inconsequent succession of plots, facts, fancies, freaks, rhymes, reasons, and theories—most of them of no force or value whatever? Do you wonder that an editor, after a good part of a lifetime spent in such abortive labors, should contemplate a lapse into a condition of downright idiocy?

He paused a moment in his speech. His left hand still clasped his forehead, but his right waved in mid-air, as if in time to the ceaseless pulsing of those waters of which he had spoken, and over which his eyes seemed even now vaguely to wander, like those of the "Ancient Mariner" over that wide and dreadful sea.

An awful thought entered my mind—is it really so? I asked myself; have his troubles actually touched that sensitive brain of his—are his own worst an-

ticipations about to be realized? Suppose, I thought with a shudder, suppose he should be taken violently, and, as often happens in such cases, should turn upon his best friend—in a word, suppose he should demolish both me and the Old Cabinet before I had time to call for assistance. I glanced nervously at the brass-knobbed tongs, which happened to be on the side of the hearth near which he stood. But I did not betray my suspicions, and as he went on he gradually became calmer, and more and more like himself, falling at last into the stately phrase for which he is so justly celebrated.

. . . If the evil were worked only during the reading—he continued—it would not be so disastrous. But the horrible things haunt him. Wherever he goes he is followed by a phantom company, that brings him no companionship, help or solace of any kind—nothing but dissipation and annoyance. A face flickers before him—some dimly outlined personality—taking part in a half-remembered scene. He pauses to recall where he has met such a one—where and when such a thing happened. Then flash across his vision the yellow pages of a MS.—a week ago sent on its homeward journey.

To spend one's days and nights in the company of disagreeable people, to whom the story-writers introduce him, without his consent or desire—to listen to their knock-kneed philosophies, their cant, their mouth-ing insipidities—this is the fate of an editor! And if, in order to prevent the ghostly crew from dogging his every step, and making even his dreams hideous, he adopts the expedient of giving a mere mechanical attention to the words of the MS., this style of reading interferes with his mastery of the things he needs to read with the spirit and with the understanding also.

Who ever thinks of sitting down and writing a letter of condolence to an editor upon the rejection of a MS.? Who is there to remind him that these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, etc., etc.! Here is he made by Providence the inflictor of a thousand hurts, and with no one to drop a sympathetic tear! Heavy-hearted, he frames gentle excuses and deprecatory declinations, knowing well that there is no art of putting things that can prevent a pang. The blow may be received with a sneer and a hit back; or with a real or feigned heartiness; or with hopeless resigna-

tion. The first experience, he supposed, is next in comfort to a letter of condolence; the second will do very well unless the author has taken too much encouragement, and is dooming himself to new and graver disappointments; but your resigned cases—there is the confounded part of it! It was never any portion of his literary ambition to perform the part of an executioner; he is too sensible of his own shortcomings to want to sit in judgment upon other people's work,—and yet he is made to figure, in the eyes of a host of good and gentle souls, either as a person of no heart or of no brains,—he is only too grateful when it is merely the lack of brains of which he is accused.

Of course—said my unhappy friend—there are certain MSS. that can be returned with few compunctions. If an editor could add to his printed and written “forms,” one addressed to “idiots,” another to “ignorant braggarts,” another to “insolent grinders,” another to “impertinent old ladies in pantaloons,” his correspondence would be simplified, and his conscience saved. But what becomes of a man's moral nature after he has invented some nine hundred white lies in a twelve-month!

Again he paused. The same look that had frightened me before, once more crept across his face. His eyes, as then, seemed to go out over an awful sea, and his hand moved from side to side with the old pathetic gesture.

“Nice work this for New Year's,” he burst forth at last—giving the little red bag a half-contemptuous push with the toe of his boot. The touch was an *open sesame*,—off flew the catch, and out sprang a dozen MSS., tumbling in confusion upon the carpet. He kneeled to gather the waifs, and as he was leisurely replacing them one by one in the bag, suddenly—as on a black night a porch is lit up when the hall door is flung wide open, or as the aurora makes luminous the darkness of the northern sky—his face was radiant with delight! He hadn't noticed the directions before, he said, but if here wasn't another poem from L. B.; and, he declared! something more from F—H—n; and a new story from S—e H—m, and wouldn't I like to see the handwriting of this last! and didn't I wish I could read it in MS. three whole months before the rest of the world,—so good-night to me!—and he had fled into the darkness like a lively, demented old miser.

It is my habit about this time every year to open a certain drawer in the Old Cabinet and make an inspection of its contents. They are nothing in themselves; bits out of the wood, scraps of paper and what not—relics of the departed dead and the departed living. I dare say you yourself have a little treasure-house of this kind somewhere, and therefore you know how, year after year, the treasures are added to, and yet grow no bigger in bulk. For year after year we take something out and commit it to the fierce yet gentle forgetfulness of the flames.

Among the things never removed,—albeit not the

most sacred, not the best beloved,—are the relics of ourselves. A new, strange, tenderer interest grows about these with the years. Is it not so, my friend? They are not all memorials of our childhood. Boyhood, youth, early manhood, even old age, each finds memorial here.

In this treasure-drawer of mine I have found again a few of the brass buttons I used to marshal in contending legions on the garret floor, when to be another Bonaparte was my single aim and object in life. And here,—shall I confess it?—well, here is a copy of my first set of verses! I had my eye upon John Milton then, and thought the time might come when somebody would want to see the first rough draft of that “poem,” with all its erasures and interlineations. And here is a newspaper slip containing the first printed impression of a certain familiar name, and a pamphlet where the same appears clothed with the grandeur of office, and—reaching up into the twenties—a letter from the Hon. J. S., throwing light upon the connection of your humble servant with the first society chartered by our State Legislature for the Suppression of Mullein Stalks in Cities.

And some of these relics of myself were not meant as such at first. Though now I only keep them because I like to remember—albeit with a pitiful smile—that once I had this dream and that.

. . . I was thinking just now how much more interest these self-relics have for me than they can possibly have for any one who will look at them after I am gone. Those to whom I may be dear now, I am sure will feel very tenderly toward the little memorials of myself I have been foolish enough to gather in all these years. They will love them in the lump, I suppose; but they will not know the separate meanings of each—they will not know how much every one symbolized to me of hope, heart-struggle, joy, despair; how every poor trifle was a key to a fairy-palace, or else of a tomb whose blackness scared me, yet the entrance to which I might not forego.

HERE are some verses I found on the cars the other evening:

I am a woman—therefore I may not
Call to him, cry to him,
Fly to him,
Pray him delay not!

And when he comes to me, I must sit quiet:
Still as a stone is,
Harder and colder.
If my heart riot—
Crush and defy it!
Should I grow bolder—
Say one dear thing to him,
All my life fling to him,
Cling to him—
What to atone is
Enough for my sinning!
This were the cost to me,
This were my winning—
That he were lost to me!

Not as a lover at last if he part from me,
Tearing my heart from me—
Hurt beyond cure—
Calm and demure
Then my behavior :

Showing no sign to him
By look of mine to him,
What he has been to me.
Pity me—lean to me—
Christ—O my Saviour !

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

The Disappearance of Lake Ice.

THE inhabitants of the shores of Lake Champlain have been frequently puzzled by the sudden manner in which ice which is eighteen or twenty inches in thickness will disappear in four or five hours. Among the various explanations that have been given of this phenomenon, that most generally received is that the ice, becoming porous, is water-logged and consequently sinks. There is, however, another explanation, to which we desire to call attention.

Some thirty years ago, Dr. Horace Hatch, well known in Burlington, Vt., as one of its ablest and most successful medical practitioners, found that when the direct rays of the sun fell on pure solid ice, the glacial mass was dissected by the rays into more or less perfectly formed hexagonal prisms, which were held in place chiefly by mutual support, and the moment any cause produced a dislocation of the crystals at one point, the whole mass was easily and quickly broken up into its component pieces. That this disintegration is not the result of the heat passing along the lines of the bubbles of air, so often seen in ice, is evident from the fact that it takes place with equal facility in masses free from bubbles, or in those parts of a mass from which bubbles are absent.

In support of this hypothesis of the disintegration of solid ice along crystalline faces, Dr. Hatch directs attention to the fact that, immediately after the sudden breaking up of the ice, the bays will be found filled with crystals the ends of which are not infrequently capped with pyramids; and also to the equally interesting fact, that as in a mass of ice properly supported and submitted to the sun's rays, the water which is melted on the surface finds its way between the crystals to the lower surface, so in the sheet of ice which covers the lake the water produced by melting percolates between the crystals to reach the fluid below, and consequently water is never seen resting on the upper surface of pure lake ice.

In the case of snow-ice, or of ice covered by snow, this crystalline disintegration does not take place so readily, neither does it occur by the mere action of warmth. The direct rays of the sun are necessary, and the clearer the ice, the more rapidly is it separated into its component crystals. Hence the proverbial caution with which lake teamsters avoid the treacherous black ice. Experience has taught them that such ice may without a moment's warning break up and submerge them and their horses in the waters beneath.

Substitute for Coal.

In an address on this subject, Mr. Bramwell remarks as follows:—Before the steam-engine was as extensively used as it now is, the wind, the force of streams, and the force of the tide were all employed to give motive power. With respect to the power of the wind, it is to be feared it is too irregular to enable any manufacturer to rely upon it in competition with the steam-engine. With respect to the power of our streams, the altered condition of the soil, due to increased drainage and cultivation, has so materially interfered with the regularity of their flow, that their efficiency as sources of constant power is seriously diminished, while competition with them by steam has become much greater than it was when the water-mills themselves were better off. The third source of power, the tide-mill, which at one time was used to a considerable extent, is now almost wholly discontinued. The causes of this discontinuance are sufficiently obvious. The tide-mill, as formerly constructed, could work for only a limited period in each ebb, and to obtain the full effect it had to utilize both the night and the day tides. But while tide-mills labored under these disadvantages, they possessed the great merit that their power, such as it was, was one that could be depended upon, and one which, although it fluctuated, fluctuated regularly, and within known and definite limits. I would suggest that in those cases where there are large manufacturing districts within a few miles of the sea, and where there is a large rise and fall of the tide, coupled in the outset at all events with natural indentations of the coast which might be readily dammed up for the storage of the water, that there such storage should be made, that the water should be put to work turbines of the best kind, that these turbines should be employed in pumping water at a high pressure into Armstrong accumulators, and that pipes should be laid on from these accumulators to the neighboring manufacturing town, and should there deliver their power to the consumers requiring it, to be used by them in water-pressure engines.

Spectacles.

THE use of yellow spectacles instead of green or blue is proposed by a recent writer, on the hypothesis that yellow is the ray having the least actinic or photographic power. This error has originated in a want of knowledge of the fact that, of all the rays, yellow has the most powerful action on carbon compounds.

Since the eye in its construction involves the use of such compounds, it follows that the yellow ray of all others will have the strongest action on the eye. This agrees with our actual experience; for the yellow is by far the most powerful light to the eye, and the universal preference for green and blue glasses is owing to the fact that these, by shutting out the rays that act with the greatest energy on the carbon compounds of the retina, produce a milder and less irritating action on the organ when by disease or other cause its sensitiveness is increased.

Absence of Fear in Wild Creatures.

IN a letter from the Galapagos Islands the writer remarks the wonderful tameness of all the wild creatures that have hitherto been unmolested. The seals, he says, seemed to be fond of crawling under bushes, just above high-water mark, and sleeping two or three in a place. Under one bush lay a mother and her cubs, and so fearless was the old one, that when one of the officers held a piece of cracker to her nose she smelled at it as fearlessly as if she had been a pet dog. The tameness of many of the birds was also surprising, for the fingers might be put within half an inch of little yellow-birds, and within six inches of mocking-birds.

Geographical Problems.

FROM the address of Francis Galton, the President of the Geographical Section of the British Association, we quote the following:—"Certain general facts are familiar to us, namely, that rain falling upon a barren country drains away immediately. It ravages the hillslopes, rushes in torrents over the plains, and rapidly finds its way to the sea, either by rivers or by subterranean water-courses, leaving the land unrefreshed and unproductive. On the other hand, if a mantle of forest be nursed into existence, the effects of each rainfall are far less sudden and transient. The water has to soak through much vegetation and humus before it is free to run over the surface; and, when it does so, the rapidity of its course is checked by the stems of vegetation. Consequently the rain supplies are held back and stored by the action of the forest, and the climate among the trees becomes more equable and humid. We also are familiar with the large differences between the heat-radiating power of the forest and of the desert, also between the amount of their evaporation, *but we have no accurate knowledge of any of these data.* Still less do we know about the influences of forest and desert on the rate of passage, or upon the horizontal velocity of the water, indeed, I am not aware that this subject has ever been considered, although it is of the greatest importance."

City Houses.

THE effect on the race of bringing up children in city houses is thus discussed by Professor Holmes: *Protection* is what the transplanted Aryan requires in this New England climate. Keep him, and especially keep her, in a wide street of a well-built city, eight

months of the year; good solid brick walls behind her, good sheets of plate-glass, with the sun shining warm through them in front of her, and you have put her in the condition of the pineapple, from the land of which, and not from that other kind of pine, her race started on its travels. People don't know what a gain there is to health by living in cities—the best parts of them, of course, for we know too well what the worst parts are. In the first place you get rid of the noxious emanations which poison so many country localities with typhoid fever and dysentery, not wholly rid of them, of course, but to a surprising degree. What do you do when you build a house on a damp soil—and there are damp soils pretty much everywhere? Why, you floor the cellar with cement, don't you? Well, the soil of a city is cemented all over, one may say, with certain qualifications, of course. A first-rate city house is a regular *sanatorium*. The only trouble is that the little good-for-nothings that come of utterly used-up and worn-out stock, and ought to die, can't die to save their lives. So they grow up to dilute the vigor of the race with skim-milk vitality. They would have died like good children in most average country places; but eight months of shelter in a regulated temperature, in a well-sunned house, in a duly-moistened air, with good sidewalks to go about on in all weather, and four months of the cream of summer and the fresh milk of Jersey cows, make the little sham organizations, the worm-eaten windfalls, for that's what they look like, hang on to the boughs of life.

Burned Iron.

IF a bar of tenacious fibrous iron is heated to a welding heat and allowed to cool slowly in the air without being hammered, it becomes brittle, and the iron is supposed to have absorbed oxygen, or to be burnt. For the determination of the true cause of the change, M. Caron instituted the following experiment:

A bar of fine iron, of approved strength and fibrous structure, was cut into small pieces; some of these were heated to a welding heat in a forge, others were placed in a porcelain tube, through which a current of hydrogen or nitrogen was passed and heated to about the same temperature. After they had cooled slowly all the pieces, without exception, presented the characteristic properties of burned iron, and on being reheated to whiteness regained very nearly their original condition. The change in the metal is therefore the result of molecular modifications produced by the heat alone, and is not a consequence of the action of oxygen, since, as the experiment shows, it occurs when that gas is absent.

The action of cold on the tires and axles of railway car-wheels, M. Caron thinks, is to be always explained either by bad workmanship or inferior iron; the crystalline appearance resulting from this cause, and not by the action of continued vibration. The

reason so large a number break in the cold weather is owing to the freezing of the soil, which, reducing the elasticity of the roadway, subjects the axles and tires to greater violence.

Memoranda.

In an article on the longevity of the Patriarchs, in *Frazer's Magazine*, an attempt is made to show that the years given as the ages of the Patriarchs were in reality months. In support of this hypothesis the author cites the fact that the most ancient Egyptians reckoned time by months and not by years; and it must be admitted that this was by far the most natural way for our ancestors to measure time. Taking the Septuagint version of the ages of Adam and others, at the time of the birth of their first sons, the hypothesis becomes exceedingly plausible.

In the arrangement of the sections of the British Association but little attention appears to have been paid to the character of the locality in which each section was to hold its meeting. As a result of this, a visitor remarks that happening to stray into a Quaker Meeting-house he heard a paper read "On the progress of invention in breech-loading small arms during the past twenty years."

As an example of the advantages of the metric system, we will suppose that the reader takes a yardstick, and measuring a room, finds it to be 5 yards 9 inches and $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch wide, and 6 yards 1 foot 1 inch and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch long. Then taking a metre stick he finds the width to be 4.808 metres and the length 5.813. If he now proceeds to determine the area of the space in yards, feet, and inches, and also in metres, and times the operation in each case, he will quickly find the superiority of the metric system.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Rank and Raiment.

THE last relic of glory is dropping from the masculine raiment. Until the last year or so, the gentleman's full dress has kept one little scrap of decoration, as a reminder of the splendors of other days, in embroidered shirt-fronts and ornamental studs. But these, we hear, must go, for fashion now commands her choicest cavaliers to appear at dinner or soirée severely simple in the plainest of bosoms, with mother-of-pearl buttons at two for a penny. It only remains to condemn sleeve-buttons, and make gutta-percha or leather-twist the "correct thing" for watch-chains, and the manly attire will be reduced to its ultimate expression of funereal plainness, beyond which lies no further depth, unless it be good plain sackcloth and ashes.

Morally speaking, the innovation is well enough. In a democratic country it is right that social usage should give as few chances as possible for caste and class to invent badges or insignia, or offend the self-respect of their more modest neighbors by any needless signs of superiority. But rich toilettes are just such signs; for ornament and splendor in dress afford the best of chances for the display of wealth and that artificial taste or caprice which so often go along with it, and are supposed to indicate social position or refinement. Men do not think much of these things, but women do. Augustus, with his more than modest professional income, has yet been used to move among the most gorgeous "swells," as well dressed, and evidently as well bred a man as any in the company. He thinks his sweet little bride amazingly tasteful and correct in her plain ornaments and modest toilette, and looks forward with a certain pride to comparing her with the *millionnaires* at Mrs.

Cræsus' soirée. But when poor little Jenny sees her pretty light silk and simple *ruches* side by side with Mrs. Cræsus' last Worth costume, on which the lace alone is equivalent to about all of Augustus' yearly income, her heart sinks within her. She is classed and judged. She sees at once that, spite of her husband's manly figure and *distingué* address, to say nothing of her own youthful grace and prettiness, there is not the slightest use in their trying to pass for "swells"—and she feels with the half-angry, half-comic resentment of a sensible woman in a false position, that every *parvenue* in the room has set them down at first glance as only "three-thousand-dollar people."

In view of poor Jenny's very natural mortification and annoyance, we may rejoice that the trouble, serious as it is, is limited to the feminine half of humanity. A hundred or two years ago, Augustus would have not merely shared her vexation, but had just the same to endure on his own part. The rich velvets and satins, lawns and laces, swords and garters and jewels of the finished exquisite under the Georges or the Grand Monarque, made correct dress impossible without money, and a good deal of it. In those days a man carried his income-returns blazoned on his back. The quiet scholar or poor artist was as easily distinguishable from the grandee as if he had worn a badge or a placard, like a railway conductor or a Broadway advertising medium. What vexation must have gnawed the hearts of numberless good fellows, in those days of external distinctions, at having to go about ticketed as the poor devils they were, in worldly sense, one does not like to reflect; and though we smile at poor Goldsmith's fussy embarrassment over his famous bloom-colored suit, our amusement is tempered with a pang of pity and sympathy.

Window Gardening.

THE melancholy days have come, and for five or six dreary months the forbidding face of Nature outside will drive us to look for comfort and cheer to the warmth and sunlight we create for ourselves indoors. But why need we give up all relics of the spring-tide and the deep summer noons, when Art, with her fairy fingers, twines garlands for our enjoyment, and brings birds, and fountains, and flowering vines, into our very chambers? The aquarium and the fernery are familiar devices for softening the chill gloom of our winter dwellings; but these inventions are but rudimentary in comparison with the new forms of beauty recently illustrated in a prominent flower shop in Union Square, in this city. The proprietor, by an ingenious arrangement of plate-glass and warm air and moisture, has turned his entire shop-front into a great bower, crowded with ferns, mosses, vines and creepers, redolent with the odor of flowers, and vocal with the songs of countless birds, who in their joyous activity seem to sincerely believe themselves in the depth of their primeval forests. Every day a line of curious gazers block the sidewalk, wondering at the skill and taste of the graceful invention, and losing themselves for a few brief delightful moments in golden visions of tropic warmth, and luxuriance, and life. What is more, the whole arrangement looks quite as well from within as from without, and is susceptible of easy application to any shop-front or bow-window whatever. Why should not every well-to-do dwelling in the land have such a winter glorification in parlor, library, or sitting-room, at least where the south or westerly exposure insures health for both plants and songsters? How infinitely better to spend on the production and care of such a miniature happy valley the sums we carelessly squander on tawdry upholstery or sham bric-à-brac? How delightful to sit, of a pleasant afternoon, gazing from one's seat by the fire, not at the predatory rambles of neighboring tomcats over back sheds and fences, or the playful undulations of various linen on the domestic clothes-line, but looking off through green entanglement into pleasant vistas of fancy, dreaming of spring, and soft air, and violets, of Doria Pamfili gardens or Orinoco forests, losing for the nonce all thought of the cold, hard present about us, in one delicious reverie of Nature in her richest and kindest moods!

And now for some seasonable hints for the culture of our window-gardens. We all know that good soil, daily watering, and a sunny exposure will generally insure the growth of house-plants; but quick growth is not always desirable, for we must remember that the faster the branches of a plant or vine grow, the wider apart are their leaves, and the more spindling their general appearance, both in side branches and stems.

The skill of the gardener is exhibited in cultivating a plant which shall be perfectly graceful both in foliage and stem. Slow growth, which is adapted to produce this result, can be obtained by lowering the temperature of the rooms at night, by closing the

registers or the dampers of the stoves, and by giving all the fresh air which can be obtained when the sun shines bright and warm, and the mercury stands above 40°. As fast as the moisture evaporates from the stems and branches of plants, a new supply should be afforded by the roots, and if the soil in the pot remains moist for an unusual length of time, it is a sign that the soil is not friable enough and that the roots cannot absorb the water readily, or that something is wanting in the soil, and it is then best to repot the plant, not forgetting to mix one-third sand with our loam, leaf-mould, and well-decayed manure. A compost that does not become dry rapidly will not promote healthy plant-action. Plants with plenty of roots and a vigorous growth will take up almost all the moisture that can be poured into a moderately-sized pot, and if too much is given it will drain off into the saucer and can be poured away, as water should not remain in the saucers of any plants excepting those of the *Calla Lily*, and they will bloom much finer if the pots are kept in pans of water all the time.

We can have a great variety of plants in our windows. In hanging baskets, we may plant *Begonias*, *Caladiums*, *Geraniums*, *Ivy*, ornamental grasses, the *Convolvulus* of various kinds, *Ferns*, etc., etc. With care the *Camellia* can be cultivated in pots, and *Fuchsias*, *Geraniums*, *Verbenas*, *Petunias*, *Azalias*, the *Daphne*, the Chinese *Primrose* (one of the best plants for a window-garden), *Violets*, *Pansies*, and many other ordinary plants can generally be grown with success.

While preparing our window-gardens, we must not forget to provide some choice varieties of bulbs, such as *Hyacinths*, *Crocuses*, *Tulips*, *Cyclamens*, and *Scillas*, which are all of the easiest culture and will fill our windows with gorgeous flowers for many weeks.

Hyacinths, in the loveliest shades of blue, red, pink, yellow, and white, are so odorous as to fill the air with fragrance, and the varied delicacy of the tints of their waxen bells delights all beholders. They can be bought of all the florists and seedsmen, and grown either in hyacinth-glasses, with water, sand, moss, cocoa-fiber, or soil. In whatever manner they are cultivated, they require shade, or rather entire seclusion from light and heat for four or five weeks. This is needful to develop the tiny roots, and assist the bulb to throw up its leaves and flower-stalk which are concealed in embryo. Water will supply all that is needed to stimulate root growth, and when the roots are six or seven inches in length the leaves and buds will grow with great rapidity. If grown in water, a bit of charcoal will keep it sweet, and as the water evaporates more can be added, taking care to have it slightly warm. *Hyacinths* can also be grown in deep glass dishes filled with sand, cocoa-fiber, or moss kept constantly wet. *Tulips* and other bulbs require the same treatment, excepting the *Cyclamens*, which are usually purchased of the florists, already started, and will bloom profusely all the winter, one plant frequently throwing up from one to two hundred lovely flowers.

Listen !

Do you wish to do something towards making your home happy? Do you desire that your brothers and sisters should be glad to have you with them, and that you should always be a welcome companion to your parents or your children? Do you want to have your society coveted everywhere, and to feel, the while, that you are doing good as well as giving pleasure? Would you like to help people to think well, and to have them save their best thoughts for you? Would it please you to get all the good you can out of the people you know?

If so, learn to listen.

But first learn what listening is—for it is not merely the exercise of the sense of hearing. The stupidest of us all can keep ears open and mouth shut. To listen properly means to make other people talk properly. That is a social definition, if it is not a Websterian one. The good listener is a cause of talking in others, and by a proper exercise of this valuable and too scarce gift, makes the diffident say what they think, and the verbose think what they say. For the greatest talkers are careful when they find they have a good listener. They know that they may not often be so fortunate, and they talk their best. The adept in listening may sometimes hear more prosing than he likes, but if he be skillful this will not often happen. When it is impossible to get anything interesting or useful out of a man, he need be listened to no longer. Every one of sense will agree to that. But it is aston-

ishing how many good things some very unpromising persons will say if they be properly and conscientiously listened to.

To be sure it is very hard for some persons to listen. They have a gift for talking, and they like to exercise it. But these are the very persons who should do a great deal of listening. They know what a luxury it is to talk, and they should give their families and friends a chance to learn the art. Besides, like farmers, they will often find much advantage in a rotation of crops. A season of listening is often a most excellent preparative for a season of talk.

It is often supposed that if a man has a good thing to say, he will say it, but this is not necessarily the case. Very often he never says it, because no one will give him a chance. He don't want to waste his speech on fools, and the smart folks want him to content himself with hearing what they have to say. This happens—not in connection with very good things perhaps, but with things that might lead to very good things—every day and every hour, in thousands of families, all over the land—to say nothing of society.

There are those who so seldom have a chance to speak to interested ears, that they gradually withdraw themselves into themselves, where, not generally finding much, they intellectually pine away.

To be sure, we should not fail to become good talkers, if we can; but, do what we may, we can only make one talker of ourselves, whereas, by proper listening, we may make a dozen talkers of other people.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Italian Opera.

THE Italian Opera season in New York has not been a remarkable one. Mr. Max Maretzek's experience and tact were insufficient to renew the brilliant successes of last year. With two excellent prime donne who had hosts of admirers, and with a large subscription list, the result was nevertheless not entirely satisfactory. It was felt that the management depended too confidently on its prime donne. Its tenors and baritones were weak in voice and uninspiring in action. They were, besides, without répertoires, and the works presented were given without the necessary preparation. An unsatisfactory *ensemble*, a chorus often giving evidence of its undisciplined condition, and a general want of care and completeness in the most elaborate works, resulted in disappointment and much grumbling. Mme. Lucca, it may be said, created a favorable impression. Her strong mimetic talents, her extraordinary *verve*, and her originality were sufficient charms in the lighter rôles of the season, to hide many defects of vocal method, and many liberties taken with the written music. She made her American début in Meyerbeer's "Afri-

caine," a complicated spectacular work, requiring, like all of Meyerbeer's later operas, a powerful and evenly balanced *ensemble* for its adequate presentation. Notwithstanding that it was ruthlessly "cut" by the management, and the pitch altered in the adaptation of it to the voice of the prima donna, the representation was in a measure made successful by the acting of Mme. Lucca in the rôle of *Selika*. The only other opera of Meyerbeer's given was the "Huguenots," and this suffered in the same manner. The cadenzas were omitted, and the most operose portions of the music eliminated. Here, too, Mme. Lucca, in the heavy rôle of *Valentina*, demonstrated her intense passion and vigorous dramatic talents.

Representations of Gounod's "Faust," in which she assumed the part of *Marguerita*, of Don Giovanni, in which she was the *Zerlina*,—Miss Kellogg for the first time singing the rôle of *Donna Anna*,—of "Fra Diavolo," the "Nozze di Figaro," and "La Favorita," left no doubt whatever of the special adaptation of the prima donna's talents to the lighter characterizations. Her *Cherubino* and *Zerlina* evinced even more originality and spontaneity than

her *Leonora* and *Selika*. The impulsive nature and overflowing animal spirits, the vivacity, freshness, and gayety of the actress in the comedy rôles, gave them an individual charm that went far to redeem the want of idealization and the crudity of vocal method. Mme. Lucca's voice is a rich, round mezzo-soprano. Its middle and upper tones are singularly broad and effective, but her reliance upon these natural qualities of utterance is conspicuous. Power, volubility, and resonance are made the charm of her singing much oftener than culture. Her phrasing is defective, arising mainly from an incorrect habit of inspiration, and resulting in the dislocation of vocal passages, often in defiance of the plainest requirements of musical rhetoric.

The association of Mme. Lucca and Miss Kellogg in Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," and "Don Giovanni," brought into strong relief the contrasting merits of the two singers; and it was noticeable that in the comparison one artist pleased the public by her personality, and the other won the connoisseurs by her art. The unstudied power of one and the finished intellectual refinement of the other were thus heightened, to the advantage of both. Miss Kellogg's season has been a purely artistic triumph for her, too severely and conscientiously excellent perhaps for the immediate apprehension of the public, but of that sterling and abiding character that will outlive the favoritism of a day. Her assumption of the part of *Donna Anna* won for her the quiet gratulations of cultivated musicians, while it passed unheeded from the recollection of the popular assemblage. A finer example of chaste vocalization, and one furnishing a purer method of declamatory art, was not presented during the season. Although it is unfortunately the tendency of current criticism to expend its force upon that which is most novel, and which occupies the largest share of public attention, the more thoughtful judges appear to agree that this year's success of the American prima donna has been won by the exercise of the highest, if not the most popular talents.

Thomas Moran's Water-Color Drawings.

A collection of water-color drawings, by Mr. Thomas Moran, the subjects taken from the Yellowstone country, have been lately removed from Goupil's, where they were seen by many persons—although not, strictly speaking, on exhibition—and have been sent to England by their purchaser, Mr. William Blackmore.

We understand that another series has been begun by Mr. Moran for an American gentleman, and we hope that when these are finished the general public may some day have the means of seeing them. To say that these drawings are the most brilliant and poetic pictures that have been done in America thus far, is unfortunately not to say much; because our work in landscape to the present time has been plain prose, or weak idyl, or out-heroding of Herod; anything, in short, but poetry. This, with a few sweet exceptions,

is the main outcome of our landscape painting. But Mr. Moran's water-colors show a strong man rejoicing to run a race; and with all his senses alive for rich and strange and tender shimmering color, rainbow and mist, with fleeting cloud, and more hues than Iris with her purpled scarf can show. His love of form is as strong as his love of color, and his lines betray the same innate grace of spirit, the same delicately moving mind. In these drawings, as in the large picture bought by the Government and now hanging in the Capitol, the artist is on such strange, unaccustomed ground, that one suspects some trick, some stage-play, and fears to be caught with unrealities. Tame conventional people, who make a fetish of the Frenchman, and look upon Theodore Rousseau as the speaker of the last word in landscape art, blame Moran for not leaving the strangeness out of his pictures, and for not making the Yellowstone synonymous with the Seine. But those who can love Rousseau, and Turner, and Corot, and Raphael, with one and the same heart—nor hear any division in the concord of sweet sounds they make—will ask only how this new painter has solved his problem, and whether the Yellowstone is as weirdly poetic on his canvas as it is in nature. But who will look at Mr. Moran's pictures and ask themselves how he has delivered the message given him for us—whether he has belittled it, or clouded it, or slipped it, or given it in all the fullness of which he is capable, and with all simplicity—will, we think, agree with us that the messenger was well chosen, and that the wild western desert has found in him a most faithful because most poetic voice.

The English in Ireland.

MR. FROUDE'S intense personality, his sterling honesty of purpose, his painstaking study of the facts of any subject he may choose to write upon, the zealous love of truth and justice which fuses his wealth of knowledge into a consistent whole, and the fascinating style in which he expresses himself, enter as known factors into any work he may undertake. They need not be enlarged upon. Every student of English History knows that they exist, and how they exist. Our duty in noticing his new work, *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century* (Scribner, Armstrong & Co.), is restricted, therefore, to the consideration of the special characteristics of the work. That he will marshal the facts in a masterly manner we know from past experience; but how does he interpret them? What is the theory of national duty by which he measures the rights and wrongs of a relation which he boldly pronounces a shame and a disgrace to both parties? And how far does the English atmosphere, so to speak, through which he sees the facts, color or becloud his vision?

That he will displease the English partisan is reasonably certain, since he shows by irresistible proofs that, judged by her own standard of duty, England has sinned grievously. That the Irish partisan would shriek with rage might have been predicted; whether religious

or political, he is practically incompetent of sober judgment when Irish matters are in question. That the American public (the thinking portion, that is) will side with either party is not at all to be expected. As a people, we utterly reject the theory of national rights and duties by which England justifies to herself the efforts she has made to subjugate and govern her sister island; and we should condemn the conquest of Ireland on that plea, even if we were persuaded that (as Mr. Froude alleges) everything which England most valued for herself—her laws and liberties, her orderly and settled government, the most ample security for person and property—England's first desire was to give to Ireland in fullest measure.

To American ears the English theory that it is every man's right to govern his neighbor if he can, sounds somewhat harsh and unchristian even when tempered by the assumption that power to govern presupposes mental and moral, as well as physical superiority, and carries the consequent duty of raising others if possible to the same higher level. By not taking into account this underlying reservation, Mr. Froude's words may be made to do him gross injustice. When he says, for instance, that on the whole, and as a rule, superior strength is the equivalent of superior merit, he evidently means no more than is consistent with the belief that in the long run the highest good is practically coincident with the greatest might. He is indeed very careful to soften thus the savagery of the ordinary expression of the right of might. Among wild beasts and savages, he says, might constitutes right; among reasonable beings right is forever tending to create might. He finds therefore a rude but adequate test of superiority and inferiority in the relative strength of the different orders of human beings; and holds that in deciding that the weaker shall obey the more powerful, nature is in reality saving them from themselves, and thus confers most liberty when she seems most to be taking it away. Believing that there is no freedom possible to man except in obedience to law, he makes the natural inference that those who cannot prescribe a law to themselves must be content to accept direction from others, if they desire to be free. That there is or can be any inherent privilege in any person or set of persons to live unworthily at their own wills, when they can be led or driven into more honorable courses, he positively denies—the rights of man in his view being not to liberty, but to wise control. The superior part of mankind, he says, submit willingly to be governed by those who are nobler and wiser than themselves, thus recognizing the natural right of the best to govern, and the natural right of the worst to be governed. "Liberty profits only those who can govern themselves better than others can govern them." "The strength which gives a right to freedom implies the presence of those qualities which insure that it will be rightly used." "The right of a people to self-government consists, and can consist, in nothing but their power to defend themselves."

In bringing together these characteristic expres-

sions of Mr. Froude's doctrine of human rights and liberties, we have aimed to discover the key to his interpretation of Irish History. Few American readers will assent to such restriction of the meanings of *right*, *freedom* and *liberty*, yet all must give Mr. Froude credit for an honest and consistent use of these terms as he understands them. Through this atmosphere he sees all the facts of Anglo-Irish History. The Normans were the wiser, nobler, and consequently stronger people; therefore they had a natural right to conquer and govern the English. The same superiority gave the English the right to invade Ireland, to put an end to the wretched condition of a people who "for centuries, of their own free choice, had lived in chronic war and deliberately preferred it to a state of peace;" the English right to govern resting, he says distinctly, in their capability of governing, and in the need of the Irish to be governed. The Magna Charta of Irish liberty he describes, with perhaps justifiable bitterness, as the free right of every man to make war upon his neighbor at pleasure. This was the liberty the Irish defended with such unstable virulence. Freedom such as Scotland fought for, Ireland never sought or cared for. If she had, her efforts would have deserved success, and, as a natural consequence, would have succeeded. "The right to resist depends on the power of resistance." The Irish, it seems, never demonstrated their right to resent the government of England by successfully resisting it. On the other hand, England's right to govern Ireland has never been proved by the fact of just government. According to England's own standard, then, history shows England not to be the rightful custodian of Ireland. She has persistently failed to govern Ireland well, and her asserted right to undertake the work rests on no other basis, has no other justification, than an ability to accomplish it. Mr. Froude's recognition of this failure is frank and courageous. A government which does not promote justice has no just claim to respect; yet "justice, in the true sense, has been the last expedient to which England has had recourse in her efforts to harmonize her relations with her wayward dependency. She has taken those who have made the loudest noise at their own estimation. She has regarded the patriot orator, the rebel, and the assassin as the representatives of Ireland. She has thought alternately, and with equal unsuccessful, how she can coerce or conciliate those who give her trouble. How to encourage industry and honest labor, how to prevent oppression and save the working peasant from being pillaged by violence or unjust law, she has rarely troubled herself to consider."

It is not surprising that so many of Mr. Froude's countrymen are inclined to resent the aspect in which he presents the case. Yet if, by bringing the force of honest thinking thus to bear on this troubled question, Mr. Froude shall rouse the English people to a higher sense of duty in the matter of justice to the deserving portion of the Irish people, and at the same time convince the sober-minded among

the Irish of the mischievous character of their partisan advisers, his work will be of immense value to humanity as well as to Ireland. The errors and crimes already committed on both sides cannot be undone, but they may be avoided in the future; and when a better understanding of their mutual responsibility has been arrived at by Saxon and Celt, Ireland may be turned from her present attitude of hostility to England, and ceasing to be a "wayward dependency," may be raised to an equal rank with England and Scotland in a sisterhood which cannot be broken without mutual harm.

"Oriental and Linguistic Studies."

Oriental and Linguistic Studies, by William Dwight Whitney, Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Yale College (Scribner, Armstrong & Co.).—Under this title Professor Whitney has gathered into a volume thirteen papers which have appeared separately in the *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, the *Transactions of the American Philological Association*, the *North American Review*, and other journals. Those who do not now make acquaintance with these essays for the first time, will welcome their appearance in this collected and convenient form, no less warmly than those to whom they have been hitherto more or less inaccessible. Rarely have such occasional publications contained so little of merely transient interest, so much of permanent value. It is significant of the completeness which marks all of Professor Whitney's works, that though the earliest of these "Studies" is separated from the latest by a period of nearly twenty years, a period of very great activity and progress in this field, they have been reprinted with only here and there a verbal change, and except in one case, where the history of a certain subject was to be continued down to the present time, without addition. The several Studies group themselves so naturally into a connected whole, supplementing without repeating each other, that any loss of occasional interest, which is apt in such publications to be serious, is more than made good by that which they gain by conjunction. Even the dualism which appears in the title is not without a higher unity, since the science of language, in the modern acceptance of the term, received its first strong impulse from the study of Sanskrit, and is constantly fed from the same source. The first five of these papers relate to the Veda, and treat, more specifically, of the general results of Vedic scholarship; of the Vedic doctrine of a future life; of Müller's History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature; of the principles by which translators of the Veda are to be guided, and especially of the authority of the Hindu commentators; of Müller's translation of the Rig-Veda. Both the general and the special student will here find much of value to them; an admirable statement of the assured results at which Vedic scholars have arrived; on other and controverted points the judgment of one of the highest among them in authority, and

the soundest criticism of the methods of study. The sixth paper, on the Avesta, is similar in character to the first, and includes a sketch of the progress of Zend scholarship up to the present time. The last half of the volume is occupied with discussions pertaining to the science of language. The subjects are: the relation of Sanskrit and Indo-European philology to the Science of Language and to Ethnology, abundantly vindicating the former studies from the attacks of Oppert and Key; two notices of Müller's Lectures on the Science of Language, which should escape the attention of no one who has read Müller; the present state of the question as to the origin of language, followed by an examination and most complete refutation of the views of Bleek, Schleicher and Steinthal, which are here distinguished as the "simious," the "physical," and the "psychological" theories of language. The volume closes appropriately with a discussion of the relation of language to education, and of the place which the study ought to hold in our educational system. The papers in the last half of the volume are all, with one exception, more recent than the author's "Language and the Study of Language," and may not improperly be considered as the complement of that work, that being, to borrow an illustration from another science, the systematic, and this the polemic treatment of the subject. In the course of these discussions of opposing theories, his own views of the origin and nature of language are stated anew, and with additional illustration and enforcement. That language is a divine gift only in so far as it is the product of capacities and impulses given by God; that language is not identical with thought, nor thought dependent on language for its existence, but that language is the instrument of thought, an instrument which multiplies indefinitely the power of thought, but still only an instrument; that the impulse to speak comes not from within, but from without, not from the desire of expression, but of communication; that consequently the bond between the word and the idea is not a necessary but a conventional one, the agreement, namely, of the speakers to receive a given word as the sign of a given idea; that the science of language is not a physical but a historical science; that language is not an organism, governed by an independent law of development, but at its origin and at every successive point of its growth controlled by voluntary action; that it is not the creation of a faculty which lies below the plane of consciousness and which is independent of the will, but that it owes its origin to the same forces which produce the after-changes which we call the growth of language;—all this is most convincingly shown. That these views, of which Professor Whitney is not the only, but the foremost champion, though far enough at present from receiving the general assent of scholars, are destined to prevail, we cannot for a moment doubt, and the honors of the victory will belong in no small measure to him. No other writer on these subjects has brought to their discussion so wide a knowledge of the facts of language

joined to such strict methods of scientific investigation and reasoning.

In the preface to the present volume Professor Whitney holds out the prospect of another, composed of a different class of essays, if this meets with a reception sufficiently encouraging. The public will assuredly exact the speedy fulfillment of this engagement.

Completion of the "Idyls of the King."

THE close of the literary year is memorable for the addition of *Gareth and Lynette* (J. R. Osgood & Co.) to Mr. Tennyson's Arthurian idyls; or rather, let us say, his splendid epic of King Arthur has been completed with the appearance of this characteristic poem; for it seems to us that the question whether an epic could be produced or tolerated in these latter-day times is now substantially answered by the existence, in rounded and beautiful perfection, of the Laureate's most imposing work.

The "Idyls of the King," moreover, have grown into being somewhat after the earliest epic method, if we hold to the belief of Wolfe and his school with regard to the manner in which the Homeric poems were composed. The Round Table was first celebrated in legends of knight-errantry and enchantment, as told by word of mouth, sung by the minstrels, written in the romances of France, England, and Wales. Next we have the black-letter compilation, or prose-epic, of Sir Thomas Malory, printed by Caxton in 1485, and undergoing various reprints and alterations down to the present day. Lastly comes the predestined poet, for whom all this precious material has been so long waiting. Seizing upon the pith and beauty of these purely English traditions, he moulds them to his own use and welds them symmetrically together, having purified them in the alembic of his imagination and adorned them by every resource of the poet's art; and so we have at last a genuine British epic, more fascinating to modern readers than any other production of its class, although some future generation must determine its rank in comparison of the world's great epic masterpieces which have preceded it.

While the public appetite for these delightful idyls has grown by what it fed on, portion after portion has been added, until now ten cantos in all compose the finished structure. It is just twenty years since the "Morte d'Arthur" was put forth as an experiment in the volume entitled "English Idyls and Other Poems." No lover of poetry assented to the author's courtly disparagement of his own lines, or pronounced them

"Faint Homeric echoes, nothing worth ;"

for in sonorous quality of verse—the effect of "hollow oes and aes"—in majesty of diction and thought, they are unexcelled by any of the later idyls, and now are made a fitting climax to the heroic progress of the completed poem. The last stone of this edifice, elaborate with allegorical carving, is set in place, and a memorial of knightly valor and aspiration stands before us,—

romantic and mediæval, it may be, but thoroughly English, and as thoroughly modern in its expression of the purest and loftiest ideals of the nineteenth Christian century.

Tennyson has excelled all contemporary poets, so far as the technics of his art are concerned, in lyrical and reflective verse—in every department of poetry except the dramatic; and his failure to essay the latter possibly indicates the one faculty wherein he feels his imagination to be deficient, to wit, that upon which depends the invention of a story or a plot. Yet any school-girl novelist will now-a-days spin you a tale of endless length and tortuous intricacy out of her clever little brain. Do great poets, in fact, ever wholly invent their own plots? Did Sophocles or Euripides? Did Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, or Goethe? Dante came nearer to it, and Molière nearest of them all. The poet's higher office is to grasp the material of fictions and traditions already existing and illuminate them with spiritual light. To the Laureate, whose genius for dramatic invention is relatively defective, such a treasury of ancient romance as Malory's "*La Morte d'Arthur*" was a godsend. He has availed himself of it, and the epic which was once the dream of Milton is at last a substantial, and, we believe, an enduring portion of the literature of our English tongue.

The poet's allegorical bent, early noticeable in "*The Palace of Art*" and "*A Vision of Sin*," is no less manifest in *Gareth and Lynette*. The personages and imagery have a two-fold significance, like those of Spenser and Sidney. Mr. Tennyson not only invests Malory's rude and fantastic legend with higher meaning, but introduces new characters and adventures to make the allegory complete. The foes whom Gareth overcomes—evil knights, who guard the approach to Castle Perilous—are here the Morning Star, Noon Sun, and Evening Star; while the hero's final triumph over Night and Death is a coinage of the modern poet, worth more than the entire body of the olden tale. That in this age he should be able to revive any interest in knight-errantry is of itself a matter for admiration. Three hundred years ago, Cervantes pricked the armor of what pseudo-knighthood yet lingered among men; yet here we have a new and lasting picture of the ideal chivalry—compact of love, heroism, honor, and saintly faith.

For the rest, the landscape and grouping are as picturesque as word-painting can make them. Almost any passage will show that of all the old melody, beauty of expression, and unapproachable art, there is no falling off:

"Then at his call, 'O daughters of the Dawn
And servants of the Morning-Star, approach,
Arm me,' from out the silken curtain-folds,
Bare-footed and bare-headed, three fair girls
In gilt and rosy raiment came: their feet
In dewy grasses glistened; and the hair
All over glanced with dewdrop or with gem,
Like sparkles in the stone *Avanturine*.
These arm'd him in blue arms, and gave a shield
Blue also, and thereon the morning star.

And Gareth silent gazed upon the knight,
 Who stood a moment, ere his horse was brought,
 Glorying; and in the stream beneath him shone,
 Immingled with Heaven's azure waveringly,
 The gay pavilion and the naked feet,
 His arms, the rosy raiment, and the star."

In technical execution this idyl displays the author's latest style carried to an extreme. The verse is clamped together, with every adjective and conjunction omitted that possibly can be spared; yet lines of a galloping, redundant nature are interspersed, as if Tennyson were disposed occasionally to resort to what in Swinburne has become mannerism. Alliteration also prevails in almost every line or sentence, and more than in any other modern poem. Is this another concession to the younger school, or the effect of the Laureate's mousing among pre-Chaucerian ballads? It somewhat palls upon the ear, as does also the poet's habit of playing upon his own words and seemingly reiterating them for that purpose. We are compensated for all this by a stalwart presentation of that fine old English which Emerson has called "a stern and dreadful language," by a restoration of grand but half-forgotten words which, in Time's despite hereafter, we trust will hold their own.

Gareth and Lynette follows "The Coming of Arthur," and is thus the second canto of the epic. Among the ten idyls, and indeed over all the author's poems, "Guinevere" is still pre-eminent for tragic pathos and dramatic power. In its Homeric feeling and language, "The Passing of Arthur" is, as we have already said, quite distinct from its companions; while for pure beauty of narrative and verse, and most romantic tenderness, "Elaine" will remain the favorite of readers, young or old. Gareth has something of the mystical quality of "The Holy Grail," but is not so lofty and sustained a poem. It more nearly ranks with "Enid," or "Pelleas and Ettarre," and now takes its appointed place in the series of idyls, each an exquisite and perfect work, which have transformed Britain's ancient legends into a vision of enduring beauty, to enthral and elevate lovers of what is good and brave and fair for many an age to come. Mr. Tennyson's growth in art has been steadfast and assured, from the delicate lyrics which stand at the beginning of his collected works, to the epic which he has now finished in the ripeness of his years. Was ever a youthful poet's dream more fully realized? and, if he never henceforth should compose another verse, where in the history of art and song are we able to place a finger upon the record of a more complete and felicitous career?

Cranch's Translation of the *Æneid*.

UPON examination of the volume which Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. have just added to their famous series of translations, one must needs envy Mr. Cranch both the opportunity which existed for a new version of the *Æneid*, and the faculty which he has demonstrated that he possesses for doing such work readily and well. The art of translation is a gift, and a most

enjoyable one. A poet who has it can please himself, at those seasons when his brain is not creative, and when he nevertheless feels the desire for literary labor, with the exercise of his metrical skill, and thus satisfy his conscience by no loss of time, without the fatigue resulting from original production.

The ease, fidelity, and vigor with which Mr. Cranch has accomplished his undertaking, show that he possesses this talent in a degree which not unlikely has surprised even himself. Through his own lyrics he is known as a poet of delicate fancy and emotion; and those familiar with their subtle, introspective quality will commend his present work the more heartily, seeing that it exhibits scarcely a trace of the author's distinctive manner. He has honestly adapted himself to the genius of Virgil, and, without finesse or paraphrase, has rendered the pure and flowing Latin hexameters into simple, liquid, and resonant blank verse.

No one, who is acquainted with the previous versions of the *Æneid*—from Dryden's free but ringing heroics, down to Conington's experiment in the favorite metre of Sir Walter Scott—will pretend that any of these approaches the advanced modern standard of rhythmical translation. Mr. Cranch has made the first attempt to meet the three requisitions of absolute fidelity, true poetical quality, and conformity to the spirit of the English language. There was a positive want of such a version of the dear old Latin epic, and we think that the book under review will be accepted for genuine merit and long outlast its immediate welcome.

Undoubtedly the translator of the *Æneid* has a lighter task than he who would turn the Greek of Homer or the Italian of Dante into English verse. The elegant clearness of Virgil's style, as every school-boy knows, makes him "easier" than any other Latin author except Cæsar. A scholarly poet construes his verse without difficulty; few scholars, even, have the same mastery over Greek. From beginning to end there is now no important dispute with regard to the text of Virgil, or to the meaning of the text. We nevertheless admire the simplicity and graceful choice of words which characterize Mr. Cranch's *Æneid*, and feel that his instinct was right when he undertook a labor which he has executed with such rapidity and success. Among the reasons which influenced him to select blank verse as the vehicle of his translation is one of considerable weight, to wit: that in the original hexameters the sense most frequently laps over from verse to verse, so that pauses and breaks occur rather in the middle than at the end of a line. This is really the manner of Virgil, and measurably that of Lucretius; while in Homer, and especially in Theocritus, the reverse is equally characteristic. But however scrupulous we might be with regard to a blank-verse translation of either of the three authors last named, we enter no protest, so far as the *Æneid* is concerned, against the choice of a metre so purely English and which Mr. Cranch employs to such advantage. Virgil was the prince of plagiarists, and yet without blame; for he flourished

in a period when, as an adapter of the faultless literature of Greece, he greatly refined the taste of his countrymen and gave them inestimable delight. His Eclogues poorly mimic Theocritus; he took his Georgics from Hesiod and his epic from Homer; in translating him one seems to be translating a translator; and his Manes surely will not cry out upon Mr. Cranch for any expedient that can assimilate, in turn, his poetry to our uses, and more naturally give satisfaction to modern ears.

We notice in this work very few of those inversions which stilt the old-fashioned translations. The verse is the verse of Bryant, not that of Dryden or Pope. A quotation from the Third Book will illustrate the general excellence of Mr. Cranch's style:—

"Then far off we see

Minervian Ætna rising from the waves;
And now we hear the ocean's awful roar,
The breakers dashing on the rocks, the moan
Of broken voices on the shore. The deeps
Leap up, and sand is mixed with boiling foam.
'Charybdis!' cries Anchises: 'lo, the cliffs,
The dreadful rocks that Helenus foretold!
Save us—bear off, my men! With equal stroke
Bend on your oars!' No sooner said than done.
With groaning rudder Palinurus turns
The prow to the left, and the whole cohort strain
With oar and sail, and seek a southern course.
The curving wave one moment lifts us up
Skyward, then sinks us down as in the shades
Of death. Three times amid their hollow caves
The cliffs resound; three times we saw their foam
Dashed,—that the stars hung dripping wet with dew.
Meanwhile, abandoned by the wind and sun,
Weary, and ignorant of our course, we are thrown
Upon the Cyclops' shore."

Here and there a verse occurs which a reviewer, at first thought, might deem to be carelessly accented and overcharged with syllables; but the context shows that the translator's ear is not at fault, and that such lines are introduced to vary the effect. The opening passage is not rendered quite to our liking; but when once fairly at his work Mr. Cranch reaches an elevated tone and sustains it to the end. His explanatory notes will to the scholar appear superfluous, and meager to the unlearned. Upon the whole, this translation will take its place as a standard in public and private libraries, and we trust that the superb octavo volume will be followed by a popular edition within the means of all.

"What Katy Did."

The New Year's Bargain was one of the most charming of last winter's juveniles. It was as original and imaginative in its conception as any of Hans Christian Andersen's stories, and was quaint and picturesque in execution.

It can hardly be said that *What Katy Did* (Roberts Brothers) fulfills the promise which the *New*

Year's Bargain held out, for it is a story on so different a plane, of so realistic a nature, that no comparison of the two is possible.

Perhaps it was as well to avoid such comparison between two books coming so near together; but we hope yet to see, from Susan Coolidge's pen, a story affording more room for the display of creative and artistic power.

"What Katy Did" is the story of an impulsive child, who, until her thirteenth year, although full of vague day-dreams of becoming great and doing good, was simply rude, troublesome, and disagreeable. By a fall from a swing she receives a very serious injury, is confined to her room, and unable to walk for two years. During this time, thanks to the teaching and example of an invalid cousin, a great change is wrought in her character. She becomes gentle, considerate, and lovable, and we leave her finally in her sixteenth year, the center and stay of the house, a mother to her motherless brothers and sisters, and a sunny comfort to everybody.

This is the moral side of the story; but its great charm to the little people will lie in the graphic picture of the life of Katy and her five brothers and sisters, before Katy's accident took place. Not even Miss Alcott herself could have given more vivid pictures of children's good times and sad scrapes than are in the first half of this story.

The marshy thicket full of wild rose-bushes and sassafras shrubs, which the children called "Paradise," and which could be reached by different routes, one called "The Path of Peace," one, "Sassafras Path," and another, "The Pilgrim's Path and the Hill Difficulty;" the dead tree stump out of which grew a rose-bush, called the "Rosary," and believed to be the home of a Fairy; the forbidden game of "Kikeri, Kikeri, Kikeri, Ki;" the Loft, and "The Youth's Poetical Bible," will give endless delight to little hearts.

The dedication is very sweet and tender, and strengthens the theory, suggested by the graphic flavor of many of the scenes in the story, that it is a true record of what real children once did.

Songs of Nature.

Songs of Nature (Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) is a beautiful volume of verse and picture, especially suited to the holiday season. This is the fourth and final volume in the re-issue of Folk Songs, but a very large part of its poetic and pictorial contents will be found to be new. There is a noble design by T. Moran on the first page, illustrating Bryant's Forest Hymn; there is some good work here by Miss Hallock; and other well-known artists have helped to make the present one of the most attractive volumes ever printed in the country.

A MATRIMONIAL STOCK OPERATION.



1. Mamma, having some surplus stock, determines to put it on the market.



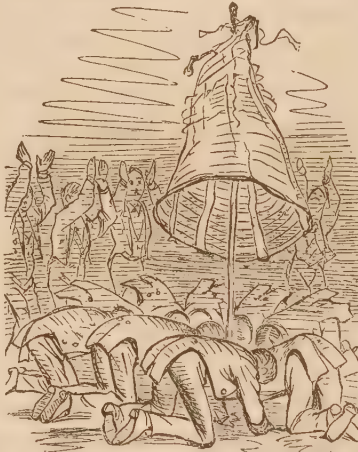
2. But a good deal of the same thing being offered—



3. Dealers decline to operate.



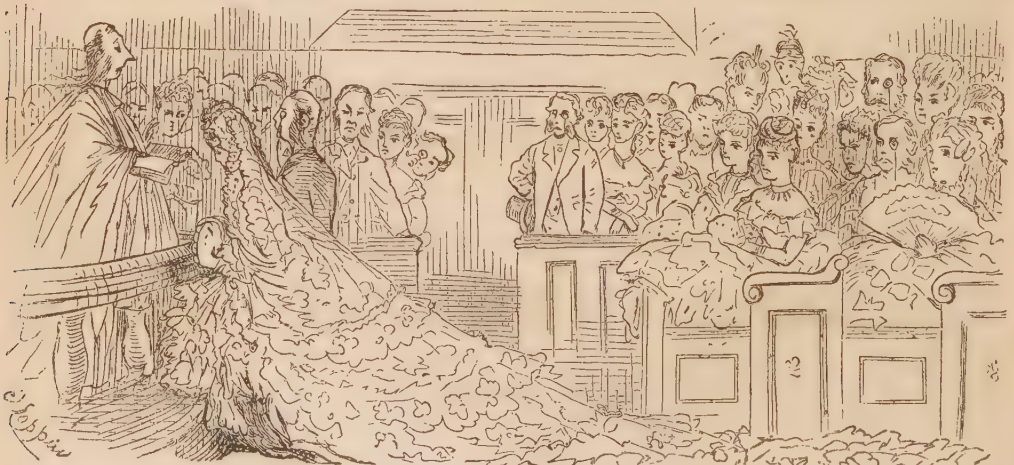
4. So Mamma withdraws her little venture—



5. Until there is a "corner" in the market—



6. When it is pronounced a "good thing"—



7. And goes off like "hot cakes."

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THE TEHUANTEPEC SHIP-CANAL.



THE CAMP UNDER THE BIG TREE AT TARIFA PASS.

ALL great scientific enterprises depend in large measure for their success upon their power to impress the imagination. The embryo of any national project can be brought to maturity only by gaining for it the enthusiastic devotion of the people, to warm it into life. The undertaking must have a solid basis of scientific demonstration on which to rest, but, after all, the grandest enterprise remains unorganized, until by exciting the spirit of lofty expectation, the fancy glorifies the reality and insists upon the venture.

It is then as much to stimulate the imagination of the American people as to instruct them in the facts, that we propose in this article to explain the superb project of crossing the Isthmus of Tehuantepec with the largest ships; for if we can show that the work of severing this ligature which now retards commercial circulation is not only within the power of this generation to accomplish, but is also worthy of our nation, as a lasting monument of its greatness in this century, we

shall have done no small service in aiding the enterprise.

Nature herself seems to suggest the project by displaying a remarkably favorable configuration of mountains, plains, and rivers at the very place where the contour of both shores calls for the location of this canal.

Instead of extending the lofty range of the Cordilleras across this strip of land which connects the continents, the gigantic chain is suddenly depressed in its passage across the isthmus, and at the point directly in the line of shortest communication between the oceans, there is a break sufficient to allow the canal to pass over the Tarifa pass, only six or seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. Just here, too, the mountains approach very near the Pacific coast, within thirty or forty miles, leaving a slope four times as extensive towards the Gulf of Mexico as that towards the Pacific ocean. This conformation gives to the larger part of the territory to be crossed by the canal the ben-

efit of a better climate, cooler breezes, and a free circulation of air across the whole isthmus, carrying the cooler northern atmosphere to the Pacific shore.

This part of the isthmus is therefore the healthiest part of it; and, what is still more remarkable with reference to the needs of a ship-canal, northerly winds prevail from the middle of December to the end of March, commonly accompanied by rains on the mountains, thus providing water in the dry season; while such is the configuration of the country towards the Gulf, that winds from any quarter at all seasons of the year naturally deposit on these table-lands the watery vapor held suspended by them, never carrying the moisture beyond the mountain chain and summit level. When we think that this is a point only 18° north of the Equator, we can see how important a feature this almost miraculous supply of water is, in the project of a ship-canal.

There is still another favorable condition already provided by Nature for this enterprise. At the Tarifa pass, where it would be necessary to have a constant supply of water on hand for the canal, there is a natural provision for a basin—a vast plain extending over two square miles at the very summit—and needing very little labor to make it a perfect reservoir.

As to the supplies of water, Nature also furnishes more than enough, under conditions which remove all doubt as to the feasibility of the canal. The main difficulty has always been, to lead the water, of which an abundant supply was supposed to be somewhere at hand, to a reservoir, where it could be made available for the purposes of the canal.

The mountains on either side of the pass, through which the canal must go, are broken into a confused mass, covering a large extent of country, having elevated spurs and ridges, with many deep ravines. The problem was to find a body of water which could be tapped at a higher level than the summit-pass, and brought by a gradual descent to the proposed divide.

The object of the expedition sent by the United States Government in 1870, was, first, to find the needed water-course, and secondly to see if the desired communication could be established at a reasonable expense.

The opinion of Señor Moro, who surveyed a part of the isthmus in 1843, was that the high waters of the Ostuta and Chicapa rivers could be joined by an aqueduct, and their supplies brought along the bed of the Chi-

capa, from the hill-country east of the summit-pass, to the reservoir at that point; and it was to demonstrate the practicability of this project that the expedition made its earliest explorations.

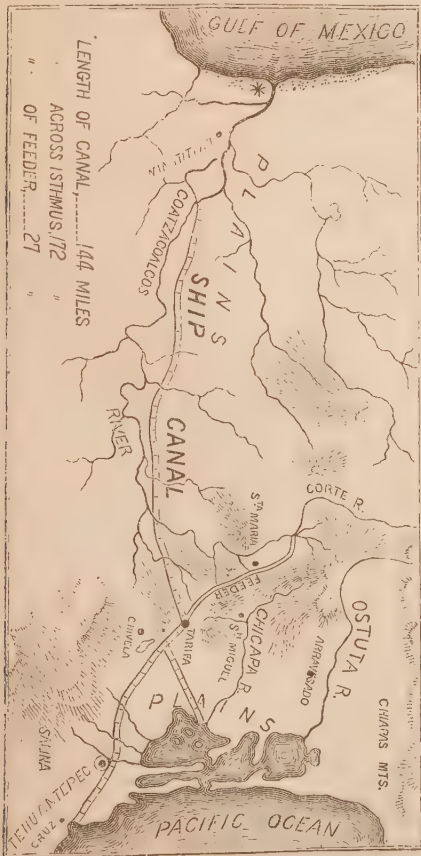
The leaders of the scientific corps were not men of ordinary courage. The chief-engineer, Mr. E. A. Fuertes, a native of Porto Rico, but thoroughly American in character and sympathies, had been trained to overcome greater difficulties than had thus far been encountered. Small of stature but indomitable in will, educated at the Polytechnic School of Troy, N. Y., and for nine years examining engineer of the Croton Aqueduct, versed in several languages, and thoroughly fitted for the scientific work in hand, he added to these qualities a truly American pluck, which insisted on subduing if possible every obstacle that Nature could oppose to the undertaking. Assisted by Prof. Buel of the Stevens Institute, of New Jersey, a man of large experience and equal daring, our chief engineer persevered amid the most discouraging conditions—want of food, exposure to wild beasts, desertion by Indian guides, and opposition from ignorant functionaries—until at last, slowly pushing his way through trackless forests, and scaling the sides of the steep cañons, at a distance of twenty-seven miles from the summit-pass, he discovered the high waters of another river, the great Coatzacoalcos or Corte river, flowing into the Gulf of Mexico, and an easy route was soon surveyed by which these abundant supplies could be conducted to the reservoir.

In the report of a survey for a railroad across the isthmus made in 1852, under Major Barnard, it was vaguely hinted by Mr. Williams, the author, that possibly the Corte river might be available for feeding a ship-canal; but to our expedition, at least belongs the honor of penetrating through mountain fastnesses, and demonstrating, after incredible exertions, the perfect feasibility of the proposition. The expedition reached a point beyond all former discoveries and has put to rest the question of a permanent supply of water, which can safely and at a comparatively small cost be conducted to the natural receptacle for it at the Tarifa pass.

This question being settled, all other parts of the problem of a ship-canal across the isthmus were easily solved, for it was found that no difficulties are to be encountered except of the ordinary sort, such as inhere in all works of similar character. The main route of the canal on both sides of the cen-

tral dividing range has absolutely no obstacles, and on the plains there is every facility for a water-supply over and above the supply from the summit, with an even level for a smooth flow. Towards the Atlantic side from the summit, one lock per mile will be needed for nine miles, and sixty-one more, by convenient distribution, until the plains are reached. On the Pacific slope, from the summit to La Venta de Chicapa, the descent is more abrupt, so that in eight miles sixty-three locks will be necessary, but for the remaining forty-seven miles only eight locks need be used. Of course some embankments must be made to elevate the surface of the canal to the proper grade; but there is no portion of the route where locks cannot be placed to advantage in regard to economy of time and water.

The length of the canal would be one hundred and forty-four miles, from Salina Cruz on the Pacific coast to a point a short distance above the island of Tacamichapa, in the Coatzacoalcos river.



ROUTE OF PROPOSED SHIP-CANAL.

The top-breadth of the canal, 162 feet; at the bottom, 60 feet; with a depth of 22 feet of water, thus furnishing abundance of room for the largest vessels, while the locks would have a length between the mitre-sills of 400 feet, a breadth of 42 feet, and a depth of water of 21 feet. The locks are also designed to accommodate vessels of small dimensions, by using intermediate gates. Considering also the natural and well-protected harbor on the Atlantic side, made by the banks of the Coatzacoalcos river, and the little difficulty to be met in deepening by dredging the channel of entrance—taking into account likewise the roadsteads on the Pacific shore of Ventosa and Salina Cruz, of which at least one, Salina Cruz, may be made a snug harbor by constructing a breakwater, this expedition has finally settled the question of the practicability of a grand ship-canal from ocean to ocean.

As to the cost of the canal, it need only be said that twice the cost of the Croton Aqueduct would build the Tehuantepec Canal, and thus, although a vast project, it is insignificant in comparison with many an ancient and modern enterprise both as regards the obstacles to be overcome and the expense of the undertaking.

We will now turn from the technical details which prepare us for a proper appreciation of the subject, to follow the expedition as it goes forth to meet the incidents of an eight months' sojourn in this strange land.

The Tehuantepec and Nicaragua Surveying Expedition sailed from Washington to Mexico, October 10, 1870, its object being "to determine, in the most absolute manner, if it were practicable to construct a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec." (Instructions of Secretary of State.) It consisted of the sloop-of-war *Kansas*, the tug *Mayflower*, and a steam launch, the whole expedition under the command of Capt. R. W. Shufeldt, U. S. N. On the Pacific side, the survey of coast and exploration of harbors were to be made by the officers of the frigate *Cyane*.

The expedition arrived at Mina-titlan, November 11, and as soon as possible, November 28, proceeded up the River Coatzacoalcos (Feathery Serpent), 46 miles in the steam launch, and 86 miles more in canoes, bound for the mountains.

The town of Mina-titlan, called after the Mexican General Mina, is twenty miles from the mouth of the river, a pretty town, surrounded by swamps, and mainly inhabited by musquitos and buzzards.

The Coatzacoalcos is a magnificent river. Broad as the Hudson, it rolls gently at this season of the year to the sea; while always in sight, for the banks are low at this point, the peaks of the Cordilleras sentinel the passes, like warders of this gateway of the world.

After a day's sail, the dilapidated village of Almagres is reached, about 37 miles from the mouth of the river. Here the river loses its peaceful character; and two miles above this town, the first bluff, of green slate, sixty feet high, shows a decided change in the formation of the shores, and reveals traces of strong flood currents. Five miles above Almagres, the river winds constantly, and has extensive bars of sand with countless snags.

Seven miles above, a bar dammed the river, causing it to seek a new channel which shortened its course six miles. All these indications showed plainly that the ship-canal must begin near the island of Tacamichapa, which is about forty miles from the river's mouth.

Accurate surveys proved that navigation to this point was perfectly safe at any season for the largest ships; but of course we do not expect, when speaking of the "largest ships," that the *Great Eastern* will want us to hoist her over the isthmus, or that a Noah's ark will ever try to scale the Ararat of the Cordilleras.

As for Almagres itself, as the future home of forwarders and traders in cedar and mahogany timber, rafts of which continually float down this stream, the town is a good specimen of the Mexican villages of the Atlantic side of the isthmus.

Glorying in about thirty dilapidated huts, it parades the names of its ninety-eight voters on a dirty piece of paper pinned to a post, in a conspicuous part of the town. As usual in Mexico, it is a fête-day. All the natives, not overcome by *Chinguirito*, a kind of horrible whisky made from a black and coarse sugar obtained from El Barrio, indulge in what is called the "Dance of Montezuma," a very complicated performance,

preserved by tradition since the days of the Empire. The dancers impersonate Montezuma, his wife and daughter Malinche, of whom the Indians preserve a reverent and loving remembrance. Courtiers and warriors have their place in the dance, which is both allegorical and heroic. Men and women sing by turns verses in the Mexican language, accompanied by an instrument resembling a harp, played in a minor key, with an extremely plaintive effect.

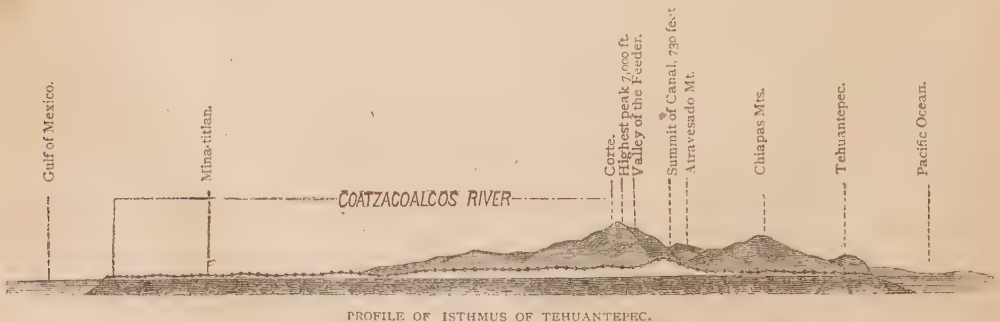
There being no priest in this town, the church is without a floor, and falling into decay. It is used as a storehouse for mahogany and cedar logs. The few inhabitants of this squalid village give a very good idea of the Mexican tribes on the Atlantic side of the isthmus.

They are the descendants of aboriginal Mexicans, who were driven from the north by barbarous tribes making incursions from the upper countries, just as the Vandals, Goths and Visigoths descended in hordes upon the Roman Empire in the early centuries of the Christian Era; and they are the poorest, least civilized and most stupid of all the inhabitants of the isthmus.

Generally the Mexican Indians are intelligent and somewhat civilized, but these are not. Their very dress, or rather, the want of it, betokens the absence of everything that suggests civilization.

A broad pair of old pantaloons constitutes the gala costume of the men, who at other times prefer to bask in the sunshine almost unattired. In the street, the women hang a narrow strip of blue homespun cloth from the waist, but in their houses they are apt to dispense with all clothing.

Calling one morning at a hut, and asking for an ember to light a pipe, the fire was handed to the party by a young girl of eighteen summers who had nothing more upon her than Eve in the garden before the fall; and yet her modesty was only equaled by the grace with which she complied with the



PROFILE OF ISTHMUS OF TEHUANTEPEC.



VIEW OF MINA-TITLAN.

request. The resident population of five or six large towns on the isthmus wear clothing; but with that exception there is very little demand for dry-goods.

As the condition of the different tribes of the isthmus seriously affects the solution of the construction of a ship-canal, it is necessary to speak somewhat in detail concerning them. There are 50,000 people all told, on the belt of the isthmus. Except in the few large towns, reeds and mud form the materials of their houses. Their religion, when they have any, is a mixture of Paganism and Romanism; when they have none, they are all the more superstitious and wretched.

The isthmus is full of legends and haunted by imaginary spirits. At Tehuantepec they believe that an apparition, like an old man with a torch, comes each morning about 2 o'clock, to the edge of the hill, rings a bell and then disappears. At San Juan Guichicovi, among the mountains west of the summit, where there are the ruins of the foundations of a sumptuous church, begun by Cortes in 1700, but never finished, the people perform rites as nearly Pagan in character as a slight admixture of Christianity will allow, and there are actually held on a hill near the town what may be called Pagan sacrifices. Young chickens or turkeys are plucked alive, and tied to stakes, about which fires are built at a little distance and the poor fowls left to starve.

The heads of these fowls are cut off, and the blood smeared upon the weapons or implements of the Indians, who thus placate

vengeful spirits, and secure favorable auspices for their undertakings. The children are loaded with amulets, dog-teeth and other charms, to avert the evil eye and to help them through the ordeal of cutting their own teeth.

The church itself only adds to the religious degradation of the people, by enlarging the circle of superstitious practices. A part of this ruined edifice, which as a whole would cover a space as large as Stewart's store on Broadway, is rudely thatched, and contains a myriad of decayed images of saints, armless and without apparent individuality of any kind. Women may be seen at all times paying visits to the tawdry altars, and dropping leaves into boxes in front of the uncouth images.

It is fortunate that the priests have almost deserted the isthmus on account of the scanty harvest to be reaped from the people, for judging by the specimens of a religious teacher at San Juan, the isthmus can spare any number of the same sort, and be no worse for the deficiency. The people argue that they can elect one of their own number to conduct religious ceremonies at a much cheaper rate than they can submit to the levies of the priesthood, and so in many of their towns they refuse to tolerate the regular official.

The morals of these tribes, with the exception of their passion for *chinguirito*, compare favorably with those of more civilized nations. To be sure they are lazy and unwholesome in habits, but they are chaste and

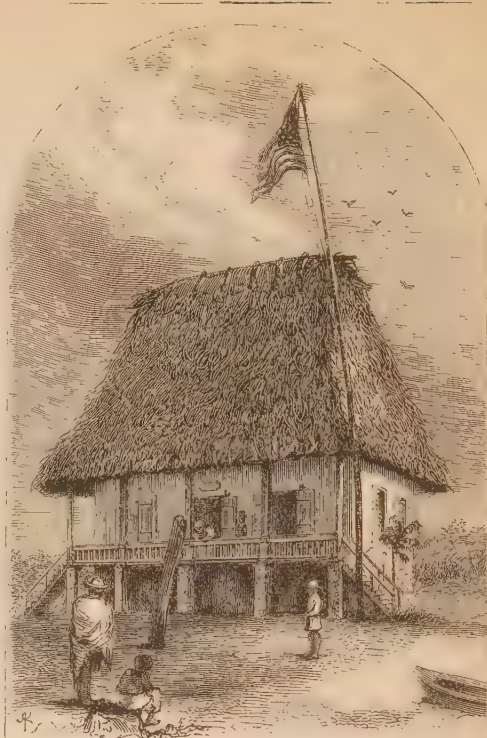
honest. They marry very early—a boy and girl going to housekeeping together, sometimes at the age of seven or eight, but they are generally faithful to each other; and in regard to rights of property, since they have little to gain or lose, they covet little and steal less. Besides, in a country where aboriginal customs prevail to some extent, the laws are traditional, and the prevailing disposition is voluntary obedience to them.

As to politics, these people, of whatever name, are intensely republican and violently in favor of States-rights. The territory of the isthmus comprehends parts of the two States of Oaxaca and Vera Cruz. Each State is jealous of the other. There are continual wars and disturbances not only between the different tribes, but between the States as such. As some of the principal towns are large and compact, they form fortified positions, and it is common to see churches intrenched for defense against attacks. We do not mean to say that the inhabitants of the isthmus are a fair specimen of the population of Mexico; we know they are not, but we simply describe them, with reference to our project of a ship-canal, as will be seen further on. We have already characterized the inhabitants of the Atlantic slope as worthless, and, with few exceptions in the larger towns, as the least civilized of all Mexicans.

These tribes inhabiting the hill country, were originally sent by Montezuma to conquer the land, and extend his dominion to Guatemala; but they were driven to the mountains by more powerful tribes on the Pacific coast, and now live, as their fathers did, in almost inaccessible villages, with bridle-paths from village to village, having only huts with adobe walls, and clothed in the rudest and most primitive manner.

They toil up these hills on foot, seldom using mules, but bearing burdens on their backs all day without apparent weariness. A native will go thirty miles a day, with eighty pounds weight upon his back, walking steadily for eleven hours, at the rate of about three miles each hour.

Passing over the mountain ranges to the Pacific side, we find a far better class of population than the majority of the inhabitants on the Atlantic slope. With the peculiar change in the aspect of nature as one goes from the Atlantic to the Pacific side of the summit, the character of the people changes. The soil of the Atlantic side is alluvion and drift. The Pacific plains were originally sunken and have risen from the sea, containing many marine shells and fossils.



AMERICAN CONSULATE AT MINA-TITLAN.

Towards the Gulf, grows the *myrtus pimenta* (allspice), while near Ventosa, on the Pacific plains, the cassia-tree abounds. While the Atlantic slope is fertile, and fed by many streams which are seldom dry, the Pacific side is dry and arid, having water-courses which at certain seasons of the year are torrents, and at other seasons, dry.

Dyestuffs and hard woods are most abundant on the Pacific side, while the rubber-tree is found on the summit and maize and tobacco, yielding a hundred and fifty fold, grow more profusely towards the Atlantic. The cactus and palm grow abundantly on the Pacific plains, which have a more decidedly tropical vegetation in every respect, while on the Atlantic side fruitful pampas, more destitute of trees, greet the eye.

As soon, then, as the traveler passes down the Pacific slope he enters the territory of the Zapotecos, a race incomparably superior to any on the isthmus.

They are intelligent, as compared with the other tribes—versatile and merry, hospitable and obliging.

Their women are more beautiful, although not so careful of their morals. The men are said to be industrious and temperate; a strong race, brave and good-natured. Their princi-

pal towns are Juchitan, Tehuantepec and Istaltepec. They form two tribes, which are always at war with each other, although they unite in holding in subjection the four other tribes upon the Pacific coast. These four tribes are the fishermen of the shore, and the Zoques and Mijes of the hills.

The only novelty in the way of opposition to the expedition, which occurred on the Pacific plains, was the eagerness with which a Mije woman met every turn of the instrument, by placing her somewhat unique figure before it, either desirous of being triangulated, or hoping she might be able, by her perseverance, to bring the party down to her own level. For thirteen miles, her peculiarly attractive form was the prominent object in the landscape, and at the end she seemed less fatigued than at the start.

The relation of all these tribes, on both sides of the isthmus, to the project of a ship-canal, is one both of the present and the future. At present the question is, can they be made to labor in the construction of the work? and in the future, will they maintain a friendly and useful attitude towards the enterprise? We think that, with the exception of the Mije female above spoken of, they will; and even she might be surveyed again, a little further off, with advantage to the project. But these questions can be better answered, after we have followed the party into the interior.

It set out one fine day, with forty-five mules carrying officers and instruments, and, leaving the Atlantic plains behind, entered the mountainous regions, through Paso de la Puerta, or gateway towards the passes of Chivela and Tarifa. It was a joyful exchange from the canoes to the mule-paths.

Delicate plants are crushed beneath the hardy mules. Over twenty species of parasitic flowers may be gathered from the trunk of a single tree; new varieties of serpents glide away as the explorers approach; the cries of unknown animals come from the depths of the woodlands, and fresh stings are felt, as new species of the genus *Culex* concentrate their forces on the strangers; and every now and then a mule disappears down a declivity, often meeting an important obstruction at the bottom, which finishes his career.

The discomforts of the journey began when the party left Mina-titlan, but the severe labor of the survey commenced when the party had reached the summit and had started on the explorations in search of a feeder for the canal. Extensive surveys had already been

made of the Atlantic plains, and the hill country lying to the west of the canal route. Everything in that quarter was highly favorable to the project. At the summit-pass of Tarifa, the natural reservoir promised to hold all the water that needed to be brought into it.

Officers and men were dispatched on various surveys in many directions, leveling and triangulating the country and making meteorological observations for the purposes of the expedition.

But the greatest interest centers about the little party of the Chief-Engineer and his associates, who set out full of hope to find the source of a feeder, and a route by which the water can be brought to the Tarifa pass. The party consists of Chief-Engineer Fuertes, Professor Buel, and Señor Don Julian Macheo, proprietor of extensive lands on the isthmus, who kindly assisted the expedition in many ways, giving his personal services, and offering his houses and servants whenever they were needed and at hand. Some Indians also accompanied this party, to carry instruments and provisions.

The great hope of all was to find the location of a feeder, according to the plan of Señor Moro, 1843. A thorough examination was determined upon of all the passes, streams, valleys, hills, in all the region about the Chivela and Tarifa summit-level, and a surveying party was placed under command of Lieut. Com. Bartlett. To feed the canal at this point was indispensable to the success of the whole project. The positive assertions of Señor Moro, that the Chicapa and Ostuta rivers could be joined, and their united waters conducted to Tarifa pass, gave the highest expectation of success, and determined the party to confirm this surmise as their first object in hand.

Before leaving the little settlement at Tarifa pass, the party had the novel experience of assisting at a festival of unusual interest. Señor Macheo, being the owner of the summit lands, comes from Oaxaca once a year to brand the cattle, and the inhabitants make the occasion a fête-day. Early in the morning men hunt the cattle in the woods and drive them into a large inclosure. Then, selecting from the herd the largest bull, the herdsman on a swift horse dashes after it, and at full speed flings the lasso, which never fails to coil itself about the horns of the animal. The horse is blindfolded, but is taught to turn half round as soon as he feels the lasso thrown from his rider's hand. He then stiffens his hind-legs, puts out his neck and gets ready for

the jerk, which throws the bull to the ground, for one end of the lasso is attached to the horse's tail. After the cloud of dust, caused by the chase, clears away, the bull is seen madly trying to get loose. A moment after and he is dragged to the corral. In this way twenty or thirty herdsmen will soon fill a large corral with animals of all sizes and descriptions. At dark, on the same day, chants and the Litany of the Virgin are sung by the people, kneeling around the large cross, in the square formed by the few houses at Tarifa.

The same evening, a delegation waited on Señor Macheo, the women bearing banners and crowns of flowers, and after arranging themselves in a semicircle, their spokesman made a speech. Crossing himself hurriedly, he said in rather a confused style, that he was convinced that it was his duty to love God and the Virgin, then his master, and to say his prayers, but after these duties were well done, nothing made a man feel better than a fandango with the pretty maidens. Permission was granted, and a man was immediately sent to a neighboring town for a band of music. The women then presented their wild flowers, and placed garlands on the heads of their master and his guests, departing immediately afterwards to dance till morning.

On the next day, a delegation of natives, preceded by the band, came with an invitation to witness the branding. According to

custom, one of their number was supposed to be a prisoner whom his friends were to liberate. The men and women stood in a semicircle before the hut. The spokesman then brought forward the handsomest man of their number, an athlete, entirely naked, his body painted blue and red to imitate wounds, while his limbs were bound with cords. After exhibiting him, his friends untied his legs, and he passed about an old hat, for alms to defray the expenses of the journey home which he was supposed to be about to make. The procession then formed, Señor Macheo and the strangers occupying the place of honor, and all marched to the corral, where a platform was erected, covered with palm-leaves, and already crowded with squaws.

Rockets, torpedos and the Mexican national hymn begin the sport. Then men with bundles of dry grass in hand, and making a peculiar noise with their lips, leap inside the inclosure. Two of them seize a bull by the horns; a third, by the tail. The red-hot branding iron is then handed to a fourth man, who lifts his hat and gives the first hurrah: "Long live my master, the Señor Don Julian Macheo!" The crowd yells in reply, "Que Viva!" and simultaneously the tail is jerked, the horns twisted, and the bull is down and marked in a twinkling with the sign here shown. This is the brand-mark used by Cortes, who originally owned these lands.

The next animal is branded, and some



CAMP ON THE COATZACOALCOS.



THE COATZACOALCOS RIVER, OPPOSITE MINA-TITLAN.

other person is cheered, and so on to the end of the chapter. In the evening, there is a regular Mexican fandango. Their dances are called Bolero, Torito, and Zandunga, the dancers singing couplets, which they often improvise.

An Indian invites his partner to dance, by putting his hat upon her head. If she accepts, she stands up, and the young man addresses her in fantastic language. One of these improvised songs may be freely translated as follows:—

“I am the golden fish,
Swimming in the lake of sadness,
The dart of your killing eyes
Has changed my sight to blindness.”

The girl replies,

“I’ve seen that fish before,
His sudden blindness feigning,
But ah! his end obtaining,
Swims off to come no more.”

On a lowering day in the month of December, early in the morning, under a leaden sky, with a blinding rain driving into their faces, our three explorers, Señor Macheo and Messrs. Fuertes and Buel, left the little collection of houses at Tarifa, and, followed by a motley crew of half-naked Indians, and a few stray dogs from the settlement, took their way eastward, towards the village of San Miguel, distant about eight miles, over a rough and undulating country, where the scenery would have been superb, had it not been for the drenching storm.

Their equipments were at once novel and

unique. The Spaniard, Señor Macheo, a tough, wiry, small-sized man, accustomed to danger and command, wore a fawn-skin dress peculiar to the better class of proprietors of the country, and carried a rifle, trusty and tried, while at his belt he wore the customary hunting-knife, the sides of his bull’s-hide pants being ornamented with galloon and silver buttons. At his heels his three hounds coursed, with noses near the ground, ready to track the tapir or tiger should any be started, or to bring in any game that might be taken on the wing.

Fuertes and Buel follow, chatting gayly, and full of the joy of the anticipated discovery, their rifles on their shoulders and their field-glasses and barometers slung about their necks. Behind them, shouting and singing, come the natives, one with a huge brass instrument on his back—another with a couple of flags, used for transit purposes—a third with a lot of provisions sewed up in a coarse sack, while the whole party, brandishing their *machetes* and rude clubs, seem to enter into the spirit of the enterprise.

The road to the village of San Miguel leads near the famous *Convento*, the source of the river Monetza, a branch of the Chicapa, emptying into it near the village. Halting the party, and giving the natives a chance to do what they like best—which is to sit down in groups and sing their plaintive songs—our savans enter the grotto, through which the river, cutting its way under a spur of the mountain, runs over a bed of black marble stones.

The grotto consists of a huge Gothic arch, with walls of honey-combed and lustrous

black marble, while on every side, through small apertures, pure streams of water trickle down with a refreshing sound. A little further on, and the same stream plunges into another cave, and tunnels another mountain for nearly half a mile. It enters beneath a cliff several hundred feet high. Stalactites overhang the torrent, while ferns and long vines reach down to the stream and are rocked by the swift current.

There is a sublime and awful grandeur in the place, heightened by the repulsive sound of myriads of bats which are disturbed by the traveler. The cave has two entrances. The larger one leads to a conical dome, thirty feet in height and thirty-five in diameter. This entrance is obstructed by huge blocks of marble, all honey-combed by the action of the water. The interior shines with fringes of stalactites, whose crystals reflect the candle-light in all directions. About a thousand feet from the entrance, the current of air is too strong for any unprotected torch, while the noise of the subterranean water-course is like the rushing of an army of phantom warriors through the bowels of the earth. The last place reached is a large square chamber, with walls of red marble, having veins of blue and green malachite; its floor a deep pool of black water, without a ripple on its surface, and surrounded by solemn pinnaced stalagmites, like miniature offerings hewn in stone to the tutelary divinity of this cavernous retreat.

Soon after leaving these wonderful curiosities of nature, the party arrived at San Miguel, a picturesque town when seen at a distance, shut in among hills on the right bank of the Chicapa river. The inhabitants belong to the Zoque tribe; their principal occupation is grinding chocolate and making hammocks. A wedding ceremony happening at this time, it was singular to see the bride stand in the center of a hut distributing bread and chocolate to the guests, with a broad grin on her face, and holding a gourd in her hand to receive money from them in return.

Marriage takes place without benefit of the clergy. A priest lived here once, but was starved out, the people discovering that it was cheaper to fall back to their old idolatry. The government tax was 25 cents a month, land rent 25 cents per square league a year, but the priest, for doing nothing, cost 36 cents a month. So they got rid of him (as more civilized parishes do sometimes); and now mingle what they like best of Paganism with Romanism.

The church of San Miguel is a hard place

for any religion to flourish in, Pagan or Catholic. Floorless, full of bats, the sacristy filled with water and the vestments all moth-eaten, the home of scorpions which seem to thrive on old velvet, its desolation is rivaled only by another dilapidated chapel in the vicinity called the "Hermitage," where on an altar lies the image of a "black Christ," the color having been assumed after a fire (as the natives claim), to show that he would redeem all sorts and shades of men.

In this "Hermitage" is a singular grave, the history of which is lost, but which has all the marks of a Pagan fetich worship. The foot of the grave is towards the east. A porcelain cup is embedded in the ground near the head, and the neck of an antique bottle protrudes an inch above the floor.

The best house in town is the jail. Although empty of prisoners, it was full of insects; and its huge wooden stocks suggested the cruelty of putting a criminal, however guilty, in such a place, without giving him at least the freedom of his hands and feet.

A miserable hut next door to the jail was said to be the "Municipal House." It had no floor; its furniture consisted of two benches; its ornaments a picture of St. Michael on horseback, colored with all the tints of a muddy rainbow, the entire expense of the building and its appointments being several millions less than the New York City Hall.

The business of the expedition made it necessary to call on his Excellency the President. From his nephew, an unkempt lad, who was at the door busily engaged in lassoing chickens, the information was obtained that his Excellency was dead drunk. But a beautiful girl of nineteen years, who had fled from the Juchiteco revolution, and had set up a school in this village, soon made her appearance, and suggested another visit at some future time, when his Excellency should have recovered from his slight indisposition.

The suggestion was accepted, for without his permission no provisions for the journey could be had or men to carry them. After many interviews, however, with the President, who always excused his want of co-operation by saying that he could not force the men to leave the church unguarded, it was resolved to use a little strategy to effect the necessary result. Learning by accident that his Excellency was afraid of their instruments, Professor Buel took his barometer and a tripod, Mr. Fuertes a field-glass and some other instruments, and called on the President, who tried to run away and hide.

After ineffectual attempts to obtain the or-

der for the men, Prof. Buel opened his tripod in solemn silence, while Mr. Fuertes leveled his glass and looked through it at his Excellency. The tube of the telescope is slowly drawn outwards. The President begins to tremble. He is asked for the men. He refuses, and sits on his hammock in a determined manner. He ties his handkerchief tightly about his forehead, as if to gain additional firmness. The savans open another battery upon him. "Mr. President, we have authority from the government of this State to go through the country, and we are going to complain of you for disobeying orders. Now, then, will you give us the men?"

Again the old excuses about the church are given, until, all patience being exhausted, Prof. Buel fixes the tripod and shakes the barometer—runs wildly around the instrument—says a storm is brewing—eyes the President through the glass, while Fuertes again levels the telescope full in his face. His Excellency, deserted by his frightened attendants, seeing no help near, tries to speak and finally stammers out, "I'll—do it."

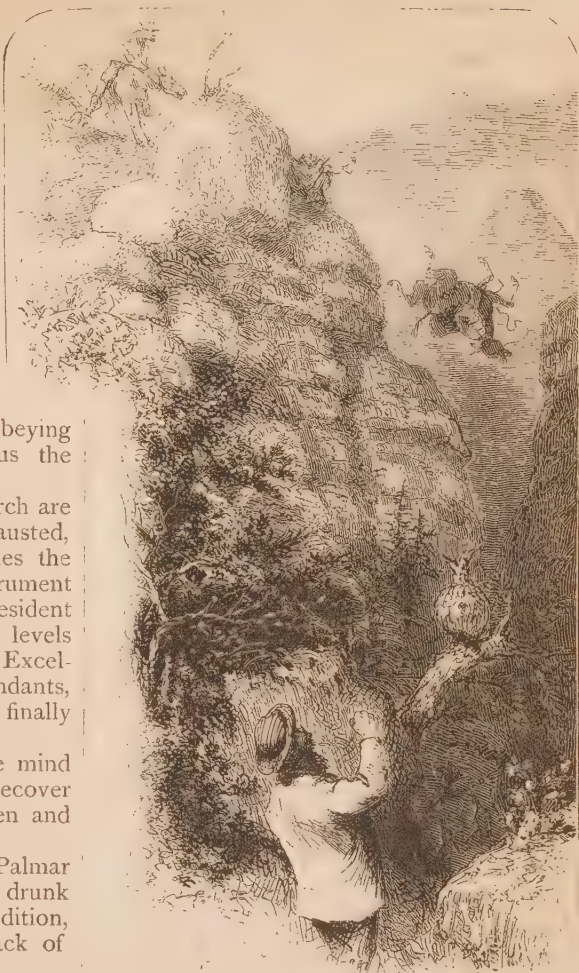
No time is given for a change in the mind of this dignitary, and before he can recover from his surprise, the party are off, men and all, for the Chicapa Valley.

About mid-day a settlement called Palmar was reached. All the men here were drunk and demanded to be taken on the expedition, so that there seemed just now no lack of men, such as they were.

The whim was humored, but before long a more serious matter demanded attention. The alcalde of the place, half-seas over, rolled towards the party, and began to swear and shake his fists at the "foreigners," asking what business they had in his country, and demanding their passports.

The cry is soon raised, "Take them to jail," and the drunken throng crowd about the strangers, each man vociferating "To the jail," "To the stocks," a very pleasant sound to men who had already inspected the conveniences of that institution.

"Stand back there," said Señor Macheo, who besides being a brave fellow, was full of fun. "Here are our passports," and he opened and extended towards them a large chart of the isthmus. "Who can read?" he asked. Nobody knew who could. But the Indians were not so easily fooled. They had seen passports before, and had never seen a



A DANGEROUS ROAD.

map. Mr. Fuertes, seeing the dilemma, rushes for his saddle-bags, and taking out a wrapper for cigarettes, bearing something resembling an official stamp, writes in Spanish:

"To whom it may concern.—

This is to certify that myself and party have been stopped at Palmar Ranchero, etc., etc."

It was a happy thought; the stamp and the Spanish was a poser, and the exploring party moved off rapidly, leaving the men to give to their governor a paper which would put them all in jail on his return to the settlement.

Up this valley of the Chicapa traveling is very difficult. Near the head-waters of this stream the party fell in with an American, a monomaniac and misanthrope, who believed he was standing over gold-mines. He had spent many years without seeing a human

face. His hut was crumbling, and his thin form seemed hardly able to support the pick and pan which he always carried in his wanderings. With long beard and tattered clothing, he might be seen sitting hour by hour, filling his pan with gravel and then patiently stooping to wash out the sand in vain anticipation of finding gold.

Who he was, or whence he had come, no one could tell. Perhaps he had been disappointed in the mines of California and had drifted down into this forlorn region, to die unknown and unknelt!

Before the expedition left the isthmus, it was ascertained that the old man had ceased to use the pan and pick, and had been buried in the very opening he had excavated for gold. The gravel he had so often washed now covers one who needs no coin for the long journey on which he has set out.

On December 27, all the men rebelled. Up to this time, it required full power of persuasion to keep the Indians from refusing to proceed.

The object of the exploration in this direction compelled the following of a plan which led the party through a valley which passed into a cañon with perpendicular walls, from four to six hundred feet high. The country was so wild that it was necessary to cut every inch of the way through the tangled growth. 6,000 feet in eight hours was a fair estimate of progress. Provisions must be sent for every few days, as food was scarce, and could be obtained from the villagers but a

little at a time. Two natives were going and two coming on the line of march continually.

The Indian diet was coarse bread and jerked beef; and as a woman, working steadily all the time, can make hardly enough bread for three men, the carriers could not get more than sufficient to last two days; and so bulky was the article that one could not carry any great quantity at a time.

The beds of the streams were also getting dry, and the want of food and water (for the provision carriers were overdue), made the natives thoroughly discontented long before the Atravesado range was ascended, along the eastern side of which the Ostuta river was supposed to flow.

The discontent of the Indians culminated at the summit of the range, which was finally ascended.

They had carried up the steep ascent, for days and days, loads weighing forty to fifty pounds. By a sling tied about their foreheads they supported these loads upon their backs, and with food and water they would have gone on willingly, but now they all refused to proceed, and putting down their burdens, they were about to follow one of their number who called out, "If you want to starve, stay; I am going home." Señor Macheo, Fuertes and Professor Buel were alone with the mutineers.

The brooks abounded in trout, and the woods in game, but the natives abhorred everything but "*tortilla*," their hard-baked bread. The messengers were overdue; there



SURVEYING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

was hardly water enough for a drop apiece. Something must be done to induce the men to go forward. By persuasion or force they must be made to obey, or the exploration will come to an untimely end.

The Ostuta river had not yet been seen. The project of Señor Moro could not be discarded until it was ascertained beyond a doubt that the plan of uniting the Ostuta and Chicapa was impracticable. It was just at this time, when the Indians were informed that the Ostuta must be reached, that the fellow cried out, "I'm going home; let those that want to starve, stay."

Mr. Fuertes seized him to detain him, lest his example should be contagious.

These Zoque Indians will lie, and have also other vices of barbarous tribes, but they are afraid of being called thieves, and in many matters are very honest. A man sent with money for provisions always comes back; without money they never return. Money was therefore offered to two men that they might go for food. They refused it, and all sprang up to start for home. Something decisive must be done. To go back was to lose everything, and to go forward without help and provisions was sure destruction. The ringleader Nicolas was therefore told that he could not go; whereupon he turned on his heel and walked coolly away.

Quick as thought the muzzle of a rifle was pointed at him, and a second time he was commanded not to stir.

With the utmost composure he faced the party, and walking towards Mr. Fuertes, opened his shirt bosom and calmly said, "Fire, I'm not afraid to die."

It was the courage of a savage, but impressive nevertheless. How could one fire on such a man? The only course was to expostulate. "Why are you afraid of a little thirst if you are not afraid to die? Would you leave us, and your own

countrymen, in the mountains to starve, while you go and lie in your hammock at home? I don't want you now; you shall have another man to go home with you [no man ever travels alone in those parts], and I'll take with me only those who are not afraid. I want no man who will desert his friends."

Just at this moment, there was a movement among the Indians. "Hark!" They listened in their peculiar way, then broke into a shout, that rang through those wild woods. An answering shout was heard, then a rifle report, and in a few moments, four men, sent by Señor Macheo, arrived, bringing the needed supplies.

Just before this outbreak, the larder being low, Señor Macheo's servant took a gun and shot a monkey for supper. It was like cannibalism, to think of eating the almost human creature; all the Darwinianism of the party protested, and the natural instinct of civilized humanity revolted at the idea.

There lay the monkey, descended from a common stock, but by a branch that had not developed fast enough on this benighted isthmus to bring the tribe up to the full human stature. One might as well eat one of these brown natives who are looking on. Never had the idea of "natural selection" seemed to mean so much! Can the claim of



INQUISITIVE BUT OPAQUE.

relationship ever be so strong again, if we carve these infant bones? Oh, Darwin! by all the glory thou hast shed over the race of monkeys with long tails, save us from taking advantage of this ring-tailed specimen! That human head thrown back, solemn and severe, with a reproachful look; that human hand, four fingers and a thumb, still holding the twig which it had grasped as it fell—a clean hand with white nails; it is a post-mortem, not the preparation of a meal! It is a coroner's inquest over an infant of days, not the rally of hungry men to a banquet!

A rifle-shot brings these painful moments of hesitation to a close. As if to prevent an immediate settlement of the question of relationship, making this child of the Sierra "flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone," the man who had shot him comes rushing from the neighboring wood half frightened out of his wits, uttering the fearful cry "A tiger; a tiger!" Those of the party who feel easy about tigers soon surround the said tiger's lair. He is at bay in his cave. Looking in at the entrance, two phosphoric lights show the eyes of the wounded animal. Two more shots; and after the smoke clears away, a *gazelle* is brought out, with two bullets in its skull, and its side riddled with shot.

While the gazelle is roasting, the friends of Darwin bury their dead relative, and cast each a handful of dust upon the grave of their kinsmonkey! R. I. P.

The view from the Atravesado mountain summit is sublime. The panoramic extent and grandeur of the scenery fill even the minds of the Indians with astonishment and awe.

You look down upon mountains that have cost eight days of hard labor to ascend, and they seem like little hillocks, such as children might pile up in the sand. Immense plains stretch beneath your feet, streaked with the silvery veins of streams that have their source among these mountains. The landscape has its villages and towns, scarcely visible however, while three large lakes give it a pleasing variety.

To the south, the blue mist of the Pacific breaks over a broad belt of sand, while on the east, the high mountains of Chiapas join the Andes, which end only at the Straits of Magellan.

On the west, the Sierra Madre ingrafts itself upon the Rocky Mountains, behind the purple haze that veils the fading peaks. From such a height, the earth seems almost round. On the Atravesado range,

huge blocks are found, deposited by glacial action. North of Niltpec, moraines attest the existence of a period in which glaciers dipped down the Cucumates range of mountains.

North of Zanatepec there are also moraines as well as in Santa Maria. These blocks are often forty feet in diameter, and have been let down through the melting ice, and as the glaciers proceeded northwards, have been deposited in a south-west direction, no matter what the configuration of the soil. Across the valleys by the sea-level, and over mountains 6,000 feet high, you can trace these blocks arranged in parallel lines. The same may be observed far away from the Ostuta, covering a wide area of territory towards the south and north.

The Ostuta was at last reached, and found to be at too low a level to feed the summit, as well as being insufficient in volume, even if it could be joined with the Chicapa, which was impossible unless the great mountain of porphyry between them could be removed or bored.

The disappointment was the keenest yet experienced. The fear of being left by the Indians without provisions among the mountains was nothing to the chagrin of this ineffectual exploration. The party returned to the headquarters at Chivela-pass, feeling like outcasts, and looking like outcasts, with hardly a whole garment, shoeless, jaded, sun-browned, and, worse than all, disheartened.

Met by their comrades at Chivela with shouts and eager expectation, they could make only the report of failure. It seemed for a time as if the whole project must be given up. The rumor of lakes on the Petapa or Western mountains was found to be unfounded, and the most discouraging reports were made of the country towards the high waters of the Corte on the east.

Señor Macheo, a truthful gentleman, familiar with the country, was not here to give advice or help. He had been called suddenly away by a messenger who reported the burning of the town of Juchitan—a most barbarous procedure; eight thousand people made homeless and two-thirds of the town destroyed, to gratify the caprice of a single man. The letter to Señor Macheo alluding to the event was in Virgilian style. "Come to the land of thine inheritance, and be welcomed by thy sad subjects, who desire to till thy land without anxiety, and to moisten it with the sweat that will not turn to blood." And so he went.

These Mexicans are all republican. They

hate Spaniards and monarchy. Even the most ignorant agree in this. They all believe in States-rights, and this belief is at the bottom of all their troubles. The ignorant population outnumber the better classes, four to one, and since States can levy taxes and raise armies, the country being immense and the population scattered, with little or no means of intercommunication, it is easy for designing men to raise the standard of revolution, by a popular war-cry, a band of music, a few rockets and plenty of rum.

All local revolutions grow out of personal feuds between politicians. In 1870, the revolution began in a quarrel between two prominent men over an irregular division of spoils. A leading man of that section had a dispute with a judge, concerning a fine imposed by him at San Juan Guichicovi. Some time afterwards a Huave Indian killed a bull belonging to a neighbor, in the town of San Mateo, and bribed the same judge with four hundred dollars, being afraid for his life while in his clutches. He soon met the above-mentioned leader, and they together planned a revolution, in order to destroy the judge. "States-rights" was a plausible pretense. Taxes were laid, speeches delivered, and rum distributed. Juchitan was taken by the rebels, and a brutal chief took vengeance by burning the town. In April it was full of State troops, a small cannon was mounted on the church roof, sentries overawed the few rebels that remained, and a distribution of liquor by the other side easily reconciled the twelve thousand inhabitants huddled into the houses left after the fire. The body of a man who had set fire to the town when it was in possession of the rebels, lay unburied on the sod, and one hand was cut off to tell the crime for which he suffered. The rabble trampled upon and insulted the remains of this ignorant wretch, apparently forgetful of the fact that the last conqueror had done a far more dastardly deed of the same sort a few days before. The first incendiary died a horrible death. The second took the occasion to write a grand account of his power and skill in crushing the rebellion. Then



A TARIFA HOUSEHOLD.

followed wholesale political treachery and murder. People obnoxious to the Governor were persuaded by pretended friends to go on a supposed errand, and murdered on the way. A priest, with no political ambition whatever, was assassinated on hearsay testimony. The jail of Niltpec contained two starving women, who were kept in prison because they did not know and could not tell where their husbands were. Señor Lopez, a splendid-looking young man whom the expedition met on the road as he was going home, never saw the child born to him by his wife while she was in concealment from the authorities. He was murdered on the way to her hiding-place.

Returning to the prospects of the expedition, from which we strayed away with Señor Macheo, we find them disheartening.

Señor Moro's project was supposed to be the only hope of a feeder for the canal, since a supply from any other source than the Ostuta and Chicapa was thus far very problematical. All the evidence obtained up to this time was against the idea of any such good fortune. Parties had been sent in all directions to explore rivers previously proposed as feeders, but their labors, although extremely arduous, and accompanied by great difficulties, met with no success.

It was therefore with much reluctance that the project of joining the Ostuta and Chicapa was given up; but when it was found

that the highest part of the Ostuta is at least one hundred and seventy feet below the summit level of the canal, and that, at the only point for uniting the Ostuta and Chicapa, the Chicapa is a thousand feet or more higher than the Ostuta, with immense valleys and ravines, and peaks between, while other obstacles exist, each one rendering the problem impossible of solution, it was decided to make an exploration to the Corte as the last resort. Reports from that region by Robles and Moro were of the most unfavorable character. The Indians were afraid of wild beasts inhabiting the trackless forests, and of the far more fearful spirits haunting the ravines and caverns of that wilderness. It was said that no path could be made through the woods, and over the inaccessible peaks. Provisions could not be carried across such a country; and besides, the stream of which they were in search was insignificant in volume and beyond the range of a feeder which should attempt to divert its course.

In spite of all these and many other discouraging statements and rumors, our expeditionists determined to go at all hazards, and to surrender faith in the canal-project only when every rood of the whole isthmian range had been surveyed in vain. Messrs. Fuertes and Buel set out therefore for Santa Maria Chimalapa, situated about 20 miles north-east from Tarifa, and reached that miserable village January 19, 1871, after a most toilsome journey over swamps, scaling steep precipices, and climbing, by the roughest roads imaginable, hill after hill. At Santa Maria they expected to get provisions, with men to carry them, making that village a sort of base of operations towards the high waters of the Corte.

They had already surveyed the ground between Santa Maria and Tarifa (see map) and had found no insurmountable obstacles to overcome. The roads, as has been said, were horrible. The mules slipped down declivities of twenty or thirty feet. An illustration represents two engineering parties running preliminary lines, to locate the valleys through which the canal-feeder is to pass, for the distance of about twenty-one miles from Santa Maria to Tarifa pass.

The most difficult and expensive part of the work, as well as the most trying to survey, is that part of the feeder route which lies between Santa Maria (see map) and the place where the River Corte is tapped, twenty-seven and a half miles from the plains, at Tarifa, or the summit-pass. Although but five or six miles beyond Santa Maria, it was

here that the great scientific, physical and moral battle of the campaign of the expedition was fought out.

On arriving at Santa Maria Chimalapa, they found all the men of the town drunk. Therefore they took possession of a ruined hut, and pitched their tent for the night. They awoke, after a few hours' troubled sleep, to find their faces swollen almost beyond recognition, from the bites of several hitherto unknown specimens of insects. Some scorpions had also acquired a prior right to that hut, as the party found out at daybreak, a right which was not disputed as soon as other arrangements could be made.

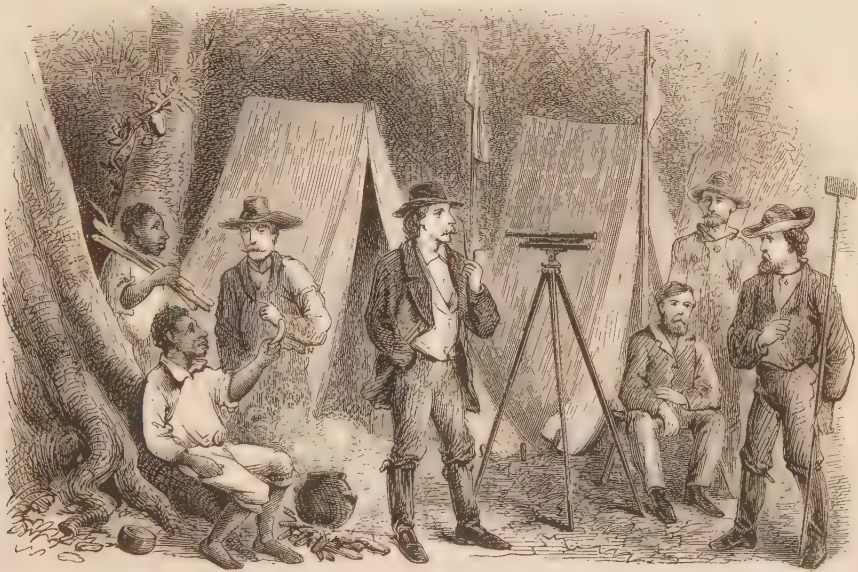
Santa Maria is larger than San Miguel. A thousand inhabitants and not a single shop; not money enough in the town to change a dollar, and the natives all against the strangers, after the first officious greeting. Finding that exploration and not trade was their object, the Indians set themselves sturdily against the expedition. It soon became the great object of life to get something to eat. The second object was to scratch. Mosquitos were of no account, for by day the Rodadores, a small fly, left a mark like a blister; by night the Gegen entered the field, and at early rising the Talaja and Zangano relieved the Gegen, and so on. The hour could be told by the kind of insect attacking the body. The Indians never quarrel when drunk, but try to walk with locked arms, singing by turns, with index-finger inserted in the neck of the inevitable bottle. The principal food of the party consisted of plantains and parrots. At last the parrots became scarce, and eight plantains, bought of a disgusting leper, seemed to be the sole dependence. Not even the feast of St. Sebastian could cause forgetfulness of hunger, although the party was invited to eat with the President and other dignitaries. There is no priest in the place, and the people elect their own religious leaders and King-Matumbos. St. Sebastian is an ugly doll, without nose or legs. This last defect is remedied by lashing the saint to a stick and tying a red calico petticoat about his waist by a string. A furious moustache, painted by a native artist, completed his toilet. They carried the poor figure to the ruined church, the bells ringing and a band of drunken musicians and a couple of clerks with fingers in bottles, preceding the procession. The women, excluded from all ceremonies, beat their breasts with their hands, and prayed in mixed Zoque and Spanish, at a distance from the drunken crowd. After some mummeries inside, from the sight of which stran-

gers were debarred, a dance came off opposite the church. King Matumbo sat before a table near the dancers. On the table were bows and arrows, adorned with red and yellow ribbons. After the dance they returned to church, arrows were discharged at the saint, and then the men got more and more drunk; Matumbo not excepted.

The festival was to be over at dusk, but actually lasted for twenty-one consecutive days, so hard is it for men, with nothing else to do, to leave off their revelries. After nine days of ineffectual effort to get provisions or men, it was decided to go back to headquarters at Chivela, in order to make other arrangements for proceeding. During this trip back to Chivela; over almost impassable roads,

soldiers deserted, many Indians ran away, and again the party were nearly starved out.

After many delays, every arrangement was made to go to the high waters of the Corte, as soon as the funeral of a young woman should take place. A trench was dug between the church and the bell-tower, on the road. Four women officiated at the funeral, the eldest carrying a cross, and all keeping up an incessant talking. Somebody said it was their way of saying the Lord's Prayer; and as women here can do no ceremonial act except at funerals, perhaps they needed more experience in recitation. The husband of the deceased stood by, apparently unconcerned, and with a strange grin on his face. He looked rather pleased than otherwise. Although not



STARTING THE FERDER LINE.

many vanilla vines, cedar, mahogany and gum-arabic trees were seen.

At Chivela the party was joined by the Mexican Commission, ordered by their government to co-operate in the undertaking, and which was composed of accomplished and courteous gentlemen, equipped far better than the Americans. Accompanied by them and Captain Shufeldt, the party returned to Santa Maria, having the necessary order to the authorities to further the plans, and having also received the promise of an armed escort. Six or eight soldiers would have been sufficient, but the government sent twenty-five, thus complicating the problem of food in an alarming manner. However, some of the

called upon to do so, he participated in the burial, by stamping down the earth in the grave and bringing two jugs of water to pour in, so as to pack the earth more firmly.

An epidemic of small-pox had slain many victims the preceding April, so that in the earth of the grave many bones and some skulls formed a part of the filling-up. After the ceremony, which was often interrupted by the diggers taking a drink, tallow candles were stuck in the mud over the grave, and the assembly dispersed chatting and laughing, one woman only sadly repeating, "Is it possible, Holy Virgin Mary, that she is gone? Who will take care of her little children?"

The candles were kept burning for several

days and nights, affording to the mules of the party protection from the bites of vampires during the night.

A rebellion broke out again on the following day, and a second postponement of departure was the result. For fourteen days the party suffered tortures to which the discomforts of Siberia or the Dry Tortugas are nothing. Mosquitos and many other insects by day, succeeded by vampires at night, made life almost unendurable. With few clothes (for one supplies only his necessities on such a journey, where every extra pound of weight tells); without beds or water for washing; almost nothing to eat, barefoot and with bodies swollen from poisonous bites of insects; no books; no writing materials; no prospect, for the trees concealed everything; surrounded by lepers and disgusting natives, the members of the party look at each other; get up and walk about; look at each other again; scratch such places as will bear it, and then sit down to meditate on the situation.

The Mexican Commissioners go off disgusted, and inaugurate a survey towards the south; and after a long, trying ordeal the United States surveying party actually starts for the Corte river, and cutting its way through almost impassable wilds, encamps on the Blanco river, a tributary of the Corte.

Imagine immense gray rocks, precipitous hills, immense trees, noisy waterfalls, with a prospect of wonderful extent and beauty, and you have the camp-grounds of the expedition at the Corte, or Coatzacoalcos (Feathery Serpent) river. Pure air and hopes of success, after so many disappointments, make the party merry and active. The explorations of the indefatigable Buel are yielding fruit, and the preliminary work is almost done, when the Indians rebel again and the party is entirely alone, without food, the eighth day after the last start from Santa Maria.

For three days the Americans were alone, undergoing great hardships, living on the precarious results of shooting, which could only be done in intervals of work, till, having settled beyond a doubt that there was enough water to feed the canal, and high enough to be brought to the summit level, the party returned to Chivela, and, twelve days after the Indians deserted them, was back again with instruments, carefully leveling, surveying and locating the line of the feeder. This time unmarried men were taken from different tribes, and so prevented from conspiring together to return home in a body.

On the 31st of March, 1871, the different

lines met at eleven o'clock in the morning, near the camp at the Sanapac brook. As the different groups approached each other, singing "When Johnny comes marching home," it was a time of inexpressible satisfaction. It was the supreme moment of the expedition. As the leveling parties wound down the steep paths leading to the camp, telling each other by shouts of their success, joy filled every heart. Notes were instantly compared, and the level and the barometer differed only eight feet in their results.

Everything required for the ship-canal had now been found. Huzza after huzza rang through those wild forests, and, almost crazy with delight, the sturdy men who had won the day shook hands with each other, and shouted till they were hoarse. Long will they remember that night in camp at the Sanapac, near the head-waters of the Corte.

The result is proof positive that the point, and the only point, from which the canal can be fed is the upper Coatzacoalcos or Corte river, near its junction with the Blanco river (see map). Here 1,618 cubic feet of water per second flow, and in the driest season the surface of the water is 660 feet above the ocean, and 72 feet below the summit level of the canal. Three miles up stream the waters of the Corte ascend to the summit level, and the plan is to turn the waters of the Corte from a depressed valley below the level of the summit pass, into a valley of greater elevation, by means of a dam forming a level, whence the flow will be a natural one to the distributing basin at Tarifa pass. Numerous streams, crossed by the feeder, can be made to increase the above-mentioned supply to 127,000 cubic feet per minute.

Although a fearful country to explore, it will not be a very difficult task to construct the feeder from its source to Santa Maria. For the first four miles there will be side cuttings nearly all the way. There is but one important stream to cross, which will add to the cost, but presents no insurmountable difficulty of construction. Within the next mile and a third, an aqueduct must be constructed 1,200 feet in length, connecting two ridges; also a tunnel 4,150 feet long, through a cliff-ridge. This will be the most expensive portion of the entire feeder route, and yet the soil is composed of sandstone, clay and slate, so that without a shadow of doubt the work can be done.

We shall not delay long upon the advantages to our Republic of this ship-canal. Our task has been to show its feasibility, and to interest the public in the enterprise. We

may, however, add, that by the construction of this canal for the largest vessels, the length of many trading channels will be shortened.

As the Suez Canal opens a way to Asia for all Europe, so the Tehuantepec Canal gives the United States a highway to China and Japan, making the Gulf of Mexico an American lake, and giving this Republic a fair opportunity to win the trade of all the western American coast, and the far eastern lands. Increased facilities will be afforded to European countries for commerce; but direct intercourse with the Orient and independent routes by sea will be the peculiar reward of the United States, in the completion of this magnificent undertaking.

South American commerce has been almost wholly absorbed by Europe. When the work shall be finished, the western coast of South America as well as the eastern, will be made tributary to the commercial greatness of this Republic, and the canal, by cutting the two continents apart, will also bind them more closely together in bands of mercantile reciprocity.

The mere relation of our own Atlantic and Pacific ports suggests the indispensable condition of a canal to make us a homogeneous people in all commercial affinities. It is an affair of fourteen thousand miles now, to sail from New York to San Francisco; consequently but few people double the Cape, and those generally for the sake of their health. But with the aid of a canal, it is a pleasure-trip of five thousand miles, all the way by water, with the novelty of sailing over a mountain pass thrown in, giving sea-sick passengers a chance to walk, if they please, in the very middle of the voyage.

It is not asserted that the Tehuantepec canal will secure commercial relations between Europe and the world in general, to the extent that the Suez canal now serves to connect commercially the two great divisions of the Eastern Hemisphere; but we claim that diffusing its benign influence over our American continent first, (as it ought to do, being within annexing distance of the United States), this canal will gradually revolutionize, for the good

of all, the present condition of international exchanges.

As to the other routes, the reports of various surveys offer far less inducement for the experiment. There are narrower parts of the Isthmus, but the narrowest route across the Isthmus is the farthest from our frontier, a most important political consideration. Besides, at Darien, the most southern route, there is no summit level with a sufficient supply of water, and a tunnel much vaster than that of Mont Cenis would have to be constructed, requiring seventeen years of severe labor, and sixty millions in money.

At Panama there is equal difficulty in obtaining a supply of water, and the same sort of tunnel to be made, while harbors on both oceans would have to be constructed, Nature having shown no preference for a canal at this place.

Nicaragua offers some facilities above either of these routes, and yet topographical difficulties exist which are not met on the Tehuantepec route. Immense expense and great labor are necessary for excavations, piers and breakwaters, to say nothing of the cost of the canal, about which the question of feasibility is yet unanswered.

The Tehuantepec canal project, by comparison with all others, offers not only less difficulty in construction, but also the shortest distances between the United States and important foreign ports. It offers to the entire



FUNERAL CEREMONIES AT SANTA-MARIA.



CHIVELA PLANTATION ON THE SUMMIT TABLE-LANDS.

trade with Japan and China an improvement of 1,130 miles over every other route proposed; and while the distance from New York to San Francisco by Panama would be 6,218 miles, requiring twenty-two days for the voyage, by Tehuantepec it is only 4,741 miles, taking only seventeen days. There are also materials for constructing a canal, on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, which are not found near any of the other routes which have been projected. For example, hydraulic limestone, useful for cement, and indispensable in building a canal with locks, exists in abundance near the line of the proposed work. Rich iron mines have also been discovered; specular iron ore and hematite; copper ore is one of the mineral productions of the isthmus, and more than all, immense quantities of asphaltum and lignite exist near the route of the proposed canal. These products, together with the natural advantages of the country, make it attractive to colonists, who would bring the enterprise and the thrift which distinguish Christian nations to bear upon the development of the land.

Construct the canal, and, in the glow of the enthusiasm kindled by the undertaking, the same results will follow as in the case of the Pacific Railway enterprises: immigration, townships, some new vices, but, on the whole, civilization and progressive Christianity, would form a new American State out of the territory traversed by the ships of the world.

Even the Arctic seas will rejoice over the completed work, as an increased marine will yearly visit their frozen latitudes; and when a large part of the fifteen millions of dollars annually spent in outfit for the whalers shall be saved by this canal; when the year lost out of every three, in getting to the whaling ground, shall be regained, and when the eight percentage of leakage and decay on the long voyage home shall be diminished more than one-half, then the good old days of whaling life may come again.

As to the cost of this canal, it can be proved to be within reasonable limits, provided

the excavations and the mining, with all the political counter-mining, be not considered by the politicians a fair and rich placer to be worked by them and their dependents.

The cost of the canal will be expended in a trench, of ship-canal dimensions, dug in the flat valley of an immense river to the summit pass, and descending rapidly on the other side to the Pacific plains, which are nearly on a dead level. The feeder, twenty-seven miles long, through large valleys, will be the most expensive part of the undertaking, but, as we have elsewhere shown, the cost of this work will not be extravagant.

The locks of the ascending and descending portions of the canal will cost money, and be a disadvantage, but the most practicable of the other isthmian routes would require locks, and we may add that a canal is hardly ever without them, one of the most important canals of this country, the Chesapeake and Ohio, having as many as three hundred and ninety-eight.

The cost, then, of the Tehuantepec canal will be due to its noble dimensions, rather than to any unusual topographical conditions.

As no one can accurately tell the amount of tonnage that will pass through the canal, it is of course impossible to calculate the financial profits of the enterprise. Estimating, however, the annual tonnage at a low figure (derived from approximate statistics), the 2,000,000 tons floating from ocean to ocean, will make the burden to the nation very little. That this estimate is a low one, we may learn from the fact that the foreign commerce of China increased in thirteen years, ending in 1868, from 530,000 tons, carried in 1,527 vessels, to 6,400,000 tons, carried in 14,000 vessels.

Take also into account the new policy by which Japan opens the gates of its immense commerce to the world, and it is not difficult to see that there is no limit to the amount of business which a canal at Tehuantepec might command.

Politically, the Republic obtains, by the

completion of this enterprise, security and strength. Instead of sending its eastern commerce by the frowning guns of many hostile States in time of war, it has the Gulf of Mexico as a harbor of refuge, and the wide Pacific over which to convoy in safety its merchant ships.

The Mexican government is now willing to concede great privileges to the United States, if it will undertake the work. The

guaranty of these concessions it will not be difficult for our nation to maintain.

Nature invites to the undertaking: Providence offers materials for constructing the canal and water enough to float in it the navies of the world. The enterprise is in all respects easy of achievement, since it is simply the problem of an athlete called upon to lift a weight proportioned to his strength.

IN AND AROUND BANGKOK.



GENERAL VIEW OF BANGKOK.

It is, of course, not literally true that Bangkok is Siam, but in many important respects it is more true than to say that Paris is France, for example, which has been said times enough to be true, if reiteration could make it so. Practically, the outside world has known little of the rich and splendid kingdom which, with its dependencies and adjacent provinces, separates the Bay of Bengal from the China Sea, except as it has known this capital city and the approach to it by the noble river which it decorates with its "palms and temples." During the last two or three years one or two seaports on the shores of the gulf have obtained some commercial importance. And the adventu-

rous expeditions of resident missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, have opened up to the eyes of the world the rich alluvial country watered by the Menam, the splendid hill country bordering the Laos provinces on the north, and the strange wilderness of the Cambodian jungle, with its vast and mysterious ruins of an ancient civilization in the moldering temple of Ongkor. Pre-eminent among explorers, however, is the lamented Henry Mouhot, who, after spending between three and four years in travel and investigation of the country and its resources, and in collecting specimens in various branches of natural history, at last fell a victim to the pestilential climate, from the dangers of which his

admirable constitution and his careful and abstemious habits had long defended him. Mouhot's work was left by his untimely death unfinished; but even in its unfinished condition it is recognized as the best exploring work which Siam has seen. His route took him through the two great valleys of the Menam and the Mekong (the river of Cambodia); among the savage tribes inhabiting the frontier between Cambodia and Cochin-China, of whom he gives us curious glimpses, which excite the wish for more familiar knowledge of them; and into the Laos country, which he had hoped to penetrate even to the mountain ranges which form the southwestern boundary of China. It is to him that we owe our knowledge of the wonderful Ongkor ruins. And his name will live in scientific annals as that of a naturalist of uncommon merit.

Beside Mouhot's book, which was compiled and arranged by his brother, the two most considerable books of travel in Siam are those of the late Roman Catholic Bishop Pallegoix, and of Sir John Bowring, the plenipotentiary by whom the existing treaty with Great Britain was negotiated. Bowring, however, did not go beyond Bangkok, and his two volumes are chiefly valuable for the fidelity and fullness with which he has collected and arranged the information to which his high official position and his inquisitive and active interest in all kinds of knowledge gave him access. The news of the death of Sir John Bowring, in November last, came while this article was in preparation.

Since the treaties with Great Britain and America were negotiated, a trip to Bangkok has been a comparatively easy thing, and any traveler who is not afraid of some occasional discomfort in his journey may make the voyage, commonly taking Singapore as the point of departure from the more ordinary highways of travel, not only with safety, but with pleasure. The latest traveler who has given us the narrative of his experience in Bangkok (M. le Comte de Beauvoir), was, to be sure, unfortunate in his choice of the ship which conveyed him from the Straits of Malacca. It is described as that "singular, dangerous and ill-smelling vessel, the *Chow-Pya*," the name of which declares its oriental nationality; "whose crew, and, much worse, whose cooks, were Chinese; where the bill of fare was restricted to eggs in the green stage, stale cocoa-nut oil, and decomposed pine-apples; whose captain was a pardoned pirate; which was entirely overrun by white ants; and whose mate and chief-engineer

were brought on board, just before the time of sailing, dead-drunk and handcuffed." To this enumeration of the advantages of his vessel (which we quote, for its admirable and vivid conciseness, from an English reviewer), the Count himself adds some delightful details. "Among our companions are a merchant returning to Siam, an old French woman and her cat, and a young Asiatic baby, placed under the protection of the prince and myself by a benevolent priest. We nurse him by turns, and are most anxious to hand him over in good case to his father, who was formerly coxswain of a French corvette, and is now generalissimo of the armies of the King of Siam. The child is plum-juice color, and if he had not a coral and bells of the noisiest kind, and if he had a more maritime stomach, especially at meal-times, he would be delightful. I am holding him on one knee at this moment, while I write on the other, endeavoring to preserve the equilibrium of my campstool amid the tumbling packages, and he and I are both devoured by multitudes of our little enemies. It is no consolation to us that when they bite us they leave their heads in the wounds. This is our fifth day of this queer existence amidships, which is, however, paradisiacal in comparison with that of the three hundred passengers, Malay, Chinese, and Arab, who are fore and aft, piled up in heaps upon the merchandise. They smoke opium and they play with dice. This human ant-heap, which exhales most deleterious odors, is noisy, disgusting, and cowardly. At every high wave they all scream as if we were going to the bottom, then howl out verses from the Koran, get drunk and fight freely."

Notwithstanding such a queer and discouraging entrance into the city, this good-humored traveler is more than paid for his uncomfortable voyage by the incomparable beauty of the Siamese capital. If anything could make a general view of Bangkok unattractive, it would surely be a foreground in which so excessive a disproportion of plum-colored baby with an insufficient maritime stomach was a lively and conspicuous feature. But M. de Beauvoir only adds his testimony to the unanimous voice of all his predecessors that there is no city, even of "the gorgeous East," which makes so charming and permanent an impression of picturesque magnificence and splendor.

By far the most conspicuous object as one sails up the broad and rapid river from the gulf, thirty miles distant, is the great pagoda of Wat-Chang, towering three hundred feet



THE LATE FIRST KING AND QUEEN.

towards heaven. A mass of tropical foliage on the river's bank conceals the base of the enormous structure, and shades the smaller buildings of the monastery which it adorns. It is impossible by any description to convey an impression of its striking and unique beauty. The white walls of the temple stand in strong contrast with the dark green of the banyan and the orange, and the broad plumes

of the stately palm. The roofs are covered with glazed tiles, of green and gold. In the midst of all these lower structures, smaller turrets, lesser pinnacles, swell the gigantic pyramid, rectangular, hexagonal, and conical in turn, till at the summit, rounded like a cupola, it is surmounted by a finial of gilded metal, spreading into graceful branches under the blue sky. From every branch of this great



A FEW OF THE CHILDREN OF THE LATE FIRST KING.

spire, from every prominent angle and projection, hangs a little gilded bell, and to the tongue of every bell there is attached a little fan. So while the shining porcelain of the mighty tower glitters and sparkles with its various colors in the sunlight, the least breeze that sweeps over the broad river and makes tremulous the leaves* of the dark trees below will set in motion all these countless tongues on high, and make the whole pile musical. Memnon's statue, vocal when the light of morning smote it, was not more wonderful!

But this great structure, though it is the most conspicuous and beautiful of all that meet the traveler's eyes on entering the city, is only one of many. Temples and palaces on every side, with gleaming walls, with shining roofs, with graceful pinnacles and towers, rise high above the inconspicuous dwellings of the populace, above the "breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster," above the busy river with its shifting and incessant panorama of city life. For it is upon the river that all phases of the city life display themselves. It is the splendid highway of commerce, of trade, of fashion, and of pomp. The palaces and temples have their gates upon the river. Out upon the river come the kings in their great dragon-boats, that look like centipedal monsters with uplifted heads. As these strange craft make swiftly towards one, and the sharp startling cry of the dusky and almost naked oarsman breaks

upon the ear, no second exhortation is required to clear the way for royalty. As when a pike appears among the smaller fry that had been peacefully disporting in the pool, and all the crowd of fins is scattered in a twinkling, so is it—or so it *was* a few years ago, when the present writer saw Bangkok—at the appearance of the royal barge: the lesser boats, of whatsoever sort, would give to it the very widest berth with the most unhesitating alacrity. Out upon the river come the kings for coronation or for burial. Out upon the river come the priests to visit or to beg, or to perform their priestly functions at some distant shrine or temple. Out upon the river come the pedlars with their merchandise, and the hucksters with their various supplies. Out upon the river, for a visit or a purchase or an airing, you will go if you are living in Bangkok, as you would go out upon Broadway or upon the Avenue, if you are living in New York. Venice on the Adriatic itself is not more silent, more dream-like, more full of fascinating strangeness, than this Venice on the Menam.

The ruthless hand of public improvement is indeed changing the peculiarities of Bangkok, as of Venice. The whistle of the railway locomotive is not yet heard in Siam, to be sure, although the whistle of the steamer echoes up and down the river, from Paknam even, on occasions, to Ayuthia. But the present king is building what this preposterous

and Frenchy generation will persist in calling boulevards, along the river's bank; and wheeled vehicles and trotting horses begin to spin along the shore. The elephant, however picturesque, cannot contend for speed with such as these, and shakes his solemn head and waves his trunk disdainfully, as fogies will who see the changes which a rapid generation introduces with such reckless haste and inconsiderate extravagance.

The days of old Siam, indeed,—the days of the good old elephant on shore, and of the paddling canoe by water; the days which seemed as if they had come down to us unaltered from the "golden prime of good Haroun al Raschid,"—were already numbered when their late majesties, the first and second kings (the fathers of the two young gentlemen whose partnership in royalty succeeds to the goodwill and fixtures of the late concern, dissolved by death), began to deal with nineteenth-century science, and to manifest a fondness for the civilization of the Occident. People with the scantiest raiment, or, if raiment there must be, then with flowing robes and graceful scarfs and brilliant colors and innumerable jewels; little children with no costume but a yellow dye, with which their fond parents loved to decorate them, and necklaces of gold and precious stones shining only less brightly than their flashing eyes; bald-headed priests, with orange-colored drapery upon their comfortable bodies, with lazy fans to screen the shaven scalp or hide their holy eyes from vanity,—such forms as these must stand aside when the electric telegraph and the steam engine come. The stovepipe hat, symbol of science and the useful arts, the graceless pantaloons, nay, even the very swallow-tail itself, are not far distant. The reigning first king has been upon his travels to Singapore and to Calcutta, and has arrayed himself in store-clothes. An English governess instructed him. Occidental tailors have had at him. And he likes it; and has ordained a decree that whosoever will array himself in such a proper costume shall thenceforth be privileged to stand upright in the royal presence. The good old times, when, if the

king should introduce you to his wife, she would come scrambling on all-fours to take your hand, and make you feel as if you were saluting an amiable crocodile, are evidently almost over.

The late first king, of whom, with his queen, the engraver has given a striking portrait, was for many years a priest,—not so much because his disposition for a life of pious contemplation made him choose that life, but rather because a considerable unpleasantness between him and his kinsman who had usurp-



A YOUNG PRINCE ROYAL.

ed the throne made it safe for him to find asylum in the monastery. In his retirement, however, he made good use of his long opportunity for study; he became an accomplished scholar, not only in the sacred literature of his order, but, through the instruction of the missionaries, in the Western languages and sciences, to some extent. When the death of the usurper brought him from the priesthood to the throne of the first king, and his younger brother (whose tastes were even more practically and experimentally scientific than his own) to the dignity of second king, a new order was at once inaugurated in the realm. It was in the reign of these kings that the treaties with Great Britain and with the United States were negotiated and the kingdom thrown open to the commerce and exploration of the West.

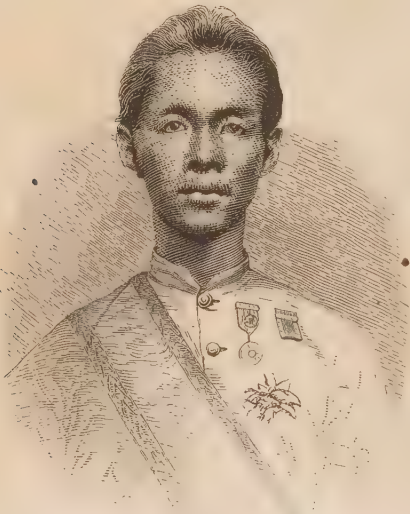
The two present kings are children of the last two. The sovereign, who had lost so many years of royalty in the monastery, after he laid off his orange-colored scarf for the purple and jewels of the throne begat sons and daughters. He was a learned and able and greatly married man. The interesting group of little ones, who with difficulty crowded within the focus of the camera for their photograph, are a few of his children. They are in their ordinary costume: how they may appear when they are prepared for state occasions may be seen from the young prince, with clothing embroidered with gems, and with the golden crown on his uncomfortable little head, as the engraving shows him.

It is the present first king who has made



THE REIGNING SECOND KING (GEORGE WASHINGTON).

illustrious his administration by the abolition of slavery in his realm, and by the public works of great magnitude which he has undertaken. His cousin, the second king, is the son of that agreeable gentleman, the late second king, the friend of foreigners, in whose palace an English or American visitor could find a generous and refined hospitality, and a degree of intelligence and culture to which kings' houses, even in Christian countries, have not always been accustomed. He was fond of waiving ceremony and inviting guests to visit him in a friendly and familiar way; would give you tea and coffee for your lunch, and ask you, in the conventional fashion, whether you would take cream and sugar; would chat with you (if you knew enough to keep up your end of the conversation) about the latest improvements in firearms or the most recent scientific discovery; or would discuss with you the comparative merits of the dictionaries (with a strong preference for Webster), or the literary characteristics of Sir Walter Scott. He died lamented by a multitude of friends in his own land and in foreign countries, to whom he had endeared himself by his enlightened and generous spirit. His brother, the first king, followed him not long after, in some sense a martyr to science; the fever which carried him off having been contracted in the jungle of the peninsula of Malacca, to which place (within the limits of his own kingdom) he had gone with a large retinue for the astronomical study of the great solar eclipse. The present second king bears the name George Washington, by the bestowal of which his father wished to testify his admi-



THE REIGNING FIRST KING.

ration for the great character of the American patriot.

The splendor of the court ceremonial which is observed on state occasions is in a high degree imposing. There are temples with great gates of ebony, inlaid with pearl, that are thrown open only once or twice a year when the king comes to visit them. There are corridors of grotesque or stately images; there is the enormous statue of Buddha recumbent, of solid masonry, as long as a church steeple, covered over from head to foot with plates of purest gold; there are the splendid audience halls, in which the architecture of Siam and that of China is combined, with strangely picturesque and still more strangely beautiful results; there are the grand processions of the royal elephants, the royal boats, the royal troops, the actresses and dancers, the purses scattered for the crowd to scramble after; there is the golden canopy under which, in jeweled splendor, stands or sits the king; and, most impressive and extraordinary of all, there

is, or was (until the present king in part abolished it), the absolute prostration of all human beings, in silent and obsequious reverence, in the presence of their sovereign. No one was exempt except the foreign visitors, of whom it was required that they should show the same respect and be governed by the same etiquette which was demanded in the country from which they came. But queens and princes, noblemen gray-haired and corpulent, the prime minister and all his counselors, must bow in abject reptile attitude, in servile silence, while the king was present. To be sure, they were at liberty each one to take it out of his subordinates when no one of superior rank was by; and so the various ranks of life were hedged about by their distinctive ceremonies; but, all together, they must grovel when the lord of the whole realm appeared.

Something of the same splendid and ostentatious ceremonial is observed even after the king's majesty has become defunct. When



PORTAL TO ROYAL AUDIENCE HALL.

a great nobleman is buried, or rather burned,—for incremation is the usage for the Siamese dead,—the funeral is a public festival. Prodigious expense is incurred, varying according to the rank or wealth of the de-

His corpse "had been dried by mercury, and when it was as dry as a stick it was doubled in two, the feet and the head were jammed together, it was tied up like a sausage, and deposited in a golden urn on the



A ROYAL CATAFALQUE.

ceased, in the erection of the funeral pavilion or the mortuary pagoda. During the Count de Beauvoir's visit, the body of the second king, who had died almost a year before, was lying in state, and was presently to be burned.

top of a magnificent catafalque." M. de Beauvoir reckons this spectacle as, in some ways, the most curious of all the strange sights of the capital. "Amid the grand colonnades" of the palace of the dead king (he says), "hun-

dreds of mandarins are walking about, formerly his civil and military officers. We pass under eight porticos; slaves draw back a vast curtain; we are in the throne room. The dead king, in his urn atop of his altar, holds

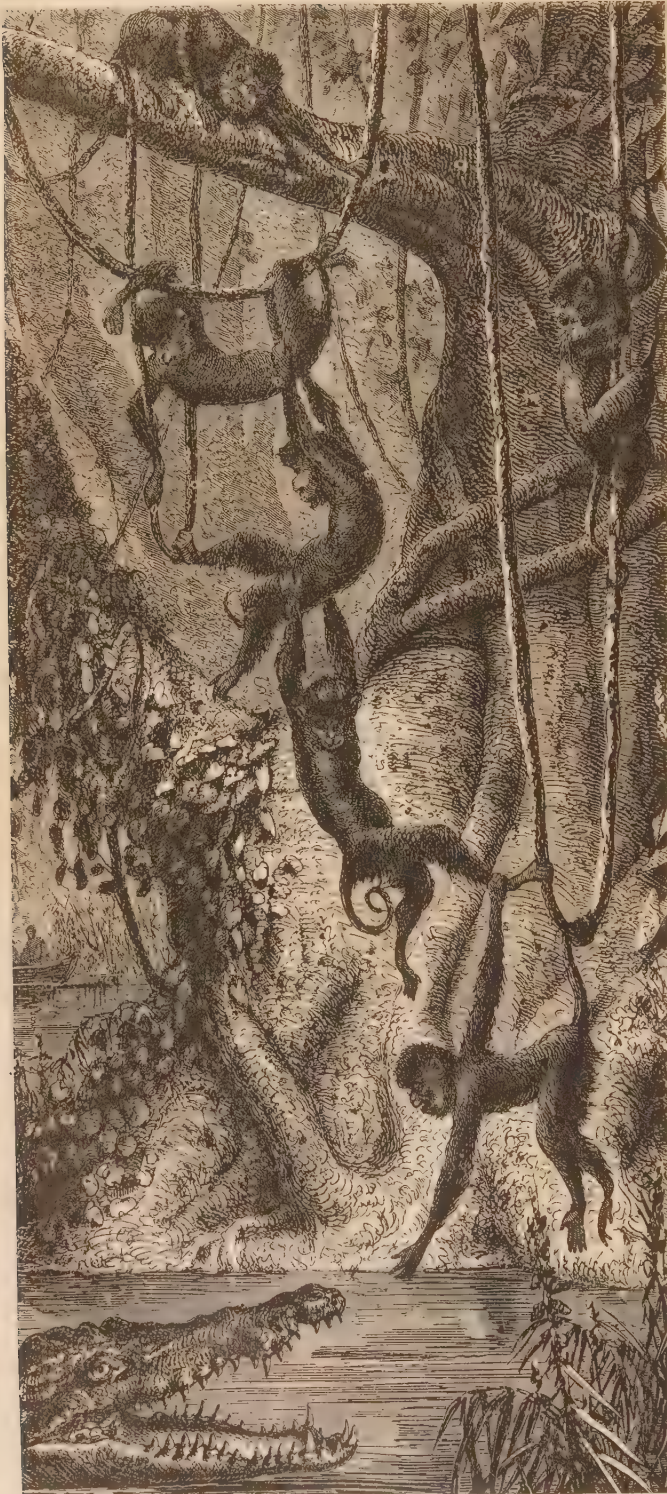
catafalque, and takes from it some huge cigars, which he brings to us in a basket of red filigree. He whispers some words, which are translated for us to mean that he offers them on the part of the second king, and is about



STRUCTURE BUILT FOR A QUEEN'S FUNERAL.

his court precisely as he held it in life. We are told to bow—we do so—great satisfaction of the mandarins in lines on the left and right, their faces on the ground, all in white, which is mourning. One of the pages goes to the

to light them at a funeral taper. Long silken cords of white and gold extend from the lid of the golden urn in all directions, like the threads of a spider's web, and at the extremity of each is a mandarin in adoration. They



MONKEYS PLAYING WITH A CROCODILE.

believe that these cords bear their words and prayers to the king, and they press them to their lips with lively faith and emotion. Lastly, a great golden basket stands upon the first step of the mausoleum, filled with letters and petitions addressed to the deceased since last week, and the replies are confidently expected. The entire spectacle is incomparably strange, stupefying, and enchanting; and as we make profound reverences to his bottled majesty, we gravely thank him for his gracious reception and his excellent cigars, and hope that he may burn as well as they do. All this time his harem is kept up precisely as during his lifetime. At sunrise and sunset, hundreds of women come to talk, by means of the white and golden cords, to this calm and inoffensive husband. They will cease to belong to him only on the day of his fiery burial, and it is fully understood that not one of them is expected to immolate herself upon the funeral pile."

Of course there was a greater ostentation and expense in the funeral rites of a dead king than would be often seen. But the general style of such a ceremonial, and of the structures which are built for it, is the same in cases of the incineration of a nobleman of lower rank, or of a queen or princess. To us, who knew the amiable king at whose obsequies M. de Beauvoir assisted, there is something sorrowful as well as ludicrous in the ghastly mockery which he describes. It is not, to be sure, "our funeral," and there is nothing in which a question of taste is less to be disputed than in mortuary matters. But it seems so much like making game of



VIEW OF THE MOUNTAINS OF PETCHABURI.

the kind-hearted man in whose hospitable home this mummied corpse was throned for a whole year, that, as we read the story, we appreciate with a new gratitude the privilege which we inherit from the patriarch who bought the cave of Machpelah, that he might "bury his dead out of his sight."

There is enough of splendor and magnificence in Bangkok, enough of strange variety in usage and in life, to keep the traveler busy longer a great deal than most travelers can find time to stay.

Just below the mouth of the Menam, on the shore of the Gulf, are the picturesque hills of Petchaburi, where the king has a summer palace. Something like fifty miles above Bangkok stands the old capital, Ayuthia, a city of historic fame and interest, but fallen largely into ruin. It is still a place of some importance, however, and of interest to the traveler, especially if he can visit it when the wild elephants are captured and brought in, to be confined and disciplined until they are domesticated and made fit for service.

While the elephant is monarch of the jungle, the crocodile maintains a fierce supremacy in river and in bay, which cannot safely be disputed. And yet M. Mouhot testifies that the extraordinary spectacle which one of our engravings represents is real, and not infrequent. Judging from this scene, the crocodile, for all his coarse, unintellectual expres-

sion, would appear to have a sensitive and touchy nature, jealous of all assaults upon his personal dignity. With a sagacity of unnatural acuteness, the monkeys have detected the weak point in the monster's nature and are practicing upon it. They combine to chaff and irritate him, goading him to madness. A chain of monkeys swings from overhanging branches to the surface of the river, and by turns advances and retreats, the uttermost ape at once enticing and defying the grim reptile. Sometimes (Mouhot says) the chain swings once too often or too far, and the grinning torment disappears with one wild shriek within the ponderous jaws of his tormented foe. At once the whole troop disappears with wails of grief and terror. But, of course, the instinct of malicious mischief brings them back again after a day or two, to resume their sinful game.

Wonders enough, in city and in jungle, wait to be admired; and not the least, the wonders of faith and patience, and of achievement too, by which the Christian men and women of the American missions are letting in upon the darkness of this strange old land, the light of life and immortality. The old era is already closed. With the new age has come already much of Christian civilization and culture. There is coming, too, the knowledge and the love of Him "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."



SHEAVES.

A SAD autumnal sky—a twilight sky,
 All colorless and gray ;
 A low wind whispering through the withered grass
 And wandering away ;
 Bare trees—save for a handful of brown leaves ;
 A quiet reaper, resting with her sheaves—

How poor they seem ! how few, how worthless all !
 Ah ! for another spring :
 Or if the summer, late and cold at best,
 Might come again, and bring
 The light and warmth that best matures the grain
 Before the frost falls and the latter rain !

And yet He knows, and judges all aright :
 Some by the wayside fell ;
 Some came to naught ; and some the birds devoured
 And He alone can tell
 What bitter chance or circumstance decreed
 The utter failure of the cherished seed.

But it may be in a diviner air
 Transfigured and made pure,
 The harvest that we deemed as wholly lost
 Waits perfect and mature :
 And the faint heart that now defeated grieves
 May yet stand smiling 'mid abundant sheaves.

LITTLE MISS FRERE.

I.

It was the evening of a November day. The wind whistled down the valley and sang a doleful song through the branches of the tall pine-trees surrounding the house on the hill. Overhead the heavy clouds which had hung low all through the day were broken asunder and dragged towards the earth on either side as though by their own weight, leaving filmy ragged edges through which the great, calm sky looked down. In the west, covering his retreat, bristled the golden lances of the sun just above a bar of fiercest red, which shone like the pillar of cloud and fire in the days of the promise. Lights gleamed out from the windows of the house; pointed arrows of brightness shot through the half-closed shutters or between the folds of the curtains left awry, and touched the road below, where the working people from the town were plodding home to the dingy little cabins on the flat along the bend of the river.

Within the house summer and sunshine seemed still to reign. A flood of light poured from the empty drawing-room; and from the open door across the hall came the odor of fruit and flowers, with the bright sparkle of silver. Dinner was just over, and the family lingered a moment in the dimly lighted hall before proceeding to the drawing-room.

"Let us stay here," pleaded pretty Mrs. Benchley, sinking into one of the cathedral chairs set stiffly against the wall. "To gather in a drawing-room after dinner is a mere conventionality. I am sure it is much nicer here;" and the widow shook out her soft black draperies and drew her chair nearer to the register where they had all gathered for a moment, as though the change from the bright, warm room, where the heliotropes were even so soon withering in the *épègne*, had brought a chill. The rays from the blazing star upon the forehead of the bronze dancing-girl at the foot of the winding stairs lit up the group,—the fair-faced woman, the guest of the house, who had spoken, leaning forward with white outstretched hands; the Professor, tall, angular, with a stoop about his shoulders, and shaggy red-brown hair hiding his strong face, and the kindly eyes smiling down upon the widow through his glasses; last of all, but first in importance, the Professor's mother, Madame Pfeiffe, the hostess, standing upon the threshold of the drawing-room where the strong light brought out every tint of her quaint many-hued dress,

every line of her gentle old face shaded by its queer little front of white curls. A child had been pulled playfully after the widow by a silken scarf, like a pet spaniel; a little blue-eyed, fair-haired creature who called her "mamma," and curled down now at her feet.

"I like this place," she said, with a deep sigh of contentment, throwing back her head to embrace in one long, lingering glance every charm of her surroundings; from the ghostly shadows enveloping the winding stairs, to the queer family portraits ranged in double rows where the light struck full upon the wall before her. "Yes, I like this place;" and she nestled her cheek against her mother's knee. Each one of the group spoke in reply to the child.

"If you do, you must remain with us a long time," said hospitable Madame Pfeiffe.

"Flossy utters aloud what some of us only think deep down in our hearts;" and the widow threw a glance, half shy and half coquettish, towards the Professor, who had bent over the child. "And *I* like *you*," he said. But though his hand rested upon the child's hair, his eyes were upon the mother.

"How beautiful are the mother and child!" he thought. "How beautiful is the mother-love, and here in my own home!" That was all. But the very thought breathed a suggestion; and in these stray thoughts and ways begins the conjugation of a certain verb the varying moods and painful tenses of which the Professor had learned by heart once, years before.

The words had been uttered almost in chorus. A pause followed; the widow's head was bent to the child; a soft color had crept into her face. Ah, if it might be! She was no longer young. All the warmth which youth knows had departed with its freshness. Love could never again be a sweet surprise—the stealthy creeping out of the heart while the sentry slept. But here was rest and peace, and something which even wealth could not bring. She was weary of carrying her burdens, which others envied, since they were called riches. She was tired of facing the world alone. O, if it might be!

Madame Pfeiffe broke the silence with a platitude. She had taken up her knitting and resigned herself with a sigh to this arrangement for the evening, which did not include the grand drawing-room. Had her guest been less charming or of a position less assured, the small host gathered so informally here would have been marshaled upon the

other side of the wide doors, towards which Mrs. Benchley had turned her pretty shoulders. But certain thoughts, amounting almost to schemes, as she glanced from the window to her tall son and drew the thread of her knitting over her left forefinger, resigned her to almost any possible innovation. "What is so charming as the frank innocence of childhood?" she said. "I would we might all utter our thoughts aloud."

Unconscious hypocrite! who would have suffered martyrdom sooner than reveal the schemes at that moment working in her own brain.

"Happy state!" exclaimed the Professor—"Swedenborg's heaven, 'where things are as they seem; and none ever thinks three and says four.' But that would hardly do for mortals. A certain amount of deception is absolutely essential to—well, to the progress of civilization, let us say."

"Robert!" The exclamation was uttered in a tone of horror, accompanied by a side-long movement of the white curls. The Professor turned a quizzical glance towards his mother.

"You are shocked? The creed we exemplify in our lives would startle the most of us, I fancy. For example: article first, *To lie* at the very last extremity, where the truth positively will not screen us, or when the truth would involve a breach of good manners. We all do that, you know."

But Madame Pfeiffe preserved a dignified and displeased silence.

The Professor laughed, but moved nearer. "Are you ashamed of your son? Are you fearful that your guest may think him a pagan? Mrs. Benchley, pray don't."

"Robert, Robert, you talk nonsense, if nothing worse." And though the tone was reproving, the eyes raised to his were full of love. "I only expressed the wish that we *might* all speak from our hearts as freely as that little child."

"Could you?"

"I—I think I might." There was a slight quaver in Madame Pfeiffe's voice, suggesting the possibility of a doubt.

"Suppose I try you now," he answered. "Tell us your thoughts of a moment since, when you took up your knitting."

The thread snapped in her fingers. "One cannot recall. How can I tell?" she began.

The Professor laughed. "It is easy to theorize," he said. He turned to the widow. "At least we may guess. She was taking John to task, mentally, for having forgotten the dining-room windows last night."

"Indeed I was not."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Professor, "so you do remember." But to this she vouchsafed no reply. There was an air of triumph in her denial. They were far from the truth. They were cold as ice, as the children say in hunt-the-thimble. Possibly he knew it. Possibly he surmised her plans; for however dark her devisings, the little old lady's ways could never be other than open as the day.

"The only pleasure, after all, in the entire frankness which my mother advocated so warmly," said the Professor, "would be in venting one's dislikes."

"Pray don't," exclaimed the widow. "I have tried it." She laughed as at an amusing recollection, though something bright shone in her eyes. "It was at school," she went on. "I conceived a mortal dislike for the girl sitting before me. It must have been a spiritual aversion, since it was inexplicable. I bore it in secret awhile, then, rebelling against the deceit, confessed the whole to its object." She paused. Madame Pfeiffe looked up from her knitting.

"Well?" said the Professor. His eyes twinkled behind his glasses.

Mrs. Benchley laughed, though the brightness in her eyes shone like tears now.

"What do you think she replied?" and the widow raised a flushed, warm face, guileless as a child's in its sudden show of feeling. "She said she had always thought me a proud, disagreeable creature, and she knew many others among the girls who agreed with her in this opinion. And upon that she proceeded to call over the names of so many whom I had believed to be my friends, that I ran from her in tears and cried for a week afterwards."

A murmur of indignant sympathy, with a low laugh from the Professor, followed this recital. There was a sparkle of drops and jewels as the widow passed her hand quickly over her eyes. "How silly!" she exclaimed, smiling and blushing, and half turning from her small but interested audience. "For a moment the bitterness and mortification of that hour came back to me."

"Not silly at all, my dear," Madame Pfeiffe hastened to say. She was more than ever charmed with the woman who inadvertently displayed so great sensibility, and who had told her little story in such a pretty, dramatic way.

The Professor beamed upon her from his kindly eyes. Even the sheltering glasses could not quite hide their sudden softening. "In fact it was a failure," he said.

"It was indeed," Mrs. Benchley rejoined, "and a painful lesson. I have confessed only admiration since then. My aversions I overcome or hide from sight."

"But even these, to be thoroughly honest, would involve so many fine distinctions," laughed the Professor. "'My dear sir,' you would be obliged to say to one, 'I like you—tolerably.' Think of the torment in that adverb! How it would haunt the poor fellow. For myself—" But here the conversation ended abruptly. There had been a noiseless step upon the stairs, and suddenly, without warning, a little, white-clad figure—girl or woman?—stood upon the lowest step, glancing timidly, half-deprecatingly from one to another, as though she would apologize for the intrusion, or must wait at least for recognition before advancing.

"Amy! my dear child." And Madame Pfeiffe rose so hastily that the work in her hands fell to the floor, and the bright blue ball of worsted rolled away under the piano. She drew the little shrinking figure from its perch. "This is a dear little friend, Amy Frere," she said, pulling the girl forward by one little dark, trembling hand. "She came while we were at dinner, quite unexpectedly, but is none the less welcome," she hastened to add, giving the little cold hand in hers a reassuring pressure. "We did not look for her till next week."

Mrs. Benchley, half rising, made a rather stately salutation, after her first start of surprise. "Are there any more to come?" she thought, glancing involuntarily into the upper regions of darkness from which the little figure had glided in such mysterious silence.

"Mrs. Benchley is staying with us for a while. I am sure you will be friends," Madame Pfeiffe was saying. "And Flossy; we must not forget Flossy," as the little fluffy ball gathered itself up from the floor.

The girl half offered a hand, which was unobserved in the widow's deep courtesy, then gave a timid little shrinking bow, and without noticing the child at all, stood painfully confused, while Madame Pfeiffe drew her own chair forward.

"Good evening again," the Professor said, quietly, appearing from the shadow of the library door. He held out his hand to the new guest. She touched it without raising her eyes, and then sank almost from sight into the depths of the great arm-chair.

She was a very little thing. Hardly more than a child in size, with a dark, thin face, which in the strong light, as she stood for that one moment upon the stairs, had shown

traces of care rather than years in the shadows under the great dark eyes and the tense lines about the small mouth. Her hands still trembled upon her lap, though she lay back quite still, as if glad to sink into this sudden oblivion. Her rest was only for a moment, however. John's solemn face appeared at the dining-room door. Madame Pfeiffe nodded to him. "Yes, John. Come, Amy, you must be faint with fasting. I thought you would prefer your tea quietly by yourself. She has had a long journey," she explained to Mrs. Benchley as the girl rose again. "Ah!" the widow replied, her stateliness softening somewhat at the sight of the girl's worn face.

"Yes; she has been two days upon the road."

"Do spirits often drop from the skies here?" the widow asked the Professor, when his mother had led the new guest away. "And is their transit usually accomplished in two days?"

The Professor's eyes had followed the two figures disappearing through the open door. "I beg your pardon," added Mrs. Benchley, as his gaze returned to her; "but she appeared so suddenly in our midst, I looked up naturally to the sky-light." The words were spoken lightly, but there was a shade of annoyance in her tone. The girl was evidently a shy, nervous little thing, who would be only too thankful to be permitted to sink out of sight. She would ask for nothing and offer nothing in return; a nonentity, in fact. But the long pleasant evening was broken in upon. The drift was turned.

"Bolts nor bars avail against them," the Professor said, dreamily, emerging as from a reverie, and speaking from miles away. Then he roused himself. "However, this one arrived after most mortal fashion. I myself took her from the carriage at the door. I was called from the table, you know."

"I hate surprises," said Mrs. Benchley, with a petulance more than half real, and carrying her frankness to the verge of rudeness.

"Do you?" queried the Professor, absently. "While nothing is so surprising, so unexpected as—woman."

He had seated himself carelessly before the piano. He rose now, and began to pace back and forth slowly, his hands clasped behind his back.

"I do not understand. You assert rashly," began Mrs. Benchley.

But still he went on, his head bent so that his face was hidden by his shaggy hair, his

eyes fixed upon the floor. The sound of John's stealthy step came out to them from the next room with the soft tinkle of glasses.

Then Madame Pfeiffe's voice, fussily persuasive, followed by another, softer, lower, and hesitating. The Professor turned his head to listen.

"I made a study of the subject once," he said, pausing before the widow. "Most men do, I imagine. It is a change from Greek and Hebrew verbs. Men take them up together. At least I did. The first was most absorbing, but soonest ended;" and he went on again down into the shadows where the stairs turned. What was he saying? What did he mean? She had never heard that his life had held its romance.

"To illustrate," he continued, drawing near again, and unconsciously adopting the form of expression he was accustomed to use in the class: "I have known a woman, young, innocent, a child almost, who could be swayed by a breath; whose ways were clear to read as the stars are bright in heaven, to suddenly turn, without perceptible cause become at once reticent, cold—"

There was a slight stir in the dining-room; chairs rolling back, a mingling of voices; then Madame Pfeiffe and her charge appeared.

"My dear," Madame Pfeiffe was saying, "we must have these pale cheeks rosy. A raw egg before breakfast every morning is an excellent thing to build one up. What a fresh round face you had, to be sure, when you used to come to us ten years ago."

Ten years ago! Mrs. Benchley expressed her surprise. "That must have been in arms," she said, pleasantly. She was vexed with the girl for appearing so inopportunist, and yet one could not harbor resentment against the pale, frightened little creature, who sat upright in her chair now to reply, in a nervous, flurried way: "I am older than you think. I have been teaching for six years." Then, as if terrified by the sound of her own voice, she subsided quickly into silence and the friendly depths again. For the moment her cheeks had been as blooming as even good Madame Pfeiffe could have wished.

At the quick, impatient tone of her voice the Professor, who had walked away, turned his head and smiled as though at some odd recollection. His mother took up her words.

"Yes, and it is that which has worn her out," she said. "Poor Amy!" and there was a depth of compassion in her voice. "But we shall take care of her now that we have her again." She laid her plump, dimpled

hand, shining with one old-fashioned ring, upon the arm of little Miss Frere's chair with these words, where it was quickly seized and furtively pressed in a little dark palm.

"We lost sight of her;"—Madame Pfeiffe went on, addressing the widow;—"for several years we knew nothing at all about her."

"Ah!" responded Mrs. Benchley, rather wearily. The girl was very nice and worthy and ill-used, no doubt; but her coming at this time was unfortunate, to say the least. A new element introduced into a well-assorted company can never be thoroughly welcome; and they had been so comfortable but an hour before! Mrs. Benchley turned with that one brief exclamation to the child who had fallen fast asleep at her feet. "I had quite forgotten," she said, making an ineffectual attempt to rise. "Will some one be kind enough to ring for Haddie?"

It was little Miss Frere who sprang up at this and pulled the bell-cord. Evidently she was accustomed to heed such requests. But the Professor raised the child tenderly from where she lay, a soft little heap upon her mother's gown. "Pray don't wake her," he said; and the Swede nurse appeared just in time to see him bear her up the stairs, her long bright hair flowing over his arm.

Little Miss Frere started. The dark eyes opened wide in a kind of pained surprise as the widow gave the child into his arms, thanking him with a smile and a little conscious blush.

He returned presently to find Mrs. Benchley at the piano.

"Ah, *do*, my dear," Madame Pfeiffe had pleaded, as she rose and strayed towards it. Her fingers wandered over the keys a moment as though searching for lost harmonies. Then she gathered them sweetly into one. Upon little Miss Frere, hidden in the great arm-chair, the sounds fell like a dream of music, like the echo of grand voices, like the noise of falling water far away. Her head drooped lower and lower; tears gathered in her eyes. Days of happiness long past trooped by, called up as from their graves,—the days when she was younger and more fair and the future stretched out its arms to her, smiling and bright; when Robert's eyes beamed upon her, as she fancied they did now upon the beautiful woman over whom he leaned. Why had she come again only to disturb the peace which had fallen upon her with all these years? Ah, in those other days it was she whom he loved; and wrapt in her own thoughts, unconscious of all around her, with the music sounding

faint and far away, she lived that time again. How full it was of hopes which she dreamed then could never fade; of joys which were to be eternal! Then came the change, like a jarring chord; the bitter words so soon repented of, "I do not love you," she said to him hotly. How grave and set his face became at that. How real and near it all was to her now. She could almost feel again the summer sun upon the lawn; again the scarlet geraniums were all in blossom, and the whirr of the locusts sounded more distinctly in her ears than the song from across the room. "You will think better of it by and by," he said. "I never will;" and even then, faint-hearted, and with the anger dying within her, she had turned away.

How he held her back; not in impatience at her willfulness, only with a grave sadness in his face. "You will think better of it presently," he said. "Then you will tell me so. I will wait for that, dear." And still holding the hands that strove to pull themselves away, he kissed the forehead, hot and flushed, before he left her. How slowly the hours dragged by when the fierce heat of foolish anger was over. Then at night, when the sun went down upon her repentance, she wrote a little sorry note, which she shrank from putting into his hand, and so hid in the hollow of the larch-tree overhanging the wide porch at the side of the house, where, more than once, stealing out in the early morning, she had found tender missives to herself hidden under the fallen leaves. And then the waiting!—for nothing; for his cold grave manner did not change. And having spoken once, how could she speak again? The note was gone. He must have found it. She looked for it, crying; stealing out at dusk and stirring the green leaves which a passing wind had dropped into the cleft. Then he was called away—home to Germany, without warning, suddenly, that very day; or no, it was the next. She remembered now how he held her hand in parting from her. Ah! she thought with a quick gasp of pain, has he forgotten? The warm wet rain seemed to blow in again at the open door; again, just outside, the horses stamped impatiently. "You will be late," some one called. "Are you not coming?" And still he held her hand. Oh, why did he not speak? If she had raised her face! Perhaps at sight of the tears she tried to hide he would have relented.

Then the picture, with the gray mist hanging over the hills and the drops trickling down the window-pane, the thud of the horses' hoofs in her ears, all died away.

"Tender and true, adieu, adieu," sang Mrs. Benchley. The spell was broken. The singer rose from her place.

"Oh, thanks," murmured Madame Pfeiffe. "What a pretty song; but so sad."

The Professor was silent. But the singer, at sight of his bent head and the long slim fingers which seemed to trace a figure dreamily, felt that she had not sung in vain. It warmed her heart towards the girl sitting mute, but strangely moved, before her.

"And Miss Frere—does not Miss Frere sing?" she asked, turning to her with so cordial a smile that Amy looked up in surprise.

"To be sure," Madame Pfeiffe responded, before she had time to reply. "Amy, my dear?"

Poor Amy, sitting suddenly upright, dazzled and confused by the change from past to present, became reminded at once of the little girls whom she had left at the school only two days before, with their discordant hammering upon the old piano and their tiresome drone of "one—two—three" over their lessons—should she ever forget it?

"You still play, of course, Amy?" Madame Pfeiffe was saying.

"Oh yes." This she could do. This she did almost daily at the school. The teacher was accustomed to call upon Miss Frere to entertain visitors with music. To be thus summoned now was like falling back into one's own place after having been lifted to the clouds for a moment. She rose without any affectation of reluctance and went quietly to the piano. "What would you like? shall it be something lively?" The words came without volition. It was thus she was accustomed to address the parents who visited the school; and the reply invariably was, "Oh yes, to be sure; something *very* lively." But with the question she raised so patient and weary a face that Madame Pfeiffe mentally resolved that it should be two fresh eggs before breakfast instead of one. There was a hasty reply of "Anything you choose." Mrs. Benchley tried not to smile at the forlorn little figure with its odd suggestion. But little Miss Frere saw nothing save the shadow of the man's face close beside her, and heard only one voice. "*Sing*," it seemed to say in her ear. "You sang once."

"But I have forgotten; I have no music," she began, confusedly. This was quite unlike her daily experience, and all her self-consciousness returned. There was a strange whirr in her ears. The pictures upon the

wall danced before her eyes. "I sing only exercises with the children," she said.

But he went on relentlessly. "There is music here." And he dragged from its receptacle a loose collection of songs. He turned them over carelessly; then a sudden light came into his eyes as he selected one and placed it before her. She did not move. She sat outwardly calm, her hands crossed in her lap, her eyes lowered; only when his hand swept her cheek, as he arranged the music, she started, and the warm color flowed over her face. The leaves were yellow and crumpled and torn at the edges. Having placed them, he folded his arms, and, leaning back in the shadow of the half-closed door, waited.

There was a hush of expectation. The high clock, standing like a sentry in his box at the foot of the stairs, ticked on, measuring off the silence; outside, the wail of the wind was stilled; and through the open shutters behind the widow's chair the white-faced moon looked in. The little dark hands struck a few uncertain chords. Then, with an odd, impatient movement, the girl rose. "I cannot," she said; "I have forgotten; and I am tired," she pleaded, standing before the Professor, her head drooping, her hands falling at her side. He gave a little contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. He pushed her aside almost roughly and took her place. There was no mist before his eyes. There was no trembling of his hands as they touched the keys, no quaver of the deep full voice, which seemed to hold tears, so expressive of more than the simple words of the song was it. Could one thus sing from a dumb heart?

"Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

"Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there;
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen."

Mrs. Benchley leaned out from her chair. Her eyes were luminous, her cheeks wet. "Why have you never sung to us before?" she exclaimed. Surprise, admiration, and almost something more shone in her face.

"It is nothing," he replied, coldly. He tossed the yellow leaves of the old song from the rack. They fell to the floor with a soft rustle which no one heeded, for at that moment Madame Pfeiffe gave a sharp, startled cry which engaged everybody's attention.

A little white heap lay quite motionless in the great arm-chair.

There was a moment of confusion; then Madame Pfeiffe raised the girl in her motherly arms. "Dear child, it was the long journey," she said. "Here, John!" But the Professor put aside the little crowd of frightened servants who had gathered at his mother's voice, and, taking the girl from her arms, bore her up the stairs as he had borne the child an hour before. He would have done the same for any one, for the sake of common humanity. He would have felt the same tenderness and pity at any other time at the sight of suffering or weakness. There was no stronger emotion in his heart when he took the little form which lay like a dead weight in his arms. She had proved false, or she had not known her own heart once. It did not matter which. That thought did come to him as he laid her head upon his shoulder. The heavenly pity which the sight of weakness brings to us all had swept away the bitterness and anger which rankled in him a moment since. Shame kindled in its place that he could have felt resentment against anything so frail as this. That time of which he thought was far away in the past. It was like a dream of youth. He was not sure that he regretted the awakening, or that he would have had it otherwise if he could.

"Poor little girl!" he said, laying her down upon his mother's bed. He had not noticed until now how worn and thin was the face lying in sharp profile upon the pillow. Her life must have been hard indeed. How different it might have been! And yet the sigh was only for her. Poor child!

He left her with the women and came out into the hall. Some one emerged hastily from the adjoining room. It was Mrs. Benchley. She was very pale from fright and excitement, and a sharp suspicion which had pierced her as to the cause of Miss Frere's illness. Could it be possible that there had been any connection between the girl's visit so many years before and the confession of the Professor, the experience to which he had referred, and which she only half understood or believed at the time? The question in her mind gave her unconsciously an expression of anxiety which the Professor misinterpreted.

"Do not be alarmed," he said. "She is already recovering. You can do nothing; and I think we may both go down again."

She was fingering the pretty, sparkling vinaigrette in her hand while he spoke; the color slowly returning to her face. She had hastened to bring it out in the first moment of fright, from a desire to do something, she hardly knew what, to atone for her selfishness and impatience.

"I am very glad, I am sure;" and then the old clock below struck the hour with a sharp twang, and an angry whir between each stroke.

"Is it indeed so late? then I will not go down again, thank you. Good-night," and she held out her hand. There was something very sweet and womanly in the little start of surprise and the soft smile with which she concluded her sentence as she gave him her hand. There was a gentleness and repose about her at all times, and a charm in the frank beautiful face raised just then, which greatly moved the Professor. Here is a woman without subterfuge or deceit, thought he, whose very presence is peace; and as he held her hand, moved by a sudden impulse, he bent and kissed her forehead where her hair lay brown and smooth upon it.

It was so unexpected, so quickly devised and executed, that not even an exclamation followed. Hastily drawing away her hand, the widow fled at the sound of a footstep approaching from the sick-room. Once within her own chamber, which the beating of her heart made to fairly resound, she sank upon the bed beside the sleeping Flossy, startled, trembling. Only one idea was distinct and clear in her mind,—the Professor cared nothing for little Miss Frere. If he loved the girl, would he have come to her as he did just now? and again, alone, though she was, the blood rushed to her face until a fierce pulse beat in her cheek. She bent over the sleeping child, from force of habit, for in truth the child was not in her thoughts. They had centered upon little Miss Frere, of whom she had caught a glimpse as she fled by the half-closed door. She lay very white and still upon the bed. Her hair had fallen down, and she had drawn one lock across her eyes. The widow fancied that a sob had come out to her. What did it mean? She tried to put away the suspicions which rose in her mind. She was accustomed to banish disagreeable things; they had no part in her life. Why should this odd, pale-faced girl, who had seemed to fall from the skies almost, annoy her? Why should

the vision of that tired face and drooping figure haunt her?

She had been sitting in the darkness, the door half open. She rose to close it now. A faint odor from the Professor's cigar floated up from below like the breath of incense. She remembered again the flash of the smile over his face, the sweep of his moustache over her hair, and the vision of little Miss Frere faded away.

II.

How would they meet in the morning? The widow thought of it nervously as she placed upon her hair the bit of lace which had taken the place of the dainty cap. She hesitated, holding it in her hand. Why should she wear it at all? Why should she hide the thick brown coils? Then she arranged it in its place with a little sigh. Strange how the past and present mingle in our thoughts, and we sigh and rejoice in the same breath.

But Mrs. Benchley's thoughts were too actively engaged upon the possibilities of the next half-hour to allow them to dwell long upon the past. Everything seemed changed to her since that meeting at the head of the stairs. It could hardly seem otherwise to the Professor. She did not say to herself that he had asked her to be his wife. But had not that kiss implied as much? To her it was no sign of sudden tenderness lightly bestowed and lightly to be let to pass into forgetfulness. She lingered over her toilet long after she heard Madame Pfeiffe go down, for she shrank with strange shyness from meeting the Professor alone.

They were at the breakfast-table when she finally descended, leading Flossy by the hand and murmuring some excuse for her tardiness. It might have been a downright untruth, so quickly did the blush come with the words as the Professor rose to greet her.

She had hardly expected that he would fall upon his knees, or lead her up to his mother to crave her blessing. And yet some sign she had unconsciously looked for. The sudden lighting up of his face, the lingering clasp of his hand, something to show that this was a new day to him. She had half dreaded this; yet now that there was nothing, she was conscious of a feeling of disappointment. Yet after that one quick flash of color which could not be repressed, she was too much a woman to display any emotion.

"We will not wait," said Madame Pfeiffe as John brought in the urn. "Amy is not coming down. Poor child! she passed a

restless night. I am not sure but that we ought to send for a physician. She seems in a strange nervous state. Will you not see her after breakfast, Robert?"

"Certainly, if you wish it," he replied gravely.

"Perhaps, after all, she had better sleep for a while, if she can. She needs rest rather than medicine, I think." And then the conversation passed to more general topics, and the breakfast hour, to which the widow had looked forward with so much perturbation of mind, proved a very simple and uneventful time after all.

A few hours later, little Miss Frere, shivering in a white wrapper, with her dark hair drawn down over either cheek and tied loosely under her chin, peered out through the Venetian blinds screening her window, to watch the procession emerging from the woods. The clouds had broken and fled before the lances of the sun. The west wind chanted through the pines, where there had been only moans the night before; the last shower of scarlet and gold was dropping gently from the maples. The bright, crisp leaves crackled under the Professor's feet as he crossed the lawn to the house. He carried the child Flossy, perched upon his shoulder and holding fast to his shaggy mane in an agony of terror and delight as he plunged forward like an ungovernable steed, threatening to throw her at every step. The widow followed more slowly. Her hat had fallen back; the wind had roughened her smooth hair and reddened her cheeks. Her arms were full of treasures; lichens and trailing frosty moss in which red berries glistened, and rainbow-tinted leaves lighting up the whole; last of all came Haddie, laden like a sumpter mule with shawls and discarded wraps, and a lunch-basket struggling for individuality in the midst.

"Ah, how pretty and fresh and girlish she is, with the red on her cheeks, and her hair all blown about in the wind!" thought poor little Miss Frere, following the widow with envious eyes, a fierce pang of jealousy contracting her heart. "Oh, why did I come again!" she sobbed, sinking back out of sight as they drew near. She had risen and thrown open the window at the sound of their voices. She forgot to close it now. She forgot to go back to her bed. She sat crouching behind the shutters, chilled and miserable, crying with little feeble sobs. Something like this she had felt before, when the children at school rebelled against her weak authority. To be forlorn, neglected,

and crushed to earth was no new sensation; so that there was now no wild burst of grief, as there might have been once when she was younger, and rose up with short-lived strength to meet every trial, or such as comes to those to whom grief is rare. For one moment the night before she had lived in a new world. The flash of light, the warmth and comfort in the atmosphere of the house, as she stepped in from the chill, dreary darkness outside, had all belonged to this strange sphere. Alas! it was only for a moment. It had all come back now—the hard life brightened by no ray of hope, of which no one could know, save the sensitive soul who had it to bear. It had come back like a new trial, a fresh burden which she must train her weary self anew to carry.

Voices in the hall below startled her; there was a step upon the stairs. She crept quickly back to the bed and hid her face as though she slept. And good Madame Pfeiffe stole noiselessly in and out again. Presently, listening, she heard them go their several ways. The library door closed after the Professor. His mother, having set a little tray beside her bed, went softly to her own room. The widow and her child followed. The house was still. Then little Miss Frere rose; she smoothed out her tangled hair and bound it up in the plain fashion in which she was used to wearing it at school, where there was little time for lingering over one's toilet. She stood a moment before the great wardrobe. Ah, what need was there of gala finery? there would be no gala-days. She left untouched all that had been prepared with such pleasant pains for this rare holiday, and chose the plain gray gown she was used to wearing every day. Then, wrapping a shawl so hastily about her that one fringed end trailed all the way, she ran swiftly and noiselessly down the stairs, out through the long open window at the end of the hall, brushing the woodbine in her haste and making a shower of its dark-red leaves to fall, and so across the lawn to the edge of the woods. It was a childish impulse, an uncontrollable desire to escape from them all for the moment, as though in her haste she might leave her troubles all behind.

But her exit was not so unobserved as she imagined. The widow had stolen down the stairs before her, and ensconced herself for a quiet half-hour in the drawing-room. She heard the opening of the door above, the soft gliding step upon the stairs, and caught a glimpse through the window of the little gray-clad figure disappearing into the woods. "How odd!" she exclaimed. "I

thought the girl was asleep." And some idea of her senses having deserted Miss Frere did flit through Mrs. Benchley's mind as she laid down her book under an impulse to follow the girl. She pushed open the glass doors and stepped out upon the veranda. One stray warbler in the larch-tree overhead told of departed summer in low, mournful notes. She scanned the edge of the woods. No one was in sight. A squirrel startled her as he ran along the bough overhead, was hidden a moment in the hollow of the tree, then, reappearing, fled swiftly down across the lawn to the woods.

"Silly creature! you have discovered your treasures to me." She laughed, diverted for the moment from her purpose; she seized a handful of the dry leaves which seemed to fill the hollow in the tree. The wind took them from her open fingers and scattered them over the dead grass. Raising herself, she peered down into the treasure-house. Something gleamed white from its depths beneath the store of nuts so deftly hidden. The green moss soiled her hand; the rough bark tore her arm as she brought out a little note, stained and yellow, with one corner still folded over "like a lover's note," she said, holding it a moment half in awe, she knew not why, before opening it. It contained but a few words nearly obliterated.

"Dear Robert," the faint lines said, "I am sorry. Can you forgive Amy?" At first the words meant nothing. She read them in idle curiosity, conscious of the balsamic odor from the fir-trees which the wind, lifting her hair, brought from across the lawn; hearing the faint whisk of the squirrel, who had returned, and ran back and forth in alarm above her head. Then she grew cold and weak as an intuition of something like the truth came to her. It flashed upon her like a sudden dazzling light. "No, no!" she cried aloud, as though in answer to a voice which spoke within her. Was it then indeed this girl whom he had loved so long ago? She could see it all now,—the quarrel, the little note which should have healed the wound, which might yet, perhaps. And then it was she cried aloud. Surely he did not care for little Miss Frere now. That was years ago. Men change; and love with nothing upon which to feed soon dies. She remembered the kiss which had fallen upon her hair the night before. Was it not sign and seal of his love for her? How gentle he had been in his manner towards her all this day! How he had carried her child in his arms! Oh, he did not

love this girl. It was only a boyish fancy; and men outgrow such things as they do childish garments. Besides, this note had been forgotten for years. Why should she bring it out to confound and confuse them all now? and yet, and yet—

There was a struggle going on within her. Ah, it was not in John's vision alone that Michael fought with Satan and his angels. In our own hearts we wage the same warfare to-day. She stood for a moment grasping the rail before her, her eyes wide-open, taking in everything, yet seeing nothing; the bare brown meadows below, the grain-fields rough with stubble, and away beyond them all the shining river, white and calm and beautiful as when the summer spread its banks with living green. Something more than this she must have seen, for her eyes dilated; through her parted lips the breath came quick and short; then, with one long sigh, the fixed lines softened, the eyes grew wet, the color called up in that moment of quick, angry resistance died away like the fading out of the flush in the western sky.

Slowly she turned and re-entered the house, holding the open note in her hand. The warbler in the larch-tree burst into a joyous song, the woodbine crowned her with its scarlet leaves. She knocked at the library door. Then, hardly waiting for a response, opened it and went into the room. The Professor looked up from his writing-table, surprised by the vision, with its breezy hair blown back and holding blood-red leaves, its eyes like stars plucked from the heavens.

"See!" she said quickly, without waiting for him to speak, holding out the bit of yellow paper in the hand all scratched and bleeding, "it is *yours*." All her pretty half-conscious ways were gone. She seemed to have become all at once pale and grave and colorless, but for the blood-red leaves clinging to her hair and the great light shining from her eyes.

"Ah, what?" and the Professor, called from one dream to another, stared at her in amazement. "Pray be seated," he stammered, striving to collect his thoughts and take in the meaning of her words. He would have risen, but that she stood so close beside his chair that he could not without pushing her away.

He glanced at the bit of paper she had thrust into his hand. Then his fingers tightened over it. His eyes seemed to grow to the paper. "Where did *you* find this?" he asked in a terrible voice. He stood beside her. He seized her arm as in a vice. She

could have cried aloud with pain. It was hard, it was cruel that he should suspect her. But what did it matter? The worst had been when the beautiful river shone before her eyes. She could bear anything now—even this.

"I found it quite by chance, in the hollow of the larch-tree by the side veranda," she answered quietly, meeting his eye. "It must have been there a long time," she went on, calmly, but with a strange sadness in the tone for one who bore great tidings; "*perhaps ten years*," she added slowly.

Then a great light blazed in his face. His hand dropped from her arm. He seemed lost in a happy reverie. "Ah, yes; I know, I know; in the larch-tree. She thought I would find it there; but I went away, home, to Germany. Ah!" and the exclamation came like a cry, "what have I suffered! And she—I might have spared her all these dreadful years if I had known."

The words ended in a sob. He turned away. Then suddenly he started. "Where is she? Amy!" he shouted aloud. He pushed the widow aside, and would have sprung up the stairs had she not held him back. He had forgotten her existence. She was no more to him than any other woman in the world. The whole ten years had dropped away, and he stood again where he had parted from Amy Frere that summer day so long before.

"She is not there," Mrs. Benchley was trying to say. "She ran out into the woods a half an hour ago."

He did not pause to ask which direction she had taken. He had forgotten to thank the woman who stood aside meekly for him to pass. But there is a higher reward for self-sacrifice than even human appreciation, and though our prayers seem to return into our own bosom, they may nestle there like doves.

He darted away, and in a moment she saw him striding across the last summer flower-beds, trampling down the withered stalks in his haste; the wind tossing his long hair about his shoulders as he went.

"I had better go home now," she said, turning away and beginning slowly to mount the stairs. The tears, held back long, rose in a torrent and overflowed her eyes. As she hastened to wipe them away, all at once she remembered a letter received that morning, calling her elsewhere. She had hardly given it a thought at the time. The summons did not seem imperative. But now it would at least furnish an excuse, and she

would go. She looked back at the hands of the old clock. It was not yet too late to catch the train. Her mind once moved to take this step, she was impatient to execute it. She sought Madame Pfeiffe and solicited her aid, overbearing every objection, her spirits rising each moment with the excitement of her haste. But when her kind hostess shed two little tears over the defeated hopes which she was yet too proud to own, jealous as she was for her son and all wrong in her suspicions, the widow could hardly resist the temptation which so strongly beset her to lay her head upon the good woman's shoulder and pour the whole story into her sympathizing ear. But here, too, pride came to the rescue, and she only kissed her and smiled, and murmured something, she hardly knew what. There are times when words count for nothing. A little motion of the lips, a sound to fill a pause, and show that life goes on, is only needed; and Hebrew or counting in Choctaw would answer as well as good old English. Then she ran away to prepare Flossy for this unexpected move, who wailed aloud at the announcement. She was pacified at last, the hasty preparations all completed, and the carriage brought around to the door. "It is better so," the widow said, smiling through her tears, as she lingered alone for a moment to glance about the room and see that nothing had been forgotten. She looked half fearfully from her window towards the silent woods. The shadows from the overhanging branches moved across the lawn; a stray leaf floated down; but there was no sound of voices, no flutter of a woman's gown among the trees. "I have had my time of youth and love," she said softly, as though pleading with herself for another. Her eyes grew tender in retrospection; a gentle pity rose in her heart for this girl whose life had held nothing sweet; whose happiness had been so long delayed and hung upon so frail a thread that her fingers might have snapped it. Some one called to her from below. There was no time to spare, and yet she lingered. Suddenly she pulled from her finger a little circlet of forget-me-nots, blue as the waters of the lake, from the old city upon the banks of which it had been sent to her long years before, when she was younger and richer in hopes than now. She twisted it in a bit of paper, writing hastily upon it little Miss Frere's name. Then, as she passed her door, she stole in and dropped it upon her pillow. Perhaps they will yet remember and bless me, she thought, as she ran down the

stairs. Madame Pfeiffe stood waiting at the open door.

"What shall I do?" she said, helplessly. "I want to keep you; tell me how." She shaded her eyes and looked away in the distance. "What will Robert say? What can I tell him?" she asked faintly, a pink flush stealing up under the white curls.

"You will excuse me to him. Tell him I have had a letter which makes it necessary for me to go at once. At least,"—she corrected herself, remembering what they had talked about the night before,—"it seems best for me to go; and give little Miss Frere my love, my kindest love," she added.

All her bright manner had returned with the lightness of her heart. After all, was it not more blessed to give joy to these two hearts than to take it into her own, even?

She kissed Madame Pfeiffe, who held up either cheek in hearty continental fashion; then the carriage-door closed upon her. She leaned far out as she swept around the circle on the lawn. The sun shone deep into the heart of the woods, down the wide path over which the branches of the forest-trees met and mingled. Out from the shadowy depths into the sunshine came two figures, slowly walking. They were the Professor and little Miss Frere. Madam Pfeiffe, too, observed their approach and went hastily to meet them. The widow saw the Professor give the girl into his mother's arms, then gathering her in his own as though she had been a child—but oh, how dear a child!—he bore her towards the house as the carriage disappeared over the brow of the hill.

A COURT BALL AT THE HAGUE.

TOWARD the close of day, I entered the clean, quiet old town of The Hague, and inquired for the American Legation. The master of the hotel knew where it had been, but not where it was, and suggested the British Legation as the possible source of information. Going there, it was ascertained that the last American Minister, growing tired of waiting for his successor, had left the archives with a man-servant, and recrossed the sea; hence the legation *de facto* could hardly be said to exist. Seeking him to whose humble keeping the nation's property had been confided, I found that he had locked it up in a closet the day of the minister's departure, and it does not appear, in the mean time, that the relations between the United States and the Netherlands were disturbed. The keeper of the archives had been the Barnacle of the American Legation for twenty-five years, and was familiar with its routine and many of its traditions—those which came within range of his intelligence. He was a man of *e-pluribus-unum* pattern, having served American representatives in the various callings of garçon de bureau, valet, footman, and breakfast-cook—his culinary knowledge not going much beyond chops and coffee. He was civil, honest; could make himself understood in English; but once in a while drank too much Schiedam schnapps. This was the single breath that marred the brightness of the mirror. With the assistance of the Barnacle, the

United States dispatch-laboratory was reopened and prepared for business.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs was called upon, and my credentials as Chargé d'Affaires delivered, when I was informed that I would be presented to the king and queen at the approaching gala court-ball, in what is called the diplomatic circle. I was recommended in the mean time to make the acquaintance of my colleagues, for which purpose I was given a note to the dean of the diplomatic corps. In accordance with this suggestion, the acquaintance of the dean was made, who gave me a list of addresses of the diplomatic people with a lively, good-natured description of the characteristics of most of them, and marked opposite each name the absence or presence of women, and how many, in order, as he said somewhat impressively, there might be no mistake in the number of cards left. Thus, as is generally the case, the absence of real work led to the profound consideration of trifles. I was further informed, in the language of Talleyrand, that I could ask to see those whom I called on or not, as I should elect, as if the optional clause of a national treaty were involved. The round of diplomatic visits was made under the guidance of the Barnacle, who sat alongside the coachman in one of his several rôles—that of footman in a dark-blue livery.

At the capital of a small nation like this, little work was done by the diplomates, for there

was little or none to do. Now and then one gave out that he was much occupied with the consideration of some international question fraught with interest to mankind; but the wage averred that the time thus passed behind closed doors was devoted to paring nails and making pen-and-ink portraits of Dutch burgomasters. A few of the young attachés affected knowledge of state secrets: they could tell wonders were not the seal of their profession over their mouths; they had copied notes which, if known, would set several nations by the ears. These accounts elicited exclamations of wonder from inexperienced young women, and a smile from those who knew the ways and weaknesses of these young men. They were more worthy of credence when they spoke of things familiar,—said to be their principal duties,—such as dancing, paying court to women, and copying routine notes—those of importance not going beyond the first secretary in a well-regulated legation.

The zeal of novelty and new responsibility induced one of the young diplomats to work. He had charge of the business of one of the smallest nations. He informed me, with a certain importance, that he had something to show me. What was it? A report on the Colonial Question of the Netherlands, of twenty pages or more, which he impressively read aloud, stopping occasionally to observe the effect of his startling truths about the pay of Javanese labor and the number of working hours. He had recently been promoted to the charge of the legation, and he desired to leave lasting traces of his official residence in Holland in the Foreign Office at home. As an attaché he had long copied other men's words; he at length enjoyed the pleasure of making his own. He thought he had struck a vein in attacking the Colonial Question; it was full of interest, and would probably engage the attention of his distinguished master. He was going to work this mine in a series of elaborate reports, of which this was the first. What he had communicated to me was of course *entre nous*—a diplomatic secret. He would be happy to read me the other reports on this interesting theme as soon as he made them.

The legation people were generally dissatisfied, which was in part the result of idleness. They were always regretting a lost post, or hoping for a new one; the present was irksome. They dreamed of Italy, Austria, or France, each according to his taste. Republics were not in favor, except Switzerland, on account of its climate, scenery, and

geographical position. They did not avow it, but I surmised that their dislike of republics arose from their not being made as much of there as in monarchies. As representatives of the monarchical system, they were more loyal than their sovereigns. One of these gave me his experience at Washington, where he had been sent as minister. He called at the State Department, which was then on the corner of Fifteenth Street, to learn when he could have audience of the President. The Secretary of State informed him that he could see the President at almost any time, "for he was always about." The time was set for the next day—to employ his words, "when I put on the garments in which I appear before my royal master—embroidered in gold, with the orange-leaf entwined in the oak, *chapeau de bras*, sword, and my three orders on the breast—and repaired to the White House, where the door was opened by a man with a red neck-tie and a sort of shooting jacket, who asked me what I wanted. I told him. (By some misunderstanding the Secretary of State was not with me.) The red neck-tie showed me into an adjoining room, and left me, as he said, to hunt up the President. I took advantage of these few minutes to look at my notes of the little address which it is customary to make on being presented to the ruler of a country. I had just glanced over them, when a man in a sack coat walked in, said 'Good morning,' and entered into conversation with me. I presumed that this gentleman had been sent in to kill time for me until the arrival of the President. Nothing of the kind. It was the President himself."

Hence a grievance in one diplomatic mind against republican institutions.

The aspirations of a majority of them were turned Paris-ward. To these, all other posts were satellites in the diplomatic system, and this was the sun to which they tried to gravitate every time a change was made. It was considered a piece of good luck when it fell to one of them to append his name to a treaty or convention between the two governments he stood between, for this usually meant the bestowal of a decoration on the signers after the ratification. Such luck, however, was rare, and they fell back on other occupations to pass their time. Most of them were given to *bric-à-brac*, which furnished them the means of killing weary hours; and Holland was a field that offered some resources in the exercise of this taste in the old Delft plate found here, which cannot be imitated successfully by the modern potteries. It is

valued on account of its rarity, for, as an object of art, it is without attraction. Cæsar's legions left some pottery here too, which has been dug up in The Hague. The specialty of the place, however, to the *bric-à-brac* hunter, is the Delft article. In the dining-rooms of several of the legation people, trophies in the way of plate were screwed against the walls, whilst cups and saucers reposed on *étagères* in boudoirs and drawing-rooms.

There was considerable cackling in the corps, which was not confined to the women. Madame A. flirted scandalously with the prince; the Baronne de B. dressed in crude colors; the Comtesse de C. lived beyond her income; the claret of Monsieur D. was infamous; the airs which E. gave himself were insufferable, et cetera. With this gossip was the insincerity usually found at courts. F. gave H. to understand that he prized his friendship, and as soon as his back was turned scoffed him as an imbecile. Madame I. folded her friend Madame J. to her bosom, and gave her the kiss of friendship, and in five minutes afterward quizzed her without mercy to a third person. To throw ridicule on others, and laugh behind their backs, was one of the pastimes in vogue. Some of the young men were good mimics, and made capital of every eccentricity that came under their eyes. One person especially, of high rank, was taken off with an exaggeration of nature that never failed to move the lookers-on to mirthfulness. There was a certain bohemianism about these legation people which was attractive. They had rolled around the world so much that they had worn off all local prejudices; they had seen much, and they could tell it in an easy, off-hand way that was not without interest. When several of different nationalities came together, by common accord, French was the language spoken. It was singular to note how they skipped over the world in an ordinary chat. In the course of a few minutes they rode along Rotten Row, sauntered about the garden of the Tuileries, saluted Antonelli on the Pincio, and flirted with the belles of Saint John in Lafayette Square. They had met notable people; knew royal peculiarities and much court gossip in various countries. They knew where the good dinners were to be had in every capital, and the most amusing amusements. All this was veined with a certain cynicism, for there was complete absence of sentimental expansion. Three nights in the week they appeared in elaborate toilet at the French Opera sub-

ventioned by the king, where they made the circuit of the boxes of the women, and managed to insinuate to their occupants that they were especially favored by nature and art. They knew the strong and weak points of all the singers, and musical criticism was one of the well-worn topics. Quizzing was naturally one of the principal features in the *tour des loges*. One dame whose box I entered, asked me if it were true that Colonel Wilkins, a former United States Minister at this court, had four great spittoons, one in each corner of the room, which he filled every day—for alas! tobacco-chewing is considered one of our national traits. I answered that he not only filled them, but, like a good republican, cleaned them himself. As the dame was herself of American origin, I considered this unkind.

I heard not a little of the traditions of him whom I designate as Colonel Wilkins. One of these was, that when the Colonel was presented at court, without waiting to be addressed by the king, he broke forth into a florid eulogy of his majesty. The king, becoming rather embarrassed under this eulogistic fire, observed, by way of changing the conversation,—

“That is a handsome uniform you wear, Colonel.”

“Does your majesty like it?”

“I do. What is it?”

“That, your majesty,” said he, drawing himself up to his full height, throwing back his coat-lappel, and inserting his thumb under his waistcoat, “is the uniform of the Colonel of the Muddy Creek Invincibles!”

It was also related of the Colonel, that, entering the palace one evening, on the occasion of some fête, he encountered a man on the middle of the threshold, blocking up the doorway and obstructing the incoming and outgoing; whereupon he applied his shoulder to the back of the person and pushed him two or three yards into the interior of the hall, to the horror of the silver-sticks, for it was discovered to be the king.

Trivial things often occupied the followers of Metternich. On one occasion a dozen of them collected in the Diplomatic Club and engaged in serious discussion concerning the post-prandial florin. It is a custom in Dutch houses, after dining, to bestow a florin on the servant at the door as the diner passes out of the house, this gratuity being regarded as part of the servant's wages. There was general condemnation of the custom as being incompatible with the true rites of hospitality, and several stoutly affirmed

that they would not give the coin though their passports should be handed to them for their refusal. One indiscreet attaché said that on such occasions the host tried to persuade a convive that he was giving him a dinner when he really had to pay for it at the door—which, it must be owned, was an extreme way of putting it. Of such were the incidents that made up the lives of these listless diplomats.

A portion of the time they lounged in the Bosch,—a beautiful forest park beginning at the fashionable end of the town and extending three or four miles, full of lofty oaks, which were not trimmed as Dutch trees usually are, but allowed to grow in their own wild way.

Besides the drive in the park, there was another of four or five miles to Scheveningen on the sea-shore, inhabited by picturesque fishermen, and in summer famous as a watering-place. The road was lined with trees and old-fashioned canal-surrounded houses, with the usual Biblical inscriptions or Dutch proverbs over their gateways, or on the arches of the little drawbridges spanning the canals. Here, of an evening, most of the well-to-do people of The Hague drove down to the sea in open carriages; and there was much driving; for a carriage, pair of horses, and coachman could be had from livery-men for sixty dollars a month. The queen occasionally went here in her unique equipage of drab livery and four horses, at whose appearance the people, ranged on the sidewalks, stood still facing royalty, and made low bows. Oftener was seen the Crown Prince, with his *monocle* fixed in his eye *en permanence*, riding in his English cab—a bit of eccentricity which gave rise to grave forebodings in the minds of some of his countrymen. The king was known to be averse to public driving, and was never seen here. He was rarely visible in the streets of The Hague, and then alone.

On the evening of my presentation at court, accoutered in the garments usual on such occasions through the aid of the Barnacle, I was ushered up the grand stairway of the palace and along a spacious corridor, both brilliantly lighted, into a large, long piece contiguous to the ball-room, in which the diplomatic circle was made. Here, in a few minutes, all my colleagues, with the women of their families, assembled, with a few Dutch notables. Presently a chamberlain court-eously assigned each diplomate to his place. Two rows were formed on each side of the chamber, the men on one and the women on the other, facing. Thus the man was placed

opposite to his wife and daughters, if he had any. The chamberlain who arranged the rooms, it was easy to see, attached much importance to the exact disposition of each person. The dean of the corps—the oldest minister plenipotentiary in service at this court—headed the row, and with him were his secretaries of legation and attachés. Next to him were other ministers of his rank; after ministers resident, then *chargés des affaires*; all stood thus, like soldiers on rest in a line, until their majesties should appear. A half-hour or more was passed in waiting, devoted to a buzzing gossip. Suddenly there was a stillness, when an officer of the palace entered and announced in a distinct voice, in French, the king and queen. The folding-doors were thrown open with a precision and effect that smacked of Louis XIV., and the king, with the queen on his arm, entered slowly; both made a slight inclination of the head for the company collectively, and then separated, the king going to the head of the row of men and the queen to that of the women. The king was dressed in his favorite costume—the uniform of a general of Hussars. He was very straight, high-shouldered, short-necked, inclined to be burly, slightly bald, the hair short. His breast-padded uniform gave him the appearance of being stuffy, and he doubtless would have looked better without it. The face was a little frousy, and not intellectual—one of Tenier's heads. He betrayed more or less embarrassment in his way of holding himself and his manner of speech. If report spoke truth, he disliked these court displays, and much preferred to be off in his country palace, where he led the life of a bachelor, and spent his time with horse and gun, and in the pleasures of the table. He spoke with the heads of legations as he moved down the line, and mostly contented himself with nodding to the subordinates. He evidently had difficulty in finding material for his conversational tour, and he could not be assisted therein, as it was against etiquette—which ruled with a rod of iron—to start the conversation when he approached. The person addressed followed his lead, leaving it to the king to direct the topic in the channel he desired. It is probable that his majesty would gladly have waived this prerogative, had not inexorable custom ordained otherwise. As he passed before each representative, the Germans bowed lowest and showed most deference—probably a matter of education; the English and French bowed respectfully, but with little bending of the back. One or two Germans repre-

senting small countries, in saluting bent as low as an Arab before a pasha, and with the inevitable "non votre majesté," or "oui votre majesté" appended to each response. The French made this kind of response once in the first reply, in recognition of the sovereign, but abstained in those that followed. I fancied—but it may only have been fancy—that there was a trifle of the *haut en bas* expression in the king in two or three of his salutations, for which there was possibly some political reason; it was probably observed by others as well as myself, for the king may not sneeze without having it go down in the historical records of the nation.

The loyalty of the peasantry of the Netherlands to their ruler is strong—much stronger than a United States republican can understand; for loyalty to an individual without regard to principle is something he cannot learn. This sentiment of awe and personal attachment had been increased by the conduct of the king at the breaking of the dykes a year or two ago, where he worked day and night with his subjects to repel that enemy who is always laying siege to Holland—the sea. On this occasion, the loyalty of Hans and Jan rose to something approaching to enthusiasm, which is the extreme limit of Hollandic impulse. The loyalty of the nobility toward him is not believed to be so pronounced; which seems natural, for a king looks better from the galleries than from behind the wings.

Whilst the king went down on the side of the men—to return to the diplomatic circle—the queen did the same on that of the women, where each saluted her with a low courtesy, that of the German dames being the lowest. One could not help observing that their majesties kept an eye on each other's movements, in order to finish their respective rows at the same time. This done, the queen took her husband's arm, and they returned to the head of the chamber, where the queen proceeded down the side of the diplomats as the king had done, whilst he did the same on the women's side. A number of the women courtesied as low to the king as they had done to the queen, which struck an American republican as something singular. There was considerable animation, smiling, and agitation of the fan during his majesty's progress, from which it may be inferred that he said gallant things to the crinolined diplomats; but I was assured that it was the reverse—they said gallant things to him; which doubtless was the only agreeable feature of the ceremony to the king, who had

the reputation of being an admirer of the sex. In the passage of the queen down the masculine row there was compensation for the taciturnity of her husband, for she spoke to every one with an *à propos* and animation very winning. The representatives of the small German nationalities had no extra reserve of courtesy for her majesty, and they made the same salutation to her which they had made to the king. On the other hand, the French made the oriental *salâm*—save in the lifting of the hands—which was the tribute to the woman, aside from her being the first lady of the realm. This was in accordance with that Gallic aphorism that it is impossible to be too polite to a woman, a sentiment which doubtless meets also with the approval of all good and gallant Americans. She spoke English to English and Americans, French to Russians, Belgians, and Frenchmen, and German to Germans, with which language she was familiar, being the daughter of the King of Württemberg. She was reputed learned in the Latin and Russian languages, and possessed of a cultivated taste for polite literature. She appeared to enjoy society, and was fond of the world's celebrities. Until the last few years she was in the habit of waltzing at her *soirées intimes*. She was a smiling, graceful woman, in the neighborhood of fifty, but well conserved and well dressed. Under gaslight, and the advantage of skillful toilet, she looked between thirty and forty. She wore a small diamond crown on the top of the head—not across the brow—and a white satin robe, and held in her hand a fan inlaid with diamonds. She addressed to me several remarks common on such occasions: How did I like The Hague? Had I found suitable lodgings? Was the health of the President good? Was this my first visit to Holland? etc., etc.; and finished by hoping that I would remain long at their court. The expression of such a hope by an American politician, in view of our rotatory system of office-holding, would have been cruel irony; the queen was evidently guiltless of such intention.

To the king, the queen doubtless appeared a slow mover in these ceremonies, for he was always ahead of her in the downward march. When they finished, and met at the lower end of the chamber, another theatrical *coup* occurred. By some preconceived signal, apparently, the folding-doors again swung open, and their majesties' son Alexander, a sickly-looking lad of fifteen or more, and their aunt, the Princess Frederic, with two or three court officers following by way of a trail, entered

with hasty step and much *frou-frou*, as if they came in at that opportune moment by chance and had not seen their majesties for a long time, for the meeting was consecrated by an effusive and general kissing. When this affectionate greeting, which looked as if intended for the edification of spectators, had taken place, the king gave his arm to his wife, and they headed a procession which formed behind them of all present; the folding-doors at the foot of the chamber were opened with a certain dramatic effect, and all passed into the ball-room, where many people in brilliant costumes were assembled, but leaving a passage in the middle to the raised throne at one end, to which their majesties slowly marched, to the music of a national air.

Here I was presented to the other members of the royal family; first to the Prince of Orange—the crown prince—a handsome blond in military uniform of a general; for here, as in all monarchies, the sons of royalty held military and naval sinecures. A *monocle*, or single eye-glass, as usual, covered one of his mild blue eyes. He appeared to be an amiable prince, without salient points of character; but appearances are sometimes deceptive in the case of princes as well as others. Prince Hal, as one remembers, forswore sack and the unclean society of the fat knight when the time for action came.

The heir of the House of Orange affected the English *genre*, and spoke excellent English. He had been partly educated in England, where, rumor said, he had led a somewhat roystering life. The only hansom cab to be found in The Hague belonged to him, which was another indication of his insular tastes. He asked me some questions concerning buffalo-hunting—of which I confessed my ignorance—and made several remarks about New York. He was the kind of a man who is usually described as a good fellow.

Next was the Prince Frederic, the uncle of the king, who had the *bonhomie* of a *bon bourgeois*, and never seemed tired of talking. The length of such an interview depends on the members of the royal family, for etiquette decrees that he who is presented shall remain until he receives the bow of adieu. This elderly gentleman spoke of a number of things, and seemed loth to make the parting salutation. He passed for the richest man in the Netherlands—having the faculty of holding on to what he had, which his nephew the king had not, and in this respect the uncle came nearer the general

type of the Dutchman. His simplicity of character and hearty manner were engaging. From him I was conducted to his wife—a member of the royal family of Prussia—a stiff dame who confined herself to the dry forms of speech, and who was evidently a firm upholder of silver-stick ceremony. She wore her crown of diamonds across the brow—a massive collection of flashing stones of greater value, but not so handsome as the delicate cluster poised on the head of the queen. The next was to her daughter the Princess Marie (recently married), to whom, as in the three previous presentations, I was ushered by a chamberlain with the sacramental “Votre altesse, j’ai l’honneur de vous présenter,” etc. She was a tall, pleasing person, with social inclinations. For a modest young woman meeting a stranger for the first time, the royal rule of starting the theme must be an irksome task; and I could not help making the reflection mentally as I stood beside her, for two or three pauses occurred of an unseemly length during my ten-minutes’ audience.

Having gone the round of royalty, I was made acquainted with a number of Dutchmen—accepted as heroes from land and sea—besides the court officials with great titles such as Grand Master of Ceremonies, Grand Marshal, et cetera; then to the grand dames of the queen’s household, all of whose titular and gold-lace ostentation “se prêtait à la scie,” as a secretary of legation with democratic tendencies cynically observed.

Official duties being thus complied with, I removed my sword and joined in the dancing, which was going on with animation. The only interruption to it was caused whenever their majesties left the throne to move about, which they did two or three times in the course of the evening. When one of them came near a quadrille set it was broken up, for the deference to royalty was such that the dancers would not turn their backs. The queen would say, with a gesture of deprecation, to continue without regard to her proximity, but the reverentially loyal dancers never dreamed of taking her at her word, and the queen doubtless said it as a matter of form. Thus in several instances their majesties were disturbing elements. Adjoining drawing-rooms were open to the guests, and in the course of the evening I was about passing through one of these with a young Dutchwoman on my arm, when she suddenly stopped at the threshold and would not proceed because the king was lounging in the room. As she considered it incompatible

with her duty as a true Dutchwoman to pass within three or four yards of the sacred presence, we were obliged, for the time, to give up our design of reaching another part of the palace. In the intervals between the dances the dancers repaired to a long contiguous apartment—the buffet—where bouillon, ices, cold game and other kinds of meats, with various kinds of wines, were to be had any time during the entertainment. The marshal of the court presided over this department, and once or twice cordially invited me to refresh myself with a bumper of his own pouring.

The ethereal kind of woman was rare in this assemblage, but several might have posed for those mighty Flemish women of the Louvre—the huge-limbed, pinky, moist-skinned creatures in which Rubens rioted. In the general type was the beauty of health; no lank forms, pale cheeks, nor sunken eyes. What these faces most lacked was intellectuality. There was not much thought in the speech nor behind the smile; there was no nimble wit nor quick movement. The expression was good-natured and honest; no strategy or intrigue looked out of these frank, good eyes, but contentment, peace, and the enjoyment of material existence. Few emotions disturbed the even tenor of these quiet lives. The greatest events of the year were perhaps the palace balls and the interchange of a few words with royalty, the glory of new dresses, and the gossip of the court.

In the physical beauty of the women, the thorn to the rose was the possession of large hands and feet—probably the largest in Europe in any similar class. In creating the Dutchwoman Nature dealt with her generous-

ly, forgetting to use discretion on coming to the endings. In form of rounded lines Nature drew her, and laid on the color well, and then this journeyman marred his work by making a large, flat foot with low instep and a hand that might hold a cleaver. But there is always something lacking; and had the small feet and hands been there, she would doubtless have been wanting in other points.

Among the men, a few old Rembrandt heads were here in modern gear, but most of the guests had lost that look of virility and determination which we find in the old portraits. These were not the men to hoist themselves with their own petard by letting in the water to repel the enemy, nor to suffer at the stake for conscience' sake, nor to sweep the sea of British ships and boldly push up the Thames and lay siege to London. Their glory was in the deeds of their fathers; of themselves they had done little or nothing.

Looking at the present king, one could not help thinking of the distance which separated him from his ancestors who beat back the hosts of Spain and France, and were as wise in the council-chamber as they were brave in the field. They were in the great current of actuality and progress, and were powers because their ideas were those of the nation. The life of the present ruler has been a contest with political advancement. Each liberal provision of the constitution under which the people live was obtained from him under protest. The stream of progress, sluggish as it is, flows by the present ruler of the House of Orange and leaves him in that little channel of the past called the divine right of kings.

SINCE I DIED.

How very still you sit!

If the shadow of an eyelash stirred upon your cheek; if that gray line about your mouth should snap its tension at this quivering end; if the pallor of your profile warmed a little; if that tiny muscle on your forehead, just at the left eyebrow's curve, should start and twitch; if you would but grow a trifle restless, sitting there beneath my steady gaze; if you moved a finger of your folded hands; if you should turn and look behind your chair, or lift your face, half lingering and half longing, half loving and half loth, to ponder on the annoyed and thwarted cry which the wind is making, where I stand be-

tween it and yourself, against the half-closed window.—Ah, there! You sigh and stir, I think. You lift your head. The little muscle is a captive still; the line about your mouth is tense and hard; the deepening hollow in your cheek has no warmer tint, I see, than the great Doric column which the moonlight builds against the wall. I lean against it; I hold out my arms.

You lift your head and look me in the eye.

If a shudder crept across your figure; if your arms, laid out upon the table, leaped but once above your head; if you named my name; if you held your breath with terror, or sobbed aloud for love, or sprang, or cried—

But you only lift your head and look me in the eye.

If I dared step near, or nearer; if it were permitted that I should cross the current of your living breath; if it were willed that I should feel the leap of human blood within your veins; if I should touch your hands, your cheeks, your lips; if I dropped an arm as lightly as a snowflake round your shoulder—

The fear which no heart has fathomed, the fate which no fancy has faced, the riddle which no soul has read, steps between your substance and my soul.

I drop my arms. I sink into the heart of the pillared light upon the wall. I will not wonder what would happen if my outlines defined upon it to your view. I will not think of that which could be, would be, if I struck across your still-set vision, face to face.

Ah me, how still she sits! With what a fixed, incurious stare she looks me in the eye!

The wind, now that I stand no longer between it and yourself, comes enviously in. It lifts the curtain, and whirls about the room. It bruises the surface of the great pearled pillar where I lean. I am caught within it. Speech and language struggle over me. Mute articulations fill the air. Tears and laughter, and the sounding of soft lips, and the falling of low cries, possess me. Will she listen? Will she bend her head? Will her lips part in recognition? Is there an alphabet between us? Or have the winds of night a vocabulary to lift before her holden eyes?

We sat many times together, and talked of this. Do you remember, dear? You held my hand. Tears that I could not see fell on it; we sat by the great hall-window upstairs, where the maple shadow goes to sleep, face down, across the floor upon a lighted night; the old green curtain waved its hands upon us like a mesmerist, I thought; like a priest, you said.

"When we are parted, you shall go," you said; and when I shook my head you smiled—you always smiled when you said that, but you said it always quite the same.

I think I hardly understood you then. Now that I hold your eyes in mine, and you see me not; now when I stretch my hand and you touch me not; now that I cry your name, and you hear it not,—I comprehend you, tender one! A wisdom not of earth was in your words. "To live, is dying; I will die. To die is life, and you shall live."

Now when the fever turned, I thought of this.

That must have been—ah! how long

ago? I miss the conception of that for which *how long* stands index.

Yet I perfectly remember that I perfectly understood it to be at three o'clock on a rainy Sunday morning that I died. Your little watch stood in its case of olive-wood upon the table, and drops were on the window. I noticed both, though you did not know it. I see the watch now, in your pocket; I cannot tell if the hands move, or only pulsate like a heart-throb, to and fro; they stand and point, mute golden fingers, paralyzed and pleading, forever at the hour of three. At this I wonder.

When first you said I "was sinking fast," the words sounded as old and familiar as a nursery tale. I heard you in the hall. The doctor had just left, and you went to mother and took her face in your two arms, and laid your hand across her mouth, as if it were she who had spoken. She cried out and threw up her thin old hands; but you stood as still as Eternity. Then I thought again: "It is she who dies; I shall live."

So often and so anxiously we have talked of this thing called death, that now that it is all over between us, I cannot understand why we found in it such a source of distress. It bewilders me. I am often bewildered here. Things and the fancies of things possess a relation which as yet is new and strange to me. Here is a mystery.

Now, in truth, it seems a simple matter for me to tell you how it has been with me since your lips last touched me, and your arms held me to the vanishing air.

Oh, drawn, pale lips! Nerveless, dropping arms! I told you I would come. Did ever promise fail I spoke to you? "Come and show me Death," you said. I have come to show you Death. I could show you the fairest sight and sweetest that ever blessed your eyes. Why, look! Is it not fair? Am I terrible? Do you shrink or shiver? Would you turn from me, or hide your strained, expectant face?

Would she? Does she? Will she? . . .

Ah, how the room widened! I could tell you that. It grew great and luminous day by day. At night the walls throbbed; lights of rose ran round them, and blue fire, and a tracery as of the shadows of little leaves. As the walls expanded, the air fled. But I tried to tell you how little pain I knew or feared. Your haggard face bent over me. I could not speak; when I would I struggled, and you said "She suffers!" Dear, it was so very little!

Listen, till I tell you how that night came

on. The sun fell and the dew slid down. It seemed to me that it slid into my heart, but still I felt no pain. Where the walls pulsed and receded, the hills came in. Where the old bureau stood, above the glass, I saw a single mountain with a face of fire, and purple hair. I tried to tell you this, but you said: "She wanders." I laughed in my heart at that, for it was such a blessed wandering! As the night locked the sun below the mountain's solemn watching face, the Gates of Space were lifted up before me; the everlasting doors of Matter swung for me upon their rusty hinges, and the King of Glories entered in and out. All the kingdoms of the earth, and the power of them, beckoned to me, across the mist my failing senses made,—ruins and roses, and the brows of Jura and the singing of the Rhine; a shaft of red light on the Sphinx's smile, and caravans in sand-storms, and an icy wind at sea, and gold adream in mines that no man knew, and mothers sitting at their doors in valleys singing babes to sleep, and women in dank cellars selling souls for bread, and the whir of wheels in giant factories, and a single prayer somewhere in a den of death,—I could not find it, though I searched,—and the smoke of battle, and broken music, and a sense of lilies alone beside a stream at the rising of the sun—and, at last, your face, dear, all alone.

I discovered then, that the walls and roof of the room had vanished quite. The night-wind blew in. The maple in the yard almost brushed my cheek. Stars

have not *gone!*" I cried; but she sat sobbing on.

The walls of the room had settled now, and the ceiling stood in its solid place. The window was shut, but the door stood open. Suddenly I was restless, and I ran.

I brushed you in hurrying by, and hit the little light-stand where the tumblers stood; I looked to see if it would fall, but it only shivered as if a breath of wind had struck it once.

But I was restless, and I ran. In the hall I met the Doctor. This amused me, and I stopped to think it over. "Ah, Doctor," said I, "you need not trouble yourself to go up. I'm quite well to-night, you see." But he made me no answer; he gave me no glance; he hung up his hat, and laid his hand upon the banister against which I leaned, and went ponderously up.

It was not until he had nearly reached the landing that it occurred to me, still leaning on the banisters, that his heavy arm must have swept against and *through* me, where I stood against the oaken mouldings which he grasped.

I saw his feet fall on the stairs above me; but they made no sound which reached my ear. "You'll not disturb me *now* with your big boots, sir," said I, nodding; "never fear!"

But he disappeared from sight above me, and still I heard no sound.

Now the Doctor had left the front door unlatched.

All this while the cheek of the east was waning, and the air gathering faint heats and lights about me. I remembered, presently, the old arbor at the garden-foot, where, before I was sick, we sat so much together; and thinking, "She will be surprised to know that I have been down alone," I was restless, and I ran again.

I meant to come back and see you, dear, once more. I saw the lights in the room where I had lain sick, overhead; and your shadow on the curtain; and I blessed it, with all the love of life and death, as I bounded by.

The air was thick with sweetness from the dying flowers. The birds woke, and the zenith lighted, and the leap of health was in my limbs. The old arbor held out its soft arms to me—but I was restless, and I ran.

The field opened before me, and meadows with broad bosoms, and a river flashed before me like a scimiter, and woods interlocked their hands to stay me—but being restless, on I ran.

The house dwindled behind me; and the light in my sick-room, and your shadow on the curtain. But yet I was restless, and I ran.

In the twinkling of an eye I fell into a solitary place. Sand and rocks were in it, and a falling wind. I paused, and knelt upon the sand, and mused a little in this place. I mused of you, and life and death, and love and agony;—but these had departed from me, as dim and distant as the fainting wind. A sense of solemn expectation, a tremor and a trouble

"I must be dead!" I said aloud. I had no sooner spoken than I learned that I was not alone.

The sun had risen, and on a ledge of ancient rock, weather-stained and red, there had fallen over against me the outline of a Presence lifted up against the sky, and turning suddenly, I saw.

Lawful to utter, but utterance has fled! Lawful to utter, but a greater than Law restrains me! Am I blotted from your desolate fixed eyes? Lips that my mortal lips have pressed, can you not quiver when I cry? Soul that my eternal soul has loved, can you stand enveloped in my presence, and not spring like a fountain to me? Would you not know how it has been with me since your perishable eyes beheld my perished face? What my eyes have seen or my ears have heard, or my heart conceived without you? If I have missed or mourned for you? If I have watched or longed for you? Marked your solitary days and sleepless nights, and tearless eyes, and monotonous slow echo of my unanswering name? Would you not know?

Alas! would she? Would she not? My soul misgives me with a matchless, solitary fear. I am called, and I slip from her. I am beckoned, and I lose her.

Her face dims, and her folded, lonely hands fade from my sight.

Time to tell her a guarded thing! Time to whisper a treasured word! A moment to tell her that *Death is dumb, for Life is deaf!* A moment to tell her.—

THE SAN RAFAEL PHALANSTERY.

I HAVE always thought the world should know more of the details of our social experiment at San Rafael than it has learned through the prejudiced medium of the California newspapers. These details, insignificant though they may be, would possibly guide others who may be contemplating similar experiments; and they, too, ought to give a hint to those reformers who are trying to make all people alike; and they certainly would be sufficiently diverting to such as are amused with the failure of well-intended plans to elevate humanity and purify society. Let none be dismayed at the solemnity of this preamble; it is necessary to an understanding of what follows.

At first we only intended a small phalanstery on the general plan of Prudhomme, Fourier, and other famous socialists. Our attention had been specially awakened by some beautiful pictures painted by Summerly, who was perpetually talking over his fantastic and dreamy plans. Charlie Winter and I used to watch Summerly at work in his dingy studio, high up on the sandy hills of San Francisco, and we marvelled much at the lovely creations which grew beneath his swift pencil and glowed upon his canvas. He painted palaces, temples, glorious pleasure-domes, built of radiant marbles, flashing with gems and glowing with gold. Throngs of men, women, and children poured through the ample arches, or paced the glittering corridors, while multitudes of these lovely beings, dressed in garbs of delicate color, rippled in waves through the long-drawn aisles of sylvan forests, and drifted like showers of blossoms into fairy-like gardens, where flowers, music, statues, fountains and birds, enchanted and intoxicated the senses. Or the painter took a more practical brush, and limned for us a vast aggregation of stately mansions, surrounded by wheat-fields, long stretches of orchards and vineyards. These gleaming structures, sumptuous with architectural adornment, and set like gems in the midst of masses of rich vegetable color, were crystalized communities; they were cities in one family, states aggregated in a single group, a nation centralized. Summerly's pencil and colors built up a fair fabric, in which all the common cares of life were glorified by rare surroundings; producers and consumers interchanged places, and all labored together in airy, inviting habitations to the sound of plashing fountains, the music of lutes and singing-birds; and from this cluster

of industrial palaces, which rivalled that of Aladdin in their splendors, an inviting landscape stretched away to the purple mountains that overlooked the opalescent sea.

These were phalansteries. We gazed at them with unsatisfied desire, and thence turned our eyes over the black, yellow, and gray hills of San Francisco, paining our gaze with the sudden transition from the fairy splendor of Summerly's canvas, to the hard, sharp, dry outlines of the city where we lived.

"This is just an aggravation," Charlie would say. "All our fine-spun theories can never make possible such a dream."

"That purple chain of hills looks like Tamalpais," says Summerly craftily, and waving his brush as he spoke.

"But what magic could ever transform cock-fighting, horse-racing bull-fighting, ragged, straggling San Rafael into that gloried, celestial city?" asked Una, with fine scorn. Una wrote delicious verses, but she had a more practical turn of mind than Charlie, who loved her desperately.

Summerly insisted, however, with sublime faith in his ideal, that all things were possible. He declared that in the lovely vales behind San Rafael, toward Tamalpais, were the best possible sites for a phalanstery. The Devil's Glen, Hog's Back, and Coyote Hollow were, to be sure, unattractive enough in name; but when we look over these from the Paper-Mill road, down the slope below us, across the vernal plain, which, laced by silver streams, stretches at the base of Tamalpais, and behold the huge, velvety bulk of the mountain rising to the dazzling sky, surely—there is loveliness, if nature anywhere beneath the sky is lovely.

We had many such talks as this, and when Boyd, who was excessively dissatisfied with the world as now constituted, dropped in upon us, we became quite enthusiastic over our slowly-forming plans. Boyd's matrimonial venture had terminated unfortunately. We never touched other than lightly on the subject; but it was understood that incompatibility was the rock on which his bark of happiness had been wrecked. His late wife was keeping a boarding-house in Pine street, and had a bill of divorce, with many long Latin names to it, in her bureau drawer. So Boyd was ready for the phalanstery.

So was Miss Grey; poor girl, she had been fagged by teaching in the Rincon school at board-wages, and was ready for any decent es-

cape from bondage. She also would bring with her her sworn friend and ally, Miss Snatchkin, a fellow-sufferer in the unprofitable cause of education. Thus we had a fair nucleus, and lacked only some trustworthy person to "matronize" the group. For we felt that some concession must be made to the conventional prejudices of an imperfect and gossiping world. We were sufficient unto ourselves, but we had not so far emancipated ourselves from the exacting usages of Society that we could afford to set up for ourselves without regard to what people would say.

Our good genius did not forsake us, however; and Mrs. Clifford, a widow somewhat battered and rusty, who had seen decidedly better days, was willing to give up her small, very small, select school, and join the community. She was burdened with an incubance, a nine-year old boy, to whom Charlie decidedly objected; but this difficulty was overcome, as it was agreed that some appearance of youth and innocence, even thus roughly personified, might shed an odor of respectability over what otherwise might be regarded as a very doubtful lot.

And that was the way in which the San Rafael Phalanstery began. It just grew into being; and from talking over Summerly's fanciful pictures of an ideal life in communities, we all moved out from the dusty, sandy, windy city, into a fine, cheap, roomy house, with wide verandas, overlooking Paper Mill Creek, and fronting Mount Tamalpais. To be sure, the house needed painting and other renovation; but, in comparison with the smart villas of the neighborhood it had, in its decay, an eminently respectable appearance. The whole establishment, even to the neglected garden, frowsy with overgrown cactus, woke a pathetic dignity which reminded us at once of blind Belisarius and Mrs. Clifford's modified mourning.

We set to work courageously, and renovated house, garden, fences, and furniture. The phalanstery was on its legs, as Charlie used to say, and henceforth we had a common purse, larder, and income. Summerly would declare ruefully, that the ragged old place was not at all like one of the glowing canvases over which we used to hang with delight, in the early spring days when we were discussing our project. But when we went across the ravine to Mount Tamalpais on one of our frequent picnics, looking back at the phalanstery and beholding it bathed in the golden light of sunset, or gilded in the ruddy glow of morning, the heavy vines and passion-flowers breaking the monotone of

the buff-painted clap-boards, the effect was certainly very charming and homelike. At any rate, it was the germ from which would by and by emerge the lovely growths of domes, arches, corridors, and palace-gardens which would make the old world new again. So we were content to wait in faith.

I do not know how it came about, but while we were combating the inevitable asperities which arose in our little community, we fell upon the theory of Visscher, the old Munich philosopher. Boyd, who was a practical, hard-headed man, had been educated in Germany; and though at last a sharp stock-broker, who had made and lost a dozen fortunes on California Street, he had been, in his day, something of a dreamer. While he was "selling short" in Consolidated Butterfly, and buying "long" in Smith-Victoria South Extension, he had been quietly brooding over the Visscher experiment. So, one day when we were all in an uncomfortable turmoil because we thought Mrs. Clifford was parsimonious with the sugar and indulgent in the matter of oatmeal-mush, Charlie broke out:

"See here, why not try the Visscher business?"

I was quite astonished, for Charlie and I were most intimate, and shared each other's thoughts. He had never said a word to me about this; and it was not until long afterwards that I discovered that he and Boyd had been talking it over, with a view to my betterment. Charlie fancied that I was harsh, or, as he used to express it, "mean," because I said sharp biting things which sometimes made a deeper wound than I intended.

So Boyd explained that Visscher was an eminent professor of mental philosophy who lived in Munich years ago, and spent his life in trying to prove that any company of persons who might be agreed, could divide among them the qualities of mind or temperament which each possessed in excess.

"For instance," said he, "here are eight of us, not counting Tom, who is only a boy, and not worth counting. We will suppose that we have just enough firmness in the party to go around, if each had his own proper share. But, unfortunately, some of us have so much firmness that it is in excess in that one individual and makes him simply obstinate." And here he winked at Charlie, who is as stubborn as a stone-wall.

He continued: "But others of the party may not have enough of the quality, and become so pliable as to have no mind of their own." And here Boyd looked over the head

of Una, who was sitting in the window. She colored, and remarked irrelevantly that it was a warm day. Unmindful of the digression, Boyd continued his explication of the theory, and showed how, by mere exercise of the will, a party of friends could divide around among each other the mental and moral traits of which any one might be possessed in excess.

"But how," cried Miss Snatchkin, "about those traits of which everybody wants all they can get?"

"You must be willing to sacrifice something to get what you need," was the severe reply.

"Exactly so," said Charlie; "it's a fair stand-off. You take my obstinacy, and I'll take some of your sentiment."

Miss Snatchkin had not outlived her gush.

Una, on the other hand, was very willing to part with some of her sublimity, if she could only secure a little of Mrs. Clifford's language. Una wrote nice verses, but she found it slow work; and Mrs. Clifford, as Charlie declared, "had the gift of gab."

Summerly was willing to share his endowments for the improvement of our little community; and he spoke of making us all artists in feeling, by dividing his taste and skill with us. I showed my meanness by suggesting that there might not be enough of these to go around; and all thought privately that it would not hurt Summerly, and might help the community, if we could by division reduce his fondness for nice things to eat, and his disinclination to work, to something like a positive virtue. Miss Grey heroically acknowledged that she liked to talk about herself too much, and was ready to be refined into a saint forthwith.

At this Charlie looked beamingly toward Una. He evidently thought that she, at least, could not be more of a saint than she already was. She looked like one, sitting there in the low window with the red light of the sunset glorifying her auburn hair.

I need not say that we had a deal of difficulty in fairly adjusting ourselves to our experiment. When we had first begun our commune life we had had trouble. It was impossible to assimilate the various conflicting interests. Boyd had an exasperating fashion of "running the concern," as Charlie called it, without even consulting the wishes of anybody else; and we found plans altered and carried out by him before we knew what was going on. He had a wilful, dictatorial way of managing which was really provoking. Poor Miss Snatchkin did not recover for a

whole week from the disappointment which she felt when Boyd coolly dug up her violets one morning, and planted roses in their place. He thought violets interfered with the harmony of the garden-plan. And we were all rasped into discomfort by Boyd's outrageous conduct in painting the dining-room walls pea-green, when the furniture was all bright chestnut and maroon. Then Summerly worried us. He lapsed into utter idleness and went mooning about the hills, painting no pictures, doing nothing, but bringing home useless bits of rock, ferns, and birds' nests, to clutter up the house, as Mrs. Clifford complained. He produced nothing, and Charlie declared him "a fraud."

Now we had a panacea for all these minor ills. It would be deeply disgraceful and shameful if the noble experiment of social self-government should fail for any such ignoble cause as the infirmity of temper and moral organization. Here was the perfect remedy, and we proceeded to use it. Weeks and months were spent in baffling experiments. Things would not work well. The fact was, that however willing some one might be to part with his own disorder, he was not so willing to receive his portion of another's excess. Boyd, who grew more complaisant and plastic every week, declared that he was becoming idiotic; and Charlie, who was less obstinate than usual, said he had "a mental goneness" which he could not stand much longer.

Little by little, however, these objections were overcome, and we got on remarkably well with our psychological experiment. The receptivity of each was increased by usage; and, by constant exercise of will-power, we were enabled to give out those moral influences which were to deplete our own store and increase that of our fellows. By such surrender of the individual will as we were able to make, we received as we gave out; but it was all in exchange, you see.

This Arcadian serenity was occasionally disturbed, of course. Miss Snatchkin, for instance, declared that the constant strain on her nerves was breaking her down. She was so incessantly keyed up to the work in hand, that it rather preyed on her spirits and made her weary. Charlie said she overdid the business. He, on the other hand, ironically complained that the virtue which he had absorbed during the day oozed out of him during the helpless hours of the night, and that he woke up in the morning quite reprobate.

But, on the whole, we got on very well, and made excellent progress in the work of re-

forming ourselves and correcting the errors of careless mother Nature.

My dear old Charlie! it was wonderful how he and I clung to each other during those days, endeavoring to improve each the other. I will acknowledge that I was easy-natured and pliable; and, as Charlie said, too ready to wound for the sake of saying a smart thing. But he was aggravatingly obstinate and willful, and so it came to pass that he made no intimacies in our circle outside of myself; which satisfied me well enough. Indeed, though I felt wounded that they all seemed to turn against Charlie, my selfishness was satisfied because we knew and loved each other. Even Una, whom he adored, looked coldly on him. She was always, it seemed to me, an icy sort of angel; and, with all her fine thoughts, she had no soul whatever.

Matters were dreadfully complicated, you see. Charlie and I were most devoted friends; he was madly in love with Una, who held him at a distance. Miss Snatchkin nursed a secret flame for Boyd, who seemed to care only for having his own way; and Miss Grey, like a good spirit, diffused her smiles on all, sweetly doing her best to modify and assimilate the various inharmonious elements. Mrs. Clifford, secure in her seat at the head of the phalanstery, grew dignified and courtly, but looked thriftily after the finances. One morning she astonished us by telling us that we had only forty dollars in the common fund, and were out of flour and several other necessary supplies.

"My idea of a phalanstery," cried Summerly, impatiently, "was one in which we should produce our own flour. I hate the thought of being obliged to buy flour of a sordid grocer."

"Even that would come easier if we had money to buy with," rasped I, who was vexed with Summerly's non-productiveness.

As for myself, my stories in *The Transcontinental* had brought in as much cash as Charlie's copying, and more than Boyd's investment in the United Warmingpan Company, limited; so my withers were unwrung, and I could afford to be disagreeable. It had been part of our theory that the women's contribution to the common fund should be equal to that of the men. But Society was against us. Una's poetry was not in active demand, and did not fetch "male prices;" and poor Miss Snatchkin, who taught four hours each day at the Academy in the village, was not so well paid as I, "because she was a woman."

This was a wicked injustice; but the world seemed to consider it right, as it always had been. The odd thing about it was, that nobody seemed to know why this was so; but it always had been. Women were not able to earn as much as men because they were women. It was very queer; but it came hard on the rest of us, and the women felt sore about it.

We were very blue for a while, when that boy Tom drew a prize in the Mercantile Library lottery, which saved us from bankruptcy; and the phalanstery was again restored to good spirits.

When we were once more provided with funds, we began to discuss an old plan of living under blue glass. One of our neighbors had experimented with the influence of actinic rays on animal and vegetable life. His pigs, raised in a pen with a blue glass roof, were the wonder of the stolid California farmers for miles around. And as for his grapes, grown in a cold graperly which had many rows of azure-tinted glass in it, they were the most marvelous fruit ever beheld even in California—that land where nature seems to have exhausted all her stores of hidden wealth in fruits and flowers. If these blue rays could develop such wonders in animal and vegetable life, why should not the mind, morals, and manners of men and women be improved thereby.

We tried the experiment, and extended our favorite sitting-room so as to allow a sort of conservatory at its end; and here we fitted in alternate rows of blue glass. We established a rule that we should all sit here six hours each day, each at his work or reading. Poor Miss Snatchkin found it a little inconvenient, for it interfered with her duties in the Academy; but she managed to take her share. As for Charlie, he laughed loud and long at the spectacle of Mrs. Clifford sitting in the blue light shelling peas, that boy Tom meantime being coerced into moping in a corner where the azure light made a green halo of his yellow hair.

Still, we made great progress. It was really surprising what an effect all of these appliances had on us. Under the gracious influence of the blue rays we grew healthier, more blooming, and more fair each day. We had so far succeeded in our division of mental traits that we actually became not only very much alike, but each was visibly and sensibly bettered by the change. Such gentle compliance in each other's will, such sweet concession, and such willing surrender of selfish whims and fancies, were never known

anywhere before. It was altogether heavenly. I love to recall that sunny Arcadian time.

But there rose a little cloud. Una came to me one day and asked if I had met Summerly on the mountain the day before. I had; why? She looked troubled and said:

"Nothing; only he promised to take me with him to sketch Bolinas Bay."

"So I suppose he lied?"

"And it is not the first time," sighed Una.

Nor was it the first time. Summerly had no idea whatever of truth. Una and I discussed the subject, and decided that something must be done. Fortunately, we had by this time become so candid with each other, that such a trouble could be openly talked about in the phalanstery. So that evening we brought up Summerly's delinquencies. All listened attentively; Summerly pleaded "guilty."

"Now," said Mrs. Clifford, who, from worrying about preserves and the dairy, had grown as wise as Plato, "here is a new difficulty. Summerly tells lies, and his vice seems the more obnoxious because relieved against the background of so much amiability. It is an abnormal development."

"But," interrupted poor Summerly, "why doesn't my bad habit get divided around among the rest of you?"

We all shuddered. Who wanted to take a share in such a vice?

Boyd courageously said: "I'll make a clean breast of it. If Summerly is half of Ananias, I am the other fraction. I kept back half the profits of the investment in Original Aladdin, and have it deposited to my own private account. That's stealing."

We felt as if we were on the verge of a precipice.

Then up spoke my brave, bright Charlie: "You are all wrong. Here we have been dividing around our mere negative morals, so to speak; we have kept our positive ones. It is all very fine to share with each other our penuriousness or frugality, our volubility or reticence, and so on; but who wants Summerly's deceit, Boyd's greed, or my profanity?"

This was discouraging; for Charlie did swear awfully at times, though that was a habit, rather than a mental or moral trait.

"Imagine Una swearing a blue streak," broke in that boy Tom.

"Hush your noise and get under that blue glass!" said Charlie, indignant.

Next day, while Boyd and I were sunning ourselves on Tamalpais, he said: "This

is a bad state of things. We have got along capitally so far; but our plan is ruined unless we can complete the work of perfect reformation."

"There is one way out of it," said I. "Somebody must be willing to take all the badness of the rest."

"But when he gets all that load on him, he won't be fit to live with."

"Let him go back to society," said I, scornfully.

Boyd rose up and said "Hurrah" with all his might; sat down and hugged me vigorously; then his countenance fell and he asked: "But who will be this scapegoat?"

"Charlie," said I, sententiously.

Boyd looked astonished as he asked: "Would you consent? I thought you and Charlie were kindred souls mingled into one."

"I am willing to make any sacrifice in the interest of science and humanity."

Boyd dragged me down the mountain, and we went home to tell our comrades of our remedy; only we did not say who should bear our infirmities out into the world; that we left for a more convenient occasion.

But in due time poor Charlie, being kept in the dark of what was going on, was selected by the rest of us as the recipient of our remaining evil traits. He seemed to bear it very well, and we all thrived admirably. We sat under the blue roof of glass and absorbed the healing beams; melted into each other's consciousness; parted with evil thoughts, and grew bright, happy, and lovely.

I say "we," though I should not. As for myself, I tried to feel that this was my fortunate condition—my experience; but somehow it was not. I had a mad desire to quarrel with everybody, but was kept from it by some gracious influence; still, I continually wanted to break out in some wild, savage way, and would go out in the woods alone by myself and "swear a blue streak," as Tom would call it, until I was frightened at myself. It was plain that my part of the experiment on Charlie was doing me no good. To complicate matters, my old-time fancy for Una, which I had given up for Charlie's sake, returned in another guise. I was madly in love with the beautiful golden-haired girl; and Charlie's jealous eyes seemed to follow me wherever I went.

The truth came at last. One morning I went down to the sitting-room before the rest of the phalanstery were stirring, and took up my manuscript to finish it for the publisher. Underneath lay a golden double-eagle. It was the sum of Una's last slender earnings. Poor girl! she had worked hard

for it; but it seemed as if I could better than she enjoy what it might bring. She was only a woman; and I felt my cheek glow and eyes sparkle as I thought what I, a man, could buy of pleasure in the city with that gold piece. I had promised myself a gay time with some old companions. The yellow coin burned in my hand. How hard and firm and substantial! How much life and enjoyment were compacted in those generous bounds! I saw the good cheer, the golden champagne, the rosy lights and the stealthy joys which it would bring. The double-eagle slid into my pocket; and I was out of the window and rushing across the ravine below the house.

As I sat gloomily regarding the preternaturally bright landscape, everything seemed jangling and out of tune. A gray hare, scared by my rough feet, scudded away into the ferns as if afraid of some wild beast. A black-tailed deer on a distant bluff regarded me from afar with grave distrust; and on the peak of a yellow pine, a gloomy crow croaked ridiculously solemn, then spread his sooty wings and flew away. Even massive Tamalpais seemed distraught in the harsh morning light.

I must have spent an hour sulking among the bay-bushes and manzanitas which concealed the house from me. A little lizard, with curious eyes, came and looked at me, ran out his pink tongue and slid swiftly away. A brown thrush hopped down long enough to snap up a lady-bug which was toiling up a withered blade of grass; and then he too was gone; and I was alone and miserable.

At last it all came to me like an inspiration. Gathering myself up, I walked across the ravine, up the hill, and into our Palace of Content (how grim now seemed that satire!), and found the family scattered about the room, looking for Una's gold piece.

With a great oath, I threw the hateful coin on the floor, and said: "There is your twenty dollars. I stole it, and you have been putting all your wickedness on me! I won't be your scapegoat; I'll be cursed if I will!"

There was a great hush, and Una, sitting down on the floor, began to cry.

"Now don't snivel, Una; there's your contemptible twenty dollars," said I, brutally.

Boyd broke out: "It's too bad; you said you were willing to make any sacrifice for the general good."

"And so you have been playing me all this while?"

Charlie turned fiercely on me and said: "Yes, you were willing that I should be the victim. Oh, my Damon! my other self!" And his eyes filled with tears.

I strode out into the garden to think about it. Plain enough it all was now. Pretending to me that Charlie was to be the bearer of our superfluous traits, they had secretly agreed to pour all into me: and I had been receiving their vileness these six months without knowing why I was so vile. But I was saved by my own better nature rebelling against this accession of sinfulness and evil. I would revenge myself by quitting the deceitful community, and leave them to worry over their own failings as best they might. I was not bad enough to go, perhaps; I was certainly too good to stay.

The vine-leaves rustled, and Una, tearful and sad, stood beside me. A great desire rushed up in my heart, and I said: "Una, I am a savage and a brute; but I love you."

"My poor boy! I was a party to this wrong, because I thought you were willing for Charlie's sake."

"For Charlie's sake!" So, after all, she loved him so well that she thought I must be made a monster and he be purified and perfected thus for her at my cost.

"You love him, then?" I demanded. She blushed and replied:

"But our experiment—our experiment. Must it fail? It has almost succeeded."

She was a beautiful temptress; standing there half tearful, half hopeful, and pleading. Why should she come to break down my resolution to flee from this dangerous, charming place?

"You say you love me," she went on hurriedly, her color coming and going in sweet confusion. "Yet you will not stay and help us with the greatest scheme of human happiness the world ever knew. We are just on the eve of completing our cherished experiment, and you threaten to break it up, and retard the grand success which is almost reached. It is not for me, nor Charlie, nor for any of us that you might consent to stay; when we are dead and gone, Bennie, the world will be better and happier for your sacrifice—my sacrifice; for I am willing to make any that is needed."

I rose up and kissed her warm red lips, and said: "And your sacrifice is to mate with such a wretch as I shall become when your infernal experiment is finished."

"Will you stay?"

"For your sake, Una, I will stay until I am the greatest villain unhung."

"For the sake of poor humanity," she said. But, for all that, she kissed me.

There is small need for me to tell what followed. I gave myself up to the influences of evil with absolute abandonment. Indeed, after a while, I began to like it. My badness grew with what it fed upon. I kept out of the blue room, and dwelt apart in the dull gray of the inner apartments; but I opened all my channels, and drew swiftly in the vicious streams which flowed from my companions to myself. My receptivity was perfect; and, as I parted with the healing, gracious attributes which had solaced me before, I felt a savage joy in growing bad in every part. I lied, I swore, I stole, I cheated, I slept when I should wake, and waked when I should have slept. I talked incessantly, or relapsed into morose silence. I wanted to kill somebody, and felt a glorious thrill of pleasure kindling through all my veins, when that boy Tom roared with pain at the tremendous beating I gave him.

Charlie looked sad and sorry; but I jeered him for a milksop, and exulted over the good bargain I had made.

"You," said I, "may stay here, and be goody-goody; tell your beads and patter prayer; but I shall go out and play the devil with the world. But I warn you that I am almost done. It's time for me to be sent out into the wilderness. If I stay here much longer, I shall get up some night and kill you all in your beds, steal your hoardings, and then burn your phalanstery."

A few such threats as this were sufficient to alarm my comrades and furnish reason for my expulsion. One morning a tall, skinny man, with a hooked beard, and wearing a wide-rimmed hat, leather leggings, a red sash, and jingling spurs, rode up to the door, and produced a warrant for my arrest. It was time to go; and bitterly turning my back on the phalanstery, I plodded along in the powdery dust by the side of the constable of San Rafael, for such he was.

As I turned the hill, down the road, Una waved her blue scarf after me from the gable window. I choked down a sigh and followed my keeper.

Jerking his thumb over his shoulder he said: "Pretty bad crowd up thar."

"Yes," I said, "a bad crowd."

"Thought so! thought so!" he added briskly. "Some folks say it's a lunatic 'sylum. But the boys down to San Rafale 'low to clean 'em out some day."

"Clean them out?"

"Well, yes; I ain't much on it myself; I'm

an officer of the law. But them San Rafale boys is gay, and they can't go no free-lovers; so I guess they'll go up and scoop 'em some o' these nights. But I'm an officer of the law, I am."

Of course my arrest was merely a form. Bound over to keep the peace, I was free to go where I listed. I returned to San Francisco, my part of the great experiment being a failure. It was selfish, it seemed to me, for my associates to sacrifice me thus; but I reflected that it was in the interest of science and humanity; so I regarded it as my involuntary offering to the cause, and returned to old associations. The dream was over.

But the outside world was not so lenient with my failings as my friends in the Palace of Content had been. It could not understand that it was the concentrated wickedness of Charlie Summerly, Boyd, Tom, and three or four women that went carousing and tearing about the streets of San Francisco. I suppose I ought to have been thankful that lovely Una was sitting placidly in the moonbeams, innocent and pure, while her delegated badness was locked up in the calaboose in the city across the bay. But somehow this reflection did not help me much.

The difficulties which I got into were enough to degrade and brutalize any man; no wonder I was brutal and degraded. But a Good Samaritan came and lifted me out of my troubles, bound up my wounds, and drew me among kindly, well-intentioned people. I was not wholly reprobate. Is any man?

In various ways I heard from my old associates at the San Rafael Phalanstery. They were about as perfect in moral and mental characteristics as human beings ever are, I do suppose. From what I learned afterward, it seems that each found in the other absolutely nothing to repel, nothing objectionable, nothing that he or she would have different. The process of assimilation was complete, and they were perfectly contented with each other. They grew more beautiful under the influence of the blue rays which now pervaded the house; and waxed perfect in moral character as they increased the store of goodness held in common, and were left unstained and flawlessly by my subtraction from the group.

After all, as I grew more human and generous under the humane and generous treatment of ordinary people about me, I felt that it was well for them that I had left them. The phalanstery was successful. Had not I made it so? This gave me content; and I heard without a pang that Charlie and Una were married. I hated him no more; I

could endure even her loss, since I had gone out of the paradise wherein she dwelt.

Contact with wholesome, many-sided people restored me to my proper mental and moral equilibrium; and I found that life was much more piquant and enjoyable when its mingled elements were tasted in various ways. I had not the least desire to return to the phalanstery at San Rafael. It seemed to me like the home of the lotos-eaters, where everything swam in delicious languor, but where dullness reigned with a mild sort of trance.

Some time after my escape (or ejection?) from the phalanstery, I met Charlie on the street. His face clouded as he saw me, but his hand was as cordial as ever. Of course I asked how the commune flourished.

"Played out," was his brief reply. I was shocked, and desired to know the cause which led to the disaster.

"Well, you see," said Charlie, wearily, "after you left, we got on famously with our experiment; for, although you may not like to hear it, old fellow, you did take all the badness with you."

I agreed with him, and told him that Society had found that out.

He went on: "But life in the phalanstery grew very insipid when you were gone. We missed your sharp tongue and bitter jokes. They accused me of pining for you, and said I had no right to cherish any affection for an outcast. But they all found it rather dull.

Somehow we were all too much alike. There was no elastic rebound in contact with each other. We stared at each other like ghosts who had lost their way back to the graveyard. We were all so fearfully good that each seemed to see the image of himself in the other. In short, Ben, Society is a failure."

"I find it tolerable enough. But it isn't very jolly to have all the people alike."

Charlie brightened up. "I guess that's it, after all. We grew inexpressibly weary of each other; were nearly dying of ennui; so we agreed to disband—for a while. Ma'am Clifford is keeping a boarding-house; Boyd has lost his grip somehow and has gone to Arizona; Miss Grey and Miss Snatchkin have a private boarding-school on Rincon Hill; as for poor Summerly, he's clean gone; he's a wreck."

"And Una?"

"Well, she's taking care of the baby just now. She has no time to write poetry; but she says she shall join the female suffragists when the baby is grown."

That was the end of our famous experiment. I have told the whole truth; all other accounts are unfair and fraudulent. A great many people are still trying in various ways the puzzle which we left unread. I dare say that when all the reformers have accomplished their perfect work, and woman has ceased to be undeveloped man, we shall have a little millennium like that at San Rafael.

ONE PHASE OF THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

Letter to a young gentleman of intellectual tastes, who, without having as yet any particular lady in view, had expressed, in a general way, his determination to get married.

THE subject of marriage is one concerning which neither I nor anybody else can have more than an infinitesimally small atom of knowledge. Each of us knows how his or her own marriage has turned out; but that, in comparison with a knowledge of marriage generally, is like a single plant in comparison with the flora of the globe. The utmost experience on this subject to be found in this country extends to about three trials or experiments. A man may become twice a widower, and then marry a third time, but it may be easily shown that the variety of his experience is more than counterbalanced by

its incompleteness in each instance. For the experiment to be conclusive, even as to the wisdom of one decision, it must extend over half a lifetime. A true marriage is not a mere temporary arrangement, and although a young couple are said to be married as soon as the lady has changed her name, the truth is that the real marriage is a long, slow intergrowth, like that of two trees planted quite close together in the forest.

The subject of marriage generally is one of which men know less than they know of any other subject of universal interest. People are almost always wrong in their estimates of the marriages of others, and the best proof how little we know the real tastes and needs of those with whom we have been most intimate is our unfailing surprise at the

marriages they make. Very old and experienced people fancy they know a great deal about younger couples, but their guesses, there is good reason to believe, never *exactly* hit the mark.

Ever since this idea that marriage is a subject we are all very ignorant about had taken root in my own mind, many little incidents were perpetually occurring to confirm it; they proved to me, on the one hand, how often I had been mistaken about other people, and, on the other hand, how mistaken other people were concerning the only marriage I profess to know anything about, namely, my own.

Our ignorance is all the darker that few men tell us the little that they know, that little being too closely bound up with that innermost privacy of life which every man of right feeling respects in his own case as in the case of another. The only instances which are laid bare to the public view are the unhappy marriages, which are really not marriages at all. An unhappy alliance bears exactly the same relation to a true marriage that disease does to health, and the quarrels and misery of it are the crises by which nature tries to bring about either the recovery of happiness or the endurable peace of a settled separation.

All that we really know about marriage is that it is based upon the most powerful of all our instincts, and that it shows its own justification in its fruits, especially in the prolonged and watchful care of children. But marriage is very complex in its effects, and there is one set of effects resulting from it to which remarkably little attention has been paid hitherto—I mean its effects upon the intellectual life. Surely they deserve consideration by all who value culture.

I believe that for an intellectual man, only two courses are open; either he ought to marry some simple, dutiful woman who will bear him children, and see to the household matters, and love him in a trustful spirit without jealousy of his occupations, or else, on the other hand, he ought to marry some highly intelligent lady, able to carry her education far beyond school experiences, and willing to become his companion in the arduous paths of intellectual labor. The danger in the first of the two cases is that pointed out by Wordsworth, in some verses addressed to lake-tourists who might feel inclined to buy a peasant's cottage in Westmoreland. The tourist would spoil the little romantic spot if he bought it; the charm of it is subtly dependent upon the poetry of a simple life, and would be brushed away by the influence of

the things that are necessary to people in the middle class. I remember dining in a country inn with an English officer whose ideas were singularly unconventional. We were waited upon by our host's daughter, a beautiful girl, whose manners were remarkable for their natural elegance and distinction. It seemed to us both that no lady of rank could be more distinguished than she was, and my companion said that he thought a gentleman might do worse than ask that girl to marry him, and settle down quietly in that quiet mountain village, far from the cares and vanities of the world. That is a sort of dream which has occurred, no doubt, to many an honorable man. Some men have gone so far as to try to make the dream a reality, and have married the beautiful peasant. But the difficulty is that she does not remain what she was; she becomes a sort of make-belief lady, and then her ignorance, which in her natural condition was a charming *naïveté*, becomes an irritating defect. If, however, it were possible for an intellectual man to marry some simple-hearted peasant-girl, and keep her carefully in her original condition, I seriously believe that the venture would be less perilous to his culture than an alliance with some woman of our Philistine classes, equally incapable of comprehending his pursuits, but much more likely to interfere with them. I once had a conversation on this subject with a distinguished artist who is now a widower, and who is certainly not likely to be prejudiced against marriage by his own experience, which had been an unusually happy one. His view was that a man devoted to art might marry either a plain-minded woman, who would occupy herself exclusively with household matters and shield his peace by taking these cares upon herself, or else a woman quite capable of entering into his artistic life; but he was convinced that a marriage which exposed him to unintelligent criticism and interference would be dangerous in the highest degree. And of the two kinds of marriage which he considered possible he preferred the former, that with the entirely ignorant and simple person from whom no interference was to be apprehended. He considered the first Madame Ingres the true model of an artist's wife, because she did all in her power to guard her husband's peace against the daily cares of life and never herself disturbed it, acting the part of a break-water which protects a space of calm, and never destroys the peace that it has made. This may be true for artists, whose occupation is rather æsthetic than in-

tellectual, and does not get much help or benefit from talk ; but the ideal marriage for a man of great literary culture would be one permitting some equality of companionship, or, if not equality, at least interest. That this ideal is not a mere dream, but may consolidate into a happy reality, several examples prove ; yet these examples are not so numerous as to relieve me from anxiety about your chances of finding such companionship. The different education of the two sexes separates them widely at the beginning, and to meet on any common ground of culture a second education has to be gone through. It rarely happens that there is resolution enough for this.

The want of thoroughness and reality in the education of both sexes, but especially in that of women, may be attributed to a sort of policy which is not very favorable to companionship in married life. It appears to be thought wise to teach boys things which women do not learn, in order to give women a degree of respect for men's attainments

which they would not be so likely to feel if they were prepared to estimate them critically, whilst girls are taught arts and languages which until recently were all but excluded from our public schools, and won no rank at our universities. Men and women had consequently scarcely any common ground to meet upon, and the absence of serious mental discipline in the training of women made them indisposed to submit to the irksomeness of that earnest intellectual labor which might have remedied the deficiency. The total lack of accuracy in their mental habits was then, and is still for the immense majority of women, the least easily surmountable impediment to culture. The history of many marriages which have failed to realize intellectual companionship is comprised in a sentence which was actually uttered by one of the most accomplished of my friends—"She knew nothing when I married her ; I tried to teach her something,—it made her angry,—and I gave it up."

ONE NIGHT.

I.

As one whose indolent hand forgets to hold
 A falling flower, I loosed the rose of sleep ;
 Across my lips I felt the night-breath, cold
 With spray of reefs, and heard the restless deep
 Troubling the shore with movings manifold :
 I dropped the rose of sleep.

II.

Straightway mine eyes I raised : before my bed
 One moved—I saw the moonlight in her hair :
 I turned—the watcher's waxen torch was dead ;
 He dreamed, forgetful, in his velvet chair.
 "It was no wafture of the wind," I said ;
 "The light was in her hair."

III.

Then I bethought me of the fever-fire,
 That lately burned my life—but I was calm ;
 I wearied not, nor wasted with desire
 Of mountain-snow or breath-reviving balm ;
 My heart beat lightly as a lover's lyre,
 And all my veins were calm.

IV.

I looked beyond my window's trailing sprays
 (Stirred by that gust of passion from the sea) ;

I saw the grandeur of those heavenly ways,
 That wait the ghostly journeyings of the Free ;
 The forest-circling drifts of fallen haze,
 The gray and gusty sea.

v.

As one who need not haste, the moon on high
 Crossed the blue space, from stellar sign to sign ;
 I saw her heedful acolytes supply
 The feast of light : full softly she did shine.
 From thoughts that hurt, the moon that crossed the sky,
 Did sign me with a sign.

vi.

"On such a night," I mused, "for angels meet,
 O love long lost ! we heard the trampling deep ;
 And what we said the angels will repeat,
 When in their snowy arms we lie asleep.
 Not Death shall whelm us from their voices sweet,
 Albeit his floods are deep.

vii.

"We trod the surf-washed promontory, pale
 As that wan foam beneath us : we must part.
 Not less we laughed—the grief to countervail—
 Sang our light songs and found the honeyed heart
 Of many a blossomed rhyme : though every gale
 Went whispering ; we must part.

viii.

"We talked of desert people : how they make
 The dewless ways their place, the palm their tent ;
 And watch the red sand-whirlwinds overtake
 And wrap their loaded camels, travel-spent.
 'That were a life not ill,' we gayly spake,
 'The desert-palm our tent.'

ix.

"We told of wives who dare the torrid glade,
 Nor quake to hear at hand the lion roar ;
 Of queens who walk the scaffold undismayed,
 Whereon their loved have met the axe before.
 'It were not hard to do,' we softly said ;
 'Love heeds no lion's roar.'

x.

"At this we turned—and lo, that plant of Love
 (The fragrant snow of snows) was all in flower !
 Its opening sweetness while we leaned to prove,
 Our first long kiss sublimed the regnant hour.
 What more we said, the seraphs sang above :
 Love's plant was all in flower.

xi.

"Ah, that last night ! 'Peace crown thee, Sweet,' I said ;
 'Behold, her moonbeams linger in thy hair !'
 She answered low, 'When past is all we dread,
 And Heaven, for thee, lets down its bridges fair,
 Thy friend will wait before thy silent bed ;
 The moonlight in her hair.'

XII.

“ ‘Will wait!’ ”—I raised mine eyes : the heavens were white ;
 Against his reefs I saw the sea prevail ;
 And, borne abroad, those wreathing mists of night,
 Torn in the wanton wanderings of the gale ;
 Within my room that sanctitude of light—
 I felt my soul prevail.

XIII.

“ And art thou here ? ” I cried ; “ and hast thou crossed
 For me the airy boundaries of the sky ?
 With summer-spiced fruits and wines of cost,
 The sweetness of thy love to verify ?
 To kiss the lips of Death and melt his frost
 With breathings of the sky ? ”

XIV.

Thereat, with haste, a gathering darkness came,
 In which the sea and sky were wrapped away
 From star and moony disk ; save one fair flame,
 That on its silver plumage made delay.
 Ere yet my soul its further thought could frame,
 The world was whelmed away.

XV.

Save one pure flame : I saw its gleamy light,
 Pale as the shadeless vesture of the dead,
 Pause and beat back the filming waves of night,
 Thou lost, my love, from round thy drooping head,
 O, mine ! my friend ! swayed from seraphic flight :
 —And I had called thee DEAD !

XVI.

What subtle, stealthy tides essayed to rise—
 That all my soul should bathe in healing dew ?
 Beneath the tender watching of thine eyes,
 The smiling of thy lips, I could not choose
 But lapse into the rest that satisfies
 The soul with balmy dew.

XVII.

O sloth supreme ! O silent floods and cold !
 From far-off shores, across the moonless deeps,
 There came a grieving voice that cried, “ Behold
 How all is lost ! Our friend forever sleeps ! ”
 And I arose : as if a wind had rolled
 And cleft the moonless deeps.

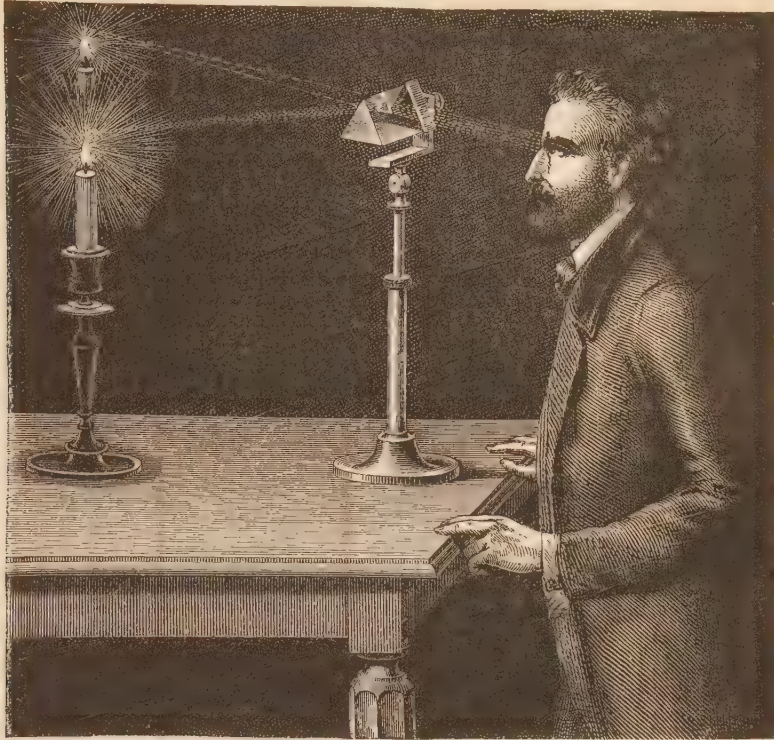
XVIII.

Then—as a new-wrought star, whose clouds are gone—
 Caught in a snare of Heaven and unafraid,
 I moved ; and lo, the zones, aflame with dawn,
 Were populous with ghosts, in snow arrayed !
 I heard thy singing voice, and, Heavenward drawn,
 I answered, unafraid.

XIX.

O blithe the fire-nerved frame, and swift the flight !—
 Sweet, wrap thine arms about me : grief is done.
 Yet lest thy smile be somewhat veiled from sight,
 Turn thou thy face an instant from the sun.
 —Ah, quivering kiss !—Nay, Love engenders light :
 Behold, the night is done !

HOW MEN LEARNED TO ANALYZE THE SUN



THE PRISM.

A GENTLEMAN visiting the celebrated English chemist, Dr. Black, soon after he had made one of his greatest discoveries, asked to see the apparatus he had used in making the investigations which had brought him such world-wide fame.

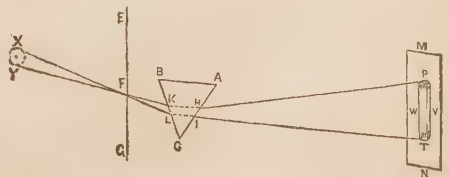
The philosopher led the way to a common kitchen sink, pointed to a meager array of broken tobacco-pipes, cups, and bottles, and said, "This is my laboratory."

In view of the complicated and costly apparatus employed in the workshops of modern scientists, one might think the day of great results from slender means had long gone by. But not so. Discoveries of the most far-reaching importance yet come through means as unpretending as Franklin's kite, or Black's tobacco-pipes and bottles. Indeed the master-keys for unlocking the secret treasures of the universe are, and always have been, sublimely simple. Witness the three that have helped more than any others to make wide and exact our knowledge of the physical universe,—the balance, the lens, and the prism.

The first gave precision to chemistry, re-

vealing the orderly combinations which give form and character to all material things. The second so multiplied our visual power that the hitherto invisible structure of things—from the smallest crystal, cell, or monad to planetary, stellar, and nebular systems—was brought within our ken.

With the last, the most delicate and the most distant portions of matter—the minutest speck the microscope can discern, the farthest orb the telescope can reach—are subjected to a searching analysis which reveals their inmost elements. So marvelous, indeed, are its powers, that one who has not followed the developments of the last decade of science closely may well stand aghast



FAC-SIMILE OF NEWTON'S FIGURE, ILLUSTRATING THE DISPENSING OF LIGHT RAYS.

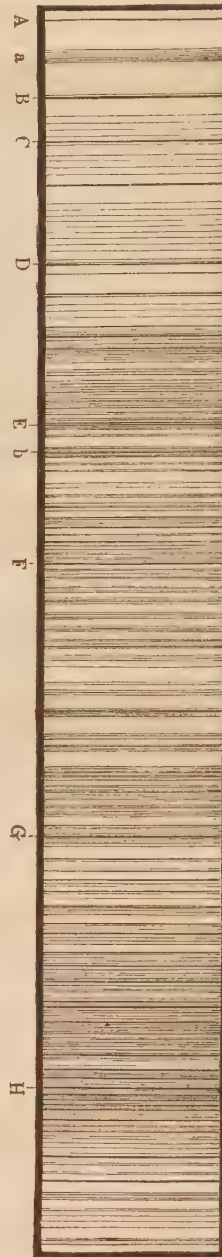
at the recital of its revelations : they stagger the imagination even of the most familiar.

That the skillful chemist should be able to extract metallic iron (for instance) from unmetallic rock, from the growing plant, from his own blood, seems not incredible. Minds of average culture have become familiar with such achievements. But for man to pronounce with positive assurance that iron exists in the sun, or in a star so far distant that centuries are required for light to traverse the space between it and our world,—to say that men have observed and demonstrated the presence of iron there with a certainty that cannot be gainsaid, seems like pushing the claims of observation and demonstration so far that they become no better than reckless speculation. But truth in science is often stranger than any fiction, and reason leads where the imagination scarcely dares to follow, in more instances than this.

That objects seen through angular transparent media take on unaccustomed colors must have been noticed by the first who put to his eye a fragment of many-sided glass or crystal ; but nothing came of the observation until it was repeated in various ways and for a purpose, a couple of centuries ago, by an Italian scholar who came to the decision that the colors thus seen were due to some occult influence of the glass or crystal upon the rays of light.

The English philosopher, Newton, soon after took up the investigation, using a triangular prism of clear glass, and in 1675 presented the results of his observations to the Royal Society, in his memorable *Treatise on Opticks*. Every reader is so familiar with his experiments showing the compound nature of white light, the diverse refrangibility of the several kinds of colored light composing the sun-ray, and the fact that the order of the colors in the solar spectrum—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet—remains the same whatever may be the nature of the refracting substance, that they need no description here.

The accident that Newton used a round hole instead of a narrow slit for the admission of the sunlight into his darkened chamber prevented his seeing a spectrum in which the successive colors should stand clear of each other without overlapping, and, consequently, his observing the shadow lines which have lately proved of such marvellous significance. These dark lines of the solar spectrum were first observed by Dr. Wollaston at the beginning of the present century. They were re-



FRAUNHOFER LINES.

discovered in 1814, by the German optician, Fraunhofer, who made them the subject of special study. In the course of his investigations Fraunhofer found these lines to be present in every kind of sunlight, whether direct or reflected, their relative positions always the same with prisms of like material, and their relation to the colors of the spectrum unvarying. After carefully mapping some six hundred lines he turned his prism to the stars and discovered starlight to contain dark lines also, but lines not altogether corresponding in position with those of sunlight ; and there were marked differences between the spectra of different stars. From an elaborate series of observations he deduced the important conclusion that the unknown cause of these shadow-lines must exist somewhere beyond our atmosphere, and independent of the earth, though what that cause might be he could not divine.

Let us trace the steps of its discovery.

It is a matter of common observation that when a solid—say a bar of iron—is subjected to high heat it becomes luminous, first showing a dull red color, then a brighter red, and so on until it glows with white light. When a body thus heating is observed through a prism, its spectrum begins with a spot of red ; as the heat increases orange is added, then yellow, then green, and so on until, when the luminous body is white-hot, a complete continuous spectrum is seen. This develop-

ment of color with increasing temperature was found by Dr. Draper, in 1847, to be generally true of all solids and liquids. They begin to be visibly hot at the same temperature, and when white-hot their spectra present all the colors in an unbroken series. The converse of this rule is equally true, that is, when a continuous spectrum is observed, the legitimate inference is that the light comes from an incandescent solid or liquid. The importance of this law, known among spectroscopists as Draper's Law, will be appreciated further on.

Now let our incandescent body be subjected to still greater heat, to a temperature so high that it flashes into luminous vapor or gas. A new phenomenon appears. The light is no longer white, but colored. The hitherto unbroken spectrum vanishes and there stands in its place one exhibiting only disconnected bands of color with darkness between, as though a screen had been placed in the path of the light, with narrow slits for the passage here perhaps of a slender band of red, there one of green, and beyond a couple of bright blue color. These bands of disconnected colors are peculiarly significant from the fact that they differ in number and position and hue with every difference in the composition of the luminous flame; while every element and every compound whose vapor may be heat-

ed to incandescence without decomposition, presents a spectrum, or, under varying conditions, a series of spectra, peculiar to itself.

The accompanying chart exhibits the position of the spectrum lines of the alkaline metals and earths, potassium, sodium, lithium, strontium, calcium, barium, cesium, thallium, and indium, with a map of the solar spectrum above. The spectrum of potassium, it will be observed, has two characteristic lines, one red and one violet. Sodium shows a single bright yellow line. Lithium has a brilliant line in the red portion of the spectrum, and

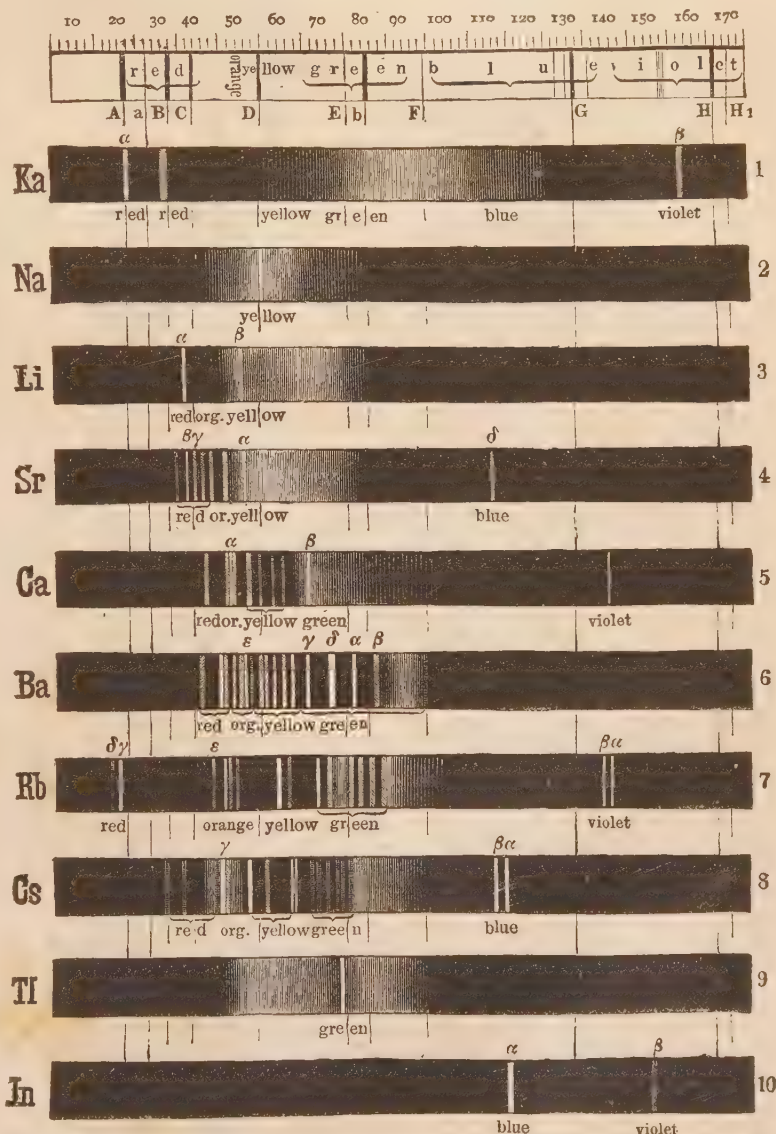
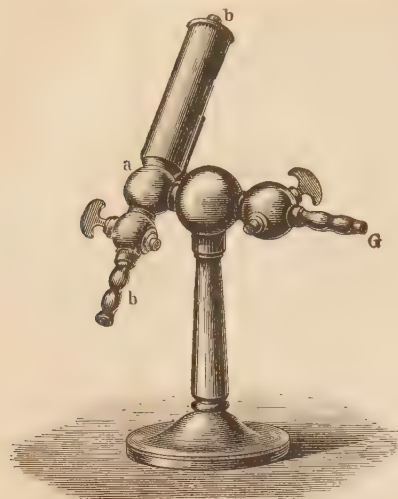
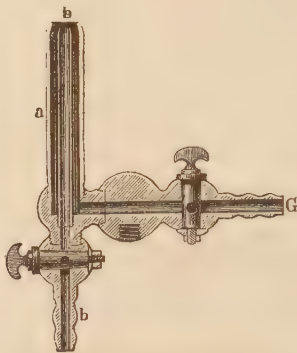


TABLE OF SPECTRA.



BUNSEN'S GAS BURNER.



a fainter line in the orange. Thallium shows a single green line; indium a bright line in the blue, and a faint one in the violet.

That many substances give a characteristic tinge to flame has long been known. The colored light of the theaters and the brilliant hues of fire-works are secured by these means—burning soda giving a yellow color, potash a violet tinge, the salts of strontium crimson, barium green, calcium red, and so on. As long ago as 1752, Thomas Melville, a Scotch observer, made careful studies of such colored flames, and noticed the monochromatic character of soda-flame. Colored flames were further investigated some fifty years ago, by Sir John Herschell, who discovered that the spectra of many substances afforded a neat and ready way of detecting extremely minute quantities of them: the germ of spectrum analysis.

During the ensuing forty years these interesting phenomena were studied by many chemists and opticians, especially by Prof. W. A. Miller, who, in 1845, made the first attempt to represent the various spectra by colored diagrams; but the results obtained were more or less confused and misleading, from the fact that luminous flames, having their own characteristic spectra, were used in vaporizing the substances under examination. This difficulty was at last overcome by Prof. Bunsen, whose ingenious burner enabled him to secure a non-luminous flame of great intensity, and consequently an unmixed spectrum of any substance volatilized in the flame.

"I take" says this observer, "a mixture

of the chlorides of the alkaline metals and earths, sodium, potassium, lithium, barium, strontium, and calcium, containing at most a hundred thousandth of a milligram of each of these substances; I place this mixture in the flame and observe the result. At first the intense yellow line of the sodium appears on a background of a continuous very pale spectrum; when it begins to be less sensible and the sea salt is volatilized, the

pale lines of the potassium appear; they are followed by the red line of the lithium, which soon disappears, whilst the green lines of the barium appear in all their intensity. The salts of sodium, potassium, and lithium are therefore entirely volatilized; a few instants after, the calcium and strontium lines come out, as if a veil had been removed, and gradually attain their form and characteristic brilliancy."

In one of his earliest experiments in spectrum analysis, Bunsen happened, in 1860, to be examining some of the alkalies left after the evaporation of a quantity of mineral water from Dürkheim. To his surprise the spectrum contained a number of unfamiliar bright lines, due, he inferred, to some element or elements hitherto unrecognized. He straightway evaporated forty-four tons of the Dürkheim spring water, and after separating from the solid residue every substance known to chemists, he found remaining some two hundred grains of a mixture of what proved to be the salts of two new metals, which he named *cæsium* and *rubidium*, the first from the grayish blue lines of its spectrum, the last from its two intensely red lines. This was the first great victory of the new method of chemical analysis. Since then two other new elements have been discovered by it, thallium and indium: the first by an English chemist, Mr. Crooks, who named it from the splendid green tint it gives to flame; the second by two German chemists, who called it after the two indigo-colored lines of its spectrum.

The Dürkheim spring water, in which Professor Bunsen discovered the new metals,

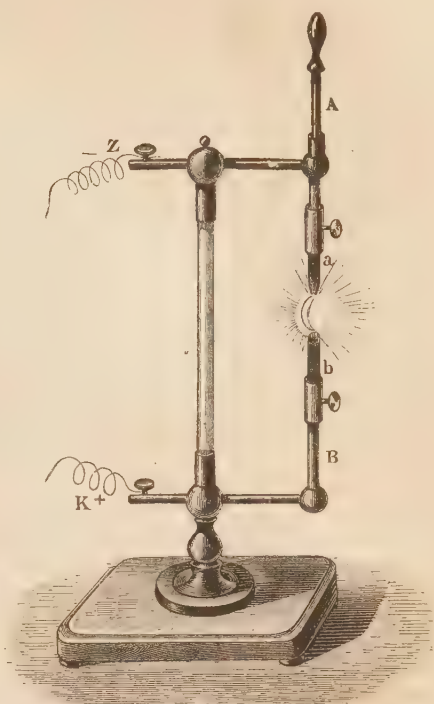
contains only three grains of the chloride of cæsium, and four grains of the chloride of rubidium, to the ton, a proportion utterly undetectable by ordinary methods of examination. Yet this discovery but faintly illustrates the extreme delicacy of spectrum analysis. Of soda, a quantity so small as the hundred and eighty millionth of a grain can be easily detected. The reaction of the metallic base of soda is indeed so delicate that it can scarcely be got rid of. Draw a chemically clean wire through the fingers, and enough invisible perspiration will adhere to show the sodium line in the spectrum. Expose a chemically pure substance five or ten minutes to the air, and the same reaction appears from the dust that promptly settles on it. The atmosphere is full of sodium, not in quantity sufficient to be detected by ordinary



PLUCKER TUBE.



GEISSLER TUBE.



ELECTRIC LIGHT.

tests, it is true, but sufficient to give the characteristic yellow line to every flame exposed to it. This was the source of great perplexity to the early observers, who could conceive of nothing so persistently common but the vapor of water. The secret of the prevailing presence of sodium in the air lies in the fact that the larger portion of the earth's surface is covered with salt water, and every drop of evaporating spray leaves its speck of common salt (chloride of sodium) to be borne away by the wind. We see them dancing in every sunbeam, and they gather in every nook and corner where dust accumulates. Had the lines of chlorine, the other constituent of salt, appeared along with that of sodium, this troublesome element might not have given the chemists such a roundabout chase; but it is a characteristic of chlorine and other non-metallic substances that when their combinations with metals are subjected to spectrum analysis only the spectra of the metals appear. The light of the non-metallic gases is so faint that their spectrum lines are entirely eclipsed by the brighter lines of the metals. They must, therefore, be studied by themselves. For this purpose an electric current is required, that alone being sufficient to raise gases to the requisite degree of luminosity.

In such examinations the gas is hermetically sealed within a glass tube, whose extremities are connected with the poles of a Rhumkorff coil. By the electric discharge the gas is heated to a temperature far higher than can be obtained by means of a flame, and when thus heated every gas is found to give off light peculiar to itself, luminous hydrogen appearing red, nitrogen yellow, carbonic acid blue, and so on. Geissler-tubes afford a convenient means for rendering gases luminous, but except in a darkened room the light thus obtained is too weak for the purposes of spectrum analysis. The tube devised by Prof. Plücker answers better. By it the electricity is caused to pass through gas confined in a very attenuated capillary space, and a brilliant line of light is obtained, well adapted for prismatic observation.

When the peculiar red color of luminous hydrogen is examined in this way the spectrum shows three distinct bright lines, one of so intense a red that it almost overpowers the others, one greenish-blue, and the other dark blue or indigo color. The remarkable part which these three lines play in solar chemistry makes them singularly worthy of remembrance.

The study of the remaining class of elements, the refractory heavy metals, likewise requires the use of electricity, but in another way.

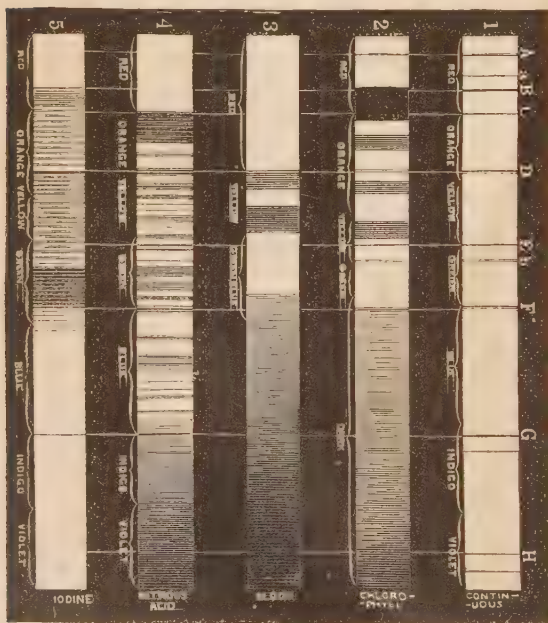
As early as 1835, Sir Charles Wheatstone



VOLATILIZATION OF SODIUM.

studied the spectra produced by the sparks of different metals, finding them so obviously different, that one metal might easily be distinguished from another by the appearance of its spark. Noticing this fact, he remarked, "We have here a mode of discriminating metallic bodies more readily than by chemical examination, and which may hereafter be employed for useful purposes." It was twenty years before this prophecy was made a fact by the Swedish philosopher Ångström, who investigated the spectra of electric sparks very thoroughly and discovered them to be double, one part derived from the metal of the poles, and the other from the medium through which the spark passes. The explanation of this duplex character of electric spectra we owe to Faraday, who by an elaborate series of experiments discovered the electric spark to consist of luminous particles of the substances between which it passes and the medium through which it passes,—that is to say, it is a current propagated along and by ponderable matter volatilized in the same manner as a voltaic current heats and volatilizes a metallic wire: the spark passing between points of iron, for example, consists of luminous iron vapor in connection with incandescent air.

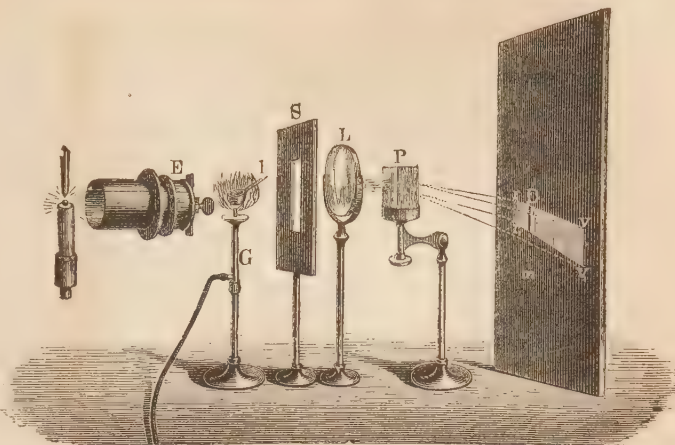
In studying the spectra of metallic sparks the electric lamp is used, the lower carbon pole (*b*, in Fig.) being replaced by a cylinder of pure carbon, the upper end of which is slightly hollowed to hold the metal to be volatilized. Suppose the metal under observation be zinc. A piece the size of a pea is laid in the carbon cup, the upper pole is brought in contact with it, when the intense heat of the electric current quickly volatilizes a portion of the metal. The light now given off is mixed with that of the glowing carbon; but by withdrawing the upper pole a little, the carbon glows less, and an arc of luminous zinc vapor becomes the principal source of light. When this is looked at through a prism the spectrum of zinc is seen—one red band and three



ABSORPTION SPECTRA.

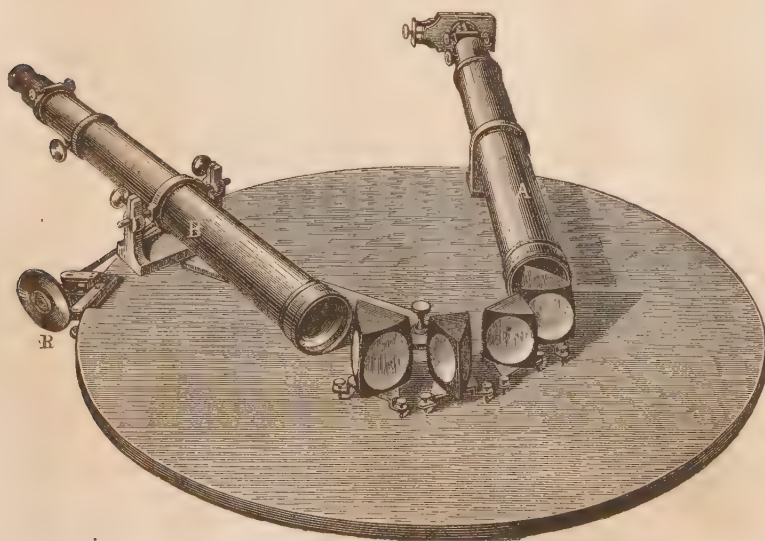
beautiful bright blue bands—on a faintly colored background, the spectrum of the white light of the glowing carbon. In like manner the spectrum lines of other metals may be studied, the electric spark readily volatilizing the most refractory. In case the substance under examination be compound, the spectra of the several elements appear together, or one after another in the order of their volatility. For instance, if a piece of brass be submitted to the current, not only the four zinc lines appear in the spectrum, but also the three green bands characteristic of its other element, copper.

When an easily volatilized element, say our familiar sodium, is subjected to the electric current, a most remarkable phenomenon appears. To prevent the eclipse of the yellow sodium light by the intense white light of incandescent carbon, the two poles must be separated after the first contact rather farther than usual, to subdue the carbon light and increase that of the sodium. The spectrum of this element, it will be remembered, consists of a single yellow line (or, more correctly, two lines so close together that they appear as one, except when examined by powerful instruments). As soon



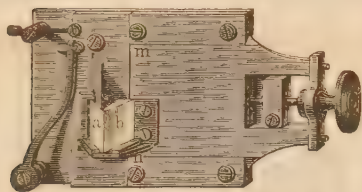
REVERSAL OF SODIUM LINE (PROJECTED ON SCREEN).

as the electric current begins to pass, this brilliant yellow double line appears; but in a few seconds it darkens, and a sharply defined black line takes its place. The bright yellow sodium line has become, like the mysterious black lines of Fraunhofer, a shadow line, which continues as long as the combustion of the sodium lasts. It is plain that the presence of sodium in the source of a light may show itself under certain conditions in a black line in the spectrum of that light; in other words, it may cause the absorption of a portion of its own radiance. But how? The answer to this question is the key to solar chemistry—the grandest triumph of modern science.



KIRCHHOFF'S SPECTROSCOPE.

Since white light is made up of rays of every color, it is evident that any substance which transmits less than white light, that is colored light, must have the power to stop, or absorb, a portion of the rays. It rarely happens that any material is transparent to one color only, though to the unaided eye it may appear so. Glass which seems to transmit pure ruby red light alone is shown by the prism to allow some orange and yellow



PRISM OF COMPARISON.

rays to pass through also, while it stops entirely the green, blue, and violet rays. Cobalt blue glass transmits some violet and green rays besides the blue, but absorbs all the red rays. Colored liquids act in a similar manner, though their absorptive power is generally more decided.

In certain cases colorless liquids—for example, clear solutions of the salts of the rare metal didymium—possess the power of absorbing from white light certain definite rays, so as to produce characteristic absorption spectra by which the metal can be recognized when present even in very minute quantities; and it is remarkable that, although these didymium absorption bands are black, and serve as such a certain test of the presence of the metal, the portion of the light absorbed is so small that the solution appears colorless. The delicacy of this absorption test is so extreme that the thousandth part of a grain of the red coloring matter of blood gives the characteristic spectrum of blood with beautiful distinctness.

Unlike colored liquids which give wide absorption bands, eclipsing sometimes whole groups of colors in the spectrum, colored gases exhibit only fine black lines; these, however, are sometimes so numerous and close-set that they produce shaded bands of considerable width and intensity. If a hollow glass globe be filled with the red vapor of nitrous acid, and the transmitted light be examined with a prism, the spectrum will be crossed by multitudes of dark lines which quite eclipse the violet portion. In like manner the violet vapor of iodine obscures the orange, yellow and green of the spectrum; and so other vapors and gases yield peculiar spectra by which they may be recognized. But this is not the most significant

fact in connection with the absorption spectra of gases. As demonstrated by the careful observations of Ångström, Stokes, and Kirchhoff, all gases and vapors in transmitting light absorb or impair precisely those rays which they themselves emit when rendered luminous, while they remain perfectly transparent to all other rays.

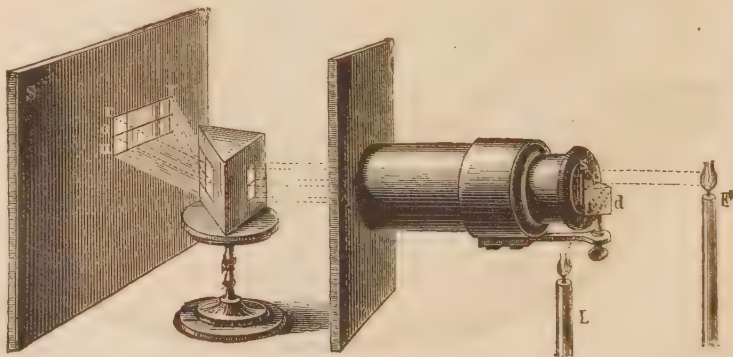
In describing the memorable experiment which gave him this key to the solution of the mystery of the black lines of the solar spectrum, Professor Kirchhoff says: "In order to test in the most direct manner possible the frequently asserted fact of the coincidence of the sodium lines with the lines D, I obtained a tolerably bright solar spectrum, and brought a flame colored by sodium in front of the slit. I then saw the dark lines D change into bright ones. The flame of a Bunsen's lamp threw the *bright* sodium lines upon the solar spectrum with unexpected brilliancy. In order to find out the extent to which the intensity of the solar spectrum could be increased without impairing the distinctness of the sodium lines, I allowed the full sun light to shine through the sodium flame, and to my astonishment I saw that the *dark* lines D appeared with an extraordinary degree of clearness.

"I then exchanged the sun-light for the Drummond or oxyhydrogen lime-light, which, like the light of all incandescent solid or liquid bodies, gives a spectrum containing no dark lines.

"When this light was allowed to fall through a suitable flame colored by common salt, *dark* lines were seen in the spectrum in the position of the sodium lines."

Prof. Kirchhoff next used the light of platinum wire raised to incandescence by an electric current: The same reversion of the sodium line appeared!

Here is plainly an explanation of the myste-



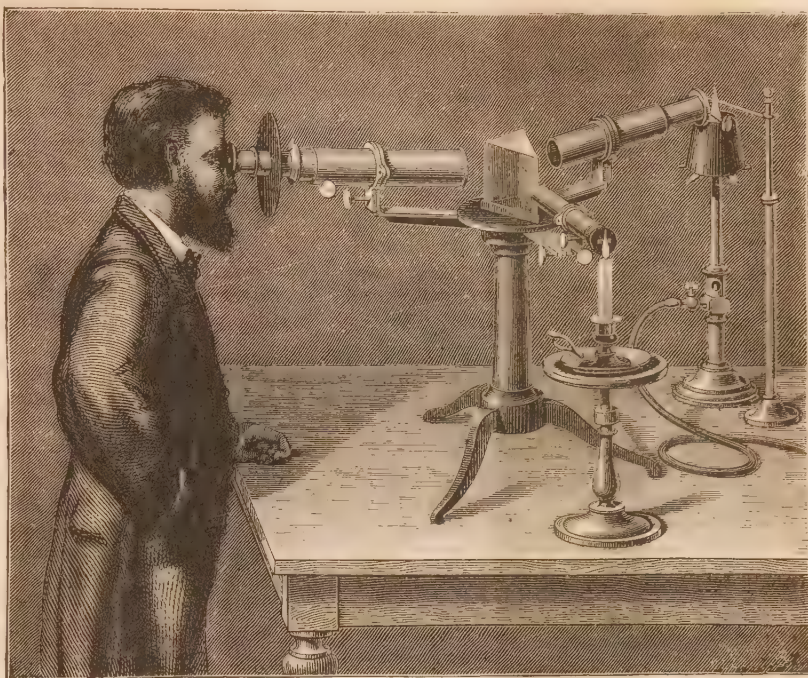
THE DOUBLE SPECTRUM.

rious reversal of the yellow sodium double line in our experiment some paragraphs above. As soon as the electric current began to pass, a portion of the sodium was converted into luminous vapor, which gave its characteristic line in the spectrum. In a little while the luminous vapor about the sodium became enveloped in a cloud of cooled non-luminous sodium vapor, which sufficed to extinguish the characteristic sodium rays and convert the bright lines into shadow lines.

What is true of sodium proves true of other substances; the characteristic bright lines of each are changed into dark lines when its light is passed through its own vapor.

Hereupon arises a momentous question: Is the sun a repetition of our sodium experiment on a grand scale? And do the other lines of Fraunhofer correspond with the reversal spectra of known substances?

To settle these questions Kirchhoff set to work to compare the spectra of other terrestrial substances with the solar spectrum, to determine whether any of their lines corresponded in position, breadth, and intensity with the dark lines mapped by Fraunhofer. In these investigations he employed a spectroscope of four prisms with a telescope having a magnifying power of 40. The prisms, as shown in the accompanying illustration, were mounted on small brass tripods, so that they could be easily placed in the right position on a horizontal table. One tube carried at the end to be directed toward the sun a narrow slit for the admission of the sun-ray, and a reflecting prism, or prism of comparison, to be described below. The telescope received the widely diverging

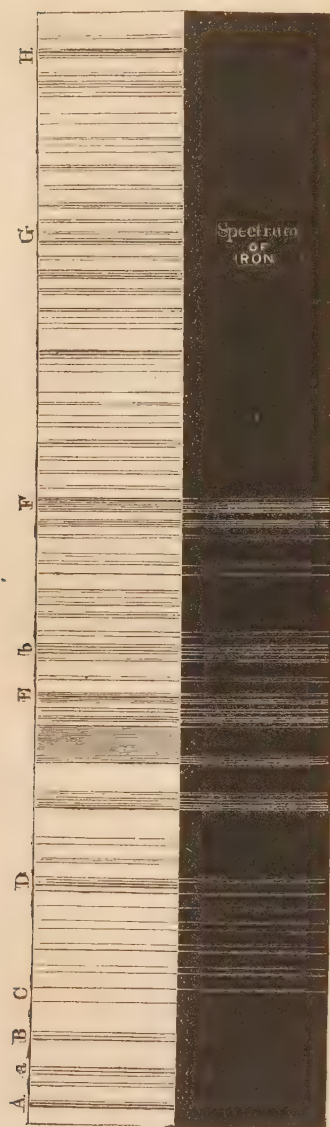


THE COMPOUND SPECTROSCOPE.

rays of the solar spectrum from the last prism, and could be moved by a micrometer screw so as to determine in angular measurement the distance between any of the dark lines. In front of the lower half of the slit (the upper half being left free and arranged so as to be made wider or narrower at will) was placed an equilateral glass prism, which cut off from this portion of the slit all the light falling directly upon it, while it received obliquely and transmitted through the slit the light from any incandescent substance whose spectrum was to be compared with that of the sun. The following figure shows on a screen the projection of the double spectrum thus formed. From the extreme sensitiveness of the eye to the exact coincidence of lines of spectra so placed, this mode of comparison forms one of the most important methods of spectrum analysis.

For the ready comparison of known with unknown spectra, spectroscopists are accustomed to have always at hand small wax or tallow candles, prepared with wicks impregnated with the various metallic compounds of chlorine, and these they employ as a secondary source of light.

The artificial light used by Kirchhoff was generally that of the induction spark from a powerful Rhumkorff coil, with electrodes of



COINCIDENCE OF THE SPECTRUM OF IRON
WITH 65 FRAUNHOFER LINES.

such metals as he wished to 'volatilize' in order to obtain their spectra. By patiently comparing these with the dark lines of the solar spectrum he arrived at the surprising and most significant result that not the sodium lines alone, but the spectrum lines of many other metals are coincident with the same number of dark lines in the solar spectrum; a result amply confirmed by the observations of other investigators.

In the portion of the spectrum published by Kirchhoff there are, for example, some sixty bright lines of iron, all of which correspond exactly with as many Fraunhofer

are thus more than the four hundred and sixtieth power of two to *one* against the supposition that there is no iron in the sun, a ratio whose magnitude forbids the setting down of its numerical representatives here.

The spectrum lines of sodium, potassium, calcium, magnesium, manganese, chromium, nickel and hydrogen proclaim their relationship with solar lines with similar positiveness. They agree with corresponding Fraunhofer lines not only in position but in breadth and intensity. In the case of the metals zinc, copper, cobalt, gold, titanium, aluminium, and barium the coincidence is only partial, their brightest lines only corresponding with solar lines. On the other hand, the spectra of the metals silver, mercury, antimony, arsenic, tin, lead, cadmium, strontium, and lithium show no coincidence with Fraunhofer lines; and the same is true of the two non-metallic substances silicon and oxygen. There are besides certain solar lines which have no counterpart in the spectra of known substances.

But this is not all that the spectroscope tells of the composition of our great luminary, nor the most important. It has given us an entirely new conception of the physical constitution of the sun, a conception utterly opposed to that previously held by astronomers, yet one whose general accuracy as propounded by Kirchhoff has been marvelously justified by the results of subsequent investigations. According to this view the sun consists of a solid or partially liquid nucleus in the highest state of incandescence, which emits, like all incandescent solid or liquid bodies, light which would give a continuous spectrum not crossed by dark lines.* This incandescent nucleus is surrounded by an atmosphere of lower temperature containing, on account of the extreme heat of the nucleus, the vapors of many of the substances composing the central body. The white light emitted by the nucleus must pass through this atmosphere before reaching the earth, and lose by the way such rays as the constituent vapors of the solar atmosphere would emit if raised to an incandescent state. The interrupted rays are chiefly such as are emitted by the vapors of terres-

lines. According to the law of probability, the likelihood that such a coincidence is accidental, in comparison with the supposition that these lines really make known the presence of iron in the sun, is in the ratio of one to the sixtieth power of two, that is, as 1 to 1,152,930,000,000,000,000. Ångström and Thalén have made the comparison of these lines much more elaborate, finding a coincidence of more than four hundred and sixty iron lines with an equal number of dark lines in the solar spectrum. The chances

* Recent experimenters have shown that under certain conditions of temperature and pressure *gases* may be made to give unbroken spectra like solids and liquids. Hence the incandescent nucleus of the sun may be gaseous; this, however, does not militate against the remainder of Kirchhoff's theory. The cooler strata of vapors surrounding a glowing nucleus of gas would cause absorption lines just the same as if the incandescent center were liquid or solid.

trial substances when made self-luminous ; consequently the vapors of these substances must exist in the atmosphere of the sun, and in all probability in the central body of the sun.

It is impossible to pursue the subject further—to enlarge upon the astounding revelations of the spectroscope in the field of solar physic, touching the nature of sun-spots, the chromosphere, and so on ; much less to speak of the knowledge it gives of the nature and constitution of the rest of the heavenly

bodies. The writer must be content with the hope that he may have attained not too imperfectly his single purpose, to retrace the long and delicate path of discovery, which step by step has led up to the chemical analysis of our great luminary, noting only those discoveries which are of fundamental importance. The illustrations, which have so materially aided in the presentation of the history, are from Appleton's edition of Dr. Schellen's excellent treatise on Spectrum Analysis.

COVERT.

ONE day, when sunny fields lay warm and still,
 And from their tufted hillocks, thick and sweet
 With moss, and pine, and ferns, such spicy heat
 Rose up, it seemed the air to over-fill,
 And quicken every sense with subtle thrill,
 I rambled on with careless, aimless feet,
 And lingered idly, finding all so sweet.

Sudden, almost beneath my footsteps' weight,
 Almost before the sunny silence heard
 Their sound, from a low bush which scarcely stirred
 A twig at lightening of its hidden freight,
 Flew, frightened from her nest, the small brown mate
 Of some melodious, joyous soaring bird,
 Whose song that instant high in air I heard.

"Ah, Heart," I said, "when days are warm and sweet,
 And sunny hours for very joy are still,
 And every sense feels subtle, languid thrill
 Of voiceless memory's renewing heat,—
 Fly not at sound of strangers' aimless feet !
 Of thy love's loving song drink all thy fill !
 Thy hiding-place is safe. Glad heart, keep still.

BORROWING AS A SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THAT one-half the world does not know how the other half lives is a trite maxim, and it may be added, that it does not care. This lack of knowledge is said to have been recently supplied by the discovery that the one-half subsists by borrowing of the other. There is a broad foundation for this opinion, as residents of large cities, notably New York, must ere this have found. This Republic is the Oceana of borrowers, and the Metropolis, in their regard, is as the Floating Isles of Morelli.

In the Old World, customs and positions are so established, the social lines so clearly drawn, that these are seldom crossed, and those seldom infringed. On this side of the Atlantic, communities are as yet somewhat chaotic, and individuality is so strong that it contemns conventionality, and trenches upon all prerogative. Here, more than elsewhere, he is the best man who wins, and having clearly reached the upper part of the ladder, there is little heed of the manner of his climbing. All the conditions of the country, especially in its commercial centers, being formative and fluent, extraordinary facilities are furnished for pretenders, charlatans and adventurers of every conceivable variety. Money-borrowers embrace all these, and indeed represent as many characters as Shakespeare's page. Their vocation long since developed to a profession, yea, an art—the falsest of professions and the vilest of arts.

It was an aphorism among the Latins, now worn threadbare, that no one was ever utterly base of a sudden; nor was any man, it may be inferred, a money-borrower from the start. (By the term is meant exactly what it conveys—a fellow who always borrows, but never returns, and has no intention of returning.) He may be self-indulgent and inconsiderate; but he is, if not honest, at least not positively dishonest at the outset. He seeks, at first, temporary accommodation, and, though willing others should take the risk of their loans, his purpose is to pay on an early occasion, or at least when convenient. He does return what he borrows for a while; but he finds, ere long, that he cannot redeem his promises, and that it is, moreover, so much easier to deceive and lie, so much pleasanter (to him) to get money than to pay it back, that the pernicious habit becomes fixed. He steadily goes from indirection and prevarication to unblushing falsehood and premeditated swindling. His moral consciousness grows more and more blunted as he continues to prey upon

the careless or the credulous. After a certain apprenticeship to the nefarious trade, he does with deliberation what, in the beginning, he would have believed himself incapable of under any circumstances. He comes to consider what he has managed to borrow in the past as his rightful income in the future.

Nothing can be more degrading than this practice, for any time continued. It fastens itself upon, becomes a part of the character—not to be cured, not to be expelled, not to be alleviated by any power resident in the brain or conscience. Albeit not so debasing outwardly, nor so hurtful to the mind as intemperance, it is more insidious and more tenacious. Habitual intoxication is such an alarming extremity, there is likely to be some reaction from it, and there is a persistent effort on the part of relatives and friends to drag a drunkard out of the slough into which he has fallen. Instances of reformed inebriates are very common, as they are of reformed rakes, reformed gamblers, reformed rogues of divers sorts; but the examples of professional money-borrowers who have abandoned their calling, while there was a penny to be had by ingenious knavery, are too infrequent for citation. Money-borrowing becomes by long indulgence a passion that destroys the moral perceptions; extinguishes the quality of industry; obliterates every notion of individual right and personal property. On this last rest all government, law and civilization, in sooth; hence, he who disregards right and property habitually is a self-declared outlaw,—an enemy, in the craftiest, and, therefore, the most dangerous form, of the whole body of society.

Many borrowers are made, and continue to be such, from vicious courses; but, even when these are surrendered, the borrowing, which was a consequence, goes on as an independent cause, producing new and still worse effects. To owe money that the owner might pay if he would, leaves a taint in the blood, an obliquity in the mind that neither medicine nor ethics can reach. The borrower soon finds his indebtedness so far beyond his present and prospective means of liquidation that he sinks to a state of financial desperation, and henceforward is reckless and shameless in his confidential plundering. The main mischief is that he does not take from those who can afford to lose, nor from those who have gotten easily the sums they lend. If the borrower could, by his adroit trickery, cajole wealthy hunkses and prospe-

rous corruptionists, while his dishonesty would not be less, the harm he did would be.

Howbeit such persons cannot be duped. They would not usually lend money to their grandmothers without taking mortgage on the old ladies' souls. They turn away from prayers upon famishing lips, and from the most plaintive voice of suffering. They are not likely to be caught by chaff, such old birds as they. The trained borrower would as soon seek charity from a corporation as strive to get a dollar from those animated ironclads. He goes to the warm-hearted possessing slender purses; for his experience has taught him that the hand gives quickest that holds the least. He appeals and robs by sacred words, and, worse than all, commits a crime against nature by ruining the faith of his victims in their fellows. Afterward, when besought by worthiness and desert, when kindness would be a benison, they remember how they have been beguiled by pretenses just as fair, and they withhold the grace that would have crowned the act, and made courtesy a precious memory. He is the Mephistopheles of society; substituting evil for good, and stabbing sweetest truth with the two-edged poniard of mistrust and unbelief. His profession renders him pitiless; going from one victim to another, he reckons not of the pain and desolation he has wrought. He is absorbed by that abnormal venality which wheedles and worms out of others the substance it squanders on itself.

Politeness is said to come from the East; to flourish most where liberty is least. The facility to borrow money is greatest in the West. He who would get cash without collaterals should follow the course of the sun. Naturally, social centers provide the most fertile field for cozeners.

In Smyrna and Constantinople, borrowers, in our sense, scarcely exist. In Naples and Vienna there are not many; in Paris and London they have increased, and on this side of the sea they are rife. Boston has few compared with Chicago, and in San Francisco they are quadruple what they are in Chicago. This city, however, exceeds, as I have said, all other cities in such financial fungi, because it is cosmopolitan, shifting, heedless,—the rendezvous of the Republic, the camp of the Continent. All roads lead to Rome: all sharpers and adventurers gravitate to the metropolis.

There are two persons who can find you in New York—the woman who loves you, and the man who wants to borrow money of

you. The former may be disheartened; the latter never can be. He will hunt you to the top of Trinity spire, and catch you *tête-à-tête* in the cave of Central Park. Duns are pronounced the abhorred of gods and men; but borrowers should be tenfold detested. Those ask only for their own; these demand, and take, the property of others.

Wall Street is the clearing house of the Western Hemisphere, and Broadway is regarded as the nation's purse, from which every cunning hand is privileged to filch what it may. The New-Yorker of experience who is not out at elbows, or bulletined as a vagabond, feels conscious there are always a hundred men, at least, in different quarters of the country with eye or mind fixed upon him in order to negotiate a loan. Constantly streaming into town, they never think of him until, having scattered their fund in their fun, they look for him to replenish their purse. If a careful observer, he recognizes them at once; detects in their appearance and manner the amount they want, and makes up his mind, before they ask, how much he can spare, or, in other words, afford to lose. Should he be monetarily easy, also liberal and polite, he will assume to believe their story as well as their promise to pay. He will hand them the amount with a smile, absolutely certain that the day on which the debt will be refunded will be beyond the Day of Judgment. Something less than a thousand such experiences will wear off the novelty of being transparently swindled, and the once careless Gothamite will wax so sordid and so heartless as to decline making any further life-long investments without interest in diaphanous scoundrels. Repeated imposition seals the sources of sympathy like continued prosperity.

You need not live here very long to get the gauge of borrowers, and to give them a certain classification. You can tell by the character of their application the length of time they have been in the business, as the rattles of a rattlesnake are vulgarly thought to indicate the years of its age. The borrower generally begins with wanting five hundred dollars, and adheres to this sum for a twelvemonth. During that period he drains the market, and then drops down to two hundred dollars. Six months later he can be prevailed upon to accept one hundred dollars, to be returned positively the following day. His complexion changes with the waning weeks, and he who must have one hundred dollars or nothing in September, will be grateful in November for a temporary

accommodation of fifty. The descent of Avernus is easy. Even fifty dollars is not a fixed color: it will fade into forty, thirty, twenty ere the winter has gone, and with the returning May—to such a state are the prints of unsuccessful aspiration and haughty poverty reduced—the remaining hue will not be higher than ten, or even five. There are degenerate souls so oblivious of their early ambition that they will ultimately consent to solicit the loan of a dollar or its fractions. They often get it from sheer commiseration; and yet so lost are they to sense of manly dignity, so ignorant of the laws of political economy, that they refuse to invest a dime in arsenic at the corner drug-store.

It would seem as if the city had been districted by borrowers, each district having its infesters. The leading hotels, or rather their patrons, are laid under contribution by these financial pests, who take their position at stated hours, and ply their trade perseveringly from season to season. These are the fellows who, having exhausted the metropolitan mine, are following the stronger lode. They are better acquainted with the arrivals in town than the drummers themselves. They scan the registers as antiquarians would a mouldering inscription, and greet with fulsome flattery and cordial hand-shaking every provincialist they have ever encountered. Their accidents are chronic; their misfortunes unvarying. They have always lost their pocket-book, or left it at home; they have been suddenly called out of town, or have received a dispatch requiring immediate answer. They have failed to receive an expected remittance; their wife is very ill, or their child has just died; they must have money or go mad. (It may be noted here that they rarely go half so mad as the credulous creatures do after lending them.)

A gentleman blessed with a good memory, and cursed with frequent approaches of petitioners for call-loans, declares that one of these tricksters has been bereaved during the past six months of offspring to the number of ninety-eight, and has become a widower not less than sixty times. Who can regard without profoundest pity a mortal struggling under such an accumulation of sorrows, and not respond pecuniarily? Like rhetorical questions are put by the borrower. He who answers them with his pocket-book may charge its contents perpetually to Profit and Loss.

New York has thousands of regular borrowers, and volunteers are entering the strategic army daily and hourly. The ranks are

always full to overflowing, and masterly advances are constantly making on the foe, who is hoodwinked by the pretext that he is a friend. The foe is any gull or generous fellow who hates to say no, or gives to his persecutor the benefit of the doubt. The foe can win little glory by resistance; his wisest course is retreat, and he is apt to do so finally, though not before his *porte-monnaie* bears many humiliating scars.

It is lamentable to think how many borrowers there are, growing more and more professional, who would yet be deeply hurt if told that they are not honorable. Outside of business, the rules of which are enforced by certain penalties, the proportion of men who borrow and pay is startlingly small. Ask those of large experience, and they will inform you that not more than one out of fifty persons asking without some just claim of intimacy or circumstance, for pecuniary accommodation, will offer, of his own volition, to return what he has borrowed. It is safe to say that any loan made to any mere acquaintance, except under extraordinary circumstances, will render him, in quite another than the courteous meaning, a lasting debtor. You can count upon your fingers, I venture to assert, all the members of your social circle to whom you can lend money on their word, with any certainty of its prompt or promised return.

It seems vulgar to esteem character as based in any way upon money; and yet that it is so based daily observation teaches. It is very little for anybody to pay his debts—it is one of the first and most patent obligations to ourselves and others—but it is very much not to pay them. The man who neglects, or is careless of, what he owes materially, is equally neglectful or careless of what he owes spiritually. Debt of any kind undermines, debases, debauches. Many creatures of common clay make it a rule to discharge all dues: they are simply just, and nothing more. But you cannot produce a man following the opposite course, in whose nature there is not an irremediable flaw. He may be kind-hearted, spasmodically self-sacrificing, may have noble instincts; but he must be weak and shuffling, without principle, barren of the spirit of fidelity and rectitude. He slips on the sand; he is not built on the rock. Circumstances have made, and circumstances may mar him. He shines by reflected hues; he has no color of his own. No strength of purpose, no element of power is in him. The edifice that is reared on a frail foundation may be graceful and attractive, but it is

perilous to its nearest admirers, and its beauty is for a day. To the willful debtor, Life cannot be a creditor. No fine-spun theory will hide his defects; no sentimental apology will ever set him right who is constitutionally wrong. Numerous mean fellows have been and are conscientious respecting their debts;

but no really good or noble fellows voluntarily neglect their debts. The true gentleman, recognized everywhere by the free-masonry of his order, cannot afford to owe. Reverence for himself prevents the smallest injustice to others, and on the arch of Justice he raises his Ideal.

MY SONG.

At morn I watch with wide-oped, eager eyes
The royal sun's ascent through shining skies;
At morn I say, Sad soul, perhaps to thee,
To-day, this king will offer graciously
The gift thou cravest; be serene and strong;
Unwearied waiting gains reward ere long.

Bright hours speed past; I watch the sun decline,
But cannot call the wished-for blessing mine;
The wind unto the voice of my regret
Makes answer only, "Ah! not yet, not yet."
At night I pray and wrestle; planets keep
Their still, cold smiles, unheeding when I weep.

O God, have mercy! I am but a child,
Weak, ignorant, enthralled by yearnings wild.
Thou art Compassion; Thou dost send the dew
On noiseless pinions downward from the blue,
To set the flowers from their bud-prisons free;
And hast Thou no deliverance for me?

To grant my prayer, would be an easy thing
To Thee, dear Lord; I only ask to sing
A little song, so true and strangely sweet,
That though it be not wise nor e'en complete,
The tired world, while going to and fro,
More glad and faithful, hearing it, shall grow.

I will not doubt; behold! the mounting sun
Again proclaims the night's long vigil done.
I, still aspiring to the blessing great,
Can do no more than pray, and, praying, wait.
But what, O soul, if it indeed should be
That God, this day, should send a song to thee!

ARTHUR BONNICASTLE.



"CLAIRE'S HAND LIGHTED THE CANDLE WITH WHICH I LED HIM TO HIS ROOM."

CHAPTER IV.

AT an early hour on the following morning, dressed in my best, I went to pay my respects to Mrs. Sanderson at The Mansion. As I walked along over the ground, stiffened with the autumn frost, wondering how "my dear Aunt" would receive me, it seemed as if I had lived half a lifetime since my father led me over the same road, on my first visit to the same lady. I felt older and larger and more independent. As I passed Mr. Bradford's house, I looked at the windows, hoping to see the little girl again, and feeling that in my holiday clothes I could meet her eyes unabashed. But she did not appear, nor did I get a sight of Mr. Bradford.

The autumn was now in its glory, and, as I reached the summit of the hill, I could not resist the temptation to pause and look off upon the meadows and the distant country. I stood under a maple, full of the tender light of lemon-colored leaves, while my feet were buried among their fallen fellows with which the ground was carpeted. The sounds of the town reached my ears mellowed into music by the distance, the smoke from a hundred chimneys rose straight into the sky, the river was a mirror for everything upon it, around it and above it, and all the earth was

a garden of gigantic flowers. For that one moment my life was full. With perfect health in my veins, and all my sensibilities excited by the beauty before me, my joy was greater in living than any words can express. Nothing but running, or shouting, or singing, or in some way violently spending the life thus swelled to its flood, could give it fitting utterance; but as I was near The Mansion all these were denied me, and I went on, feeling that passing out of the morning sunlight into a house would be like going into a prison. Before reaching the door I looked at the stable, and saw the old horse with his head out of one window, and Jenks' face occupying another. Jenks and the horse looked at one another and nodded, as much as to say: "That is the little fellow we brought over from Hillsborough yesterday."

That Mrs. Sanderson saw me under the tree, and watched every step of my progress to the house, was evident, for when I mounted the steps, and paused between the sleeping lions, the door swung upon its hinges, and there stood the little old woman in the neatest of morning toilets. She had expected me, and had prepared to receive me.

"And how is Master Bonnicastle this pleasant morning?" she said as I entered.

I was prepared to be led into any mani-

festation of respect or affection which her greeting might suggest, and this cheery and flattering address moved me to grasp both her hands, and tell her that I was very well and very happy. It did not move me to kiss her, or to expect a kiss from her. I had never been called "Master" Bonnicastle before, and the new title seemed as if it were intended so to elevate me as to place me at a distance.

Retaining one of my hands, she conducted me to a large drawing-room, into which she had admitted the full glow of the morning light, and seating me, drew a chair near to me for herself, where she could look me squarely in the face. Then she led me into a talk about Mr. and Mrs. Bird, and my life at school. She played the part of a listener well, and flattered me by her little comments, and her almost deferential attention. I do her the justice to believe that she was not altogether playing a part, thoroughly pre-considered, for I think she was really interested and amused. My presence and my report of what was going on in one little part of the great world which was so far removed from the pursuits of her lonely life were refreshing influences. Seeing that she was really interested, my tongue ran on without restraint, until I had told all I had to tell. Many times, when I found myself tempted to exaggerate, I checked my vagrant speech with corrections and qualifications, determined that my old fault should have no further sway.

"Well, my boy," she said at last, in a tone of great kindness, "I find you much improved. Now let us go up-stairs and see what we can discover there."

I followed her up the dark old stairway into a chamber whose windows commanded a view of the morning sun and the town.

"How lovely this is!" I exclaimed.

"You like it, then?" she responded with a gratified look.

"Yes," I said, "I think it is the prettiest room I ever saw."

"Well, Master Bonnicastle, this is your room. This new paper on the walls and all this new furniture I bought for you. Whenever you want a change from your house, which you know is rather small, and not exactly the thing for a young gentleman like you, you will find this room ready for you. There are the drawers for your linen, and there is the closet for your other clothes, and here is your mirror, and this is a pin-cushion which I have made for you with my own hands."

She said this, walking from one object named to another, until she had shown me all the appointments of the chamber.

I was speechless and tearful with delight. And this was all mine! And I was a young gentleman, with the prettiest room in the grandest house of Bradford at my command! It was like a dream to me, bred as I had been in the strait simplicity of poverty. Young as I was, I had longed for just this—for something around me in my real life that should correspond with my dreams of life. Already the homely furniture of my father's house, and the life with which it was associated, seemed mean—almost wretched; and I was distressed by my sympathy for those whom I should leave behind in rising to my new estate. By some strange intuition I knew that it would not do to speak to my benefactress of my love for my father. I was full of the thought that my love had been purchased, and fairly paid for. I belonged to Mrs. Sanderson. She who had expended so much money for me, without any reward, had a right to me, and all of my society and time that she desired. If she had asked me to come to her house and make it my only home, I should have promised to do so without reserve, but she did not do this. She was too wise. She did not intend to exact anything from me, but I have no doubt that she took the keenest delight in witnessing the operation and consummation of her plans for gaining an ascendancy over my affections, my will, and my life.

Her revelations produced in me a strange disposition to silence which neither she nor I knew how to break. I was troubled with the fear that I had not expressed sufficient gratitude for her kindness, yet I did not know how to say more. At length she said: "I saw you under the maple: what were you thinking about there?"

"I was wondering if the world was not made in the fall," I replied.

"Ah?"

"Yes," I continued, "it seemed to me as if God must have stood under that same maple tree, when the leaves were changing, and saw that it was all very good."

With something of her old asperity she said she wished my boyish fancies would change as well as the leaves.

"I cannot help having them," I replied, "but if you don't like them I shall never speak of them again."

"Now I tell you what I think," said she, assuming her pleasant tone again. "I think

you would like to be left alone for a little while."

"Oh! I should like to be alone here in my own room ever so much!" I responded.

"You can stay here until dinner, if you wish," she said, and then she bent down and kissed my forehead, and retired.

I listened as she descended the stairs, and when I felt that she was far enough away, I rose, and carefully locked my door. Then I went to the mirror to see whether I knew myself, and to find what there was in me that could be addressed as "master," or spoken of as "a young gentleman." Then I ransacked the closet, and climbed to a high shelf in it, with the vague hope that the portrait which had once excited my curiosity was hidden there. Finding nothing I had not previously seen, I went to the window, and sat down to think.

I looked off upon the town, and felt myself lifted immeasurably above it and all its plodding cares and industries. This was mine. It had been won without an effort. It had come to me without a thought or a care. I believed there was not a boy in the whole town who possessed its equal, and I wondered what there was in me that should call forth such munificence from my benefactress. If my good fortune as a boy were so great, what brilliant future awaited my manhood? Then I thought of my father, working humbly and patiently, day after day, for bread for his family, and of the tender love which I knew his heart held for me, and I wondered why God should lay so heavy a burden upon him and so marvelously favor me. Would it not be mean to take this good fortune and sell my love of him and of home for it? Oh! if I could only bring them all here, to share my sweeter lot, I should be content, but I could not even speak of this to the woman who had bestowed it on me.

It all ended in a sweet and hearty fit of crying, in which I sobbed until the light faded out of my eyes, and I went to sleep. I had probably slept two hours when a loud knock awakened me, and staggering to my feet, and recognizing at last the new objects around me, I went to the door, and found Jenks, in his white apron, who told me that dinner was waiting for me. I gave a hurried glance at the mirror and was startled to find my eyes still red; but I could not wait. As he made way for me to pass down before him, he whispered: "Come to the stable as soon as you can after dinner. The Atlas and compasses are ready."

I remembered then that he had borrowed

the former of me on the way home, and secreted it under the seat of the chaise.

Mrs. Sanderson was already seated when I entered the dining-room.

"Your eyes are red," she said quickly.

"I have been asleep, I think," I responded.

Jenks mumbled something, and commenced growling. His mistress regarded me closely, but thought best not to push inquiries further.

Conversation did not promise to be lively, especially in the presence of a third party, between whom and myself there existed a guilty secret which threatened to sap the peace of the establishment.

At length I said: "Oh! I did not think to tell you anything about my chum."

"What is his name?" she inquired.

"His name is Henry Hulm," I replied; and then I went on at length to describe his good qualities and to tell what excellent friends we had been. "He is not a bit like me," I said, "he is so steady and quiet."

"Do you know anything about his people?" inquired the lady.

"No, he never says anything about them, and I am afraid he is poor," I replied.

"How does he dress?"

"Not so well as I do, but he is the neatest and carefullest boy in school."

"Perhaps you would like to invite him here to spend your vacation with you, when you come home again," she suggested.

"May I? can I?" I eagerly inquired.

"Certainly. If he is a good, respectable boy, and you would like him for a companion here, I should be delighted to have you bring him."

"Oh! I thank you: I am so glad! I'm sure he'll come, and he can sleep in my room with me."

"That will please you very much, will it not?" and the lady smiled with a lively look of gratification.

I look back now with mingled pity of my simple self and admiration of the old lady who thus artfully wove her toils about me. She knew she must not alarm my father, or imprison me, or fail to make me happy in the gilded trap she had set for me. All her work upon me was that of a thorough artist. What she wanted was to sever me and my sympathy from my father and his home, and to make herself and her house the center of my life. She saw that my time would pass slowly if I had no companion; and Henry's coming would be likely to do more than anything to hold me. My pride would certainly

move me to bring him to my room, and she would manage the rest.

After dinner, I asked liberty to go to the stable. I was fond of horses and all domestic animals. I made my request in the presence of Jenks, and that whimsical old hypocrite had the hardihood to growl and grumble and mutter as if he regarded the presence of a boy in the stable as a most offensive intrusion upon his special domain. I could not comprehend such duplicity, and looked at him inquiringly.

"Don't mind Jenks," said Madame: "he's a fool."

Jenks went growling out of the room, but, as he passed me, I caught the old cunning look in his little eyes, and followed him. When the door was closed he cut a pigeon-wing, and ended by throwing one foot entirely over my head. Then he whispered: "You go out and stay there until I come. Don't disturb anything." So I went out, thinking him quite the nimblest and queerest old fellow I had ever seen.

I passed half an hour patting the horse's head, calling the chickens around me, and wondering what the plans of Jenks would be. At length he appeared. Walking tiptoe into the stable, he said: "The old woman is down for a nap, and we've got two good hours for a voyage. Now, messmate, let's up sails and be off!"

At this he seized a long rope which depended from one of the great beams above, and pulled away with a "Yo! heave oh" *sotto voce* (letting it slide through his hands at every call), as if an immense spread of canvas was to be the result.

"Belay there!" he said at last, in token that his ship was under way, and the voyage begun.

"It's a bit cold, my hearty, and now for a turn on the quarter-deck," he said, as he grasped my hand, and walked with me back and forth across the floor. I was seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter, but walked with him, nothing loth. "Now we plow the billow," said Jenks. "This is what I call gay."

After giving our blood a jog, and getting into a glow, he began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" I inquired.

"She made me promise that I wouldn't tease or trouble you, she did," and then he laughed again. "Oh yes; Jenks is a fool, he is. Jenks is a tremendous fool." Then he suddenly sobered, and suggested that it was time to examine our chart. Dropping my hand, he went to a bin of oats, built like

a desk, and opening from the top with a falling lid. To this lid he had attached two legs by hinges of leather, which supported it at a convenient angle. Then he brought forth two three-legged milking-stools, and placed them before it, and plunging his hand deep down into the oats drew out my atlas, neatly wrapped in an old newspaper. This he opened before me, and we took our seats.

"Now where are we?" said Jenks.

I opened to the map of the world, and said: "Here is New York, and there is Boston. We can't be very far from either of 'em, but I think we are between 'em."

"Very well, let it be between 'em," said Jenks. "Now what?"

"Where will you go?" I inquired.

"I don't care where I go; let us have a big sail, now that we are in for it," he replied.

"Well, then, let's go to Great Britain," I said.

"Isn't there something that they call the English Channel?" inquired Jenks with a doubtful look.

"Yes, there is," and, cruising about among the fine type, I find it.

"Well, I don't like this idea of being out of sight of land. It's dangerous, and if you can't sleep, there is no place to go to. Let's steer straight for the English Channel—straight as a ramrod."

"But it will take a month," I said; "I have heard people say so a great many times."

"My! A month? Out of sight of land? No old woman and no curry-comb for a month? Hey de diddle! Very well, let it be a month. Hullo! it's all over! Here we are: now where are we on the map?"

"We seem to be pretty near to Paris," I said, "but we don't quite touch it. There must be some little places along here that are not put down. There's London, too: that doesn't seem to be a great ways off, but there's a strip of land between it and the water."

"Why, yes, there's Paris," said Jenks, looking out of the stable window, and down upon the town. "Don't you see? It's a fine city. I think I see just where Napoleon Bonaparte live's. But it's a wicked place; let's get away from it. Bear off now;" and so our imaginary bark, to use Jenks' large phrase, "swept up the channel."

Here I suggested that we had better take a map of Great Britain, and we should probably find more places to stop at. I found it

easily, with the "English Channel" in large letters.

"Here we are!" I said: "see the towns!"

"My! Ain't they thick!" responded Jenks. "What is that name running lengthwise there right through the water?"

"That's the 'Strait of Dover,'" I replied.

"Well, then, look out! We're running right into it! It's a confounded narrow place, any way. Bear away there; take the middle course. I've heard of their Straits of Dover before. They are dangerous; but we're through, we're through. Now where are we?"

"We are right at the mouth of the Thames," I replied, "and here is a river that leads straight up to London."

"Cruise off! cruise off!" said Jenks. "We're in an enemy's country. Sure enough, there's London;" and he looked out of the window with a fixed gaze, as if the dome of St. Paul's were as plainly in sight as his own nose. After satisfying himself with a survey of the great city, he remarked, interrogatively, "Haven't we had about enough of this? I want to go where the spicy breezes blow. Now that we have got our sea-legs on, let us make for the equator. Bring the ship round; here we go; now what?"

"We have got to cross the Tropic of Cancer, for all that I can see," said I.

"Can't we possibly dodge it?" inquired Jenks with concern.

"I don't see how we can," I replied. "It seems to go clean around."

"What is it, any way?" said he.

"It don't seem to be anything but a sort of dotted line," I answered.

"Oh well, never mind; we'll get along with that," he said encouragingly. "Steer between two dots, and hold your nose. My mother died of one of them things."

Here Jenks seized his nose with entire gravity, and held it until the imaginary danger was past. At last, with a red face, he inquired, "Are we over?"

"All over," I replied; "and now where do you want to go?"

"Isn't there something that they call the Channel of Mozambique?" said Jenks.

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, I've always thought it must be a splendid sheet of water. Yes: Channel of Mozambique—splendid sheet of water! Mozambique! Grand name, isn't it?"

"Why, here it is," said I, "away round here. We've got to run down the coast of Africa, and around the Cape of Good Hope,

and up into the Indian Ocean. Shall we touch anywhere?"

"No, I reckon it isn't best. The niggers will think we are after 'em, and we may get into trouble. But look here, boy! We've forgot the compasses. How we ever managed to get across the Atlantic without 'em is more than I know. That's one of the carelesst things I ever did. I don't suppose we could do it again in trying a thousand times."

Thereupon he drew from a corner of the oat-bin an old pair of carpenter's compasses, between which and the mariner's compass neither he nor I knew the difference, and said: "Now let us sail by compasses, in the regular way."

"How do you do it?" I inquired.

"There can't be but one way, as I see," he replied. "You put one leg down on the map, where you are, then put the other down where you want to go, and just sail for that leg."

"Well," said I, "here we are, close to the Canary Islands. Put one leg down there, and the other down here at St. Helena."

After considerable questioning and fumbling and adjusting of the compasses, they were held in their place by the ingenious navigator, while we drove for the lonely island. After a considerable period of silence, Jenks broke out with: "Doesn't she cut the water beautiful? It takes the Jane Whittlesey!"

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "I didn't know you had a name for her."

"Yes," said Jenks with a sigh—still holding fast to the compasses, as if our lives depended upon his faithfulness—"Jane Whittlesey has been the name of every vessel I ever owned. You know what I told you about that young woman?"

"Yes," I said, "and was that her name?"

Jenks nodded, and sighed again, still keeping his eye upon the outermost leg of the instrument, and holding it firmly in its place.

"Here we are," he exclaimed, at last. "Now let's double over and start again."

So the northern leg came around with a half circle, and went down at the Cape of Good Hope. The Tropic of Capricorn proved less dangerous than the northern corresponding line, and so, at last, sweeping around the cape, we brought that leg of the compasses which we had left behind toward the equator again, and, working up on the map, arrived at our destination.

"Well, here we are in the Channel of Mozambique," I said.

"What's that blue place there on the right hand side of it?" he inquired.

"That's the Island of Madagascar."

"You don't tell me!" he exclaimed.

"Well! I never expected to be so near that place. The Island of Madagascar! The Island of Mad-a-gas-car! Let's take a look at it."

Thereupon he rose and took a long look out of the window. "Elephants—mountains—tigers—monkeys—golden sands—cannibals," he exclaimed slowly, as he apprehended *seriatim* the objects he named. Then he elevated his nose, and began to sniff the air, as if some far-off odor had reached him on viewless wings. "Spicy breezes, upon my word!" he exclaimed. "Don't you notice em,' boy? Smell uncommonly like hay: what do you think?"

We had after this a long and interesting cruise, running into various celebrated ports, and gradually working toward home. I was too busy with the navigation to join Jenks in his views of the countries and islands which we passed on the voyage, but he enjoyed every league of the long and eventful sail. At last the Jane Whittlesey ran straight into Mrs. Sanderson's home inclosures, and Jenks cast anchor by dropping a huge stone through a trap-door in the floor.

"It really seems good to be at home again, and to feel everything standing still, doesn't it?" said he. "I wonder if I can walk straight," he went on, and then proceeded to ascertain by actual experiment. I have laughed a hundred times since at the recollection of the old fellow's efforts to adapt himself to the imaginary billows of the stable-floor.

"I hope I shall get over this before supper-time," said Jenks, "or the old woman will know we have been to sea."

I enjoyed the play quite as well as my companion did, but even then I did not comprehend that it was simply play with him. I supposed it was a trick of his to learn something of geography, before cutting loose from service and striking out into the great world by way of the ocean. So I said to him: "What do you do this for?"

"What do I do it for? What does anybody go to sea for?" he inquired with astonishment.

"Well, but you don't go to the real sea, you know," I suggested.

"Don't I! That's what the atlas says, anyway, and the atlas ought to know," said Jenks. "At any rate it's as good a sea as I want at this time of year, just before winter

comes on. If you only think so, it's a great deal better sailing on an atlas than it is sailing on the water. You only have to go a few inches, and you needn't get wet, and you can't drown. You can see everything there is in the world by looking out of the window, and thinking you do, and what's the use spending so much time as people do traveling to the ends of the earth? The only thing that troubles me is that Bradford's Irishman down here has really come across the ocean, and I don't s'pose he cared any more about it than if he'd been a pig. If I could only have had a real sail on the ocean, and got through with it, I don't know but I should be ready to die."

"But you will have, some time, you know," I said encouragingly.

"Do you think so?"

"When you run away you will," I said.

"I don't know," he responded dubiously.

"I think perhaps I'd better run away on an Atlas a few times first, just to learn the ropes."

Here we were interrupted by the tinkle of a bell, and it was marvelous to see how quickly the Atlas disappeared in the oats and the lid was closed over it. Jenks went to the house and I followed him.

Mrs. Sanderson did not inquire how I had spent my time. It was enough for her that I had in no way disturbed her after-dinner nap, and that I came when she wanted me. I told her I had enjoyed the day very much, and that I hoped my father would let me come up soon and occupy my room. Then I went up-stairs, and looked the room all over again, and tried to realize the extent and value of my new possession. When I went home, toward night, she loaded me with nice little gifts for my mother and the children, and I lost no time in my haste to tell the family of the good fortune that had befallen me. My mother was greatly delighted with my representations, but my father was sad. I think he was moved to sever my connection with the artful woman at once, and take the risks of the step, but a doubt of his own ability to do for me what it was her intention and power to do withheld him. He consented at last to lose me because he loved me, and on the following day I went out from my home with an uneasy conviction that I had been bought and paid for, and was little better than an expensive piece of property. What she would do with me I could not tell. I had my doubts and my dreams, which I learned to keep to myself; but in the swift years that followed there was never

an unkind word spoken to me in my new home, or any treatment experienced which made me seriously regret the step I had taken.

I learned to regard Mrs. Sanderson as the wisest woman living, and I found, as the time rolled by, that I had adopted her judgments upon nearly every person and every subject that called forth from her an opinion. She assumed superiority to all her neighbors. She sat on a social throne, in her own imagination. There were few who openly acknowledged her sway, but she was imperturbable. Wherever she appeared, men bowed to her with profoundest courtesy, and women were assiduous in their politeness. They may have flouted her when she was out of sight, but they were flattered by her attentions, and were always careful in her presence to yield her the pre-eminence she assumed. No man or woman ever came voluntarily into collision with her will. Keen, quiet, alert, self-possessed, she lived her own independent life, asking no favors, granting few, and holding herself apart from, and above, all around her. The power of this self-assertion, insignificant as she was in physique, was simply gigantic.

To this height she undertook to draw me, severing one by one the sympathies which bound me to my family and my companions, and making me a part of herself. I remember distinctly the processes of the change, and its result. I grew more silent, more self-contained, more careful of my associations. The change in me had its effect in my own home. I came to be regarded there as a sort of superior being; and when I went there for a day the best things were given me to eat, and certain proprieties were observed by the family, as if a rare stranger had come among them. In the early part of my residence at The Mansion, some of the irreverent little democrats of the street called me "Mother Sanderson's baby," but even this humiliating and maddening taunt died away when it was whispered about that she was educating her heir, and that I should be some day the richest young man in the town.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE is remembered rather by epochs than by continuous details. I spent five years at The Bird's Nest, visiting home twice every year, and becoming more and more accustomed to the thought that I had practically ceased to be a member of my own family. My home and all my belongings were at The Mansion; and although I kept a deep, warm spot in my heart for my father, which never grew cold, there seemed to be a difference

in kind and quality between me and my brothers and sisters which forbade the old intimacy. The life at home had grown more generous with my father's advancing prosperity, and my sisters, catching the spirit of the prosperous community around them, had done much to beautify and elevate its appointments.

The natural tendency of the treatment I received, both at my father's house and at The Mansion, was for a long time to concentrate my thoughts upon myself, so that when, on my fifteenth birthday, I entered my father's door, and felt peculiarly charmed by my welcome and glad in the happiness which my presence gave, I made a discovery. I found my sister Claire a remarkably pretty young woman. She was two years my senior, and had been so long my profoundest worshipper that I had never dreamed what she might become. She was the sweetest of blondes, with that unerring instinct of dress which enabled her to choose always the right color, and so to drape her slender and graceful figure as to be always attractive. My own advance toward manhood helped me, I suppose, to appreciate her as I had not hitherto done; and before I parted with her, to return to the closing term of Mr. Bird's tuition, I had become proud of her, and ambitious for her future. I found, too, that she had more than kept pace with me in study. It was a great surprise. By what ingenuities she had managed to win her accomplishments, and become the educated lady that she was, I knew not. It was the way of New England girls then as it is now. I had long talks and walks with her, and quite excited the jealousy of Mrs. Sanderson by the amount of time I devoted to her.

In these years Mrs. Sanderson herself had hardly grown appreciably older. Her hair had become a little whiter, but she retained, apparently, all her old vigor, and was the same strong-willed, precise, prompt, opinionated woman she was when I first knew her. Jenks and I had many sails upon the atlas succeeding that which I have described, but something had always interfered to prevent him from taking the final step which would sever his connection with the service of his old mistress forever.

Every time during these five years that I went home to spend my vacation, I invited Henry to accompany me, but his mother invariably refused to permit him to do so. Mrs. Sanderson, in her disappointment, offered to defray all the expenses of the journey, which, in the mean time, had ceased

to be made with the old horse and chaise ; but there came always from his mother the same refusal. The old lady was piqued at last, and became soured toward him. Indeed, if she could have found a valid excuse for the step, she would have broken up our intimacy. She had intended an honor to an unknown lad in humble circumstances ; and to have that honor persistently spurned, without apparent reason, exasperated her. "The lad is a churl, depend upon it, when you get at the bottom of him," was the stereotyped reply to all my attempts to palliate his offence, and vindicate the loveliness of his character.

These years of study and development had wrought great changes in me. Though thoroughly healthy—thanks to the considerate management of my teacher—I grew up tall and slender, and promised to reach the reputed altitude of the old Bonnicastles. I was a man in stature by the side of my sister Claire, and assumed the dress and carriage of a man. Though Henry was two years older than I, we studied together in everything, and were to leave school together. Our companionship had been fruitful of good to both of us. I stirred him and he steadied me.

There was one aim which we held in common—the aim at personal integrity and thorough soundness of character. This aim had been planted in us both by Christian parents, and it was fostered in every practicable way by Mr. and Mrs. Bird. There was one habit, learned at home, which we never omitted for a night while we were in school—the habit of kneeling at our bedside before retiring to slumber, and offering silently a prayer. Dear Mrs. Bird—that sweet angel of all the little boys—was always with us in our first nights together, when we engaged in our devotions, and sealed our young lips for sleep with a kiss. Bidding us to pray for what we wanted, and to thank our Father for all that we received, with the simple and hearty language we would use if we were addressing our own parents, and adjuring us never, under any circumstances, to omit our offering, she left us at last to ourselves. "Remember," she used to say, "remember that no one can do this for you. The boy who confesses his sins every night has always the fewest sins to confess. The habit of daily confession and prayer is the surest corrective of all that is wrong in your motives and conduct."

In looking back upon this aspect of our life together, I am compelled to believe that

both Henry and myself were in the line of Christian experience. Those prayers and those daily efforts at good, conscientious living, were the solid beginnings of a Christian character. I do not permit myself to question that had we gone on in that simple way we should have grown into Christian men. The germination and development of the seed planted far back in childhood would, I am sure, have been crowned with a divine fruitage. Both of us had been taught that we belonged to the Master—that we had been given to Him in baptism. Neither of us had been devoted to Him by parents who, having placed His seal upon our foreheads, thenceforth strove to convince us that we were the children of the devil. Expecting to be Christians, trying to live according to the Christian rule of life, never doubting that in good time we should be numbered among Christian disciples, we were already Christian disciples. Why should it be necessary that the aggregate sorrow and remorse for years of selfishness and transgression be crowded into a few hours or days? Why should it be necessary to be lifted out of a great horror of blackness and darkness and tempest, into a supernal light by one grand sweep of passion? Are safe foundations laid in storms and upheavals? Are conviction and character nourished by violent access and reaction of feeling? We give harsh remedies for desperate diseases, and there are such things as desperate diseases. I am sure that Henry and I were not desperately diseased. The whole drift of our aims was toward the realization of a Christian life. The grand influences shaping us from childhood were Christian. Every struggle with that which was base and unworthy within us was inspired by Christian motives. Imperfect in knowledge, infirm in will, volatile in purpose as boys always are and always will be, still we were Christian boys, who had only to grow in order to rise into the purer light and better life of the Christian estate.

I am thus particular in speaking of this, for we were both destined to pass through an experience which endangered all that we had won. I shall write of this experience with great care, but with a firm conviction that my unvarnished story has a useful lesson in it, and an earnest wish that it may advance the cause which holds within itself the secret of a world's redemption. I am sure that our religious teachers do not competently estimate the power of religious education on a great multitude of minds, or adequately measure the almost infinite mischief that may be

inflicted upon sensitive natures by methods of address and influence only adapted to those who are sluggish in temperament or besotted by vice.

My long stay at The Bird's Nest was a period of uninterrupted growth of mind as well as of body. Mr. Bird was a man who recognized the fact that time is one of the elements that enter into a healthy development of the mind—that mental digestion and assimilation are quite as essential to true growth as the reception of unlimited food. Hence his aim was never to crowd a pupil beyond his powers of easy digestion, and never to press to engorgement the receptive faculties. To give the mind ideas to live upon while it acquired the discipline for work, was his steady practice and policy. All the current social and political questions were made as familiar to the boys under his charge as they were to the reading world outside. The issues involved in every political contest were explained to us, and I think we learned more that was of practical use to us in after-life from his tongue than from the text-books which we studied.

Some of the peculiarities of Mr. Bird's administration I have already endeavored to represent, and one of these I must recall at the risk of repetition and tediousness. In the five years which I spent under his roof and care, I do not think one lad left the school with the feeling that he had been unjustly treated in any instance. No bitter revenges were cherished in any heart. If, in his haste or perplexity, the master ever did a boy a wrong, he made instant and abundant reparation in an acknowledgment to the whole school. He was as tender of the humblest boy's reputation as he was of any man's, or even of his own. When I think of the brutal despotism that reigns in so many schools of this and other countries, and of the indecent way in which thousands of sensitive young natures are tortured by men who, in the sacred office of the teacher, display manners that have ceased to be respectable in a stable, I bless my kind stars—nay, I thank God—for those five years, and the sweet influence that has poured from them in a steady stream through all my life.

The third summer of my school life was "Reunion Summer," and one week of vacation was devoted to the old boys. It was with inexpressible interest that I witnessed the interviews between them and their teacher. Young men from college with downy whiskers and fashionable clothes; young men in business, with the air of business in their manners;

young clergymen, doctors, and lawyers came back by scores. They brought a great breeze from the world with them, but all became boys again when they entered the presence of their old master. They kissed him as they were wont to do in the times which had become old times to them. They hung upon his neck; they walked up and down the parlors with their arms around him; they sat in his lap, and told him of their changes, troubles and successes, and all were happy to be at the old nest again.

Ah, what *fêtes* were crowded into that happy week!—what games of ball, what receptions, what excursions, what meetings and speeches, what songs, what delightful interminglings of all the social elements of the village! What did it matter that we small boys felt very small by the side of those young men whose old rooms we were occupying? We enjoyed their presence, and found in it the promise that at some future time we should come back with whiskers upon our cheeks, and the last triumphs of the tailor in our coats!

Henry and I were to leave school in the autumn; and as the time drew near for our departure dear Mr. and Mrs. Bird grew more tender toward us, for we had been there longer than any of the other boys. I think there was not a lad at The Bird's Nest during our last term whom we found there at our entrance five years before. Jolly Jack Linton had become a clerk in a city shop, and was already thrifty and popular. Tom Kendrick was in college, and was to become a Christian minister. Andrews, too, was in college, and was bringing great comfort to his family by a true life that had been begun with so good a promise. Mr. Bird seemed to take special pleasure in our society, and, while loosening his claim upon us as pupils, to hold us as associates and friends the more closely. He loved his boys as a father loves his children. In one of our closing interviews, he and Mrs. Bird talked freely of the life they had lived, and its beautiful compensations. They never wearied with their work, but found in the atmosphere of love that enveloped them an inspiration for all their labor and care, and a balm for all their trials and troubles. "If I were to live my life over again," said Mrs. Bird to me one evening, "I should choose just this, and be perfectly content." There are those teachers who have thought and said that "every boy is a born devil," and have taught for years because they were obliged to teach, with a thorough and outspoken detestation

of their work. It is sad to think that multitudes of boys have been trained and misunderstood and abused by those men, and to know that thousands of them are still in office, untrusted and unloved by the tender spirits which they have in charge.

My connection with Mrs. Sanderson was a subject to which Mr. Bird very rarely alluded. I was sure there was something about it which he did not like, and in the last private conversation which I held with him it all came out.

"I want to tell you, Arthur," he said, "that I have but one fear for you. You have already been greatly injured by Mrs. Sanderson, and by the peculiar relations which she holds to your life. In some respects you are not as lovable as when you first came here. You have become exclusive in your society, obtrusive in your dress, and fastidious in your notions of many things. You are under the spell of a despotic will, and the moulding power of sentiments entirely foreign to your nature. She has not spoiled you, but she has injured you. You have lost your liberty, and a cunning hand is endeavoring to shape you to a destiny which it has provided for you. Now no wealth can compensate you for such a change. If she makes you her heir, as I think she intends to do, she calculates upon your becoming a useless and selfish gentleman after a pattern of her own. Against this transformation you must struggle. To lose your sympathy for your own family and for the great multitude of the poor; to limit your labor to the nursing of an old and large estate; to surrender all your plans for an active life of usefulness among men, is to yield yourself to a fate worse than any poverty can inflict. It is to be bought, to be paid for, and to be made a slave of. I can never be reconciled to any such consummation of your life."

This was plain talk, but it was such as he had a right to indulge in; and I knew and felt it to be true. I had arrived at the conviction in my own way before, and I had wished in my heart of hearts that I had had my own fortune to make, like the other boys with whom I had associated. I knew that Henry's winter was to be devoted to teaching, in order to provide himself with a portion of the funds which would be necessary for the further pursuit of his education. He had been kept back by poverty from entering school at first, so that he was no further advanced in study than myself, though the years had given him wider culture and firmer character than I possessed. Still, I felt en-

tirely unable and unwilling to relinquish advantages which brought me immunity from anxiety and care, and the position which those advantages and my prospects gave me. My best ambitions were already sapped. I had become weak and to a sad extent self-indulgent. I had acquired no vices, but my beautiful room at The Mansion had been made still more beautiful with expensive appointments, my wardrobe was much enlarged, and, in short, I was in love with riches and all that riches procured for me.

Mr. Bird's counsel produced a deep impression upon me, and made me more watchful of the changes in my character, and the processes by which they were wrought. In truth, I strove against them, in a weak way, as a slave might strive with chains of gold, which charm him and excite his cupidity while they bind him.

Here, perhaps, I ought to mention the fact that there was one subject which Henry would never permit me to talk about, viz., these relations with Mrs. Sanderson upon whose baleful power over me Mr. Bird had animadverted so severely. Why these and my allusions to them were so distasteful to him, I did not know, and could not imagine, unless it were that he did not like to realize the difference between his harder lot and mine. "Please never mention the name of Mrs. Sanderson to me again," he said to me one day, almost ill-naturedly, and quite peremptorily. "I am tired of the old woman, and I should think you would be."

Quite unexpectedly, toward the close of the term, I received a letter from my father, conveying a hearty invitation to Henry to accompany me to Bradford, and become a guest in his house. With the fear of Mrs. Sanderson's displeasure before my eyes, should he accept an invitation from my father which he had once and many times again declined when extended by herself, I was mean enough to consider the purpose of withholding it from him altogether. But I wanted him in Bradford. I wanted to show him to my friends, and so, risking all untoward consequences, I read him the invitation.

Henry's face brightened in an instant, and, without consulting his mother, he said at once: "I shall go."

Very much surprised, and fearful of what would come of it, I blundered out some faint expression of my pleasure at the prospect of his continued society, and the matter was settled.

I cannot recall our parting with Mr. and

Mrs. Bird without a blinding suffusion of the eyes. Few words were said. "You know it all, my boy," said Mr. Bird, as he put his arms around me, and pressed me to his side. "I took you into my heart when I first saw you, and you will live there until you prove yourself unworthy of the place."

For several years a lumbering old stage-coach with two horses had run between Hillsborough and Bradford, and to this vehicle Henry and I committed our luggage and ourselves. It was a tedious journey, which terminated at nightfall, and brought us first to my father's house. Ordering my trunks to be carried to The Mansion, I went in to introduce Henry to the family, with the purpose of completing my own journey on foot.

Henry was evidently a surprise to them all. Manly in size, mould, and bearing, he bore no resemblance to the person whom they had been accustomed to regard as a lad. There was embarrassment at first, which Henry's quiet and unpretending manners quickly dissipated; and soon the stream of easy conversation was set flowing, and we were all happy together. I quickly saw that my sister Claire had become the real mistress of the household. The evidences of her care were everywhere. My mother was feeble and prone to melancholy; but her young spirit, full of vitality, had asserted its sway, and produced a new atmosphere in the little establishment. Order, taste, and a look of competency and comfort prevailed. Without any particular motive, I watched the interchange of address and impression between Henry and my sister. It was as charming as a play. Two beings brought together from different worlds could not have appeared more interested in each other. Her cheeks were flushed, her blue eyes were luminous, her words were fresh and vivacious, and with a woman's quick instinct she felt that she pleased him. Absorbed in his study of the new nature thus opened to him, Henry so far forgot the remainder of the family as to address all his words to her. If my father asked him a question, he answered it to Claire. If he told a story, or related an incident of our journey homeward, he addressed it to her, as if her ears were the only ones that could hear it, or at least were those which would hear it with the most interest. I cannot say that I had not anticipated something like this. I had wondered, at least, how they would like each other. Claire's hand lighted the candle with which I led him to his room. Claire's hand had arranged

the little bouquet which we found upon his table.

"I shall like *all* your father's family very much, I know," said Henry, in our privacy.

I was quick enough to know who constituted the largest portion of the family, in his estimate of the aggregate.

It was with a feeling of positive unhappiness and humiliation that I at last took leave of the delightful and delighted circle, and bent my steps to my statelier lodgings and the society of my cold and questioning Aunt. I knew that there would be no hope of hiding from her the fact that Henry had accompanied me home, and that entire frankness and promptness in announcing it was my best policy; but I dreaded the impression it would make upon her. I found her awaiting my arrival, and met from her a hearty greeting. How I wished that Henry were a hundred miles away!

"I left my old chum at my father's," I said, almost before she had had time to ask me a question.

"You did?" she exclaimed, her dark eyes flaming with anger. "How came he there?"

"My father invited him and he came home with me," I replied.

"So he spurns your invitation and mine, and accepts your father's. Will you explain this?"

"Indeed I cannot," I replied. "I have nothing to say, except that I am sorry and ashamed."

"I should think so! I should think so!" she exclaimed, rising and walking up and down the little library. "I should think so, indeed! One thing is proved, at least, and proved to your satisfaction, I hope—that he is not a gentleman. I really must forbid"—here she checked herself, and reconsidered. She saw that I did not follow her with my sympathy, and thought best to adopt other methods for undermining my friendship for him.

"Arthur," she said, at last, seating herself and controlling her rage, "your model friend has insulted both of us. I am an old woman, and he is nothing to me. He has been invited here solely on your account, and if he is fond of you he has declined the invitation solely on mine. There is a certain chivalry—a sense of what is due to any woman under these circumstances—that you understand as well as I do, and I shall leave you to accept or reject its dictates. I ask nothing of you that is based in any way on my relations to you. This fellow has grossly,

and without any apology or explanation, slighted my courtesies, and crowned his insult by accepting those coming from a humbler source—from one of my own tenants in fact."

"I have nothing to say," I responded. "I am really not to blame for his conduct, but I should be ashamed to quarrel with anybody because he would not do what I wanted him to do."

"Very well. If that is your conclusion, I must ask you never to mention his name to me again, and if you hold any communication with him, never to tell me of it. You disappoint me, but you are young, and you must be bitten yourself before you will learn to let dogs alone."

I had come out of the business quite as well as I expected to, but it was her way of working. She saw that I loved my companion with a firmness that she could not shake, and that it really was not in me to quarrel with him. She must wait for favoring time and circumstances, and resort to other arts to accomplish her ends—arts of which she was the conscious mistress. She had not forbidden me to see him and hold intercourse with him. She knew, indeed, that I must see him, and that I could not quarrel with him without offending my father, whose guest he was—a contingency to be carefully avoided.

However, I knew that all practicable means would be used to keep me out of his company during his stay in Bradford, and I was not surprised to be met the next morning with a face cleared from all traces of anger and sullenness, and with projects for the occupation of my time.

"I am getting to be an old woman, Arthur," said she, after a cheery breakfast, "and need help in my affairs, which you ought to be capable of giving me now."

I assured her most sincerely that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to make what return I could for the kindness she had shown me.

Accordingly, she brought out her accounts, and as she laid down her books, and package after package of papers, she said: "I am going to let you into some of my secrets. All that you see here, and learn of my affairs, is to be entirely confidential. I shall show you more than my lawyer knows, and more than anybody knows beyond myself."

Then she opened an account book, and in a neat hand made out a bill for rent to one of her tenants. This was the form which she wished me to follow in making out twenty-five or thirty other bills which she pointed

out to me. As I did the work with much painstaking, the task gave me employment during the whole of the morning. At its close, we went over it together, and she was warm in her praises of my handwriting and the correctness of my transcript.

After dinner she told me she would like to have me look over some of the papers she had left on the table. "It is possible," she said, "that you may find something that will interest you. I insist only on two conditions: you are to keep secret everything you learn, and ask me no questions about what may most excite your curiosity."

One ponderous bundle of papers I found to be composed entirely of bonds and mortgages. It seemed as if she had her hold upon nearly every desirable piece of property in the town. By giving me a view of this and showing me her rent-roll, she undoubtedly intended to exhibit her wealth, which was certainly very much greater than I had suspected. "All this, if you continue to please me," was what the exhibition meant; and young as I was I knew what it meant. To hold these pledges of real estate, and to own this rent-roll was to hold power; and with that precious package in my hands there came to me my first ambition for power, and a recognition of that thirst to gratify which so many men had bartered their honor and their souls. In that book and in those papers lay the basis of the old lady's self-assurance. It was to these that men bowed with deferential respect or superfluous fawning. It was to these that fine ladies paid their devoirs; and a vision of the future showed all these demonstrations of homage transferred to me—a young man—with life all before me. The prospect held not only these but a thousand delights—travel in foreign lands, horses and household pets, fine equipage, pictures, brilliant society, and some sweet unknown angel in the form of a woman, to be loved and petted and draped with costly fabrics and fed upon dainties.

I floated off into a wild, intoxicating dream. All the possibilities of my future came before me. In my imagination I already stood behind that great bulwark against a thousand ills of life which money builds, and felt myself above the petty needs that harass the toiling multitude. I was already a social center and a king. Yet after all, when the first excitement was over, and I realized the condition that lay between me and the realization of my dreams—"all this, if you continue to please me"—I knew and felt that I was a slave. I was not my own: I had been purchased. I

could not freely follow even the impulses of my own natural affection.

Tiring of the package at last, and of the thoughts and emotions it excited, I turned to others. One after another I took them up and partly examined them, but they were mostly dead documents—old policies of insurance long since expired, old contracts for the erection of buildings that had themselves grown old, mortgages that had been canceled, old abstracts of title, etc., etc. At last I found, at the bottom of the pile, a package yellow with age; and I gasped with astonishment as I read on the back of the first paper: "*James Mansfield to Peter Bonnicastle.*" I drew it quickly from the tape, and saw exposed upon the next paper: "*Julius Wheeler to Peter Bonnicastle.*" Thus the name went on down through the whole package. All the papers were old, and all of them were deeds—some of them conveying thousands of acres of colonial lands. Thus I learned two things that filled me with such delight and pride as I should find it altogether impossible to describe: first, that the fortune which I had been examining, and which I had a tolerable prospect of inheriting, had its foundations laid a century before by one of my own ancestors; and second, that Mrs. Sanderson and I had common blood in our veins. This discovery quite restored my self-respect, because I should arrive at my inheritance by at least a show of right. The property would remain in the family where it belonged, and, so far as I knew, no member of the family would have a better right to it than myself. I presumed that my father was a descendant of this same Peter Bonnicastle, who was doubtless a notable man in his time; and only the accidents of fortune had diverted this large wealth from my own branch of the family.

This discovery brought up to my memory the conversations that had taken place in my home on my first arrival in the town, between Mr. Bradford and my father. Here was where the "blue blood" came from, and Mr. Bradford had known about this all the time. It was his hint to Mrs. Sanderson that had procured for me my good fortune. My first impulse was to thank him for his service, and to tell him that I probably knew as much as he did of my relations to Mrs. Sanderson; but the seal of secrecy was upon my lips. I recalled to mind Mrs. Sanderson's astonishment and strange behavior when she first heard my father's name, and thus all the riddles of that first interview were solved.

Pride of wealth and power had now firmly

united itself in my mind with pride of ancestry; and though there were humiliating considerations connected with my relations to Mrs. Sanderson, my self-respect had been wonderfully strengthened, and I found that my heart was going out to the little old lady with a new sentiment—a sentiment of kinship, if not of love. I identified myself with her more perfectly than I had hitherto done. She had placed confidence in me, she had praised my work, and she was a Bonnicastle.

I have often looked back upon the revelations and the history of that day, and wondered whether it was possible that she had foreseen all the processes of mind through which I passed, and intelligently and deliberately contrived to procure them. She must have done so. There was not an instrument wanting for the production of the result she desired, and there was nothing wanting in the result.

The afternoon passed, and I neither went home nor felt a desire to do so. In the evening she invited me to read, and thus I spent a pleasant hour preparatory to an early bed.

"You have been a real comfort to me today, Arthur," she said, as I kissed her forehead and bade her good-night.

What more could a lad who loved praise ask than this? I went to sleep entirely happy, and with a new determination to devote myself more wholly to the will and the interests of my benefactress. It ceased to be a great matter that my companion for five years was in my father's home, and I saw little of him. I was employed with writing and with business errands all the time. During Henry's visit in Bradford I was in and out of my father's house, as convenience favored, and always while on an errand that waited. I think Henry appreciated the condition of affairs, and as he and Claire were on charming terms, and my absence gave him more time with her, I presume that he did not miss me. All were glad to see me useful, and happy in my usefulness.

When Henry went away I walked down to bid him farewell. "Now don't cry, my boy," said Henry, "for I am coming back; and don't be excited when I tell you that I have engaged to spend the winter in Bradford. I was wondering where I could find a school to teach, and the school has come to me, examining committee and all."

I was delighted. I looked at Claire with the unguarded impulse of a boy, and it brought the blood into her cheeks painfully.

Henry parted with her very quietly—indeed, with studied quietness—but was warm in his thanks to my father and mother for their hospitality, and hearty with the boys, with whom he had become a great favorite.

I saw that Henry was happy, and particu-

larly happy in the thought of returning. As the stage-coach rattled away, he kissed his hand to us all, and shouted "*Au revoir!*" as if his anticipations of pleasure were embraced in those words rather than in the fact that he was homeward-bound.

(To be continued.)

"FOR THOUGHTS."

A PANSY on his breast she laid,
Splendid, and dark with Tyrian dyes;
"Take it; 'tis like your tender eyes,
Deep as the midnight heaven," she said.

The rich rose mantling in her cheek,
Before him like the dawn she stood,
Pausing upon life's height, subdued,
Yet triumphing, both proud and meek.

And white as winter stars, intense
With steadfast fire, his brilliant face
Bent toward her with an eager grace,
Pale with a rapture half suspense.

"You give me then a thought, O sweet!"
He cried, and kissed the purple flower,
And bowed by love's resistless power,
Trembling he sank before her feet.

She crowned his beautiful bowed head
With one caress of her white hand;
"Rise up, my flower of all the land,
For all my thoughts are yours," she said.

ART AT THE CAPITOL.

A FRIEND of this writer tells him that one rainy evening, on board an ocean steamer, when walking up and down the deck was out of the question, he sat and listened with due complacency to an enthusiastic American, who was bragging a steady stream about his native country. To weak people, this sort of talk is velvet rubbed backward, but to healthy folks, like my friend, it is exhilarating. He declares he likes to hear a great hearty, hulking fellow, dressed in good clothes, with his pocket full of the chinks, blowing out to a company of luxurious, Europe-

mad, timid, apologizing Americans his absurd defense of everything in America, good and bad alike. But then, he says, there is a limit to this pleasure, as to most things. Free elections and orderly, common-schools, universal reading, writing, and arithmetic, free religion, riddance of primogeniture, entailed estates, House of Lords, and much other feudal rubbish, payment of the national debt, with items of material wealth,—iron mines, copper mines, mines of lead and tin, of silver, quicksilver and gold, with tall talk about Washington and Adams, Jackson and

Lincoln, Sherman and Grant,—all this, and more of the same sort, my friend found strong meat and digested it well; but his bull-necked fellow-passenger “slopped over,” as the boys say, when he went on to brag of our doings in the fine arts. Here there was need of some modesty and discrimination, and of these qualities the man had not a whit. Two of his speeches will serve as specimen bricks, and every reader who knows the kind of man (he’s no rarity, but a common way-side flower!) can build up his whole discourse from them.

“Why, sir,” said he, “them fellers [this phrase means all civilized Europe!] seem to hate a white wall; can’t, somehow, bear one inside their houses! Now you know, *we* [this phrase means all civilized America!] think a white, hard-finish wall jest the nicest thing a man can have, and he don’t want to put nothing on to it. When it begins to get mussed up, streaked with finger-marks, and greased where folks has leaned their heads, *then* we cover it up with wall-paper, but we only do it when we *has* to do it. Now them fellers, they puts paper on to the walls as soon as ever they are dry, don’t wait till they’re dirty, seem to *hate* the sight of a white wall!”

The other speech was this: “I’ve seen every famous building in Europe: I’ve seen St. Paul’s, and Westminster Abbey, and the Toolerries, and St. Peter’s, and all the cathedrals, and everything, and I never seen a building yet that can come anyways near the Capitol at Washington, it’s so big, and so *white*!”

We fear we should tread on too many toes if we were to make fun of our fellow-citizen’s frank expression of opinion. However, we will say this; that we wouldn’t on any account have had him hold his tongue! We don’t believe in the wise people having all the say to themselves in this world; ignoramuses, and babes and sucklings have their rights as well, and the only safety is in a multitude of counselors. A year or two ago, when the controversy was raging in Germany over the authenticity of the Holbein Madonna at Dresden, some one placed a book in the gallery, in which every visitor was requested to record his, her, or even its opinion for or against: “Is the Dresden picture, or the Darmstadt picture, the original? Answer, general public, men, women, children, learned and unlearned, wise and foolish—use your faculties, look and think, and then speak!” Everybody obeyed the order and wrote his opinion, and we dare

say that the general verdict was a sensible one: we never heard what it was, it is true; but our faith in the average perceptions, the average taste of the world at large is strong, and we think the critics are more like in the end to come round to the average opinion than the average opinion is to give up to the critics. When Michael Angelo said to the young artist, “Put your statue in the market-place: the light of the public square will test its value,” he didn’t mean merely that the free light of out-of-doors was better than the managed light of the studio; he meant that the criticism of the market-place was better for the artist than the criticism of his friends and acquaintances. As everybody has a right to his opinion, so almost every opinion has some grain of reason in it, and deserves to be listened to at least, and its worth or worthlessness established.

There can be no doubt that the Capitol at Washington has affected the imaginations of many Americans beside our bragging first-class passenger. When the late estimable Mr. Cole wanted a model for the New Jerusalem, he could think of nothing finer than the Capitol; and, to a cynical observer, the first picture in the “Voyage of Life” looks too much like the traditional American boy starting out in life with the Capitol and the Presidency in his eye!

Yet, surely, there is some excuse for the popular admiration of the Capitol, even if it be called forth by nothing more in reality than a striking bit of stage-effect. For, in the first place, few great public buildings that we recall are so finely placed as the Capitol at Washington, while many a grander structure misses the admiration that is its due merely by being unfortunately placed where it cannot be seen at all as a whole, or where it can only be seen as a whole by getting so far away that all the details of its architecture are lost. St. Peter’s and St. Paul’s are never seen until they hang in far horizons like clouds that have taken shape. The façades of Notre Dame of Paris, of the Cathedral of Rouen, of the Cathedral of Strasburg, are really never seen at all, though they might be much better seen than they are by the destruction of a few of the surrounding buildings. But our Capitol is as a city set on a hill that cannot be hid, and Washington may grow *ad libitum*, and line all her prairies of avenues with lofty buildings; the Capitol will still crown the view, and draw all eyes to itself. This is one advantage not to be denied, and the size and whiteness of the dome are no doubt impres-

sive at first view to everybody, though the structure cannot stand a thoughtful examination, and will one day be outgrown by all Americans. It was a childish, if not a barbarous taste that erected the present dome; and the confidence we have confessed in the good sense and good taste of the public at large will no doubt be justified when we shall all see, what already a great many see, that this is not architecture, properly speaking, at all, but mere mechanics, having no connection whatever with the art of building, and no more capable of exciting enthusiasm, in the mind of a sincere person who knows what art means, than the boiler of a steam-engine—nor indeed so much; for the boiler is at least a real thing and not a sham, it obeys the laws of boiler construction, and it has some honest work to do in the world and does it.

The dome, on the contrary, is a sham. It springs from a well-built building of white marble, and it passes itself off, to people who do not know that such a dome could not be built of marble, for a marble dome, and by ninety-nine people out of every hundred who see, it is believed to be of marble. And built of marble it should have been, in which case there would have been probably no disproportion between it and the building of which it is a part, for the architect would not have set himself a task he could not perform, and the natural limitations of the structure would have kept all in due proportion. The moment, however, the architect permitted himself to think of putting an iron dome upon a marble building, he was no longer restrained by the law of the building itself, which law should have had his full allegiance, but he felt himself at liberty to do whatever the laws of his new material would permit, and there resulted an immediate and fatal disproportion! The dome is not only an excrescence, having no structural relation to the building proper—it is an ugly excrescence, ugly in its lines, ugly in its disproportion, and we shall, we hope, live to see the day when it will be taken down and a real dome be put up in its place.

We have rested so long under this pretentious piece of smithy-work because, as it seems to us, the most of the "art" that is in and about the Capitol has been commanded and produced in the same spirit that built this iron dome. It is too late now to regret the influences that erected the building itself in the so-called classic style, and that seem to be perennially at work in Washington; so that we shall go on repeating

the same monotonous post and lintel, column and architrave song, from generation to generation; such power has a notion, once fairly lodged in the brain, to make us forget discomforts of all kinds, foul air, insufficient light, want of room, inconvenient planning, and all the teasing miseries that come of trying to wear other people's clothes. But the style of building is fixed, and it will be a long while before it is abandoned for one that shall be more beautiful, more noble to the eye, and better adapted to our wants. Perhaps there will come no change until Washington is no longer the Capital, and we shall begin to erect the buildings for the new one under the direction of that saving common sense that is at the root of true art. The style of building at Washington grew out of the prevailing taste of the time, but the retiring waves of the renaissance,—fairly retired, in fact, and no longer any life or movement in them, settling down into dull stagnation,—had received a new impetus, been set spasmodically rolling again by the sentimental enthusiasm, or make-believe enthusiasm, for so-called classic ideas and ways which sprang up in France just before the Revolution. An enthusiasm that spread all over Europe, kindling touch-wood Italy, rousing sluggish Germany, setting common-sense John Bull to growling, and even to singing in a melodramatic manner about Liberty—with a large L—and the Spartans; finally flowed over to these shores of ours in a softly reffluent manner, and made our sensible, prosaic Revolutionary fathers and mothers strike a great many attitudes, and say and do many things not at all natural to them, or to any human beings, at any time or in any country. It was this influence that caused so many buildings public and private to be erected in imitation of Greek temples, and that imported into this country, and into England as well, from France, the fashion in furniture which we call "style of the Empire," from its having been in vogue during the time of the First Napoleon, who shared to the full the affectation of classicism which infected a world of people, weak and foolish, in that befogged time.

This affectation it was that, among other things, made curule-chairs; and sofas *à la grecque*, and stiff formal side-boards, and bureaux and wardrobes covered with classic masks, and garlands, and torches, all the fashion—furniture beautifully made, but as dull and lacking in ideas as ever was furniture! Old houses in this country are full of it, par-

ticularly in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington, and New York, and in the older large towns of New Jersey. All the furniture in the government official houses in Washington, dating from the Jefferson, Franklin, Adams times, is in this style—happily almost all of it now disappearing, and getting displaced by something not much better.* One sees traces of this theatric affectation for Greek and Roman ways in the old portraits of our notables of that time, particularly in those of Washington, who is oftenest represented standing by an "Empire" table with *fascies* for legs, having just risen from a curule chair, and is looking unutterable Roman dignity (as far as that dignity is attainable in powdered hair, lace ruffles, velvet breeches, silk stockings and shoe-buckles!), his noble figure relieved against highly improbable draperies connected somehow with a marble column in the Roman manner! And just as in France at that time we saw Madame Tallien at her parties, setting the fashion to the high French ladies of veiling their beautiful bodies in gauzes as transparent as those of Cos—because Aspasia and Sappho did so, *if* they did!—and Madame Recamier, at her salons, appearing with her pretty feet quite naked, for similar Greek reasons; and homely, stumpy Madame De Staël painted by Gérard as Sappho—lyre in hand, stumpy figure in peplum, Sappho sitting disconsolate on the Lesbian rocks! and Napoleon getting his coro-

* As a sample of the taste that rules in Washington to-day, take this: A visitor to the White House, looking at the East Room, and seeing the floor covered—it was summer-time—with a matting, asked the person-in-waiting, "What sort of carpet went down in winter-time?" In answer he is told that there is to be put down a very handsome new carpet (Brussels or Wilton, the visitor forgets which); that there is a very large carpet, in one piece, covering the entire floor, presented to the United States by the Sultan of Turkey—"a carpet made expressly for this room, but *so uneven in the weaving, and so ugly!*—no pattern at all, sir—at least, none that can be made out—ugliest carpet you ever saw, sir!" The visitor asks what is to be done with this ugly Turkey carpet when the handsome spick and span is laid down? "Oh, cut up, I suppose, sir, and used in the upper halls and bed-rooms!" The visitor, with his own inward, unexpressed conviction that a Turkey carpet, particularly if it were one made express by the Sultan for presentation to a great Power, could not by any human possibility be ugly, regrets quietly to himself that he could not have seen the great piece of oriental magnificence before the drummers for the carpet-importers got the ear of the authorities, and accomplished the barbarous substitution of modern spick and span for an object whose only fault could have been that it would make the crimson damask silk curtains, with their thousand-dollar-a-piece lace under-curtains, look as vulgar and as shoddy in taste as they really are!

nation robes designed in theatrical, imaginary, Roman imperial style, and taking lessons in posturing of Talma against the ceremonial day;—while classic tricks and manners such as these were playing on the French stage, we have so sensible a woman as plain Abigail Adams, one of the best heads of her time, signing her letters to her husband "Portia," and he himself, the embodiment of strong common sense and straightforward honesty, signing his letters to the newspapers "Cato."

The memories of this era—this queer mixture of hair-powder and peplums, silk stockings and curule-chairs—are written all over the capitol at Washington, as over the White House (we beg pardon, we mean "The Executive Mansion!"), the Treasury Building, and The Patent Office—over these principally, but also over much of less importance. Of course, all the other capital cities of the seaboard States show similar characteristics, but we are not now concerned so much with them. But though the Capitol itself took on a classic, or supposed classic form, it is interesting to observe that there are traces, early in the work, of the growing spirit of realism, which West must have the honor allowed him of having planted in England and in this country, where his authority stood at the highest for many years. In the Rotunda are certain bas-reliefs, one over each of the four doors; difficult to make out whether they are marble, or simply plaster casts, most likely marble; the subjects are taken from early American history: "Penn making his Treaty with the Indians," "Pocahontas saving Capt. Smith," "Landing of the Pilgrims," and "Contest between White Man and Indian."

These bas-reliefs are the work of two Italians and a Frenchman, the Italians, like Persico later, probably mere stone-cutters out of work at home, and turning their steps hitherward in the wake of their countryman Columbus—at some distance, 'tis true—as to an El Dorado or land of easy riches! The Frenchman's name was N. Gevelot: he made the bas-relief of Penn and his Treaty, in 1827. In the same year A. Capellano made the bas-relief of Pocahontas and Smith, and Enrico Causici of Verona made the other two, no date tells us in what year, but evidently about the same time. Probably few persons ever think it worth while to look at these bas-reliefs, but they have a common point of interest nevertheless in the realism that animates them, particularly the "Penn" by Gevelot and the Landing of the Pilgrims by Causici. From foreign artists, French and Italian, at this

time, one would have looked for more classicism in the composition, more attitudinizing and straining for effect in the treatment, but in these two at least there is great simplicity and directness. The figure of Penn is meant to be a portrait; he might have stepped out of West's picture of the same subject, and there is no attempt to shirk the homely details of his Quaker costume: the three-cornered hat, the shad-belly coat, silk stockings and shoe-buckles are all there honestly confessed, and the Laws of Art trying to reconcile themselves to them as they best may. More noticeable still is Causici's bas-relief of the "Landing," where one of the Pilgrims, an old lady, is invested in a poke-bonnet, undeniable Quaker bonnet! the artist evidently a little befogged in his investigations into our early history—Quaker lady actually in his bas-relief being hospitably welcomed to the stern and rock-bound coast, in spite of history's statement to the contrary! But that is not our point. Rather, we wish to note that Causici, who called himself a pupil of Canova (Canova's nephew, says Dunlap, being asked whether this were like to be the fact, plainly "sniffs" at Causici's pretensions!)—perhaps only a stone-cutter in Canova's employ, but, at all events, anxious to be thought to have learned something from the master, and to represent him after a fashion—does actually do what Canova never once in all his life would have stooped to do—dresses people as, to the best of his belief, they really did dress in this world, and shows them doing what they have to do in a simple, straightforward, natural way! We should say that with this bas-relief before us there can be no need of asking whether Causici was or was not a pupil of Canova! Either he never was, or, happily, he never learned anything from his master! His work is of the slightest possible artistic value, but, so far as it goes, it is his own and Nature's.

For the pictures that are in the Rotunda of the Capitol—the time seems almost past for saying anything about them. Trumbull's historical contributions, it must be admitted, are of very little value as art, but a certain sentimental interest attaches to them as the work of a person who lived in the times when the scenes they chronicle were acting, and who knew personally many of the people whose portraits he has painted. But he did not make up for his deficiencies as an artist by the truthfulness of his representations; no one of these scenes could have looked to the actual spectator as it looks to us on Trumbull's canvas, and consequently there is

little in the picture that is of permanent value. Even in so slight a matter as the representation of the room in which the Declaration of Independence is being signed, the artist could not be accurate; an engraving of the picture hangs up in the room itself, and one may study the essential differences on the spot. It may be objected that this is a matter of small importance, and we readily admit it, but it is a type of the general inaccuracy that characterizes these pictures, and makes them worthless as history. According to Dunlap, the portraits of persons who were not present at the signing of the Declaration are introduced as if they had been there, as also the portraits of persons who did not sign the document till later; while, on the other hand, the portraits of some who were present are omitted. As a rule, too, the likenesses are inferior to those in the small original, a statement which may be applied to all four of the pictures in the Rotunda. Trumbull was one of the best miniature painters of these modern times, and from the miniatures in oil that he made of the persons whose portraits were to be introduced into these compositions, he painted the pictures first, in little, and very good they were—handy, manageable, pretty pictures, with the most charming miniature heads in them yet painted on this side the ocean; most charming, unless those just beginning to be painted by Malbone in Providence and Boston may be thought to rival them; these of Malbone, however, being true miniatures in water-colors on ivory, while the miniatures painted by Trumbull are in oils. Showing these pretty pictures of his, with the bright, sparkling, speaking miniature portraits, to members of the Continental Congress, they were naturally taken by them, had, few of them, ever seen their like, and straightway gave Trumbull a commission to paint them in large, to be placed in four of the panels of the Rotunda. When, however, the pictures were finished and in their places, it was plain to see that the artist had accepted a task beyond his powers, the enlarged copies being evidently inferior to the pretty originals, and the charming miniatures quite gone! Even the merit of trying to come somewhat nearer the facts of history than was the fashion of his time in England and France, for which he has been much praised, was an imitated virtue in him, not his own motion at all, but borrowed from West, who seems to have been one of the first men of his time to perceive that rationalism in art was to be for some time to come the fashion. West himself has had more

credit than was due him for what he did in this way; his Quaker birth and spare bringing up, without the opportunities that a wealthy cultivated society can give, thinly dieted on common sense and reason, fancy and imagination not allowed—it was in his blood that he should take the side of rationalism in his art. He set a fashion, and Trumbull and Copley followed it, settling the matter for us here in America, at least for some time to come. It were to be wished that instead of such a superabundance of Trumbull's work, we could have had good specimens of the skill of his fellow-countrymen his contemporaries. A panel filled by West and one by Copley would have been very acceptable. But, then, let us be reasonably thankful that Trumbull's proposal to the Government to go on indefinitely painting pictures six feet by nine, or four by six, at twenty-five hundred dollars a-piece for the President's House and the Capitol Committee-Rooms, was not accepted. Enough of Trumbull as it is!

Of the other pictures in the Rotunda—those in the panels, we mean, for of the astounding fresco in the dome we surely may be excused from speaking!—of the remaining paintings in the panels, then, Mr. Robert Weir's seems to us much the most respectable. No doubt the artist has put into this picture of the "Embarkation of the Pilgrims" the best work he is able to do, and certainly the picture is a respectable one. Horatio Greenough, a good critic, wrote of it: "The general aspect of the picture is striking. . . . The composition of lines is worthy of Mr. Weir, and shows a profound study of that very difficult branch of his art. There is no clap-trap or vulgar effect in the arrangement—all are in their places, and a pleasing variety has been created without any theatrical make-shift. The subject has been treated with due reverence, conscientiously. It is a work of good omen."* Thus much may be admitted; but also we must agree with Greenough when he goes on to say that the men and women are not so well painted as the *things*. "I am out of humor with that dress, so real, which mocks my desire to see men. The armor is true Milan steel. The men are foggy." This is true, but it is not the painter's fault that it is true—he simply cannot paint men and women, that is all, and he has naturally enough painted best what he felt best able to paint. The picture, how-

ever, is not open to the charge of being a formal academic production. There is a home-flavor about it that gives it a certain zest, and something is in it that saves it from contempt in spite of its dreary color and the want of vigor in the heads.

Vanderlyn's "Landing of Columbus," of which the composition only is the artist's, the actual painting of it having been done by some hired Paris jobber, is not a work of any value. The picture might have been made interesting enough by a simple adherence to evident facts—without any stage-play or ballet-dancing contrivances, but by the mere natural bringing together of these two strange elements, the savage and the civilized, under a tropic sky with tropic vegetation, and the accompaniment of the Spanish shipping, such as it was, and the swarming canoes of these amphibious natives. Or, if it had fallen into the hands of a great landscape painter, we might have been treated to some splendid vision of the Indian isles, with such light as never was on sea or land, the human action being subordinated as in your Claudes, and Poussins, and Turners, to a mere decorative assemblage telling its story in a spectacular manner, and without scrupulous regard to truth of detail—the landscape being the matter of chief importance. But, alas! why wish for the impossible? Vanderlyn was little of a painter any way, and certainly no landscape-painter, as any one may see from this picture, and even from those other temporarily famous pictures, the "Ariadne" and the "Marius." Query: Whether Vanderlyn would ever have been known at all had it not been for those two lucky accidents that befell him: First, our own Durand, Ashur Brown Durand, late president of the Academy, and well known to all of us as a landscape-painter of the respectable-conventional sort, but who once promised to be known to all the world as an engraver of extraordinary merit, had not misfortune befallen his eyes,—Durand seeing the "Ariadne," beautiful naked female figure, lying in innocent enough exposure on a green bank under the clear sky, thinks that he can engrave it attractively, buys the picture, does engrave it in a way truly admirable, and sends Vanderlyn's name, coupled with his own, out into the world wherever the arts are cared for and honored. Second lucky accident: Vanderlyn paints the picture of "Marius sitting on the Ruins of Carthage," a picture, to our eyes, absolutely dead and devoid of all human interest—only point of real interest in it the poor fox wandering among the ruins,

* Quoted by Tuckerman, *Book of the Artists*, p. 209.

actual fox started from its hiding-place in the ruins of old Rome, by Vanderlyn meditating this picture, and strolling about on the Campagna with his friend Washington Allston. All the rest of the canvas is unreal, and only this little bit of reality and reminiscence keeps it sweet for us. Far otherwise thought Napoleon, in love with classicalities, as, passing through the salon of that year 1808 with his staff, he "inspected all the pictures, then walked quickly back to the 'Marius,' and, bringing down his forefinger as he pointed to it, said, in his usual rapid way, 'Give the medal to that!'"* These were Vanderlyn's two pieces of luck. Thanks to these, he made a great name, and secured the commission to paint a picture for the Capitol, which commission he filled in this shabby way, making a design and getting it painted by hired Paris jobber!

The reader who has seen them will excuse our skipping hastily over the other two pictures in the Rotunda—Powell's "Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto," and Chapman's "Baptism of Pocahontas." For Chapman's picture perhaps gentle pity is the most appropriate treatment. If one could only quietly veil it from sight, or in some way expedite the exhaling of it into thinnest air, which seems the natural mode of disappearance for such a piece of feebleness! A subject, in the first place, no way suitable for such a position—not, properly speaking, a national-historical subject at all—one wonders why it was chosen, and concludes that politics had somewhat to do with the matter; some compliment to Virginia perhaps, his native State, and to John Randolph, descended from Pocahontas, as everybody knows, just as politics gave the other panel to Powell, who hailed from Ohio—and shall not the West be honored in her artist, too? But, whatever motive moved to the choice of such an unimportant subject, incapable of picturesque treatment in the hands of anybody, surely all the world may see that Chapman has distilled it into pure unadulterated weakness and vapid sentimentality. Even if it had been treated in the realistic way, and with stark adherence to the dull commonplaces of the event, the picture could not have wakened any interest in us; but this sentimental prettifying of such a dull matter is not tolerable—best give it the go-by.

Powell's "De Soto" deserves harsher words; but we may take it for granted people generally have made up their minds it is a

thoroughly worthless piece of mendacity. Was never anything quite so bad done in our part of the world, until on one of the staircase walls of the Capitol the late Emanuel Leutze painted his fresco, "The Western Emigrants." Then Mr. Powell's picture was surpassed, and even made to seem comparatively respectable, but it cannot be a pleasant task to any one to dilate upon either of these most unhappy productions. May the day not be far distant when it will be impossible to find an American artist at once so poorly provided with the rudimentary knowledge of his profession—knowledge alike of principles and practice—and so shameless in the display of his ignorance as the author of either of these pictures. And may we, some time or another, have a Congress that shall refuse to allow itself to be taken in by any reputation, that shall refuse to give any commission for picture or statue until it have guarantees that the person to whom it is given can, if he be so disposed, fill it in a way that will be of some advantage to the country. The space to be filled by paintings on the walls of the Capitol is too small that we should waste any of it, and it would be wise if no picture were finally accepted until a cartoon of it, or some sufficient hint of what it would look when finished, had been allowed to fill the appointed place during one round winter of Congress and Washington society. Then let the members use their own eyes and their own minds, accepting or refusing as their honest judgments may decide—our word for it, in the course of no long time we should see better pictures at the Capitol—better pictures, and better statues too.

It is by a method as simple and straightforward as the one we propose, that the country has come to be possessed of the only really good picture that is to be found in the Capitol, Mr. Thomas Moran's "Great Cañon of the Yellowstone." This picture was taken to Washington at the strong urging of persons who thought the government ought to buy it and put it in the Capitol. When it reached Washington it was allowed a resting-place in the Speaker's Room, and during some weeks was seen by a great many members of Congress and by visitors to the Capitol. Finally it was purchased, and it is a pleasant thing to be able to say, considering how much talk there is of speculation, and jobbery, and improper influences used, in every Congressional grant of money, that Mr. Moran's picture was bought on its own merits, and that the money paid for it came to the artist undiminished by a penny of

* Tuckerman, p. 130.

brokerage disguised under whatever name. This ought not to be thought a matter worthy of mention, but, as things are, we suppose it is not amiss to record it. Considering what poor luck has been ours thus far in getting good pictures for our Capitol, we cannot but think it a good omen that the notion which lies at the bottom of the much-desired and much-promised reform in the Civil Service, should also seem to be getting accepted in the matter of our Fine Art service, and that one of the first evidences of a change of

heart should be the purchase outright of a good picture after careful examination of it—a picture painted by an artist almost unknown, a man too modest to trumpet his own praises, and absolutely ignorant of the first principles of that “business talent” by which so many “great reputations” have grown up like Jonah’s gourd in a night, and so many fortunes equally sudden, and, alas! equally unsubstantial, have been achieved.

Another month, and the statues shall have their turn.

A VISION OF ST. ELIGIUS.

I.

I SEE thy house, but I am blown about,
A wind-mocked kite, between the earth and sky,
All out of doors—alas! of thy doors out,
And drenched in dews no summer suns can dry:

For every blast is passion of my own;
The dews cold sweats of selfish agony;
Dank vapor steams from memories lying prone;
And all my soul is but a stifled cry.

II.

Lord, thou dost hold my string, else were I driven
Down to some gulf where I were tossed no more;
No turmoil telling I was not in heaven;
No billows raving on a blessed shore.

Thou standest on thy door-sill, calm as day,
And all my throbs and pangs are pulls from thee;
Hold fast the string, lest I should break away,
And outer dark and silence swallow me.

III.

No longer fly thy kite, Lord; draw me home.
Thou pull'st the string through all the distance bleak;
Lord, I am nearing thee; O Lord, I come;
Thy pulls grow stronger and the wind grows weak.

In thy remodeling hands thou tak'st thy kite;
A moment to thy bosom hold'st me fast.
Thou flingest me abroad:—lo! in thy might,
A strong-winged bird I soar on every blast.

AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL "BREAKFAST."

ONE of the most praiseworthy characteristics of English country life is the Archæological Society, which flourishes in almost every county. The great landed proprietors of the neighborhood, titled and untitled, are its real patrons and honorary members; the clergymen form its most effectual and practical staff. The ruins of old abbeys, the Roman roads, camps or aqueducts, the restored churches of long ages ago, with which England is thickly strewn, form the subject for the investigations of the Society and the pretext for a week's pleasuring, pic-nic, and "camping out," that makes a pleasant holiday in many a hard-working life. Men and women of all classes and occupations belong to it,—some through genuine love of antiquarian researches, and many because the excitement involved in these annual tours is very alluring in itself.

The social side of the solemn "progress" has strong claims on our consideration. It is a sacred custom, and one the fulfillment of which is broadly suggested by the chairman each time the scientific caravan draws near a country manor-house, that the whole Society should be royally feasted and entertained by the squires of the district. On this account it is that many who are not *bona-fide* members, associate themselves temporarily with the Society, and thus gain free access to the very innermost of houses and grounds, which they could otherwise never hope to visit.

It happened that a few years ago, our house in Gloucestershire was honored by an invasion of "Archæologicals" to the number of at least seventy members. The house was small, and though built on the site of a former abbey dependency, its greater part (with the exception of one square ivied tower) was entirely modern. But the many gables and buttresses, the high pitched roof, the oriel windows glazed with the small diamond panes of Tudor times, the stone balustrades bordering the terraces that rose in picturesque unevenness around the flower-garden and shrubberies,—everything, indeed, wore an oldtime look, and carried one back to the days of stately Elizabeth and Raleigh.

We received information from the chairman of the perambulating Society, that our guests would arrive at such and such an hour (about luncheon-time, I think), and after partaking of our hospitality, would go on to the little town and inspect the church, the family monuments, the almshouses, and an old grammar-school and farm-house of the fourteenth century, finishing with a ruined and

deserted chapel of very ancient date in a small hamlet a mile or so further than the town.

We spent a good deal of time and trouble getting up the substantial part of the entertainment, and the whole household was busy for days in the various departments, making enormous pasties, wonderful conglomerations of cold meats, pies, galantines, mountains of confectionery and inimitable brown-bread, ices and cream-cheeses, for the expected guests. The fruit and flower decoration of the long table in the Elizabethan dining-room might have shamed a painter's taste, and the adjuncts of highly carved oak chairs, sculptured stone mantelpiece, and family portraits covering the walls, made a splendid and appropriate background.

We expected a very particular "lion" with the Archæological Society, Miss Agnes Strickland, the veteran historian of English and Scottish royalty, and the brave advocate of slandered Mary Stuart. Her books had been familiar to us from childhood, and stood on the old library shelves in imposing array, twenty or thirty volumes at least.

The day came, and towards noon we were all expectation. It was quite a novel experience, and we had been anxiously looking forward to it. The Society arrived in numberless vehicles of all kinds and sizes, some very much over-loaded. It did not look very fashionable; indeed, its costumes were, on the contrary, rather eccentric. The gentlemen wore rusty black clothes, tourists' costumes, shooting garments—anything. The ladies had on very thick boots, blue veils, saucer-shaped hats, and all manner of comfortable, though hardly elegant wraps. Altogether the males of the party looked "seedy," and their companions "strong-minded." It was a curious bevy to welcome to the quiet old house.

Many clergymen were there, earnest in searching out ecclesiastico-architectural details, and some of them very much interested in our domestic chapel, a little Gothic gem, which, albeit modern, was worthy of the thirteenth century. The guests roamed from room to room, admiring, as one does in a museum, the objects of art and *virtu* scattered around, and now and then issuing out on the terraced flower-garden, laid out English-wise, in geometrical patterns of brilliantly tinted and well-contrasted flowers. The huge cruciform barn, supposed to have been a monastic tithe-barn, and which now served as a

coach-house and stables, drew much attention and occasioned scientific comments without number. Most people mistake it for a church, on first approaching it from the carriage-road, and the illusion is heightened by the narrow slits like lancet windows, cut between the buttresses, and the *quasi* cross-shaped ornament that crowns its foremost gable. Bouquets were hastily picked and presented to the ladies of the party, as we accompanied them through the grounds, stopping to see the views which certain openings cut among the trees were calculated to frame to the best advantage.

There were more people than we had reckoned on, but, thanks to the prudence of our invaluable house-keeper, not more than we were prepared for. There certainly was a goodly proportion of guests whose devotion to archæology was less perceptible than their reverent curiosity about their superiors. We had been warned of this, and if it gave these good people any pleasure to see how we dined, lived, slept and prayed, it certainly was no trouble to us to gratify the innocent prying. So with our incongruous medley of visitors the time passed quickly and pleasantly till the gong boomed out its summons to "breakfast." There was a rush for the dining-room, but the Society could not get in all together (for the table would not seat much more than twenty or thirty at a time), so it had to *feed* in batches. It must have been very hungry, for the first batch left but a wreck for the second to finish, and the third had to be appeased with the reserve dishes that prudence had only just supplied in time. I eschewed the "breakfast," and continued doing the honors of the house and grounds.

Miss Agnes Strickland had come with the rest. She seemed wonderfully buoyant and sociable. It was the first time I had seen an "authoress" face to face, and one whose works were so familiar to me as standard school-books. She was an old woman, tall, healthy and masculine, a great talker, and a cheery, warm-hearted person. She was asked to give us a quiet week after the Archæological jaunt, and she consented, apparently very gladly. The afternoon being now pretty far advanced, it was thought time, though the days were still long, to resume the ostensible "business" which lay at the root of this banqueting tour. It was a pretty and a curious sight to see the male and female antiquaries gather from all parts of the house and grounds, some fresh from devotional admiration of the Gothic chapel, others from

poring over the Carthaginian marbles ingeniously wrought into a mosaic table, others again from poetic wanderings in the shrubberies at the back of the house. The carriages were once more packed, and the Society's implements—hammers for the geological, poetical guide-books for the romantic, sun-umbrellas for the practical—safely stowed away. The procession defiled through the park and wood and stopped at Campden—Chipping Campden, as it is called in its full dignity of a market-town, *chipping* being Saxon for *market* (so at least I have been told). There the architectural curiosities of a fourteenth-century parish church, et cetera, engaged the Society's attention for an hour or two—much less time, as we reflected, than it had given to the lounging "breakfast" I have just described.

We saw no more, for a long time, of any Archæological Societies, and this "feast of reason and flow of soul" remained a solitary experience in our quiet records; but within a month Miss Agnes Strickland returned and paid us the promised visit.

She was most kind to me, and often talked, very much as she does on paper, about history and biography, etc. But there is a poetic side to her talent, little known to the world; she presented me with a copy of verses in her own handwriting, and also wrote her name in full on the fly-leaf of one of her own early books, *Alda, the British Captive*, a tale of the first ages of Christianity in Rome and Britain. This was seeing the biographer of English Queens in quite a new light. She proved herself a most agreeable companion, an indefatigable walker, and a sympathizing conversationalist, all the time I was with her.

She was like a new study to me. What was strangest about her was the intense earnestness and gravity of her interest in things gone by: she spoke of historical events three or four hundred years old in the tone of actual concern with which we canvass the passing deeds of to-day; the morning newspaper did not interest her at all, while an old chronicle would keep her placidly occupied for many pleasant hours. Above all, Mary Stuart—her wrongs, her sorrows, and the history of her accusations with their denials—was an all-absorbing topic of conversation. One morning at breakfast she talked of this so long as to send half the company to sleep, but she was too deep in her subject to mind that. She is one of the most whole-souled, warm-hearted beings I ever met, a woman whose genuine enthusiasm is a refreshing experi-

ence, and whom it is a pleasure and an honor to count among one's friends. Since that short visit I have never seen her, but we corresponded occasionally, and her letters were, like herself, full of heart, of youth, of energy and self-reliance. She lives alone in a little cottage in one of the southern counties of England, the center of a wide circle of friends

whom she does not know by name, but who know her and her efforts well; a little lonely, perhaps, when she looks around upon the homes that she can see with the eyes of the flesh, but happier in the visionary world of the past, where she dwells with bright, holy, beautiful, or gifted women, and knightly, generous men.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Thoughts after Christmas.

WHEN we witness the persistent efforts that are made by a certain class of philosophers to shake and undermine the popular faith in Christianity, we wonder whether it ever occurs to them to question what this country and the world would be if those efforts should succeed,—if all the churches should be closed or transformed into places of business and pleasure, if there should be no more inculcation of Christian morals based upon divine authority, if all the mission-schools should be shut up and all the charities abandoned that grow out of Christian love and duty, if all the hopes of happy immortality should be extinguished, and all the assurances of divine sympathy and ministry should fall upon faithless ears and deadened hearts. We do not think that a question like this ever finds foothold in them, else, for humanity's sake, they would smother their doubts in their own bosoms, and keep their crude and cruel speculations to themselves. If Christianity is a lie, it has proved itself to be more fruitful of love and beneficence than any truth ever discovered. If Christianity is a lie, then the devil is God, and the world's first and foremost benefactor. If Science is the source and the test of all truth relating to humanity, and Christianity is a fable, then fable is the natural food and refuge of the soul; and we are left to thank the devil for everything which makes life desirable, and death a transformation into a higher life,—everything which elevates morals, regulates the animal appetites and passions, encourages the desponding, and gives to life the significance of a school for a spiritual sphere of existence.

To blot out Christianity would be to blot out a civilization which has achieved more for human good, and done more to realize the brotherhood of men than all the philosophies and all the other religions of the world combined. To blot out Christianity would be to blot out the sacredness of our domestic relations, blot out the sense of moral obligation, blot out ten thousand charities that have their root in Christian love, blot out the Sabbath with all its hallowed associations and influences, blot out the conservative influence of the Christian church, blot out the Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's Prayer, blot out the inspiring influence of the only spotless human

life ever lived, blot out the sense of spiritual relationship to the divine, blot out prayer, a personal deity and heaven.

Will the philosophers be kind enough to tell us what they propose to substitute for this weak and wretched fable that, for eighteen centuries, intrenched within the purest and best minds of every century, has not only been able to defend itself against all their assaults, but to thrive and grow strong? What good do they bring us to compensate for it? What new center for the heart of man, what new example for imitation, what new inspiration to self-denial for the sake of others, what new purifying influence upon morals, what new encouragements in a life of toil and trouble, what new motives to the shaping of noble character do they propose to give us in the place of that which they take away? Do they ever think of this?

But the man of science is the man pre-eminently of reason. Is he? Will he be kind enough, then, to tell us the reason why error is so much more fruitful of good to men than truth? Here is a system of morals and religion which, if embraced in its simplicity and entirety, is demonstrably capable of transforming every human home into a heaven, of reducing to harmony all the disorders of society, of doing away with all wars between nationalities, of substituting the law of benevolence for that of selfishness in all human relations, of subjecting the animal to the spiritual in human life, of producing the sweetest types of character that the world has ever known, of sustaining the heart in trouble and sorrow, and of making death a scene of triumphant happiness and hope. Where did it come from? It was an invention of a weak enthusiast, was it? It is a fable for women and weak men to believe in, is it? Has the world been fruitful of such things? Did it come up out of the ground? Must we have everything by induction and nothing by superinduction? Was God Almighty, as He lives and reigns in the human mind, developed from a polyp? What awful nonsense a man of reason may believe in! If the undevout astronomer is mad, the unchristian man of reason is an ass.

In an age when science undertakes to apply its tests to the material uses of prayer, and, dawdling among second causes, stumbles upon the Almighty at every step, and fixes its little label upon the purple

of His robe and calls Him "Force;" when it puts on airs of superiority over its retorts and re-agents, and presumes to settle questions relating to a realm of life and research as remote from it as mind is from matter; when it talks about nature as a key-board, below the lowest note of which it finds nothing to learn, and nothing to learn above the highest,—not even the name of the person who made the piano staring him in the face during every moment of his study,—it becomes the Christian not only to preserve his equanimity, but to hold his head erect. The time is past for making apologies for Christianity. If apologies are due from any man it is from him who does not know God when he meets Him, and cannot recognize, in a system of religion which has demonstrated itself to be the purest and noblest force in all human civilization, that which is authoritative and divine. Is the experience of millions of hearts and lives to be proved illusory in a crucible? Are the possibilities and verities of divine revelation to be measured by a yard-stick?

On the whole, it was well that the bells were rung, that wise men, like the magi of old on the first Christmas morning, bore gifts to childhood, that good wishes were exchanged, that feasts were spread, that the churches were filled with worshiping and rejoicing crowds, and that, for one day, all Christendom was bright with happiness and resonant with congratulations. It is well, too, to be sorry for those who, bound to the science of materials, have no comprehension of the science of morals and of history,—to pity those who, recognizing no facts but those apprehensible by the senses, fail to find the life and love which inform them, and ignore a revelation of truths of which the senses take no cognizance. For the bells will ring on through all the generations with finer and fuller music on every coming Christmas; the hands of those now unborn will blossom with richer gifts than those which bless our children; congratulations will fill all the lands and all the homes of the world, and our blessed fable will live until it shall be decked with all the laurels of Science, and until Reason shall be a devout learner at the feet of Faith. The one reforming, purifying, humanizing and saving influence of the world will not be outlived or outlawed. Even if its perpetuity depended upon the suffrages of humanity—which it does not—humanity cannot afford its sacrifice and will not consent to it.

The Neglect of the Rich.

If any of the millionaires of the City of New York have felt grieved because we have not called upon them, or because we do not even know their faces when we happen to meet them, we beg their pardon. We have had no intention to slight them, or to count them out of the circle of humanity by reason of their comparative independence of it. We do not blame them for being rich, unless they have procured their wealth by oppression of the poor. Some of them have be-

come rich because they were brighter and more industrious than the rest of us, and recognized quicker than we the elusive faces of golden opportunities. We can find no fault with them for this, but rather with ourselves. Some of them inherited wealth, and have no responsibilities concerning it save those connected with the spending of it. Some of them acquired it by accident—by the rise of real estate that they had held, perhaps, unwillingly, or by an unlooked-for appreciation of the value of stocks. However their wealth may have been acquired—always excepting that which has been won by immoral practices—we wish to have them understand that we think none the worse of them for their pleasant fortune. We regard them still as men and brothers, who delight in the sympathy of their fellows, and whose hearts are warmed by the popular confidence and good-will.

We confess that we have never been quite able to understand why it is that those who have been fortunate in life should be compelled, in consequence, to sacrifice their early friendships and their old friends. Two boys begin life together. They may, or may not, be relatives; but they are bosom-friends. They confide to one another their plans and ambitions, and start out on the race for fortune, neck-and-neck. One outstrips the other, and reaches his goal gladly and gratefully. He has thrown no hindrances in the path of his friend. He has, on the contrary, encouraged him; and, so far as it was proper for him to do so, given him assistance. Finding at last that he is hopelessly floundering in the way, or that he has tripped and fallen, he goes back to him to exchange a friendly word, but he is met by cold looks and averted eyes. The successful man has committed no sin except that of becoming successful. He has lost none of his affection for his friend, but he has lost his friend. Thenceforward there is between the two a great gulf fixed, and that gulf is fixed by the unsuccessful man. He has taken to himself the fancy that the successful man must hold the unsuccessful man in dishonor, and that he cannot possibly meet him again on the even terms which existed when their lives were untried plans.

There are few successful men, we imagine, who have not been vexed and wounded by the persistent misapprehensions and distrust of those whom they loved when they were young, and whom they would still gladly love if they could be permitted to do so. There is not an hour, on any day, in this city, in which thriving men do not cross the street to meet old friends who, because they are not thriving, strive to avoid them—not an hour in which they do not try by acts of courtesy and hearty good-will to hold the friendship of those whom they have left behind in the strife for fortune. Excepting a few churls and coxcombs, they all do this until they get thoroughly tired of it, and finally give it up as a bad job. They know that they have done their duty. They know that they have not entertained a thought or performed an act of wrong toward those who shun them. Their consciences are clear, and, at last, half in sorrow,

half in anger, they consent that the knot that once united two harmonious lives shall be severed forever.

There are many men who cannot bear prosperity when it comes to them, but their number is small compared to those who cannot bear the prosperity of others. There is no finer test of true nobility of character than that furnished by the effect of the good fortune of friends. The poor man who rejoices in the prosperity of his neighbor, and meets him always without distrust and with unshaken self-respect, betrays unconsciously a nature and character which a king might envy. To such a man every rich man bows with cordial recognition, while he cannot fail to regard with contempt the insolent churl who meets him with bravado and the offensive assertion of an equality which he does not feel, as well as the cowardly sneak who avoids and distrusts him.

A great deal is said about the insolence of riches and the neglect or disregard of the poor on the part of those who possess them, but, in sober truth, there is a neglect of the rich on the part of the poor that is quite as unjust and quite as hard to bear. If there is a gulf between the rich man and the poor man, the latter does quite as much to dig it and keep it open as the former. There are multitudes of rich men whose wealth has the tendency to enlarge their sympathies, and to fill them with good-will, particularly toward all those whom they have known in their less prosperous years. To these men of generous natures the loss of sympathy and friendship is a grievous deprivation.

Money does not make the man. The poor man will tell us this as if he believed it, but either he does not believe it, or he believes that the rich man does not believe it; certainly, in his intercourse with the rich man, he does not manifest his faith in this universally accepted maxim. He merely accepts the rich man's courtesies as condescension and patronage, and is offended by them. No; let no poor man talk of the pride and superciliousness of riches until his self-respectful poverty is ready to meet those riches half way, and to have faith in the good-will and common human sympathy of those who bear them.

Habits of Literary Labor.

When Mr. Pickwick informed Mr. Jingle that his friend Mr. Snodgrass had a strong poetic turn, Mr. Jingle responded:

"So have I—Epic poem—ten thousand lines—revolution of July—composed it on the spot—Mars by day, Apollo by night—bang the field-piece—twang the lyre—fired a musket—fired with an idea—rushed into wine-shop—wrote it down—back again—whiz, bang—another idea—wine-shop again—pen and ink—back again—cut and slash—noble time, sir."

There are other people beside Mr. Pickwick who accept this method of literary production as quite natural and legitimate. We remember seeing, some years ago, a sketch by an extravagant humorist of a man, who wrote a book in a single night, tossing each

sheet as it was finished over his left shoulder, pursuing his work with a pen that hissed with the heat of the terrible friction, and fainting away into the arms of anxious friends when the task was finished. Preposterous as the fiction was, it hardly exaggerated an idea prevalent in many minds that literary production is a sort of miraculous birth, that is as strenuous and inevitable as the travail which brings a new being into life. Indeed, there are some, perhaps many, writers who practically entertain the same notion. They depend upon moods, and if the moods do not come nothing comes. They go to their work without a will, and impotently wait for some angel to stir the pool, and if the angel fails to appear that settles the question for them. Such men of course accomplish but little. Few of them ever do more than show what possibilities of achievement are within them. They disappoint themselves, disappoint their friends, and disappoint a waiting public that soon ceases to wait, and soon transfers its expectations to others. Literary life has very few satisfactions for them, and often ends in a resort to stimulating drinks or drugs in order to produce artificially the mood which will not come of itself.

There is a good deal of curiosity among literary men in regard to the habits of each other. Men who find their work hard, their health poor, and their production slow, are always curious concerning the habits of those who accomplish a great deal with apparent ease. Some men do all their writing in the morning. Some of them even rise before their households, and do half their day's work before breakfast. Others do not feel like going to work until after breakfast and after exercise in the open air. Some fancy that they can only work in the evening, and some of these must wait for their best hours until all but themselves are asleep. Some cannot use their brains at all immediately after exercise. Some smoke while writing, some write on the stimulus of coffee, and some on that of alcohol. Irregularity and strange whims are supposed to be characteristic of genius. Indeed, it rather tells against the reputation of a man to be methodical in his habits of literary labor. Men of this stripe are supposed to be mechanical plodders, without wings, and without the necessity of an atmosphere in which to spread them.

We know of no better guide in the establishment of habits of literary labor than common sense. After a good night's sleep and a refreshing breakfast, a man ought to be in his best condition for work, and he is. All literary men who accomplish much and maintain their health do their work in the morning, and do it every morning. It is the daily task, performed morning after morning, throughout the year—carefully, conscientiously, persistently—that tells in great results. But in order to perform this task in this way, there must be regular habits of sleep, with which nothing shall be permitted to interfere. The man who eats late suppers, attends parties and clubs, or dines out every night, cannot work in the morning. Such a

man has, in fact, no time to work in the whole round of the hours. Late and irregular habits at night are fatal to literary production as a rule. The exceptional cases are those which have fatal results upon life in a few years.

One thing is certain: no great thing can be done in literary production without habit of some sort; and we believe that all writers who maintain their health work in the morning. The night-work on our daily papers is killing work, and ought to be followed only a few years by any man. A man whose work is that of literary production ought always to go to his labor with a willing mind, and he can only do this by being accustomed to take it up at regular hours. We called upon a preacher the other day—one of the most eloquent and able men in the American pulpit. He was in his study, which was out of his house; and his wife simply had to say that there was no way by which she could get at him, even if she should wish to see him herself. He was wise. He had his regular hours of labor, which no person was permitted to interrupt. In the afternoon he could be seen; in the morning, never. A rule like this is absolutely necessary to every man who wishes to accomplish much. It is astonishing how much a man may accomplish with the habit of doing his utmost during three or four hours in the morning. He can do this every day, have his afternoons and evenings to himself, maintain the highest health, and live a life of generous length.

The reason why some men never feel like work in the morning is, either that they have formed other habits, or that they have spent the evening improperly. They have only to go to their work every morning, and do the best they can for a dozen mornings in succession, to find that the disposition and power to work will come. It will cost a severe effort of the will, but it will pay. Then the satisfaction of the task performed will sweeten all the other hours. There is no darker or deadlier shadow than that cast upon a man by a deferred and waiting task. It haunts him, chases him, harries him, sprinkles bitterness in his every cup, plants thorns in his pillow, and renders him every hour more unfit for its performance. The difference between driving literary work and being driven by it is the difference between heaven and hell. It is the difference between working with the will and working against it. It is the difference between being a master and being a slave.

Good habit is a relief, too, from all temptation to the use of stimulants. By it a man's brain may become just as reliable a producer as his hand, and the cheerfulness and healthfulness which it will bring to the mind will show themselves in all the issues of the mind. The writings of those contemporaneous geniuses, Scott and Byron, illustrate this point sufficiently. One is all robust health, the result of sound habit; the other all fever and irregularity. What could Poe not have done with Mr. Longfellow's

habit? No; there is but one best way in which to do literary work, and that is the way in which any other work is done—after the period devoted to rest, and with the regularity of the sun.

To the Memory of George P. Putnam.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE was a notable confluent of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. It rose among the mountains and rocks of American magazine literature, and brought a pure tide into the present prosperous stream. Its source was the heart and brain of him whose name we have written above, and, now that that heart and brain are still, it is as fitting as it is delightful for us to pay our tribute of respect to their memory. Other pens have chronicled Mr. Putnam's history, and told his worth, but it is every journalist's privilege to sweeten his columns with the records of a good life.

The name of Mr. Putnam has been for many years known throughout the nation in association with the best books. He was a genuine lover of literature, and a friend as well as patron of literary men. Quick to recognize and ready to encourage merit in others, he was himself a good writer and an excellent critic. If he failed to reap the rewards of his life-long industry in pecuniary advantage, it was mainly because his interest in literature rose above pecuniary considerations. He loved it more for its own sake, and for the sake of his country, than for any personal benefit which it might bring to him. He was also a connoisseur in art, and took, in the last months of his life, many a day from his absorbing business pursuits to give fitting inauguration to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, with whose birth his name and loving service will be forever associated. There is not a publisher in the United States who does not feel that in Mr. Putnam's death he has lost one of the brightest, best, and most honorable representatives of his guild.

It is natural that we yoke his memory with that of the beloved Scribner. Both were men of culture, men of religion, men of honor, men of lovely personal and social qualities, and men who, from sterling principle and an innate love of that which was pure and good, refused to debase their important office by ministering to vulgar tastes for gain. Both were as conscientious as they were critical, and their death is a common loss to literature and the wide life that feeds upon it.

A noble man, a tender husband, a kind and affectionate father, a true friend, an honorable man of business, a patron and promoter of progress in literature and art, a wise counselor, and a Christian citizen expired when Mr. Putnam closed his eyes in that mysterious thrill which was but the bursting in upon him of the vision of a spiritual world. Peace to his ashes, blessings upon his memory, consolation to his family and friends, and fruitfulness to the influence of his life and character!

THE OLD CABINET.

As I was passing along one of the west-side avenues the other afternoon, my way was obstructed by some workmen who were carrying boxes from an open lot and piling them in a cart which had been backed up against the curb. The boxes were of unpainted pine, oblong, and of various sizes—each with a number chalked upon it. I soon found out what was happening. The contents of an old city graveyard were being removed to an out-of-town cemetery, to make room for a row of new brick stores. The graves belonged to a congregation of early German settlers, whose great grandchildren perpetuated the ancient associations of church and country, and had found ample room, far from the impertinence of improvement, where they might be gathered to their fathers—or, at least, where their fathers might be gathered to them.

The mourners did not go about the streets; there was not a wet eye anywhere; not so much as a handkerchief. No—not even the sable, squeak-soled undertaker, to give that air of solemn decency to the occasion—in its presence dreadful, but in its unused absence more awful still. And yet it was the saddest funeral that ever I saw.

Yes, leather-faced, jovial, cursing Irishmen hustling your pine boxes over the sidewalk; yes, red-checked girls and boys peering between the fence-palings with eyes of wonder; yes, twittering snow-birds; yes, great hurrying procession of people, with hearts full of Christmas or the devil; yes, dreamy loiterer—this is what it all comes to! You shall have your day to be wept over and honored, dead; your one, own, only funeral: the closed blinds; the decorous little bi-colored banner of woe at the door-knob; the rows of strange chairs in the parlor; the scent of flowers; the hushed crowd; the tremulous prayer; the low voice of the singers; the tears; the stifled sobs; the sudden, heart-broken out-cry; the hearse; the dust-to-dust. But the big world will move on in its way; aye—the little world that was all the world to you,—it also will move on. Not without a difference, surely; for to some others it will never again be the same world. Still, it will move on. The living will not forget you—O, no! Your image in some hearts may grow dim and dimmer, but in others it will be ever fresh and bright and beautiful. “The living!”—but what about the dead! Is there remembrance in the tomb? Days and nights, and summers and winters, new moons and old moons, cloud and sunshine—the old unending round—and some idle dreamer may stop a moment to wonder what sort of a mortal it was that has come to be a ruckle of bones in box No. One hundred and eleven.

With these thoughts came another thought which is quite apt to follow such—a sort of self-consciousness, rather, that separates a man from his fellows,—a saying to one's self—these people are all mistaken, insanely busy about matters of no earthly or heavenly

consequence, scampering to and fro on fools' errands; excited about nothing; it is every bit vanity and vexation of spirit. I had the feeling of one who looks at a play from behind the scenes, and smiles to himself at his friends in the parquet who seem to have forgotten that they are only at a show. Why! *he* knows that Ophelia's flowers are made of tissue paper; and that Hamlet's calves are stuffed with sawdust; *he* can lay his hand upon the absurd little spectated prompter whose sharp whispers from the wings are translated on the stage into tender murmurings or passionate appeals.

He knows and sees this—but what does he know of the master-mind that informs all? what does he see of the mighty truth in untruth; the subtle, resulting beauty that thrills the souls of those who lend themselves freely to the magnificent illusion? He and he alone is the fool!

So with this last figure I put to flight that old haunting demon of mine—the demon of the doctrine of indifference—the philosophy that teaches the unreality of things temporal. O the falsehood of it! O the farce indeed it would make of life!

I LEFT the cart with its load of outworn humanity, and sauntered on my way up the avenue. Thank Heaven, a certain other demon, which such a sight as this would once have started, came not after me now! Heaven pity those who have caught sight of its vague and terrible countenance.

What I mean is, the sense of another sort of indifference—an indifference that, in certain moods, men put in the place where they have thought God to be; or, which, yet more awful, they make the attribute of a God therefore unfit to reign.

The generation that passes away, and the generation that comes, and the earth that abides forever; the wind that goes toward the south and turns about unto the north, and returns again according to his circuits; the rivers that run into the sea and go back into the place whence they come;—snow-birds twittering over re-opened graves; unthinking passers-by; chaffing workmen; clear sunshine and sweet, transparent shadows; blue, all-embracing sky; the very human soul to whom the nameless thing hidden now in No. One hundred and eleven, was once dear—what living horror lies in this universal, voiceless indifference!

Living horror unless living hope! For if you have looked on some such scene as I beheld the other night—a shadowy expanse of water, divided by one long, far-reaching path of silver light, across which gleamy waves chased each other out of and into the dark—a sky whose clouds half hid the moon, and distant hills that faded into the night—if you have looked at such a scene, and suddenly or slowly known its holy, patient

calm to be a part of the eternal patience—then you are wise indeed; no silence may affright you—you shall sit still with God in a sure awaiting.

A dun, bleak stretch aslant to the salt sea's grey—
Rock-strewn, and scarred by fire, and rough with stubble—

And here and there a bold, bright touch of color,—
Berries and yellow leaves—to make the dolor
More dolorous still. Above, a sky of trouble.

Later—a strange light lifted through the air;
A darker mystery though the sky enfold—
That gleam in the west makes the whole dim earth fair:
The sun outshines and the grey sea is gold.
Erewhile I moaned Too long the lingering day,—
And now for one hour more—one little hour I pray!

HOME AND SOCIETY.

The Hospitality we should Like to See.

"Do you ever thoroughly enjoy receiving company?" said a lady to us not long ago. "For my part, I am so occupied with the fear that my guests will not be sufficiently entertained that I have no time to enjoy them." Most American housekeepers will confess to something of this feeling. Even in our best-appointed households, there is not that absence of care in the deportment of the lady of the house which is seen in French or English drawing-rooms. Her thoughts cannot help wandering to the kitchen, even in the midst of the most animated conversation. She knows full well that after all those endeavors which have made her somewhat too weary to be quite at her best in looks or manner, there may be a failure in serving the repast. It is curious to see what a different woman she is after supper, if all has gone well. For the time she is safe, and exuberant with a sense of relief.

When our guests are staying with us for a day or a week, matters are somewhat better, because so much is not attempted; but still there is often an unnaturalness and constraint which makes itself felt, even through the most scrupulous politeness. Much of this is no doubt owing to our unsatisfactory and precarious domestic service. Arthur Hugh Clough said, "The only way to live comfortably in America is to live rudely and simply;" and while we should not like to agree to his statement seriously, there are moments of despair, it must be acknowledged, in which we feel the force of it. But there is a deeper reason than this for our discomfort, and happily it is one which it lies in our power to remedy. Somehow or other, the idea has become chronic with us, that we must entertain our visitors according to their style of living rather than our own. If a friend comes who has no larger a *ménage* than we, it is all very well; we make no special effort, and are thoroughly and simply hospitable. But let a distinguished foreigner or an "American prince" visit us, and everything is changed. We have an indistinct idea of what he is accustomed to at home, and nothing short of that will content us. We put ourselves to torture to devise how to entertain him worthily, forgetting that

what is unusual is always obviously so, and that he will detect the thin veneering of style, and either pity or sneer at us, according to his nature.

There is with us Americans an inborn dislike to be surpassed; it is at once our strength and our weakness; giving us a stimulus to endeavor in great things, and causing a belittling anxiety in small ones. Far better in family affairs is French simplicity, that gives its best, whether poor or otherwise, without shame or ostentation; that makes no guest uncomfortable by a suggestion of unusual expense or fatigue. If we could only understand it, we should feel that what our guests desire, if they are right-minded persons, is a glimpse of our real life; they come to us to know us better—not to have a repetition of their home experiences. True hospitality makes as little difference as possible for the stranger or the friend; it infolds each at once in its warm atmosphere; and if he be a guest worth entertaining, he will prefer a thousand times such a home-welcome to the display which has no heart in it. Especially with the foreigners who come to our shores is this true. They are away from their homes and families; they tire of receptions and state dinners; and the kindest thing we can do for them is occasionally to vary the programme by a quiet, friendly chat at the family fireside. And for all whom we entertain, that which we have decided to be right and proper for us in private should be the measure of our public doings. Consistency in this particular would relieve many a guest as well as many an entertainer. "I pray you, O excellent wife," says Emerson, "not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bedchamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at any village. But let this stranger, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behavior, read your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price, in any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles, and dine sparsely and sleep hard, in order to behold. Certainly let the board be spread, and let the bed be dressed for the traveler; but let not the *emphasis of hospitality lie in these things.*"

At the Front Door.

Is there any particular reason, we wonder, why those sensibly contrived, thoroughly effective, generally interesting, and often extremely quaint and artistic old-fashioned door-knockers should have gone so entirely out of use? Why should the inelegant and complicated modern door-bell have so entirely usurped its place in this country? Certainly the knocker was serviceable. There could never be any doubt about there being some one at the door when a big brass or iron knocker was pounding away. Not only the girl (presumably) in the kitchen could hear the noise, but every one in the house could hear it. Therein was the knocker hospitable; it announced to all the household the coming of a visitor. But perhaps nowadays the household does not want to know. But why not? The whole family need not go to the door. And a bell, unless it is centrally placed in the house, is often wonderfully ineffective. How well we all know that!—we who have shivered on brown-stone stoops and white marble front steps in winter, and scorched and steamed upon them in summer, while Bridget or Dinah (who didn't happen to be in the kitchen, and therefore didn't hear the bell) kept us waiting for the welcome opening of the door. But with a knocker, how different! If Bidy was indoors and neither deaf nor dead, she must hear the rapping, no matter in what part of the house she had secluded herself. And, more than that, she could not pretend she did not hear it. The bell may be in a measure to her a private *annunciator* ringing out its call to her alone, and depending upon her alone for its answer. Not so the knocker. Like a public voice, it calls aloud to everybody in general, and if one person in particular (Bidy) does not do her duty, everybody in general will know it.

There is no end to the effectiveness of a good knocking on the outside of a house. We remember one cold, bitter, miserable winter night when we came home late—and yet not so very late either, but it was so cold that everybody had gone to bed in the big house in which we lived and to which we had no latch-key. At the bell we pulled, we pulled and we pulled, and the more we pulled the more nobody came. At last we were about giving up in despair and going to the station-house or a hotel, when a policeman came along. "You can't make 'em hear, eh!" said he. "Now just wait a minute!" And then he stepped into the street and picked up a brick from a pile near by. With this he knocked, apparently very gently, on the wall of the house. The effect was magical! As the dull, drum-like booming resounded through the house, every window was thrown open and heads popped out on every story. A dozen people were ready to let us in, if we would but knock no more. We might even have entered at the back of the house had we been there. In such a case as this a bell was of no use at all; and as it is easy to see that it would be inconvenient to carry cobble-stones or bricks about with us, for they are not always to

be found in the street, what is there that we can really depend upon in such emergencies but a knocker?

But there is more about a knocker than its mere utility. For one thing, it gives an individuality to the appeal for entrance. We can tell very often who is knocking when we hear the raps at the door. All our friends, and particularly the postman, have their own ways of knocking, and in time we come to know them. But a bell rings pretty much the same for everybody. Some may pull harder and oftener than others, but the bell can do nothing but jingle, after all.

And then, too, a knocker may be and almost always is artistic in device. This is something we seldom see in a bell-handle. But the old knockers were grand! Here was a griffin, and you boldly took him by the head and pounded the door with his fore-feet. And there was a grim lion with a heavy ring in his mouth with which one could rap ready entrance; or a grinning goblin confronted you who would knock his chin against his brazen breast if you chose to make him do it. Or you might make the glad tidings of your coming known by merely raising and dropping a wreath of flowers—iron flowers, with a particularly heavy rose in the middle. The house-doors of our ancestors were hung with many a strange device in brass and iron. Sometimes they were quaint, sometimes they were handsome, but whatever their design, they were worth looking at, which is very much more than we can say for a metal knob stuck up by the side of a door. There seems to be no reason why we, in America, should be so generally deprived of these useful and ornamental contrivances. In other countries the knocker is yet held in high esteem, and why should not we have it?—at least those of us who would like the Art and convenience of our households to commence at the front-door.

On Skates.

As the temperature sinks, the hopes of our young friends rise; every degree of the mercury towards freezing-point is but a step in the *crescendo* of delightful anticipation which ever bursts into a grand *fortissimo* of exultation when the ball goes up at Central Park. Now it is that unnumbered pairs of skates are lugged out from garret-closets and store-rooms; the shop-windows now bloom out with "Barney and Berry" and "London Club," with straps and buckles and hockey-sticks, and now young America, in town and country, is all agog for its rare and therefore all the keener enjoyment of the ice.

There is no finer, more manly, graceful, and invigorating sport than skating, and it is a thousand pities that fashion or prudence should have cast some discredit on its enjoyment and hindered its universal popularity. It gives endless scope for personal courage, endurance, skill, and taste. One can't get tired of it, for it is an art whose possibilities are boundless, and whose minute and finer developments are infinite

in subtlety and bewildering in their complex variety. To the accomplished figure-skater of to-day, the blundering, straight-ahead operator of twenty years ago, who made it his pride to skate so many miles in so many minutes, to cut a ring backwards and jump over a log on the ice, is as the pianist of a traveling show to Taussig or Rubinstein. It makes our home-keeping youth acquaint with the fresh joy of keen wintry air and smiling wintry landscape, of amber sunsets and rich brown hill-sides, and dim gray twilight, and frosty moon-rise. There is a timorous ecstasy in the first breathless essay of the "outward edge," such as the hero may feel in going into battle, and the first successful "backward five" may aptly prefigure all later triumph and achievement. Nowhere can our young people—boys and girls together—meet in more healthy, natural, and hearty relations than on the ice. Nowhere can a manly young fellow—we say it without shadow of silly sentimentality—so commend himself to the regard of a frank, kindly girl as by his patient, considerate, and helpful care in a series of first skating lessons. Nowhere is a fine, courageous, spirited girl more attractive than in the modest but fearless determination with which she addresses herself to better the instruction of her more robust companion. Young eyes will light up at the glance of other eyes, we know; young hearts will beat responsive to other hearts, why not a thousand times better under the free sky, the crisp, clear air, and fine inspiration of noble exercise, than in the stifling, noxious atmosphere and amid the morbid excitement of the ball-room or the theater?

But skating is dangerous, we shall be told; the Faculty frown on it, and in its train follow colds, sprains, and uncounted evils. But, dear elders, everything good may be abused. That skating is too fascinating should teach us only to enjoy it with care and moderation, not to shun it. Luckily, in large cities at least, the exercise is now surrounded with such facilities as, properly used, should deprive it of all its dangers. Large, dry, well-warmed rooms, places for refreshment, for rest, for laying aside wraps, for cooling down and warming up—nay, waiting-rooms and front-boxes, so to speak, for inspectant and guardian mammas and elders—all make it possible to practice this delightful exercise with every safeguard of sense, prudence, and health. So take it moderately, dear young friends, but take it, if parents and doctors will let you; a bump or a sprain here and there is no more than you must meet in all life's effort and attainment, and pluck and perseverance here speak well for your achievement in more weighty matters.

Furniture for the Sick-Room.

In considering the question of furnishing a room for a sick member of a family, we must look at the matter from a sanitary point of view as well as in a spirit of affection; and while nothing should be left out of the room (so far as our means allow) which

would give the invalid comfort and ease, nothing should be left in it which can be of injury to him.

From the floors, unless there is some very good reason for retaining them, we should banish carpets, and from the windows heavy curtains, for not only do both retain many unwholesome odors, but they are dust collectors,—and dust is not merely an annoyance to all invalids, but a serious injury to many.

In lieu of carpets we should choose Chinese matting. This need never be swept, but can be dusted with a damp mop. If, once or twice a month, a little carbolic acid be dropped into the water in which the mop is dipped, it will add to the effectiveness of the cleansing. For warmth in winter there may be laid upon the matting a few Persian rugs, or even squares of carpet or drugget, which can be readily removed from the room and shaken.

For an invalid who has any spinal trouble, to whom even the easiest of easy-chairs is often a dread, a broad, soft, *springy* couch is almost a necessity. One without sides, and with an end that can be raised or lowered to suit the patient's wishes, is best; its cost is about \$45.

For other patients, whose difficulty prevents walking, but does not interfere with his enjoyment of a chair, there are several kinds of wheel-chairs, varying in price from \$50 to \$150 for ordinary styles, to \$350 for those made to order. The best of these which has fallen under our observation costs \$120, and is provided with springs, with a foot-rest, and with a regulating attachment by which the back can be raised or lowered, and retained at any angle to suit the occupant. Another kind, with wheels and foot-rest, but with stationary back, is sold at from \$50 to \$80. Still others, for invalids who desire the foot-rest and movable back, but who can walk about their rooms, are found at from \$50 for the cane seat, to \$140 for the elaborately upholstered. "Sleepy-hollow" chairs—soft, springy, on easily rolling castors, and provided with foot-rest—are sold at from \$27 to \$65.

An article of great convenience is a desk which can be attached to the side of the bed or chair, and be turned to any position the patient may choose, serving as book-rest or writing-table, as desired. These are sold at from \$10 to \$50, the first answering all useful purposes as well as those at higher prices.

For an invalid confined entirely to the bed there are bed-rests or pillow-supporters, sold at from \$10 to \$25; but in most cases well-arranged pillows, without the rest, answer a better purpose.

The bedstead should be provided with springs of the best manufacture, and a hair mattress. Bolsters and pillows may be of hair, but feathers are preferred by most. Large, nearly square pillows, each containing about five pounds of feathers, are excellent to support the back of the patient when in a half-sitting posture; pillows of the same length as the first, but not as wide, and each containing about two and a half pounds of feathers, suffice when less support is

desired; and tiny pillows, containing from half a pound to a pound of feathers each, are admirable as supplements to the others. No sick-room is completely furnished without at least two of these, and are better. They are not only useful for securing gentle degrees of elevation, and for supporting tired heads and wearied joints; but, being so small and light, the patient can himself "turn the cool side to his head"—an advantage he always appreciates.

For bed coverings let there be an abundance of soft blankets; always blankets, or light soft comfortables, and thin white spreads. Quilts are generally too heavy for the warmth they impart. Indeed, even blankets sometimes seem so heavy that a light bamboo frame-work (costing \$5) has to be placed in the bed, supporting the covers in such a way that the patient can move about without touching them.

By the side of the bed should be placed a table, on which can be kept a small bell, and any trifle which the patient may desire to have within his reach.

A mosquito curtain is indispensable during one-half the year; for in regions where mosquitoes are but little known, flies are apt to take their places, and form very efficient, industrious substitutes.

Whatever may be the means of lighting a sick-room at night, whether gas, kerosene oil (which we do not advise), candles, or tapers, a screen should be provided to keep the glare or the flicker from the patient's eyes.

For heating water, etc., there are stoves for both gas and kerosene which answer an excellent purpose, and can be purchased, according to size and number of attachments, at prices varying from \$3 to \$20. But these stoves are not always necessary, for there are tiny kettles—sold for fifty-five cents—which fit over ordinary gas fixtures; and attachments—twenty-five cents each—by which a small cup may be placed over the top of an ordinary kerosene burner, and the contents of the cup brought to the boiling-point in a few moments.

When the patient wishes to read, or otherwise em-

ploy his eyes in the evening, lamps can be placed on tables so that the light shall be behind the paper or book. Where gas is used, the flame should be brought to a similar position by means of a drop-light or argand-burner.

As the feet of an invalid are nearly always cold, a tin hot-water bottle—price twenty-five cents—or a small oblong slab of soap-stone (same price), which can be heated on register or stove, should be always in readiness. The latter we consider the best, as the hot-water bottles have been known to spring a leak, with results far from delightful.

All such articles, when not in use, should be stored in a light closet adjoining the sick-room. In the same place also should be kept a supply of cups and saucers, plates, tumblers—not goblets—small pitchers, spoons, and small, short wine-glasses. The latter not necessarily for wine, but they will be found much more convenient than cups for administering medicines; and patients—excepting those too ill to resist—will not often submit to the "medicine-spoon," which is made of German silver, costing seventy-five cents, or of silver, at higher prices. When it is necessary to pour medicine or nourishment down the throat of a delirious or unconscious patient, this spoon will be found useful, but at other times it is simply detestable.

Glass feeding-tubes can be obtained at any druggist's. By means of these, fluid nourishment can be administered to patients too ill to raise the head, and who would be at once fatigued and disgusted by being fed with a spoon.

To other appliances of merely medical use it is not necessary to advert; but we cannot avoid mentioning the rubber air-cushions, which are often so useful to the bed-ridden patient. These may be had of various sizes and prices, from \$3 upwards, and are very desirable for patients who are much emaciated, for those afflicted with rheumatism, and for those subject to special local inflammations.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Art in our Homes and Schools.

THREE books on our library-table—Mr. Smith's *Art-Teaching*, Mr. Charles L. Eastlake's *Household Taste*, and Mr. John H. Treadwell's *Manual of Pottery*—indicate a decided turn of the tide in the popular estimate of art and its relation to life and work. Mr. Eastlake's book has proved so popular and met so large an already existing demand for help in the more tasteful furnishing of our homes, that Messrs. Jas. R. Osgood & Co. have published a reprint of the English edition, for which Mr. Charles C. Perkins has writ-

ten an Introduction and added notes. The book in its American dress is still a handsome one; and if the illustrations printed by a new process are far less sharp and taking to the eye than they are in the original English edition, they serve the main purpose they were intended for, that of giving hints and suggestions for furniture and room decorations, and so are welcome.

Mr. Treadwell's modest volume (Putnam's), handsomely printed as to the type, but also poorly illustrated—owing entirely to the bad printing of wood-cuts,

themselves as good as can be done on this side the water—will be found a valuable aid, by those whom Mr. Eastlake's pages have set hunting for pretty things to put upon his shelves and side-boards, in understanding something about the history of pottery and porcelain, and the distinctions in the delf manufacture. As the first American book on the subject, it ought to be cordially welcomed, and criticised in a kindly spirit. Its aim is a good one, it makes no pretensions, its execution is creditable, and it will reach many people and interest them in a very interesting subject, who else might never know anything about it. Whoever reads Mr. Treadwell's book carefully will find a visit to the collection of pottery and porcelain now on view at Tiffany's much more valuable and informing than if he had never read anything on the subject, and both the book and the collection will increase his desire to know more about the potter's art. He will be introduced by Mr. Treadwell to Chaffers and Marryatt, to Miss Meteyard's *Life of Wedgwood*, and, if he read French, to Jacquemart's pretty and entertaining little books, and he will find himself wishing for a sight of a really fine collection—for Tiffany's is only a bite, and not a full meal—and may even discover himself going home some evening in a glow of mild excitement with a Delft saucer, or an old Dresden teapot, or a bit of Satsuma ware made in the good old time, before the Japanese had begun to fall from grace and work for the American market. Then, when Mr. Treadwell has taught him the rudiments of pottery and Tiffany has shown him what pretty things can be done by modern imitators of the unapproachable old, Mr. Eastlake will show him first how to make a shelf or a cupboard for his new purchase, and then how to make the rest of the room a fit place to put the cupboard in. But, as an index of a growing taste for art-manufactures here at home, Mr. Treadwell's book—the facts that an American has felt moved to write such a book, that there should be a publisher willing to try the venture, and a public glad to buy—these things are better proof that a step forward in culture has been taken by us than the simple republication of any number of books like that of Mr. Eastlake, welcome as that is.

Mr. Smith's handsomely-printed book* is a most useful and opportune publication. It appears just at the time when the public mind in the older portion of our country is beginning to be interested in Art in a more real way than formerly, and more widely, too, and when the manufacturers are coming to understand—as it seems strange they should not have understood a long time ago—that the only way to prevent the dependence of our rich and well-to-do people upon Europe

for artistic productions is to encourage the making of such articles here at home.

Taxing iron and wool may perhaps spur our people to supply themselves with these things from their own mines and their own sheep; for everybody must have iron and wool, and they are to be had at home for the trouble of digging and shearing. But taxing the shawls and carpets, the silks and wall-papers, the bronzes and carvings, the glass and porcelain of Europe and Asia, will not keep these products out of the country, nor encourage their being made at home. They are luxuries, bought only by the rich, who like them the better the dearer they are, and the less easily had, and who care not a fig to forward the manufacture of such things at home, being always more pleased with a thing the further it is fetched. What is needed, if we would encourage the application of the arts to industry here at home is, that our people should be led to make art-education a part of the regular course of study in the public schools—both for boys and girls; that special schools should be set up for teaching Art-Design and the processes of Art, for the use of those who are drawn to make a living as modelers, designers, or workmen in any branch of Art-Industry; and that the manufacturers should encourage these enterprises as fast and as far as they can, by adopting whatever good designs are made, and by giving employment to every graduate of these schools who develops any real talent. Mr. Walter Smith's book shows us, among other things, what has been done to this end in France, Germany, and England, especially in this last, where wonders have been performed which all the world has seen, and a part of which Mr. Smith was.

In 1851, at the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, England stood at the foot of the list of competing nations in all matters connected with Art and the Industrial Arts. If there had been any point lower than the foot the United States would have been found there, but she may be said not to have competed at all, so shabby and so few were the things she sent. The British Government at once set up Industrial-schools, first, in a few cities and larger towns, then, in more and more, until now they are spread over the whole kingdom. Of course, in the beginning, some mistakes were made, but there was plenty of money, plenty of good-will and earnestness, and plenty of zeal to direct and serve, so that when the English Exhibition of 1862 came on, the English manufacturers were found to have made great advances, and to be treading hard upon the heels of the French; while five years later, in the Great Paris Exposition of 1867, the improvement made by the English in silks, ribbons, laces, carpets, wall-papers, glass and furniture, was so marked, that their old rivals the French became jealous and alarmed.

To one who has been accustomed to observe the tone of the French writers in alluding to English efforts in the Fine Arts it is not a little surprising to read in a journal like the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* the

* *Art Education, Scholastic and Industrial*, by Walter Smith, Art Master, London; late Head Master of the Leeds School of Art and Science and Training-school for Art-Teachers; now Professor of Art-Education in the City of Boston Normal School of Art and State Director of Art Education, Massachusetts. With Illustrations. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

comparisons, most unfavorable to the French, which are continually drawn of late between them and their once despised island-neighbors. English enterprise is praised and contrasted with French red-tape; the English are generous, the French are parsimonious; the English have common sense and a practical, well-defined aim in all they do; the French are narrow-minded, and make scattering, partial efforts in their museums and academies that result in little good. Worst of all is, that the English, by the improvement in their designs for manufactured goods, are seriously damaging the French in open market.

We think them unreasonable in their fear; for, in spite of the theory that everything can be accomplished by education, we suspect that there is more in the matter than is dreamt of in this philosophy; and although England had in the old time, and still has, beautiful manufactures, there is a peculiar artistic capacity in the French, largely natural, but helped, it must be confessed, by long training and generous opportunity, which has given them a considerable advantage in the race with the English, and must for some time keep them in advance. But Mr. Smith's book shows us, in something like detail, how the English have gone to work to compete with their rival neighbor, who, but a few years since, was carrying off all the honors in the field of Decorative Art. He describes the Schools of Design at Nottingham, Birkenhead, Coventry, Stoke-upon-Trent, and Burslem, freely criticising them, showing their bad as well as their good points, and comparing them with the ideal school. He states with modesty enough that he thinks the reason why the art authorities of England, having been requested by the Boston School Board to recommend a person to take charge of their newly-founded Art Department, chose him for recommendation to the appointments he now holds, was, that though he was acquainted with the national system of Art education in use in his own country, and with the systems in use in other European States, he is not committed to any one of them, nor does he wholly approve of any one of them, but believes that in arranging a plan of study for a country where the subject is new, we can adapt the good parts of all the old methods to the requirements of America, and can avoid all the bad parts. And it is evident from Mr. Smith's book that he well deserves this recommendation. He is a man of liberal feeling, wide in his sympathies, of much experience, and would seem to unite practical ability with taste and sensibility in an uncommon degree. Such a person, placed at the head of a system of State teaching in the Arts of Design, must be capable of doing good service, and it cannot but prove of great advantage to have secured at the start so able a helper. With his aid and that of the small but able body of young architects and artists who are now well planted in the field, we ought soon to be well set in the path we must follow if we would develop the art capacity that lies dormant in our boys and girls.

Two causes, first, the great increase in the number of Americans who go abroad (and the travelers are of all sorts, rich and poor, cultivated and uncultivated, men and women, boys and girls); and, second, the increase in the number of Art Museums, World's Fairs, and special exhibitions—those in particular held yearly by the Directors of the South Kensington Museum—have had much to do with the interest now beginning to be felt by our people in the subject of Art applied to Industry, and with the growing willingness of our manufacturers to help forward schemes for teaching American boys and girls the Arts of Design. It is to be supposed, too, that the manufacturers are beginning to get a little weary of their long dependence upon foreign workmen, and of the necessity of procuring all their designs, year after year, from the few men at their disposal; and that they are learning, one way and another, that it will pay to educate designers of our own.

To any person interested in the Arts, who has traveled over Europe, and learned from the museums and private collections, or even from the *bric-à-brac* shops, the extent to which Art entered into the life of past ages, so that to-day we can find no more interesting decorations for our rooms than the tapestries, the chairs and tables, the dishes and glasses, whose makers and owners have long been dust, the contrast between those times and ours is striking enough. Hardly anything that we are making to-day, in the way of Industrial Art, will be thought worth preserving for its own sake, by those that are to come after us. No kitchen-cup or platter, no kitchen-table or dresser, not even any costliest plate from whatever Tiffany or Howell & James, nor any high-priced table or side-board from Marcotte or Herter, will be a bone of contention between the agents of the British Museums and Louvres of the future, nor will any Cluny Museum in the twenty-second century be formed of the relics of the house-keeping of the nineteenth. A single room—a single room? nay, a single alcove—in the Dacotah Art Museum, will be found sufficient space in which to display the few things that will have survived the civil wars—religious and political—that, between our children's day and the far-away time when that institution shall be founded, will have swept over our country. Perhaps a Morris & Marshall side-board, with panels painted by Burne, Jones, or Rossetti; or a sofa of the same house, with its covering of stamped velvet, rich and grave as a peacock's neck, or the wing of a moth; or a cabinet by Burges, all over quaintest fancies, eye-pleasing color, heart-pleasing form; some plates and dishes by Deck or Rousseau; a few bits of embroidery by Miss Dixwell; a table or an organ-case by Matthias Miller, with conscience and skill at every joint, for nails and glue; some scraps of decorative work by Mould; a watch-case or a jewel, designed by Babb,—here would be almost the best show we would make for our Dacotah alcove in the way of the Fine Arts applied to Industry. We are speaking now only of original work,

and not of reproduction of old work in which our time has certainly shown a remarkable cleverness—the works of Froment-Meurice, of Barbedienne, Christophle, Phillippe, or Elkington, and a dozen others, in the precious metals and in bronze, with the *cloisonné* enamels of Martz, and the antique jewelry of Castellani—these wonders by which our age is so much delighted that it forgets to ask for fruit from its own trees or flowers from its own gardens—do not concern us here. They witness nothing for our originality; they only prove our skill in imitation, our power to live over again the past, and to think dead men's thoughts. What are we doing, in the way of Art applied to Manufactures, that grows out of ourselves, and that shall tell to those who succeed us what were our thoughts, and what our feeling for beauty in this wide field of endeavor? The answer must be, that we are doing almost nothing toward the expression of our individual life. Our productions are confined almost entirely to copies of things made centuries ago by men who did not copy, but sought out inventions of their own. Now, there are two aspects of the case upon which we might enlarge—the loss we sustain in actual enjoyment from the want of a field of industry between that of the artist proper and that of the manufacturer, and the loss of money from being obliged to pay out to people in foreign countries for designs and for decorative manufactures. For ourselves, this part of the question has less interest than the other, but it would be idle to deny that it has played by far the greater part in the revival of these industries. We cannot get anything done by the manufacturers until they can be made to see that it is likely to pay. It was the lukewarmness of this class, backed by their want of far-seeing intelligence, that killed the School of Design for Women here in New York, and turned it into a mere school for aimless drawing and painting. It is this want of intelligent foresight that is at the root of the apathy shown by our great mill-owners, heads of carpet-factories and potteries, and others, who go on, year after year, stealing designs from inventors on the other side the water, and keeping a few foreigners squeezing sapless ideas out of their already well-squeezed brains. Years ago, Mr. Mould—the most variously accomplished architect that we have ever had in America—persuaded a firm in New York to carry out two or three of his designs for carpets. Later Mr. Russell Sturgis has succeeded in getting some adaptations of Japanese designs for wall-papers well made by a firm in this city; but, really, the exceptions are almost too absurdly few to be worth mentioning. Of course, the manufacturers are not to blame. Why should they be expected to be very much in advance of the general public? When the public itself is better taught; when a large number of our boys and girls have been brought under the influence of the new Schools of Design, and when some young adventurous artistic blood shall stir in the manufacturing firms, and young eyes shall see the way to fortune and to reputation in the employment

of the best talent here at home in original design—then, and not till then, be the day far or near—we shall see an improvement in our manufactures.

Yet whoever hopes at any time for great results in the improvement of the Arts of Design from the large manufactures, is doomed to disappointment. They will always follow; from the nature of the case, they cannot be expected to lead. Almost everything that we are to produce in the Industrial Arts must come first from individual efforts, and the first fruits of the new growth that is just peeping from our American ground will appear in a few beautiful objects produced by men who are drawn to work in some special material. One man learning that we have here in America the clearest and whitest glass in the world—though 'tis rare for a bit of it to be seen on any American table—will learn the process of manufacture, and will blow and wreath the crystals into shapes that may stand beside those of Venice or Pompeii for beauty, yet never recall any model. A few people of taste will buy his cups and vases, and, as they are seen and admired, a quiet demand will grow for them, and some other man, stimulated by the first, will spin beauty of another kind into glass; and so the art of glass-making will grow in our own Muranos and Vitrys. These new inventions will slowly find their way to the costly tables of our principal dealers who never welcome any home-product too eagerly, and later the manufacturers will copy them and make them cheap. But, the ball once set rolling, will roll on forever: new designs, new modifications following in steady succession. The same history will serve for pottery, and, in time, for the loom; and, little by little, we shall have our stuffs and carpets and hangings designed at home. We must do so if we are ever to be anything more in manufactures than agents, borrowers of other people's ideas, or mere mechanics. As might have been foretold, the first impulse in the new direction has been given by Massachusetts, and in his book Mr. Smith tells us what has been done and how. We find in these pages the story of the establishment of Art-schools in England, France and Germany, and of the results that have followed; and we see how at length the practical New England mind has discovered that, after all, there may be "money" in Art, and has begun the systematic education of her children in its principles and in the application of principles. We think the result may be safely predicted. Massachusetts is a State whose people have had a long training in manufacture. They have the patience, the power of application, the general intelligence, the ingenuity, that are developed by these pursuits. Nowhere else in our country has the study of nature, whether professionally or as a source of enjoyment, been so extensively pursued, and such studies make the surest foundation for an original Art development. If but little Art has thus far been produced there, there has yet been some, and it must not be forgotten that the few artists whose names are most cherished at home, and who cannot be shamed

by a comparison with European, though they may be behind them in workmanship, were almost all born in New England, and drew their strength from that soil and air. If they went abroad to study, and if some of them have come back with foreign airs and graces, and with tricks of style caught from men from over seas, it is only because there were in their days no means and appliances for study at home, no companionship of artists, no social atmosphere favorable to Art, no works of Art to serve as suggestions and examples. Now, we shall soon have the first of these needs supplied, and in time the rest; and then we shall have Painting and Sculpture and Ornamentation grown in our own soil from our seed. For some time to come, however, we suppose the sowers and husbandmen of the new crop must be Englishmen and Frenchmen, and they can no doubt teach us much, and give us the impetus and direction we need. We shall be happy in our teachers if they shall all, or the more part of them, prove men as catholic and well-instructed and modern as Mr. Smith. We already owe much to Englishmen, and, if less to Frenchmen and Germans, still much to them also. The Frenchmen have influenced us more through their literature—who could overstate the debt we owe to Viollet-le-Duc, Labarte, and two or three others? and in the history of Art in this country, Eidlitz and Mould will be found to have had a wide influence. Now we are beginning to have good names of our own, but our best men must long be hampered in their work by the low state of the public culture, and by the miserable condition of the trades on which good building depends. What is one man or what are a half-dozen men like Eidlitz and Mould, Vaux and Cady, John Miller, Sturgis, Babb or Hastings—to name our best architects—against the army of ignorant workmen and ignorant employers. 'Tis not always that David with his sling can floor a giant all over brass, and before our big corporations, or that most fearful wild fowl, “the merchant prince,” these men of talent often come off second best. But, let them take heart of grace, for now that Massachusetts has set to work, and called in this able Englishman to help her, and now that New York is making headway with her Museum, and Philadelphia is also prospering, we shall see before long the beginning of a new state of things, and perhaps, when the next World's Fair is held, America may have something more honorable to her culture and taste to send there than the great American Desert, Popped-Corn or the patent Cow-Milker.

An Oracle of our Day.

It is difficult, of course, in this benighted age, which is not Greek, but only Christian, and in which notoriously “the oracles are dumb,” to be sure that we should recognize an oracle if, peradventure, one should somehow become vocal among us. Angels have walked “unknown on earth,” and “some have entertained” them “unawares,” as we are assured upon

authority which is not yet quite obsolete. But if angels, why may not oracles as well, be thus unrecognized? Why is it not possible that even in our busy times there may be Orphic utterances vouchsafed unheeded? Nay even, in that profane and uninstructed world in which the mournful question, “What *are* Pericles?” was asked, there may be those to ask this other question, hardly less deplorable, “What are oracles? Science we know, logic we know, theology after some fashion we know, but what are oracles?” We seem to hear some such response as this from an evil and unsusceptible generation. And should that evil generation, with relentless criticism, proceed to leap upon the oracle and overcome it and prevail against it, so that it should fly to Walden woods, or wheresoever its accustomed haunt might be, naked and wounded, it might not be strange. Even the oracles of ancient days were reduced to dumbness by the hurtful jeers and scoffs of skeptics. Oracles, like prophets, were sometimes without honor in their own country in old times; and they can comfort themselves nowadays, if indeed they exist at all, with the consideration that to be unrecognized and hooted at is to be proved genuine.

Acknowledging thus frankly, at the outset, our liability to error, it does yet seem to us that if we *have* an oracle among us, it is in the author of Messrs. Roberts Brothers' pretty little volume, *Concord Days*. “One reason why I think he was there,” said Mr. Artemus Ward on some occasion, in his own inimitable and artless style, which we cannot reproduce, “one reason that makes me think he was there is, that I saw him.” The other reasons, possibly more convincing, were not stated. So here: one reason why we feel sure that Mr. Alcott is an oracle is, that (in effect) he plainly tells us so, and is so obviously sure of it himself. Not only so, but he is in the near vicinity of other and acknowledged oracles, echoing in more or less reverberatory tones their utterances, muttering the sentences which come to him from their adjoining caves or woods. Or, to change the figure, he may so constantly be seen in the same flock with other birds,—birds of antique and classic plumage,—that, (if there is any truth in a familiar maxim, and if, like a good maxim, it is true both ways), he must be himself of the same feather. Mutual admiration, indeed, would seem to be a constant oracular characteristic, and this particular oracle is no whit neglectful of such an obvious and primary duty. Whether, by a proper reciprocity, he receives as freely as he gives, would seem to be a question. It is understood that Mr. Alcott's vocation (when he ceases to be an oracle simply) is that of a conversationalist, or, as Mr. Ward would say, a “talkist.” It is dimly hinted to us in the present volume that he has endeavored to fulfill this function, and to supply upon demand, for those who will subject themselves to him and give some mild assistance to the service, conversation edifying, philosophic, friendly, valuable in itself, and hardly less valuable as a model and a means of conversational grace. “May we not

credit New England," he says, "with giving the country these new Instrumentalities for Progress, viz.:

Greeley, the Newspaper;
Garrison, a free Platform;
Phillips, a free Convention;
Beecher, a free Pulpit;
Emerson, the Lecture?

The Conversation awaits being added to the list." It is impossible not to be touched by the pathos of this last sentence, when we remember with whom it is that the conversation waits.

What might have come to us by this time, if the Conversation had not been compelled to wait, is dimly evident from two examples which are given in the present volume. One of these is reproduced from a former volume of *Conversations with Children*; for this new "Instrumentality of Progress" is capable of adaptation almost to the infant mind. The children in this instance were not "selected, culled," but came "from families occupying various social advantages, and were a fair average of children thus born and bred. . . Their ages were from six to twelve years." The theme was "worship;" and Mr. Alcott read a part of the conversation of Jesus with the woman of Samaria as an introduction to his own exercise. But before he fairly could get under way in his instruction, the conversation seems to have been taken wholly out of his hands by the class of pupils, and especially by one quite dreadful boy whom we know only as Josiah, but whom we cannot help picturing to ourselves as own brother to some of those unpleasant, hydrocephalic children whose portraits were set forth as frontispieces to the old-fashioned Sunday-school "memoir,"—portraits of a fearful fascination, at once attracting and repelling the beholder. We cannot see that there is much to choose between the orthodox species of monstrosity, (as the Tract Society, for example, might depict him with its approbation and endorsement,) and the heterodox species as Mr. Alcott represents and rejoices in him; indeed, (it may be prejudice and the result of early training,) we cannot help regarding the subject of the much derided "memoir" as, on the whole, the more engaging of the two. "Josiah, it may be named, was under seven years of age," and yet this is the way in which the little creature went on. We quote exactly from Mr. Alcott's authorized version:

"Mr. Alcott here made some very interesting remarks on loving God with all our heart, soul, mind, etc., and the idea of devotion it expressed. Josiah wanted to speak constantly, but Mr. Alcott checked him, that the others might have opportunity, though the latter wished to yield to Josiah.

"**JOSIAH (burst out).** Mr. Alcott! You know Mrs. Barbauld says in her hymns, everything is prayer; every action is prayer; all nature prays; the bird prays in singing; the tree prays in growing; men pray; men can pray more; we feel; we have more—more than nature; we can know and do right; conscience prays; all our powers pray; action prays."

And more of a similar sort. To all of which Mr. Alcott seems to have beamed bland and placid approbation,—once in a while, to be sure, making some feeble resistance to the irrepressible young prodigy, as for example:

"**MR. ALCOTT.** Yes, Josiah; that is all true, and we are glad to hear it. Shall some one else now speak besides you?

"**JOSIAH.** Oh, Mr. Alcott! then I will stay in the recess and talk."

But, for all that, he continues to "burst out" (to use the authorized and technical phrase of the conversation) in the same intolerable fashion. Somehow we cannot help associating him with the ill-favored portrait of Josias in our old New England Primer:

"Young Obadiah,
David, Josias,
All were pious;"

but the piety of Josias as expressed in the accompanying picture must have been of very much the same dreadful, and one may almost say sinister, type which this conversation indicates. The imagination fairly reels at the contemplation of what possible results had followed, if Mr. Alcott's conversation had not been providentially compelled to "wait," and the multiplication of Josiahs "bursting out" after this frightful fashion had not been mercifully, and let us hope indefinitely, postponed.

Another example, and this time of a conversation with maturer and less irrepressible participants, is given, "printed from notes taken by a lady at the time, December, 1849." By what inscrutable arrangement it comes in under date of July 14th, in *Concord Days*, we vainly conjecture. But it is separated by a few pages only from that plaintive statement, already quoted, that "The Conversation awaits being added to the list," and perhaps it is intended to show to an ungrateful world what has been lost by the delay of this new "Instrumentality of Progress."

"Mr. Alcott began the conversation by referring to that of Monday before on the subject of temperament and complexion, and added other fine thoughts. . . .

"I never saw any one," continues the delighted reporter, "who seemed to purify words as Mr. Alcott does; with him nothing is common or unclean."

"At this point of the conversation Miss Bremer and Mr. Benzon, the Swedish consul, came in, and there was a slight pause." And after this Mr. Alcott did not have things all his own way; and indeed one wonders whether the slight pause does not indicate that, with oracular prescience, he recognized the advent of a not wholly sympathetic auditor, and even of a possible antagonist. At any rate, Miss Bremer seems even from the narrative of Mr. Alcott's admiring reporter, who notes not only what he said, but how he said it, as "smiling" or otherwise), to have gone for him with characteristic shrewdness and celerity, sometimes seeming to be amused, and re-

peating the oracular utterances "several times, laughing;" and again seeming "puzzled" by the views advanced; and even near the close of the conversation, when Mr. Alcott meekly inquired, "What is the bad but lapse from the good—the good blindfolded?"—responding, laughing, "Ah, Mr. Alcott, I am desperately afraid there is a little bit of a devil after all." It is plain that after such an abrupt introduction of this last old-fashioned and ungentelemanly personage into the conversation it must come shortly to a conclusion; and so it did, but not till Mr. Alcott had made a feeble effort to cast out the intruder, by remarking that "one's foes are of his own household. If his house is haunted, it is by himself only. Our choices are our Saviours or Satans." But it looks a little as if Miss Bremer came near introducing into that particular Concord day an element of discord.

It might occur to some unsympathetic reader that a Conversation (though spelt with a big C, and confessedly an "Instrumentality of Progress") might be embarrassed by the presence of reporters who were manifestly bound to make it exoterically public, through the medium of newspapers and books. The same thought has occurred to us as we have read the entertaining letters in a daily newspaper which describe (or until recently described) with semi-confidential frankness the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" which takes place "statedly" at the meetings of the Boston Radical Club. Whether a reporter is, as such, "a clubbable person" is a serious and practical question; whether his (or her) presence is not likely to interfere with the naturalness and freedom of a meeting for familiar interchange of thought and sentiment, is, to be sure, a matter with which we have no concern until it is our conversation, or our club, or "our funeral" which is to be reported. These are days when what is heard in the ear is preached upon the housetops. Do not ministers discourse with reporters at their elbow, and discourse none the worse for it? nay, do they not even pray, and pray devoutly too, and with genuine self-forgetfulness, with the very squeak of the reporter's pencil in their ears, and with the knowledge that their sacred utterances shall be published and for sale at so much a copy? One has to put up with publicity in spite of himself sometimes.

Only with Mr. Alcott (considered as an oracle) it seems to be not a mere tolerance of such publicity, but a positive satisfaction in it. Here is a man at last to whom it is a pleasure to be "interviewed," who even stands in hospitable attitude inviting the approach of that insidious adversary, that latest modern enemy, the "interviewer." Hear how singularly "willin'" the oracular Barkis can be:

"What is thought and spoken in drawing-rooms, clubs, in private assemblies, best intimates the spirit and tendencies of a community; things are known but at second-hand as represented in public prints or spoken on platforms. Admitted to private houses, one may report accurately the census of civility, and cast the horoscope of the coming time. Nor

do I sympathize with some of my friends in their dislike of reporters. One defends himself from intrusion, as a general rule; but where the public have a generous interest in one's thoughts, his occupation and manners, the discourtesy is rather in withholding these from any false modesty. Besides, the version is more likely to be nearer the truth than if left to chance curiosity, which piques itself all the more on getting what was thus withheld, with any additions the mood favors." It may be cruel, but we can hardly forbear to commend Mr. Alcott as a desirable victim to all interviewers who may find the time hang heavy on their hands, and who need to exercise their pleasing art, lest they grow dull and inexperienced at it.

It is apparently in the same spirit of complacency which can make of interviewing a delight, that the record of one "Concord day" in September begins abruptly thus: "The divinity students come according to appointment and pass the day. It is gratifying to be sought by thoughtful young persons, especially by young divines, and a hopeful sign when graduates of our schools set themselves to examining the foundations of their faith; the ceilings alike with underpinnings of the world's religious ideas and institutions, their genesis and history." Some measure of success is not denied our oracle, even if "the Conversation" as a formal "Instrumentality of Progress" is still compelled to "wait." There come, at least, "divinity students according to appointment." This, no doubt, is "gratifying," "hopeful" too, as indicating that divinity is not gone utterly astray. But then there are divinity students and divinity students, and the definite article declaring these to be "the" students is, after all, not quite sufficient. "Thoughtful young persons" it is pleasant to be told they are, and prone to scrutinize the "underpinnings" not less than the "ceilings" of "religious ideas and institutions;"—perhaps in these particulars they are not necessarily to be distinguished from the average divinity student of our times. It is only when we come to find a sketch in outline of "Our Ideal Church"—the sketch which possibly our "thoughtful young persons" may be expected to fill up when they begin their work, that we discover of what sort they probably may be.

In the sketch of the Ideal Church we note first the architecture, which is to represent "the essential needs of the soul." It looks as if, in that case, the Ideal Church must still be hopelessly remote. As yet our architects have provided most inadequately even for the essential needs of the body, being apparently too intent upon representing the essential needs of the architect. "In the ordering of the congregation let age have precedence; give the front seats to the oldest members." Surely it was not in vain that Mr. Alcott was brought up under the influences of Puritan orthodoxy; he might be picturing, thus far, the old New England meeting-house. "Let families sit together, so that the element of family affection be incorporated in the worship." Excellent indeed! but hardly new. Nor shall we have to wait for the Ideal Church to

realize so good a method. It is probable that Mr. Alcott need not travel very far to see it even now in practice. We are not familiar with the "meetin' privileges" of the old Puritan town in which our Oracle resides. But if some time he could look in upon a Real Church of the present, without waiting for the Ideal Church of the future, he might take courage. So too with the next suggestion, that "an arrangement of the pews in semicircles will bring all more nearly at equal gradation of distance from the speaker, whose position is best slightly elevated above the congregation." Well oracled, O seer of Concord, prophet of the Ideal Church!

"Thou mindest me of gentlefolks,
Old gentlefolks are they,
Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way."

As yet we are no whit advanced beyond the old, the real. Only when we come to the "pictures and statues representing to the senses the grand events of the religious history of the past," which may be "an essential part of the Church furniture," do we find ourselves in the Ideal. It is to be broadly catholic, "the statues embodying the great leaders of religious thought of all races. These are not many; the world owes its progress to a few persons. The divine order gives one typical soul to a race. Let us respect all races and creeds as well as our own; read and expound their sacred books like our Scriptures. . . Let there be frequent interchange of preachers. . . Let the services be left to the speaker's selection. Let the music be set to the best lyrical poetry of all ages, poems sometimes read or recited as part of the services. As for prayer, it may be spoken from an overflowing heart, may be silent, or omitted at the option of the minister." Ah! now we begin to see where we are! drifting "towards a Personal Theism inclusive of the faiths of all races, embodying the substance of their Sacred Books, with added forms and instrumentalities" (to which at last the Conversation might, haply, not be lacking), "suited to the needs of our time." Room in the new church, doubtless, for our Oracle, to whom shall come "the divinity students," which will be "gratifying;" and place in the new architecture, surely, among those desirable statues, for some one of our oracular neighbors in Concord.

Once in a while, that the "Concord days" may be complete, we dip into poetry, of which we quote but one example:

"Whose the decree
Souls Magdalens must be
To know felicity,
The path to it
Through pleasure's pit,
Soft sin undress
Them of their holiness,—
Hath heaven so writ?"

Happier the fate
That opes heaven's gate
With crystal key

Of purity,
And thus fulfills life's destiny."

In regard to all of which we are compelled to ask (having first attentively considered it as a conundrum or some species of enigma, and given it completely up), in the name of grammar and of sense, of rhyme and of reason, of prose and of poetry, if this is *not* oracular, what under the sun *is* it?

The Greeks of To-Day.

CONSIDERING what great interest attaches to the history and the literature of Greece, and how really close at hand it is to all the constant and changeful progress of modern Europe, it is surprising that there is so little that is popularly and accurately known concerning its present condition, and that a book like Mr. Charles K. Tuckerman's (*The Greeks of To-Day*; New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons) finds a field so nearly unoccupied. Mr. Tuckerman was recently Minister Resident of the United States at Athens, and had, of course, unusual opportunities to become familiar with the present aspect of the little kingdom. He had also, what is even more to the purpose, the disposition to improve his opportunities and the good sense and freedom from prejudice which enabled him to form opinions that are of evident value. Some of the chapters of this volume have appeared already in the pages of SCRIBNER'S; and our readers do not need to be assured that they are profitable both for entertainment and for instruction.

A Good Thing for Children.

IF a pedagogic Newton were to construct a philosophy of education, the fundamental proposition, we fancy, would run somewhat in this wise:—

The educational gravity of matter—measured by the mental action it excites—varies directly as the amount of curiosity it awakens, and inversely as its distance from the thinking center.

Joyous activity of sense and intellect is the truest evidence and most significant attendant of healthy juvenile culture, and whatever means of experience or information most excites such activity is best for the development of mind. In considering what knowledge is most worth at the outset of education, it is therefore necessary to take up a position quite the reverse of that chosen by Herbert Spencer in his able and admirable essay on this subject, since knowledge having no measurable value in itself—knowledge worth nothing as knowledge—may be of immeasurable value in early culture because it appeals directly and closely to the child's instinct of curiosity, and by evoking germinal thinking sets the mind agrowing as sunshine does the germ of a plant. The kitten on the hearth, the weed that springs by the door-stone—anything in the little world that hedges him round about—is more serviceable for the child's instruction and culture if rightly used, and more worthy of his study than the most important matter over the fence

and without the sphere of his mental attraction. These are to him what the collections of the museum, the laboratory, the library—all the machinery of higher culture—are to the maturer disciple of learning. And it is the first business of the educator to take up the child's development, at whatever stage it may have reached, and carry it on by these simple and homely means precisely as the advanced science instructor leads his followers along the paths of investigation. In this work method is everything. Right thinking is learned by thinking aright, and in no other way; and right teaching has right thinking always in view as the first and highest object to be secured. Loose, timid, dishonest thinking is too often the result of much teaching; it is never the result of genuine instruction—which is little else than proper guidance in the conscientious pursuit of what is true by personal investigation: a sort of scientific work, we may add, which the child is capable of doing in his sphere as thoroughly well as a Tyndall or a Huxley in his.

One of the most hopeful characteristics of modern primary teaching of the better sort is the increasing recognition of these fundamental truths; a tendency to exalt right habits of learning above recitable results, and a disposition to estimate the value of educational matter by its nearness to the center of the child-world of thought and experience, and its fitness to stimulate and satisfy the instincts and appetites of childhood, rather than by its usefulness to grown-up people. Primary instruction is consequently becoming more and more attractive to children; in other words, more and more in harmony with their condition and needs.

As a fresh evidence of this tendency, we have examined with unusual pleasure the series of colored card-pictures devised by one of the superintendents of our city schools for the initiation of young children into the methods of systematic nature study. (Calkins's *Natural History Series, for Schools and Families*. L. Prang & Co., Boston.)

With a teacher whose knowledge of common things is minute and comprehensive, and who is capable of distinguishing between giving information in natural science—which is of little worth—and training in the fundamental methods of scientific investigation—which is worth everything—the best materials with which to begin mental culture are, of course, the familiar objects which the child has already discovered more or less about. But as few teachers have much trustworthy knowledge of common things, and fewer still have any just conception of how to study or to lead others to study them, the author of these cards has planned them so that the teacher must learn right methods of teaching as surely as the pupil acquires right habits of learning; and by the time the cards are done with, both will be prepared to apply the same methods to the study of objects out of doors.

The instinct of curiosity—the main-spring of primary education—cannot fail to be stimulated to the utmost by these pretty prints, while the gratification of the curiosity so aroused must be so effected by the right

use of them, that the child will learn to discriminate closely by force of habit, and to group the objects and results of his observations according to their natural relationships. This is a new feature in object-teaching, and one which seems well calculated to secure the cumulative effects which object-teaching of the ordinary sort so strikingly misses. Hitherto object-teachers have aimed chiefly to cultivate acuteness of observation and facility in naming,—ends good in themselves, but sadly disappointing when standing alone: they do not produce productive learning, they do not develop comprehensive thinking. The habit of discriminating, comparing, judging—in short, classifying the results and objects of observation—is what is most needed; and this can be cultivated and exercised as well by the study of the simplest properties of sticks and stones, common plants and animals, as by the investigation of the most occult or important laws of the created universe. For teaching parents and teachers how to begin and carry on this much-needed work, Mr. Calkins's cards are wisely and happily planned.

Dr. Hodge's Latest Volume.

THE publication of Dr. Hodge's *Systematic Theology* is at last completed in a third volume, which is as much larger than the second, as the second was larger than the first. But though the size of the volumes has thus increased—the elegance of typography, the attractiveness of appearance which the publishers have given to the work is no way diminished. By far the greater part of the volume is occupied with the great department of Soteriology, of which Dr. Hodge's treatment is thorough almost to exhaustiveness. The characteristics of the school of which he is the acknowledged master, are abundantly apparent in his discussion, for example, of regeneration and of faith. But in regard to these themes, as in regard to all the vexed questions at issue between the schools, the statement of Dr. Hodge himself is commonly more temperate and candid, more broad and Christian, even in the judgment of his opponents, than the statements of his disciples are commonly found to be. Apart from the caution and adroitness of the theologian, which alone would serve to make such statements less extreme, the genuine reverence and charity by which the discussion is commonly characterized, give to the whole a restrained and moderate expression. We have recognized, also, in one or two instances, a more evident and successful effort at candor and impartiality in the statement of opposing views. And yet, we need hardly add, the whole work is devoutly and strictly Biblical, and uncompromisingly "orthodox."

Certain sections of this volume have a practical and popular value, which is not to be looked for in a simply doctrinal discussion, and exhibit Dr. Hodge in the character of a casuist and teacher of Christian morality—a character in which he appears to great advantage. In his chapter on "The Law" (including as it does a careful examination of the Decalogue), the Sunday

question, the question of obedience to the civil authority, capital punishment, marriage and divorce, communism and socialism, and other topics are treated with a bold and Christian freedom, which is very admirable and very timely. So, also, the discussion of the Sacraments is brought down to date in its applicability to ritualistic error; and the discussion of the subject of Prayer has just and able reference to the very latest scientific criticism.

The next great division of the work—Eschatology—has the same characteristic excellences and the same incidental defects which we have noticed in our criticism of the preceding sections. It is necessarily more brief and general, not undertaking to be wise above what is written. The work, now complete, is a monument to the genius and learning of its venerable author, and it must, at once take rank, on both sides of the Atlantic, as a theology of permanent and standard value.

Professor Blackie's "Phases of Morals."

UNDER the title *Four Phases of Morals* Professor John Stuart Blackie, of Edinburgh, discusses in a free and popular style, but with great learning and grasp of comprehension, the ethical systems of Socrates and Aristotle, of Christianity and Utilitarianism. Of course the discussion must be very general to bring it within the limits of a single volume; and indeed there are not wanting indications that the several treatises contained in the volume were written to be used in an abbreviated form, as lectures before a popular audience.

The reader is conscious, presently, of some slight misgiving lest what is such easy and delightful reading, absorbing the attention almost like some skillfully told story, must be superficial in its thought or untrustworthy in its conclusions. Closer examination, however, only proves that while there is no lack of thoroughness and depth in Professor Blackie's study of his great subject, and no lack of breadth and fairness in his judgment and comparison, there is the added charm of a style at once eloquent and clear, ornate but at the same time transparent, which captivates and interests the unlearned reader, to whom an ordinary discourse on morals would simply be a bore.

We have been especially interested in the paper on Aristotle, which gives in the briefest possible compass and with the clearest and simplest method, the outline of the life of the great philosopher and the characteristic features of his Ethics, showing especially the eminently practical character of his teaching, and its permanent value and present application to certain needs of our own time. So also in the paper on Christianity, the essay seems at times to be a sermon, except that it is more pointed and energetic in its denunciation of certain crying evils of our day, and its warning against certain perilous tendencies of these times, than most sermons are likely to be. So that one knows not whether to commend the book most

warmly for its critical value, as a study in comparative morals, or for its practical value as a sturdy and fearless attack upon some of the immoralities of modern society. In this latter particular, the book is all the more valuable for being written, not by a clergyman, but by a Greek Professor. (Scribner, Armstrong & Co.)

"Words Fitly Spoken."

If the Reverend Mr. W. H. H. Murray had compiled the volume of paragraphs from his sermons which has just been published (by Lee & Shepherd, Boston) under the title *Words Fitly Spoken*, he would have been justly chargeable with a complacency in his own work to which, in a preface, he pleads not guilty. The work, he says, "is mine and not mine;" that is to say, it is made up of extracts from his sermons, but arranged and published by some admiring friend in the congregation of which he is the popular and admired minister. As for the extracts, they are, if not very profound, more readable and possibly more useful than if they were profounder, and seem in style and in spirit precisely what ought to come from the bright, good-natured, and thoroughly healthy young gentleman whose engraved portrait is prefixed to the volume.

Mr. Haweis's "Thoughts for the Times."

THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A., a clergyman of the Church of England, has recently become known to readers on both sides of the Atlantic by his little book on *Music and Morals*. He follows it promptly by the present volume of sermons, which, though they are printed without texts, are frankly acknowledged as sermons on the title-page and in the preface. They are, evidently, sermons of the kind that can without the slightest difficulty be disconnected from their texts. Sometimes a sermon grows out of its text; sometimes the text grows into the sermon. Apparently, in Mr. Haweis's method no such essential unity exists, but the text and the sermon stand in a relation to one another which is rather accidental than otherwise. This fact makes his book none the less readable; but it may be taken as significant of the free and easy attitude in which he stands with reference to established usages in religious matters. His broadness is of so accommodating a sort—not only with reference to doctrine, but also with reference to practice—that it will not be so likely to attract as to repel the hearers and readers whom he honestly intends to reach and to influence for good.

Mr. Haweis aims to be, and expressly declares that he is, a disciple of the late Mr. Maurice; and he gives us to understand that the theology of his volume, and the religion of it, is of the sort that Mr. Maurice taught him. It is to be regretted that he was not better fitted to appreciate the spirit of that great master, whose disciple he supposes himself to be. A single word in the last sermon of the book (a discourse commemorative of Mr. Maurice) will indicate how

little he is fitted to be an interpreter of Mr. Maurice's thought and spirit. "High and low clergy," he says, "men of all parties and sects, taught and are teaching *Mauricianism*." We italicize the word, and we try to imagine the horror with which that most devout and unselfish man (of whom one who knew him well has said, that he was "probably the humblest man in England") would hear his name attached to a new *ism*. The man whose charity was so broad and true that he looked always for the soul of good in evil, although shuddering at the evil all the time, and who, with a tremulous distrust of his own opinions, preferred rather to suggest than to assert the grand truths which have done so much to bring in a new and better Christian theology—which is not new, but was from the beginning—the man in whose presence all dogmatic narrowness and positiveness became hushed and shamed—is a very different kind of teacher from the one who preaches to us with such confident boldness in this volume.

Not that there is not much in Mr. Haweis's sermons which is timely and stimulating. The defiant spirit in which he challenges old prejudices and opinions has in it something which invigorates the thought even of his opponents. And his style is often very agreeable, and always perfectly intelligible. Only we protest that his book must stand on its own merits, and be taken as the expression simply of his own somewhat crude and superficial thinking.

Illustrated Travel.

MESSRS. SCRIBNER, ARMSTRONG & CO. have issued two additional volumes of their attractive Library of Illustrated Travel and Adventure. Mr. Bayard Taylor's volume on South Africa will be found a useful hand-book to those who wish in the easiest and surest way to bring their knowledge of the wonderful explorations in that most interesting region down to date, and to appreciate the great work which Livingstone is now completing. Much of Mr. Taylor's present compilation is from Livingstone's earlier narratives, and the republication of this story of his preparatory work is just now especially timely.

The Yellowstone region is already familiar to the readers of SCRIBNER'S, but it is well to have the vivid pictures of that wonderful scenery in permanent form, as we have it in Mr. James Richardson's *Wonders of the Yellowstone*. It will not be a great while before that splendid region will be accessible to the ordinary tourist, and all of us who want to see the Yellowstone before we die may as well be getting up our knowledge of it. This Library of Illustrated Travel is especially wholesome reading for the boys.

"Miracles of Faith."

REV. CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D.D., of this city, has introduced, with a few cordial words, to the American public, a little book detailing the history of BEATÉ PAULUS (*Miracles of Faith*: Dodd & Mead), in which is recorded a series of marvelous

answers to prayer. The strict authenticity of this history is vouched for; and its narrative of facts is a practical answer to Mr. Tyndall and his school touching all their questions on the material uses of petition to the Divine Being. A pure, womanly life, implicit faith, and what would seem to be miraculous direct responses to prayer—these make the staple of the book; and not one of the marvels recorded traverses the Christian theory, however much it may rise above the popular standard of faith. It is a book that should be placed in all the Sunday-school libraries in the land, and find a cordial reception at the hands of the Christian public.

Earth-Treasures.

IN a neat volume, primarily intended for the instruction and amusement of his own children, Mr. William Jones, F.S.A., offers to other people's children a medley of facts, fables, anecdotes, and so on, more or less connected with precious stones and useful minerals, which seems likely to entertain if it does not greatly instruct its young readers. (*The Treasures of the Earth*: Putnam). The descriptions of mines, mining operations, the treatment of minerals and gems, are studiously free from technicalities, and pleasantly interspersed with stories of mining adventure, incidents in connection with the discovery and working of mines, miners' superstitions, superstitions regarding precious stones, and the like. Mr. Jones, however, is manifestly neither a miner nor a mineralogist, and, as a natural result, the materials of his book are somewhat irregular in quality, and not always strictly accurate in point of fact. They are also put together in a curiously disconnected way; still the book is pleasant reading, and, on the whole, rather better than such compilations are apt to be. A closely-printed, double-column index of eleven pages, adds to the value of the work, and at the same time indicates the breadth of the field from which the matter has been gathered. Some mention of the diamond-fields of South Africa, of the silver mines of Nevada, and the coal mines of Pennsylvania, would have made the book much more satisfactory to American boys and girls.

"The Shadow of the Obelisk."

UNDER this title we have a dainty English edition (London, Hatchards) of the lyrics of Thomas William Parsons, one of the purest and most artistic of American poets. We are free to say—and not only as a compliment which none but a true poet can receive, but as a matter for both regret and censure—that Dr. Parsons has availed himself too sparingly of the talent with which he is endowed. He has composed so little, and been so careless of his fame, that few beyond the cultured are familiar with the grace and virile strength which by turns have characterized his verses; yet poets know him as a poet, and students as a scholar by acquirements and intuition. His foremost lyric still remains that for which he long has been most esteemed—the unrivaled lines "On a

Bust of Dante." This poem compresses within six stanzas, marked by lyrical fire and strengthened with rhythm of uncommon nobility, all the passion, sorrow, and pride that, with the image of "Latimer's Other Virgil," are forever associated in the mind.

The present volume contains, besides the poem on Dante, others which are justly admired, such as "Alle Sorelles," "Hudson River," "On a Magnolia Flower," and the "Letter from America to a Friend in Tuscany." Several of these exhibit Dr. Parsons's rare mastery over the English quatrain-stanza, a form of verse in which he stands side by side with Bryant, and is scarcely excelled by Gray. The lines from which this volume takes its name were suggested by the obelisk at Rome, and, like some others in the book, do not show the author at his best; for he is very uneven in the spirit of his compositions, however perfect in their art. Often they are suffused with a white light, the reflection of his Italian master's serene phase. Our readers will thank us for reprinting the "Paradisi Gloria:"

"There is a city, builded by no hand,
And unapproachable by sea or shore;
And unassailable by any band
Of storming soldiery for evermore.

There we no longer shall divide our time
By acts or pleasures,—doing petty things
Of work or warfare, merchandise or rhyme;
But we shall sit beside the silver springs

That flow from God's own footstool, and behold
Sages and martyrs, and those blessed few
Who loved us once and were beloved of old,—
To dwell with them and walk with them anew,

In alternations of sublime repose,—
Musical motion,—the perpetual play
Of every faculty that Heaven bestows
Through the bright, busy, and eternal day."

"The World Priest." *

It is five years since Mr. Brooks published the *Layman's Breviary*. This was a collection of three hundred and sixty-five short poems, one for every day in the year. Subtle, reflective, religious in tone, they could not easily attract careless ears, and careless hearts found little to admire in them. But if to be loved better and better each year by all who have learned to know it—and to use it as a *Breviary* should be used—is a measure of success, the *Layman's Breviary* has been a rarely successful book.

The *World Priest* was published in Germany in 1846, when Schefer was sixty-two years old. It is said to have been his favorite work. It is, like the *Breviary*, a collection of poems, none of them very long, many of them short, but all characterized by the same exquisite purity, tenderness, holiness of thought. They are unique in literature. They combine the steadfastness and fortitude of

Epictetus, the tenderness and pathos and subtle insight of Jean Paul, with an all-pervading religiousness to which all religions might do reverence, but in which no one religion will find exact statement or place. No page of these poems but contains suggestion, stimulus, cheer: to read one of these poems every morning is to live the whole day better.

It is impossible to give by short extracts any just idea of the peculiar charm of Schefer's poems; for the thought in them is continuous and sustained, and the chain does not bear breaking. We quote a few passages, however, which may give a faint suggestion of their quality and flavor, and we heartily hope may also be the means of putting this delicious and helpful book into the hands of many readers.

From the poem entitled "The Primeval World," we take the following lines:—

"He now who fain would rob the human heart
Of this essential unity with God
In goodness, power, yea, length of life itself—
He would not only rob man of his God,
But would rob God—the highest sacrilege—
Of men, of all that lives, yea, of the whole
Great universe throughout Eternity
Wherein He lives; for God is life itself."

and from the poem "God's Goodness," these:

"To be a child, a poor good human child
Heartily reconciled with all the world,
A human being with deep pity moved
To help each fellow-creature on through life
Even to death, and to the very grave;
That is the goodness of the good, of God;
That is the heart of God, in all men's breasts."

and from the poem "Sorrow," these:

"The sorest sufferings grief alone can heal,
And make the miserable endurable,
Yea, sweet and precious, till the noble man
Would scarce exchange it for another good."

and—

"Be tranquil, O my brothers; for your grief
Has to the most high God a sacred worth;
He gave to sorrow to be dumb, and so,
And only so, to do its utmost work."

Miss Proctor's Russian Journey.

MISS PROCTOR's pictures of Russian life and travel (*A Russian Journey*: illustrated edition, J. R. Os-good & Co.) are bright, sketchy, not overweighted with material, and, in short, just such as any cultured lady traveling in a strange country might send to her friends and familiar acquaintances at home. In this probably lies the secret of the cordial reception the book has met with, as well in the first plain edition as in the one now before us with its wealth of pictorial illustration. The ground traversed includes St. Petersburg, Moscow, the fair-ground of Nijni Novgorod (since devastated by fire), the descent of the Volga to Kamyschin, thence across Southern Russia and along the Crimean coasts to Odessa, and beyond to the Austrian frontier. It is comparatively fresh ground to English-speaking travelers, ladies certainly, and Miss Proctor has related her experiences and observations with a cheerful picturesqueness that makes her book very pleasant reading.

* *The World Priest*; translated from the German of Leopold Schefer, author of the *Layman's Breviary*, by Charles T. Brooks (Roberts Bros.).

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

The Lava of Vesuvius.

THE condition of the lava of the recent eruption is thus described by a writer in *Nature*. At first, the whole surface of the lava-streams seems to exhale steam and hydrochloric acid, and the atmosphere is filled with a disagreeable odor which makes breathing uncomfortable. But very quickly the exhalations are localized around the little centers of fire, whose activity continues for many months, and emanations from which are gradually modified. Thus, as seen from Naples at the time of the visit, the whole of the lava appeared to be smoking, and it was possible clearly to distinguish the tracks of the whitish vapors which wandered over the surface; but close at hand there was nothing to be seen but the fumaroles, between each of which there is plenty of space. The gas and the hot vapors which the lava emits are charged with numerous substances, and become the source of mineral deposits which fill the tourist with wonder. One of the most curious phenomena observed is the power of the burning lava to retain an enormous quantity of water and salt, which it does not allow to escape until it begins to cool. The formation of salt is shown generally over the whole stretch of lava emitted in 1872. Soon after the surface cools it is covered with a light crust of salt, which forms in similar flowery patterns on the beds of cinders that cover the plains, the cinders themselves emitting everywhere hydrochloric acid. The first showers of rain caused this deposit to disappear rapidly, and there remained on the 12th of May only scanty traces, except on the lower surface of the blocks, where the rain had not the power to dissolve it. But the salt continued to be deposited in the vents, from which were detached beautiful crystals and graceful concretions; it continued also to be formed upon the great deposits of cinders on the cone of Vesuvius, and even on May 19 the summit of the mountain, as seen from the Observatory, appeared, from this cause, as if sprinkled with snow.

Language among Animals.

M. HOUZEAU maintains that not only does each group of animals possess a language which is understood by other members of the same group, but that they can learn to understand the language of other groups. His dogs, for instance, perfectly understood his poultry. Cocks and hens have one danger signal for the approach of a bird of prey, another for that of a terrestrial animal or for a man. When the latter was scolded the dogs would rush out and bark, while to the former they paid no attention whatever. He therefore concludes that fowls have the power of expressing slightly different but closely allied ideas, and dogs can learn to understand these differences.

Growth of Seedlings.

IN an article in the November number of the *American Journal of Arts and Sciences*, Prof. J. C.

Draper shows that if the growth of plants is measured during twelve hours of daylight, and then during twelve hours of darkness, the growth during the two periods is the same. From this he concludes, that since the growth is a continuous process, and is marked during the night by the evolution of carbonic acid, the act of evolution of structure in the plant is attended, as it is in animals, by the production of carbonic acid. The author also insists that the evolution of structure in plants and the decomposition of carbonic acid by the leaves in sunlight being two essentially different processes, they must of necessity be separated in the discussion of the formation of the plant-tissues. If this is done, he maintains that the course of life in the plant is essentially the same as in animals.

Making Experimental Apparatus.

IN a lecture delivered before the working-men of Brighton, Professor Carpenter directed the attention of his hearers to the necessity of cultivating the habit of making the apparatus required for experiments. Reviewing his own experience, he said: "As I am addressing a working-man's audience, let me say how earnestly I have had at heart throughout my life the elevation of my working brethren. I am a working-carpenter myself. That is true in two senses, for my school nickname was Archimedes, because I was always fond of turning my hand to anything of a mechanical kind; and this habit has been of the greatest value to me in the scientific inquiries to which my life has been devoted. I have made all my microscopic preparations myself. I buy none except for exhibition to my friends. Many of the vendors have said, 'How do you make them?' I made some of the best of them before any one else found out the way to make them, and that 'handiness' has been a very valuable accomplishment to me."

Retention of Eggs by Birds.

MR. THOMAS H. POTTS gives an account of a pair of kingfishers that began to excavate a nest in the turf chimney of a deserted cottage on the 19th of October. After many days of hard work this was deserted, and in succession a number of other tunnels were commenced and abandoned. The seventh, begun on the 26th of November, was finished, and on the 14th of December a brood hatched therein. Therefore, Mr. Potts argues, can there be reason to doubt that the eggs in the ovary of the female must have been in a forward state in the third week in October? At the close of that month the first egg to be laid must have been ready for extrusion. From personal observation we know that our kingfisher lays every morning until the clutch of eggs is completed—the number of eggs to a clutch varying from five to seven. Here we have a bird engaged in laborious, almost incessant exertion for quite six weeks, physically in a condition analogous to that of a pregnant animal. It

is well known that the domestic fowl, on a change of quarters, will, in its strange home, sometimes retain the egg for hours beyond the usual time of laying, often depositing what is called a double-yolked egg; but we have to do with the freedom of a wild nature. It is easy to suggest that our kingfisher relieved itself by dropping its egg; obviously that would be opposed to the marked instinct of so persevering and painstaking a nest-builder; besides, would that mode of acquiring ease be twice repeated by a bird that endured such toil to make a hiding-place for its progeny—toil only to be appreciated by those who have watched its daily work?

Asphalt Pavements.

The Builder says that roads of compressed asphalt are cheaper, in respect both of prime cost and of maintenance, than ordinary macadamized roads. They produce less noise, less mud, and less dust. The resistance to traction upon them varies much, according to circumstances. In winter it is less than over a flagged road; in summer-time, on the contrary, it is greater than on a paved road. Their greatest defect is that they become very slippery when covered with a thin coating of mud; they should therefore always be kept clean swept. Their greatest practical inconvenience is that repairs can only be effected at particular seasons.

The best material for the construction of these pavements is calcareous bitumen. In France at present only four or five deposits are known which can be worked to advantage. The oldest and best known are at Seyssel, Seyssel-Volant, Val de Travers in Switzerland, and at Maestra in Spain. New beds have been recently opened in Haute-Savoie and near Alais, which bid fair to rival in excellency that of the Val de Travers.

Bituminous limestone has the appearance of mortar; its color is that of chocolate, the fracture or scraped surface showing a lighter tint, just as chocolate does; the grain is fine, each particle of limestone being enveloped in bituminous matter. When heated on an iron plate to 340° or 350° F. it decrepitates and falls to powder.

Artificial Butter.

EXPERIMENTS having demonstrated that cows living on very scanty diet still secreted milk containing butter, it became evident that the butter must have been prepared from the fatty tissues of the animal. This led to a series of experiments on splitting up animal fats, which have resulted in the preparation of an artificial butter from suet. The suet is first finely divided by circular saws in a cylinder. It is then treated with water, carbonate of potassa, and finely divided fresh sheep's stomachs at a temperature of 45° C. The pepsin and heat separate the fat, which floats on the surface, whence it is decanted, and when cool placed in a hydraulic press, which separates the stearine from the semi-fluid oleomargarine, which is employed as follows in the preparation of the butter: 50 kilo.'s of the fat, 25 liters of milk and 20 liters of water are placed in a

churn; to this 100 grammes of the soluble matter obtained from cows' udders and milk-glands is added, together with a little anotta. The mixture is then churned, when the butter separates in the usual manner.

Can Animals Count?

M. HOUZEAU says: The mule is supposed to be able to count as far as five, at least; and this is considered to be established by the following observation. There is a short branch line of omnibuses in New Orleans, where each mule makes the journey five times successively before being changed. The veterinary surgeon of these animals called attention to the fact that at the end of each of the first four journeys they are silent, but as they approach the end of the fifth they neigh. But this is not satisfactory. The end of the fifth trip may be marked by preparations for feeding the animals, which they hear or smell at a distance, and these may have produced responsive neighs.

A Test of the Extinction of Life.

IN view of the uncertainty regarding the final extinction of life that occasionally arises, Dr. Magnus proposes the following test for the decision of the matter. If a limb of the body (a finger is best for the purpose) be constricted by a strong ligature quite tightly, there will, if the subject is yet alive, be a reddening of the constricted member. First the part in question becomes red, and then the red color becomes darker and darker, and deeper in hue, until it is finally converted into a bluish-red, the whole limb being from its tip to the ligature which encircles it of a uniform color, except that at the region immediately round the ligature itself there is to be seen a narrow ring, which is not bluish-red, but white. Though there may be slight discoloration after death, the doctor has satisfied himself by experiment that this cannot be confounded with the complete discoloration that attends the performance of the test on a living limb.

Teaching by Lectures.

FROM a recent address by Canon Kingsley we extract the following excellent advice given to students: Let me warn you that none of you will profit by any lectures, unless you study at home the text-books recommended by the lecturer. You will be otherwise little wiser than a man who should propose to learn arithmetic by listening to talk about the proportion of numbers without doing sums himself. You will not teach yourselves even the attitude necessary for your subject—the attitude of mind by which the facts were discovered, by which they must be understood, by which they must be turned to use. You will not acquire by mere lecture-hearing the inductive habit of mind which arranges and judges of facts. Still less, therefore, will you acquire the deductive habit of mind which makes use of facts practically after they have been arranged and judged; and the lecturer will be to you but a sort

of singer, a player upon a fiddle, who makes for you pleasant and interesting noises for a while, producing mere impressions which never sink into the intellect, but merely touch the emotions, to run off them at the first distraction, like water off a duck's back. Therefore remember this for yourselves in this age of periodical literature, and literature made easy: we are all too apt to forget that what we did you must do, if you wish to be as good men as we, viz., work for yourselves as we did; that good lectures, like good reviews, are not meant to see for you, but to teach you to use your own eyes; and those you must use at home in hard study, personal study, continuous study, and study, too, rather of one subject than of many subjects, in order that by learning how to learn one thing thoroughly, you may learn how to learn anything and everything else in its turn.

Yeast-Cells like Monads.

WHEN the yeast which works off from new beer in cask, in process of cleansing, is allowed to settle, the fluid portion removed, and water added to the remainder, nearly all the cells of yeast rise to the surface in three days, and under the microscope they are seen to move with the agility of the most active monads. These bodies resemble in size and shape the yeast-cells from which they have been derived, and their surface is covered with fine dark granules, which appear to have resulted from an alteration of the superficial membrane. (*Journal of the Chemical Society.*)

Memoranda.

ZÖLLNER has expressed the opinion that all current movements in liquids, especially if they are in contact with foreign bodies, are attended by a development of electricity. Beetz has recently repeated the experiments of Zöllner on which this opinion was founded, and he states that the currents are produced not by the flowing of the water, but by the reaction of the water, lead, and brass of the hydraulic apparatus on each other.

Professor Henry Morton finds that the bright bands in the spectra of fluorescent light emitted by various bodies may be employed as a means of detecting the presence of impurities in these bodies.

Telegraph posts and columns manufactured in Manchester are formed of spirals of iron—ribands, in fact, supported on a cast-iron base, and surmounted with a capital of the same material. A slender rod forms the axis of the column, or, as it really is, a trellis-work tube. Compared with cast-iron columns, these structures are little more than one-third either in weight or cost, while in appearance the gain is decidedly great. For conservatories or other horticultural purposes the trellis column is very suitable. Such a pillar, eleven feet high and eight inches in diameter, is guaranteed to support a vertical pressure of one ton.

"Engineering" states that in the contest between the twenty-five-ton gun of the *Holspur* and the turret of the *Glatton*, the fifteen inches of iron armor backed by fourteen inches of teak resisted successfully the impact of the six-hundred-pound shot of the gun. The shot appear in some of these experiments to have stood up to their work pretty well, penetrating fourteen inches of iron and four inches of teak; but the great difficulty was to make them go where they were wanted. Everything was in their favor, both vessels being moored in the motionless water of a harbor, within two hundred yards of each other, yet the shot wobbled so that some of them missed the target altogether.

M. Carbonnier, the great pisciculturist of Paris, states that the Paradise or Peacock fish have some singular habits; among these he mentions the fact, that as the female lays the eggs, the male carries them away in his mouth and deposits them in a nest which he builds for them. He will not allow the female to come anywhere near the nest, and if she ventures to approach, swings himself round and drives her away.

Planeth states that when a tuning-fork in vibration is brought near a flame, a loud tone is suddenly perceived, which in the case of a rapidly burning gas-flame is quite as loud as that produced by placing the foot of the fork upon a sounding-board. The loudest tone is produced by bringing the flame between the prongs of the vibrating fork.

The disinfection of a room is not complete unless the walls have also been thoroughly cleansed. If they are papered the paper must be removed, and the surface beneath carefully scraped and washed; if the walls are painted they should be washed with caustic soda. The ceiling should also be subjected to similar treatment.

The *Mechanics' Magazine* expresses its mortification at the fact, that in the International Exhibition the specimens of water-marked paper exhibited by Russia are superior to those sent by England. It is, says the *Magazine*, small palliation to know that the manager of the Russian Imperial Paper Manufactory is an Englishman; the probability is, as things are going on in England, that English brains and English capital will to an increasing extent be transferred to foreign countries, to combine with foreign labor to supplant the English producer of every class.

In France the roasting of coffee is quite a science, the roaster being required to study the properties of the different kinds of berry, since each sort must be roasted for a certain period of time. The operation is conducted in a hollow iron sphere, by the rotation of which all the berries are equally exposed to the heat. During the roasting the ball is closed and the gases confined, but at the close of the operation the valve is

opened and the gases allowed to escape. The roasted berries are then quickly transferred to carefully closed vessels.

The iodine process for the extraction of the precious metals from burnt pyrites is in successful practical operation near Liverpool. The burnt pyrites is ground to a fine powder, and gently ignited with common salt. The mass, when cool, is treated with dilute hydrochloric acid; iodide of potassium is then added to the clear liquid. The precipitate, when dried, contains about six per cent. of silver and gold.

As the result of experiments on the Pitchers of the Nepenthis, M. Faivre regards the fluid contained therein as merely the stored-up ordinary transpiration of the plant.

A curious parasite is found upon the blind fish of the Wyandotte Cave. The female is attached, by a pair of altered fore limbs, to the vicinity of the mouth of the fish; while the male is supposed to be very small, and a free swimmer, as it has not yet been found attached in the vicinity of the female.

The effects of the recent eruption on the condition of Vesuvius are described as follows by M. de Saussure:

1. The mountain has been divided by a rent running nearly from north to south-south-west.
2. The lava rising in the rent has rushed along the two sides on the north to the very foot of the cone; on the south, half-way down, in much less abundance.
3. The summit of the mountain has been lowered and flattened.

The project of draining the Zuyder-Zee is again discussed. The results obtained in the case of Lake Haarlem are so satisfactory, that the new project will in all probability be attempted. Its feasibility is evident, since it is known that five centuries ago the bed of the Zee was occupied by a forest.

Suint, which is obtained by washing the wool of sheep in cold water, constitutes nearly one-third the weight of a raw merino fleece and about one-sixth of the weight of ordinary wool. An examination of these washings shows that suint is composed of potash united with an animal oil, both being products of the sweat-glands of the animal, which thus eliminates the potash scales ingested with its food. It is estimated that in France 60,000,000 pounds of wool are washed annually, and this should yield nearly 3,000,000 pounds of pure potash.

Surgeon Howlett of London reports a number of cases of severe fracture in ladies, the result of falls caused by wearing the fashionable high-heeled shoes.

"Silk is at once the strongest and most tenacious of fibers, and makes the most beautiful, durable and valuable of tissues. What gold is to metals and the

diamond to precious stones, so is silk to all other textile fabrics."

A sheet of ordinary white blotting-paper, which will tear by its own weight when wetted, is converted into a material having all the properties of tough parchment by merely dipping it for a few seconds into sulphuric acid. The Germans are using this artificial parchment for sausage-skins. It need hardly be said that it is highly indigestible.

Dr. Liebreich thinks that a great deal of the short-sightedness (decrease in endurance and acuteness of vision) in England is the result of the bad arrangement of light in the school-houses. These evils may be prevented by causing the light to fall on the desk from the left-hand side and as much as possible from above. The children should sit erect and the book should be at least ten inches from the eyes: it ought to be placed at an angle of 20° for writing and 40° for reading.

Jute is now employed in the manufacture of silk goods: it takes the dyes easily, and preserves a gloss so well that it is difficult for one not an expert to detect its presence.

M. Bessemer has engaged a naval architect to draw the plans of a new form of state-room for ships, in which the cabin is supported on a universal joint, and its movements so regulated by hydraulic machinery that there is to be no jar, no rocking motion, and in short a perfect freedom from all the usual discomforts of a sea voyage.

A plan has been submitted to the Spanish Government for a tunnel under the straits of Gibraltar which may be connected with the shortest route to India.

At a meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute Dr. Irwine of Glasgow read a paper on the "Miner's Lamp." A lamp was shown which of its own accord sounded a note of warning when the proportion of combustible gas in the atmosphere reached a point at which an explosion was imminent. The principles involved in its construction are the inability of a flame to pass through the meshes of a wire gauze, and the production of a sound by burning the flame in a tube.

M. Lallemand recently found that if a solution of sulphur in sulphide of carbon is exposed to the light, insoluble sulphur is precipitated. This has been verified by M. Berthelot, who adds that the phenomenon is also produced by the electric and magnesium lights; the calcium light, on the contrary, fails to produce any appreciable effect.

In a paper published by the Royal Academy at Amsterdam an account is given of the change of ingots of tin containing only three per cent. of impurity (iron and lead) into a crystalline powder, during transportation by railroad to Moscow. The author concludes that the molecular modification was caused by

intense cold and the vibration attending the long journey, and perhaps, though not probably, from one of these causes alone.

A coal-cutting machine for facilitating the mining of coal has been recently put into successful operation at the Platt-Lane Colliery in England.

The recent proximity of the planets Jupiter and Uranus enabled M. Prosper Henry, at the Paris observatory, to compare the luminosity of the latter with that of the satellites of the former. The results showed that the brightness of Uranus is a little superior to that of the third satellite of Jupiter.

Much of the insanity in the British Army exists in soldiers serving in India who have been exposed to sunstroke. (*Lancet*.)

Dr. Corre, of Brest, in an article in the *Archives de Physiologie*, compares the symptoms produced by the introduction into the stomach of poisonous fish

with those caused by inoculation with the poison of venomous snakes. His observations show that the poisonous substances present a remarkable analogy in their nature and action. It is curious, however, to observe that they enter the system in two quite different ways. In the case of the snake-poison, it must be introduced directly into the blood, and is without action when taken into the stomach, while the opposite obtains in the case of poisonous fishes.

According to a German naturalist the ovary of a hen contains about six hundred embryo eggs. About twenty of these are matured in the first year, about one hundred and twenty in the second, one hundred and thirty five in the third, one hundred and fourteen in the fourth, and during the fifth, sixth, seventh and eight years, the number decreases by twenty annually. It consequently follows that after the fourth, or at the most the fifth year, hens are no longer profitable layers.

ETCHINGS.

WHAT HAPPENED TO NELLY.

I KNEW a little girl,—

You? Oh, no,—

Who came to live on earth,

Just to grow ;

Just to grow up big

Like Mamma,

Big as grown-up ladies

Always are ;

Not to stay a baby

As she came—

Yet each morning found her

Quite the same.

Quite the same, they said,

Not a change

Since she went to bed—

Ah, how strange !

Baby Nell at night,

Baby Nell at morn,

Everything the same,

Not a dimple gone.

They saw her every hour,

So you'll own,

If a change had come,

They'd have known.

Yet the clothes grew small—

Bibs and frocks ;

Couldn't wear her shoes,

Nor her socks.

Then as years went on,

Seven, maybe,

Not a soul could call

Nell a baby.

Still Mamma declared,

Every minute

She had been the same—

What *was* in it ?

She saw her all the time,

So you'll own,

If a change had happened

She'd have known.

Baby Nell herself,

Though uncommon wise,

Ne'er had seen an inch

Added to her size.

Even Pomp, the dog,

Never barked to say

'Nell is not the same

Now as yesterday.'

Yet, as I have said,

Clothes kept growing small,

Tight at first, and then

Wouldn't do at all.

Even Nelly's toys,

Skippping-rope and hoop,

Once quite big enough,

Now would make her stoop.

Why, her very crib

Seemed to shrink away,

Till it cramped the child

Any way she lay.

So, from day to day,

Not a person knew,

Looking straight at Nell,

That she ever grew.

Little baby Nell,

On the nurse's knee,

Baby Nell at school

Learning A B C.

How *did* it happen ?

When did she change ?

No one had noticed—

Wasn't it strange !

Show me when a bud

Changes to a rose,

Then I'll tell you truly

When a baby grows.

THE BOY WHO WANTED TO BE A CLOWN.



1. Tommy sees no reason why he shouldn't be a circus-clown. 2. Practices before the glass, and goes through with his feat very well.



3. Tries something in the Japanese style. 4. After which his fellow-performer comes down handsomely. 5. Tommy now essays the celebrated hat feat.



6. But his father is not satisfied with the result— 7. And determines on a performance of his own— 8. Which ends Tommy's career as a clown.

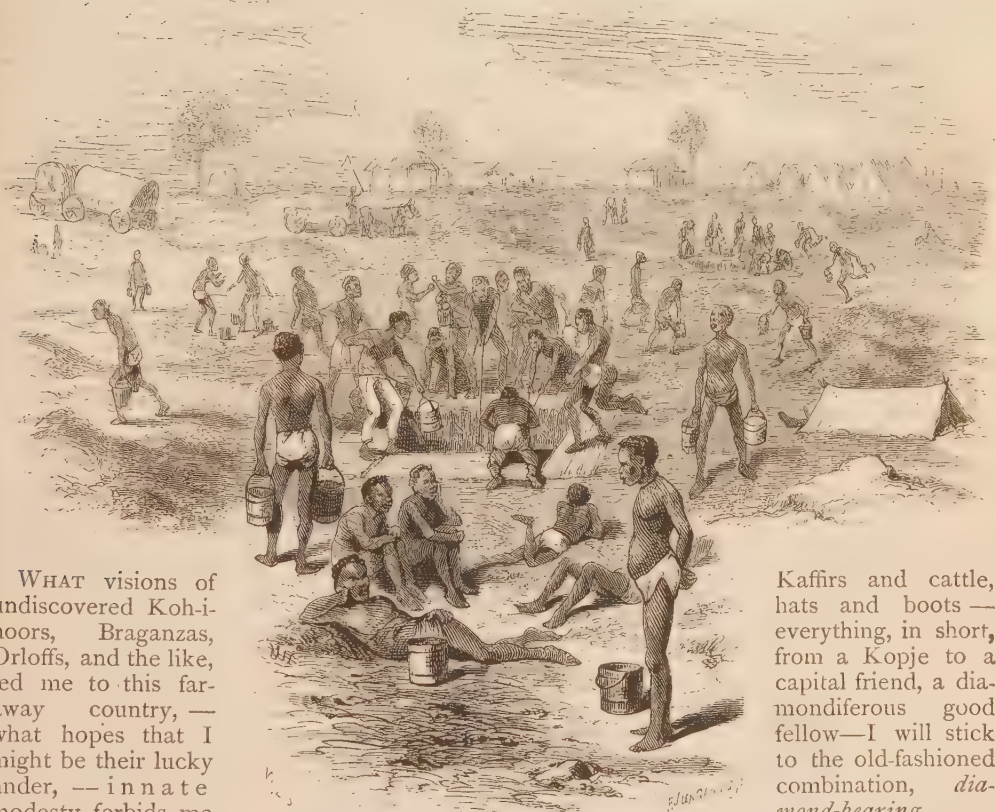
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No. 5.

LIFE IN THE NEW DIAMOND DIGGINGS



AT THE WELL.

WHAT visions of undiscovered Koh-i-noors, Braganzas, Orloffs, and the like, led me to this far-away country, — what hopes that I might be their lucky finder, — innate modesty forbids me to tell. It keeps down, too, any desire I may have to hint how far those hopes and visions have been realized. Suffice it to say that I have picked up diamonds, genuine diamonds; my luckier neighbors have picked up more; and we have all added largely to our stock of rough experiences. Perhaps some of my American friends, who are contemplating a visit to this new South African world of adventure, may be pleased to share a portion of my winnings in this last and most abundant commodity of the diamond-bearing country: *diamondiferous* is the word here, but as that is also our chief superlative, applied equally to picks and shovels,

Kaffirs and cattle, hats and boots — everything, in short, from a *Kopje* to a capital friend, a diamondiferous good fellow — I will stick to the old-fashioned combination, *diamond-bearing*.

By the way, speaking of *Kopje*, I might

as well explain at the outset a couple of words of frequent use in this region, *Kopje* and *pan*. The first, pronounced “Koppie,” is Dutch; *Kop*, hill or knob; *Kopje*, little hill; *Spitz-Kop*, hill with a pointed top, cone-shaped. The second may be Dutch or English. A *pan* is a shallow depression, evidently the bed of a dried-up pond. The ground is usually incrustated with salt earth impregnated with niter. In rainy weather these pans frequently form natural reservoirs of rain-water. I write at Du Toit’s Pan. From a distance the Pan reminds one of a monster gravel-pit, or a gigantic colony of ants at

work. Eager, earnest, cheerful labor is going on everywhere in orderly confusion: digging, sifting, loading, carrying, sorting, with men, women, and children moving about with no apparent system, crossing, mixing, zigzagging here and there like laboring ants, yet there is method underlying all the seeming disorder. As far as one can see within the camp there is but a succession of pits and mounds mainly occupied by workers busily intent on finding the precious gem. Here and there are pits that have been worked out, or perhaps abandoned by owners discouraged by lack of luck, or attracted elsewhere by the glittering promises of some "new rush." The perseverance and temper of the drifted diggers are shown by the depth of their deserted pits; some are but three or four feet deep, some forty. Frequently a patient digger will find nothing for the first twenty feet, then his luck will change and he will turn out a handsome stone, a fortune in itself, and go on discovering a stone or two a day, the quality improving with the depth; or he may become thoroughly discouraged and abandon his claim, or sell it for a few shillings, and have his ill luck aggravated by hearing that his more fortunate successor has turned up a twenty, maybe a fifty-carat stone before he has had time to pack up his tools to start for a new claim.

At the bottom of the working pits are naked Kaffirs digging and throwing up the earth; others carry it to the *baas*, who, perched high on the up-turned soil, is busily engaged in sifting or sorting the gravel.

The claims are limited to thirty feet square, for which a license fee of ten shillings a month is exacted. As there is no opportunity to cast away the upturned earth and surplus gravel,—no space being left for roads, and encroachments on neighboring claims being punishable by a fine fixed by the committee,—all the earth must be handled on one's own claim. The usual plan is to work out half the claim, piling the sorted gravel on the other, then fill up the hole and proceed with the remainder of the claim in the same way.

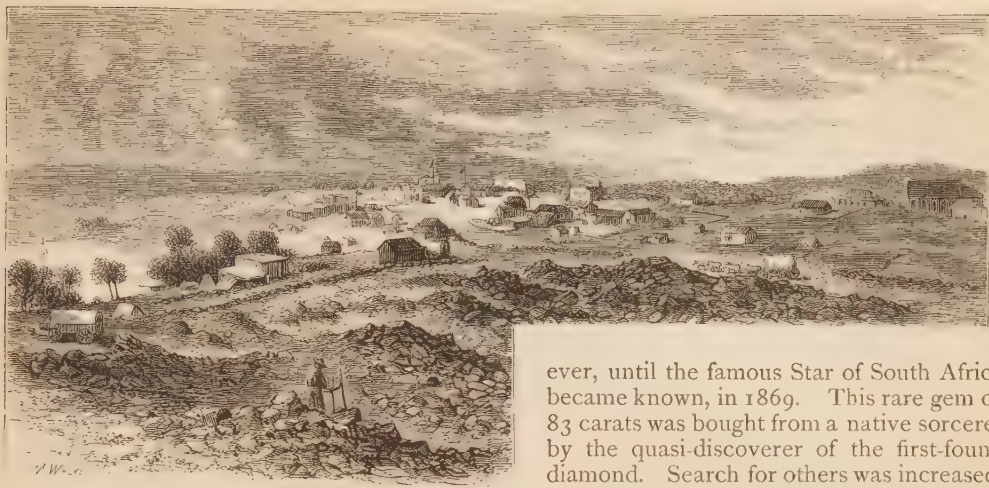
For sifting the gravel an apparatus is prepared in this wise: two posts about seven feet long are driven into the ground, four feet apart, and across them ropes are loosely fastened so as to hang in an ample curve. On these ropes are suspended two large sieves of wire or perforated metal. The soil is thrown into the upper and coarser sieve, and the sieves are shaken to and fro. The larger stones stop at the top, the gravel is retained by the finer sieve, the dirt of course passing through to the ground. As the soil is limy and much of it very fine, the dust is terrific, the camp being usually enveloped in a cloud of this irritating, eye and lung destroying substance, which is so penetrating that the best hunting watches are clogged up with it in "no time." The editor of the *Diamond News* classes it "with plague, pestilence and famine, and if there is anything worse, with that also;" which is somewhat more mildly than the average digger would state his disapprobation of this pest of the diggings.

The sorting is done rapidly; at first sight

it would seem carelessly. When "new chums" begin this branch of the business they are apt to waste a good deal of time looking at and testing all the pretty stones, especially the clear crystals, which are numerous. After they have once picked up a diamond, however, they find no difficulty in deciding at a glance which are and which are not the objects of their search. Under the bright clear sky of this region the diamond is sure to shine out among the worth-



SIFTING THE GRAVEL.



KLIP DRIFT.

less gravel in a way that there is no mistaking.

When such a find is made, the shout of joy rings out and loud *hurrahs* go circling through the camp. Picks and shovels are dropped, the sifter is left at rest, and every dirt-pile is dotted with eager lookers, anxious to see who is the lucky man, all giving the diggings the appearance of a prairie-dog village, or a colony of meerkats perched on their mounds.

If the cheer is loud enough to indicate an extra find, a diamond-buyer or two, perhaps half a dozen, are quickly on the spot to bargain for it, while everybody is asking, "How big is it?" "What's its shape?" "Who found it?" and other questions in regard to its quality and color.

This is a "dry digging," the wet diggings being along the now famous Vaal River, where the first discoveries were made. The story of the discovery of diamonds here may be summed up in few words. The first one was found in the Hope Town-Division of Cape Colony, near the Orange River, by the child of a Dutch Boer, or farmer. Ignorant of its value, the children used it as a plaything until one Schalk van Niekerk, a neighboring farmer, saw it, and, struck by its luster and weight, offered to buy it. The child's mother laughed at the idea of selling a stone, and gave it to him. The stone passed through several hands, reaching at last a Dr. Atherstone, of Grahamstown, who on examination pronounced it a veritable diamond. Its weight was 22 carats. Soon after an 8-carat stone was found in the same Division, and more extensive search was begun. No particular stir or excitement resulted, how-

ever, until the famous Star of South Africa became known, in 1869. This rare gem of 83 carats was bought from a native sorcerer by the quasi-discoverer of the first-found diamond. Search for others was increased, and with such success that a "rush" set in from all quarters in the early part of 1870, and in a short time the banks of the Vaal, the north branch of the Orange, were covered with busy diggers. The year after, the richer and more extensive dry diggings were discovered in the open, almost desert country between the Vaal and the Orange, and since then new diamond-bearing localities have been found almost daily.

The river or wet diggings center at Klip Drift and Pniel, two small towns opposite each other on the hill-slopes overlooking the Vaal, which at this point is an extremely beautiful river, five or six hundred feet wide. The Vaal would be a lovely stream anywhere; but in South Africa it is a peculiarly charming and novel thing to see a broad flowing river, with wooded banks and numerous islands covered with verdure. A fine view of the river is to be had from the Church property at Pniel. In the way of river scenery there is nothing to equal it in South Africa. Toward the south as far as the eye can reach are hills and dales, beautifully broken, with clumps of deep green camel-thorn, which grow luxuriantly and contrast admirably with the red hill-sides. Along the river many trees, especially the native willows, grow to a great height, casting their thick shadows on the shining surface of the water. Back from the stream are wide expanses of bush-land, which furnish plentiful fuel for the miners.

The Pniel diamond claims lie along the slope of the hill, or kopje, between the town and the river. The ground being very valuable, as little space as possible is left for roadways to the river, where all the gravel is carted to be washed, and communication is intricate and sometimes dangerous, especially as the

roadway is seriously encroached on sometimes by eager diggers, and there is constant risk of pitching headlong, oxen, cart, load and all, into the deep pits on every hand.

Diamond-digging is hard work here. The gem-bearing gravel lies amongst huge basaltic boulders, the removal of which makes the work heavy, slow, and expensive. Besides, the diamonds are scattered with great irregularity and are less numerous, though of slightly better quality, than in the dry diggings. The washing-cradles are generally at the river-side, it being cheaper to cart the gravel to the stream than the water to the gravel. After the first rough washing the gravel is shovelled into the cradle,—a strong frame-work carrying sieves and resting on two stout rockers,—and the owner “rocks the cradle ;” his native helpers pour water over the gravel until it is thoroughly cleaned and sifted. After a hasty glance at the large stones in the upper sieve for a possible *big* diamond, the contents of the finer sieves are transferred to the sorting-table. If this has legs, the sorter sits at his work ; if it rests on the ground, he has to work in a reclining posture. This is a pleasanter place for sorting than the dry diggings, owing to the absence of dust ; still it has its objections. The sorters suffer severely from cold sometimes, and, at best, sitting with one’s feet in wet gravel all day is far from comfortable.

The gravel is spread thinly over the level surface of wood or metal that serves as a table. The sorter detects at a glance any diamond or other stone that he may wish to preserve, then strikes off the rest with a straight-edge of wood or metal, usually a short piece of hoop iron. Occasionally a valuable ruby or a sapphire is found in these riverside diggings. Some do their washing on their claims, especially when working alone or with a single partner, or when too poor to own a cart and team. The washing is done in a couple of tubs made by sawing a wine cask in two, and filled with water from the stream. If the earth is tolerably dry the gravel can be cleaned in part by dry-sifting ; it is then placed in common hand-sieves and twirled in one tub until tolerably free from dirt, and rinsed quite clean in the other. When the tubs become too muddy they are refilled from the river and the washing goes on. The claims at this place are worked to the depth of thirty or forty feet, turning the hill-slope upside down and covering it with heaps of quarried stone.

The work goes on in much the same way at Klip Drift, on the opposite side of the river,

and at the numerous camps up and down the river,—Good Hope, Liversages, Hebron, Robinson’s, Bad Hope, Gong Gong, Union Kopje, Kersikamma, Blue Jacket, Maynard’s Rush, Delpont’s Hope, Hart’s River, etc. In the Kopjes the same sort of digging is found as at Pniel ; but in some of the other camps mentioned exceedingly rich claims have been found on the *flat*, as the diggers call the old bed of the river. In fact, many prefer the flat to the Kopjes, and I believe they have turned out some of the very best stones that have been found. Long-toms are used for the gravel of the flat, which is a mixture of pot-clay and gravel, and many diggers are working deeper than was at first thought necessary, and with great success.

The advantages of the river-side diggings are mainly in the direction of health and comfort. First of all there is an abundance of good water for drinking and bathing. Then there is the absence of dust, the great scourge of the dry diggings, and the presence of wood, almost as great a rarity on the plains as water. The disadvantages are the severer character of the work, the inferior richness of the gravel and the irregular distribution of the gems, and the need of a cart and team as a part of the miner’s outfit.

There is a good deal of black sand in the river gravel, in which small particles of gold may be seen without very close examination. It may be paying dirt, for all I know ; but just now no one can think of anything less valuable than diamonds. I should not be surprised if the search for gold proved in the end more uniformly remunerative than the lottery of diamond digging.

The dry diggings are wide, almost treeless and waterless, plains covered with calcareous soil, which from its dusty nature adds immensely to the miner’s discomfort. The earliest finds away from the river were made in 1870, at Du Toit’s Pan. At first the claims were worked only two or three feet below the surface ; after this surface-earth was worked out and the diggers were looking about for “pastures new,” some one had courage to penetrate the bottom rock, and was rewarded by finding the diamonds more numerous and of larger size as he descended. A rush then set in, and Du Toit’s Pan soon became the largest and richest diamond camp in the world ; no other place up to this writing has afforded so large a number of stones or so many of large size. Gems of a hundred carats and upward are by no means uncommon. An immense area is being dug over here, and there are rich diggings all around.



RIVER WASHING—CRADLING.

This is a good place for a beginner with small capital. Living is comparatively cheap, supplies are easily obtainable, and labor uniformly remunerative.

There are a number of good stores here, several hotels, and an excellent market every morning, to which the Dutch boers bring cattle, sheep, and farm produce to be sold at auction.

The following are the quotations for today. meal \$12 to \$12.50 a bag; mealies (Indian corn) \$5 a bag; Kaffir corn \$5 a bag; potatoes \$12 a bag; onions \$2.50 a bucket; butter 43 cents a pound; eggs 63 cents a dozen; bacon 30 cents a pound; hams 36 cents a pound; turkeys \$3 each; fowls 60 cents each; spring-boks and blesboks (antelopes) \$2 each; wildebeestes \$4 each; soap 14 cents a pound; boer tobacco 16 cents a pound; meat 8 to 12 cents a pound; bread 24 cents a loaf (size of a six-cent loaf at home); blatcham 48 cents a bottle; brandy \$30 a keg, of 14 gallons; light Cape wine \$11 a keg; walnuts 37 cents a hundred; figs 52 cents a pound; raisins 20 cents a pound; oranges and naartjes \$4 a hundred; oat-hay 25 cents a bundle; firewood \$15 a cord; plank (yellow-wood) \$5 each; joists \$5 each. All trades and industries are pretty well represented at the Pan. Some of the best finished houses and stores were brought ready made from the Cape. They are of wood, with corrugated iron roofs, and have a very finished appearance, with suitable doors and windows.

Joining Du Toit's Pan is Bultfontein, originally a cattle farm. Diamonds were found here in 1871, and a number of rough diggers took possession of the ground, in spite of the boer's protests, and began to work. They were expelled by the Free State Police; but the owner of the farm, fearing the return of a stronger force of miners, wisely threw the ground open to diggers on the customary terms—that is, a monthly license-fee of ten shillings a claim. This farm has yielded a very large number of diamonds, none of which, however, have been of considerable size.

Another similar farm called Alexandersfontein joins Bultfontein, making with Du Toit's Pan one large community, with regular streets and other beginnings of a great city. Two miles to the other side of Du Toit's Pan is a picturesque camp known as De-Beers, where many large stones have been found. Workings began here in May, 1871, and in a few months a large population had come together, making quite a town.

In September the following advertisement appeared in a Cape paper. I copy it in evidence of the rapid development of this "diamondiferous" region.

"NEW TOWNSHIP AT DEE BEERS.

"The proprietors of the farm 'VOORUIT ZIGT,' commonly known as Dee Beers, beg to intimate to the Public that they have laid out a town on the above farm, the Erven of

which will be offered at public auction on the spot on Saturday, the 21st October next, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

"The site is eligibly situated on a gentle slope, contiguous to the Two RUSHES which are now yielding such LARGE FORTUNES to the diggers, and the Erven will be sold with all the PROPRIETOR'S RIGHTS TO THE DIAMONDS which may be found on them.

"The Pniel Road will pass through the Town, which is situated within easy walking distance of 'DU TOIT'S PAN,' 'BULT-FONTEIN,' and 'ALEXANDERSFONTEIN' diggings.

"In selecting the spot for this Township, the Proprietors have specially regarded the healthiness of the situation; the fact of GOOD WATER being found at moderate depth, and the proximity to the several digging camps.

"Ample space has been provided for a Market, and eligible allotments reserved for churches and schools.

"It is scarcely necessary for the Proprietors to point out the advantages that will accrue to the possessors of Erven in this Township, so conveniently situated in close proximity to all the successful diamond diggings, either as a center of Business or Healthy Residence."

This has become quite an aristocratic camp, the English element predominating, and many of the diggers bring their wives with them. Prices were so high at first that only men of capital could purchase, and these, being able to employ plenty of help, have made the excavations larger and deeper than those of the adjacent old camps.

An early rival to Dee-Beers was Colesberg Kopje, a mile farther to the left of the Pniel road, where a thriving town grew up in a very short time. The Kopje is a hillock about 250 acres in area, surrounded by a reef of hard rock. In a fortnight after the discovery claims were selling from twenty to a hundred pounds sterling apiece, and within three months a good claim could not be bought for less than £2,000; some sold as high as £4,000, and part claims in proportion. Bringing such high prices, the claims were generally sold in half and quarter sections; and as every miner was anxious to get through his ground as fast as possible, many native laborers were employed and the work was pushed with ceaseless energy. The chunks of limestone and other rock too hard to be broken with a shovel were carted away at first and dumped on the "veldt" or plain without the camp. It happened that one of those pieces fell from the front of a cart

and was crushed by the cart-wheel, setting free a 20-carat diamond. After that no more stones were thrown away before they were carefully broken up with mallets; and some claimless diggers have made a very good living out of the refuse stuff carted away from the claims. Many fine diamonds have been found in the rock, and in one instance a 33-carat stone was found embedded in a block of solid quartz.

Last November (1871) diamonds to the value of \$250,000 were being taken weekly from this small hill, counting about a thousand claims. In one week 657 stones were reported, ranging from 103 carats downward, and including stones of 102, 84, 83, 82 carats. Diamonds are found at all depths, and in some claims from the surface down: a fine 10-carat stone has been found at the depth of 96 feet, while sinking a well. Sixty feet is not an uncommon depth for claims to be sunk, and sometimes twenty feet of red sand has to be removed before the diamond-bearing soil is reached. The best diamonds are said to have been found at the depth of twenty-five feet or thereabouts. The noise and dust and heat at Colesberg Kopje are fearful, the work being carried on with the utmost vigor and at a rate that will exhaust the Kopje in less than a year. Still prices keep up and buyers are eager. The Cape Town *Standard and Mail* reports in its issue of Dec. 5th, 1871, the sale of half a claim for £1,000; and the next day the buyer sold it for £1,600, on condition that after that sum had been realized by the purchaser the seller should have a half-share of the finds.

Rich diggings have since been discovered four miles from this Kopje, and the price of claims is going up throughout the whole neighborhood, especially on and near the "reef," a ridge of rock and shale running round nearly all the rich tract constituting the dry diggings. The claims nearest this reef are generally the most productive, and turn out the finest stones.

It is impossible to estimate the extent of the diamond-bearing country; new fields are being discovered almost daily. The more intelligent people here are of opinion that the surrounding country is as likely to be rich in diamonds as the claims at present worked. A rush has lately been made to a farm on the Orange River, a hundred miles from this place, where diamonds of 50, 47½, 11, 10, and 8 carats have already been found, besides numerous smaller ones.

On the whole, the prospect of the diggings is very favorable, and, with a few companies

having sufficient capital to send out prospecting parties, I think that the way will be opened for thousands of fresh diggers, who will be able to find paying fields of labor without having to pay exorbitant prices for their ticket in the great lottery.

Here, as elsewhere, the capitalist has a great advantage, since he can employ numbers of laborers properly over-looked by trustworthy men, move them from place to place as discoveries are made, and, if he is scientific, bring to his aid all the help that science can lend to the matter, which, however, is not much. The finding of diamonds is simply fortune; nothing on the surface can tell you where to dig. Muscle and patience are the winning cards. Those who have been longest here and have had the most experience are no wiser than those who came yesterday as regards the selection of a claim. Success is a question wholly of time and perseverance and good luck, the last being the principal item, since many have worked long and faithfully with little profit, while others have made splendid finds almost with the first stroke of the shovel. To come here without money, in the hope of making a fortune, is absurdly hazardous. Opinions may differ; but I should say, let no man come here with less than \$1,000 or \$1,500 available on the field, and let his time be not less than six months. Such a man *with good health* may be successful: he probably will be if in other matters he is resolute and plucky. To make success morally certain, two conditions are necessary; unlimited time and independent means of subsistence, presupposing of course physical and moral vigor. The farms in this neighborhood have a high reputation, and justly; and to any one determin-

ed to come out, I should counsel a sojourn on one of them, although the banks of the Vaal offer a much more comfortable home in the summer; that is, during the months of November, December, January, and February.

I believe that the right men would find it worth while to give the fields a trial; but let those who think of coming understand that they come for diamonds, and not comforts, and that they must be able to endure disappointments, persistent hard work, and be steady in their general habits. That enormous wealth is to be gained in the diggings is beyond dispute; that an occasional white man working alone has exceptional success is equally true; but that general emigration to the fields should be encouraged I very much doubt. The first requirements of the diamond-digger are robust health, already inured to hot climates, ability to withstand constant exposure to all kinds of weather, and a thorough capacity for "roughing it;" yet how few of those drawn hither by the rumored wealth of the fields have even one of these qualifications! Many sink under the work, many more succumb to fever, but most of all to that fatal curse, drink. The incessant thirst induced by heat and dryness, the temptations held out by the canteen-keepers, and the fatal absence of restraint, are almost irresistible incentives to drinking; and the young man who drinks on the fields is lost. I do not say all drinkers die, but they do become wrecks of their former selves. Hard drinking is peculiarly incompatible with this climate, and many a man who might have gone home with health and wealth has been brought by it to a nameless grave.

The climate here is by no means the worst,



DU TOIT'S PAN—MARKET SQUARE.



BULTFONTEIN DIGGINGS,—DU TOIT'S PAN IN THE DISTANCE.

yet it is extremely trying to new-comers, especially to those unused to an exposed life. During the summer months the thermometer frequently registers 100° Fahr. in the shade, and there is very little shade to be found at the dry diggings. There is almost always a hot wind blowing at this season, with the attendant clouds of acrid dust already described. Thunder-storms occur almost daily, and are frequently preceded by dust-storms of the most violent character. I have already quoted the opinion of the editor of the *Diamond News* in regard to these visitations; perhaps I cannot do better than to copy his description of a storm that played havoc with these camps in the early part of last summer:

"On Sunday evening week the Du Toit's Pan, De-Beer's and New Rush camps were maddened by a dust-storm from the northward, which lasted nearly a couple of hours. We have been asked to write an article descriptive of the event; but as we had to shut ourselves up within our small cabin, to prevent ourselves from being blown away, and to ballast the cabin itself, and as during the said two hours our eyes in common with the eyes of all the camp were clouded with dust, and our ears deafened with the flapping of canvas and the roar of thunder, description is impossible. All we can say from personal observation and experience is, that the dust was the finest, the most searching, the densest, the most pervading, and the most irritating we ever had the bad fortune to see, smell, taste, or feel. It was not only moving about in the air, on the plain, and in the Pan, but it entered into tent, shanty, and store, and penetrating broadcloth, flannel and linen, plugged

up the pores of the skin and dried up the very source of life. The dust of the dry diggings is to be classed with plague, pestilence, and famine, and if there is anything worse, with that also.

"The wind was very willful and did a deal of damage. Half the population in the fields had to hold on to poles and ropes like grim death during the time the storm lasted. In some cases holding on was of no use. Bell-tents went after bell-tents by the score, especially at the New Rush and De-Beer's. . . . A little rain followed the dust, but scarcely enough to make the ground damp."

Whirlwinds are frequent at this season and cause great annoyance. In their erratic course through the camps, every moderately light article is snatched up and whirled away, and if a tent door is caught open, woe to the tent!

All the more active operations of diamond-digging are usually committed to Kaffirs during the severe hot weather, and those who can get away find it much to their health and comfort to spend a month or two at the wet diggings along the Vaal. Autumn begins in February, and with it an improvement in the weather, and a waking up of all sorts of mining activity.

But work goes on most merrily during the delightful months of winter,—May, June, and July. The nights are cold and frosty, ice making to the thickness of half an inch, but during the day the weather is positively charming.

In consideration of the vast numbers brought together here, the health of the camp is exceedingly good. The hard work does

not hurt a man if he keeps from bad company and abstains from drink. The hot months are naturally most unfavorable to health, and the heat is aggravated by the scarcity of good water and the deficiency of sanitary arrangements. The principal diseases are a sort of low fever, diarrhoea and dysentery, colic; inflammation of the lungs, and sore eyes from the glare of the sun and the all-pervading dust. This same dust is also very poisonous to scratches and slight wounds, which are apt to become festering sores, especially on the hands. In some cases these sores appear to come spontaneously where the skin is perfectly sound, and are thought by some to be a mild form of scurvy.

The population of the diggings is rather mixed, but on the whole well disposed and law-abiding. The English element predominates, yet a good number of Americans are here, some Germans, and a sprinkling of Frenchmen, Italians, and Spaniards. The Dutch boers of course predominate in the surrounding country and are numerous at the diggings. As a rule they are not favorites; the English especially hate them heartily, and their regard is returned with interest. The Germans are more apt to be diamond dealers than diamond diggers. Native laborers, Kaffirs, Korannas, and Hottentots swarm at the fields. The "Zulus" are the most trustworthy, and the fresher they are from the up-country Kraals, the better. The native women about the camps are chiefly Hottentots and Korannas. They find ample

and profitable employment as washer-women, household servants, etc.

A large number of trades and professions are represented in the camps; carpenters, tent-makers, and blacksmiths find constant employment at remunerative rates. Butchers make rapid fortunes, the demand for meat being enormous. Bakers and confectioners find quick market for their wares at exorbitant prices. Photographers are already on the ground, and Du Toit's Pan has a matrimonial agent! There are also doctors, lawyers, watchmakers, and jewelers. Hotel-keepers, store-keepers and auctioneers are plentiful, the last finding all the business they want, and as they get 10 per cent. of the sales their profits are very large.

The hotels do a rushing business: three meals a day are furnished; breakfast at eight, 2s., tiffin (lunch) at one, 2s., dinner at six, 2s. 6d. A bed costs 2s. or 2s. 6d., a "shake-down" 1s. or 1s. 6d. Some diggers board and lodge regularly at the hotels, but it is a bad practice. The food supplied is abundant but of small variety—mutton and beef, venison, a few vegetables, white and brown bread of indifferent quality, and plenty of tea and coffee. There is no style,—the rough digger in his shirt-sleeves elbows the gorgeously-arrayed diamond dealer, or the clergyman of the camp,—one man is as good as another, and all are free and easy.

Sunday is generally observed as a day of rest, and the churches are well attended. The Church of England has regular chaplains at all the camps, with stated places of worship



DE-BEERS' RICH CLAIMS.



ON THE ROAD TO THE DIGGINGS.

at all the older stations. The Methodists are well represented, and so are the Roman Catholics. The boers are generally members of the Dutch Reformed Church, but their religious feeling is not apt to be very fine, or strong enough to prevent their being what the Yankee diggers call "mean cusses." Collections have been made for the erection of permanent church-buildings, and substantial structures are everywhere taking the place of the insufficient and unstable church tents heretofore in use.

Amusements are well provided for. We have already a Theatre Royal (at Du Toit's Pan), where appreciative and paying audiences are regularly gathered. A grand Ballad Concert, with the comedy of "Delicate Ground" and the farce of "Box and ox," was the first performance, by gentlemen amateurs. The price of seats is usually 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., or 4s. for reserved seats. A company of actors and vocalists make regular tours of the diggings and find it profitable. We have had a circus stationed here for some time, and it was well filled with merry diggers. Billiard-tables are numerous in every camp, and several bowling-alleys are doing a roaring business. A young man named Rogers has gained considerable local fame for his comic singing and banjo-playing. Here is one of his songs, which has been extensively sung among the diggers. Its chorus shows its origin to have been at the river-side diggings:—

DIGGER'S SONG.

Six months ago to the fields I came,
I was a heavy swell,
My clothes were brushed, my boots the same,

My coat it fitted well;
I wore a collar then, of course.
Alas! that day's gone past;
And stockings too my feet did grace;
Oh dear! I've seen my last.

Chorus.

Rocking at the cradle, sifting all the day—
That's the life we diggers lead.
Rocking at the cradle, sifting all the day—
That's the life for me!

I had some notions in me left
I really thought were good;
But here there's no such thing as theft,
Though jumping's understood.
Beware your morals, diggers dear,
And don't let them decay;
If jumping's winked at, soon you'll hear
Your character's jumped away.

Chorus.

Now straying cattle and wayward "boys,"
And diamonds never handy,
Have brought me down, and all my joys
Are centered in Cape brandy;
I wear a shirt and trousers now,
And smoke a dirty clay;
My feet are cased just anyhow;
This hat I "jumped" to-day.

Chorus.

Bad luck, however, cannot last,
A turn must come some day;
A ninety-carat would change the past
And make the future gay.
May every digger's luck be this,
Who to these fields has come,
To take back health and wealth and bliss
To those he's left at home!

Chorus.

Cricket matches, rifle-shooting, running and walking matches, and athletic games, are the chief out-door sports. Hunting affords agreeable recreation; and along the Vaal and the Modder, fishing gives not only sport, but a welcome change and variety to the digger's diet.

The scarcity of water at the dry diggings has already been noticed. It is one of the great privations of the digger's life. Each camp has a large dam where water collects during the rainy season for the supply of the cattle, and sometimes for drinking-water for the miners; and a smaller reservoir set apart for washing, constantly surrounded by a chattering crowd of native washer-women of every shade of color. But the busiest scenes are at the public wells. The payment of 1s. a month entitles a digger to two buckets a day, which he must fetch or send for with his own buckets and ropes. There is room for twelve or fourteen people round a well, but scarcely ever less than fifty trying to draw. Buckets have to be lowered a dozen times before a pailful of water can be obtained, the constant drawing making the water low and muddy. There are some private wells, having a limited number of subscribers at 4s. a month. Four buckets a day are allowed at these wells, which are fitted with a windlass and rope, and the water is usually very good. Well-digging is profitable work, whether done for the camp committee or as a private enterprise; the committee pay handsomely for the work and the digger gets all the diamonds he finds. Occasionally a digger strikes water in sinking his claim, then boards it up and makes a good thing selling the water by the bucketful or letting it out to subscribers.

Since the fields have been "annexed" by the British government, a great deal is being done to improve the sanitary condition of the camps; but much more needs to be done toward increasing the supply of good water, and in doing away with nuisances which offend the eye and endanger the health of the community.

I have said nothing of the different routes to the diggings, my design being to give rather a picture of camp life, and such a description of the diamond fields as may enable my American friends to form some estimate of

their character. Still, perhaps a word or two in regard to modes of getting here may not be out of place.

When time is no object, and the coming digger is fond of country travel, the bullock wagon-route *via* Grahamstown offers some inducements. The wagons are drawn by ox-trains numbering from twelve to sixteen, according to the weight of the loads and the state of the road. The wagons carry from eight to nine thousand pounds weight of goods. There is a tolerable supply of grass and water along the route, and game is plentiful. These slow, old-fashioned colonial conveyances, however, are becoming a thing of the past, except for the transportation of heavy goods. To gain time, mules and horses are substituted for oxen, but the expense is largely increased. A quicker passage can be made by the wagons of the Inland Transport Company, or the Diamond Fields Transport Company, from Cape Town to the diggings, 700 miles; time, from seven to nine days; fare, £12. Forty pounds of baggage are allowed each passenger, all excess being charged at the rate of a shilling a pound. From Port Elizabeth, Algoa Bay, the traveler has the choice of mule-wagons making the trip in fifteen days, or Cobb & Co.'s stage-coaches, coming in five days, the fare proportionately less than by the other route. These coaches are of American manufacture, built of wood calculated to stand the climate—strong, light, and admirably suited for their purpose. The tent is covered with American water-proof cotton; at the back of the wagon is a space for luggage, covered in the same way; the body of the coach rests on stout leather bands instead of springs, and has an easy swaying motion that contrasts favorably with the heavy jolting of the colony wagons. The ride by this route is 436 miles. Another quick line of passenger wagons is promised from Natal. Ere many more years are numbered with the past, the snort of the iron horse and the whiz and whirl of railway travel will doubtless disturb these newly-awakened solitudes of South Africa, and passengers will breakfast at the coast, dine at the new Golconda, and in the evening lave their weary limbs in the waters of the limpid Vaal.

THE BRIDGE OF NEUILLY.

"THE Avenue of the Grand Army!" How like a satire it sounds,—the sonorous name of the glittering street which runs from the Triumphal Arch to the Porte Maillot, in Paris,—how like a sneer! For there is no grand army now, and the very limbs of the great figure of "Departure" on the Arch seem nerveless. Lutetia can now count a disgrace, a defeat for every fête-day, and her anniversaries are filled with mourning.

The Maillot Gate is the outlet in the fortifications for the "Avenue of the Grand Army," which, as it wanders over the Seine on the massive stone bridge not far from the walls, becomes the "Avenue of Neuilly." From the Triumphal Arch you can see as far as Courbevoie—nearly three miles in a straight line—a hard, white road, bordered two-thirds of the way by elegant houses. Neuilly is a suburb much affected by the Parisians, because the flavor of the great city is there combined with a few rustic charms, and it cost them a hard struggle to come inside the walls, and leave their pleasant mansions, when the siege began. High up on Courbevoie's hill stands a pedestal, formerly occupied by a bronze statue of Napoleon the Great. As you look from the Triumphal Arch this pedestal stands out, black, against the horizon, a land-mark for miles around. And it became a very notable land-mark to us in Paris in Commune-time, for around it and just beyond it were planted many of the batteries which were engaged in shelling the Maillot Gate, the Avenue of the Grand Army, and the Triumphal Arch.

The Communists, as Americans have been taught to call them, had made very ample preparations against the enemy on all that side of Paris toward the Bois de Boulogne, St. Cloud, and Versailles. The great gates were doubly and triply barred, and the bastions were thoroughly manned by the uncouth but resolute soldiery. In the clear crystal weather of April, thousands upon thousands of people poured out of the great avenues of the city to see the fight, and to watch, from carriages posted on convenient eminences, the bombardment of the forts in the distance. America was amply represented every day, and the fair daughters of Gotham, Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco often braved danger for the sake of recounting adventures over dinner in the evening.

The old bridge of Neuilly was the scene of many a bloody combat during the Communal sway. The adventurous scout was daily

stricken down there, but no record was made of his death in the official journal. It will be impossible ever to estimate the losses at this dread point. Dombrowski, the rebel general, handsome, light of foot, and fearless, sauntered very near to the dreary belt of waste country which led to the bridge on the Parisian side many times by day and night, and walked unharmed among seemingly deadliest rain of shells and bullets. At night the Versailles batteries always kept up a tremendous rain upon the bridge, fearful lest some attempt to take it might be successful. The weary watchers at the gates were often hurled into fragments by the sudden arrival of a huge death-messenger, and their mangled and dismembered corpses were found heaped upon the ramparts or strewn in the ditches in the morning. A poor woman arrived one noon with her husband's dinner-pail. "He will need it no longer, citoyenne," said a sergeant; and, as she stooped above the corpse of her dearest, a shell splinter carried away one of her arms and opened a ghastly seam in her face. Two marines were firing a long-range cannon at the batteries around Courbevoie one bright day. One man was blown away from his post; the other, sailor like, leaped on the gun, and defied with rude gestures the far-off enemy. Presently a well-directed shot killed him also. Two more marines took the dead men's duty, and the fight went on as sternly unyielding, as grimly, grotesquely terrible as before.

One fair April afternoon, when the Seine rippled in gleaming beauty past the great palaces and under the noble bridges out into fields which had put garments of loveliest green over their breasts, torn and wounded by the shock of contending armies,—when the long walks in the Champs Elysées were odorous with perfume from the thousand shrubs, and the great Arch rejoiced in the magnificent sunshine, there came a series of crashing detonations from the Courbevoie batteries, and from many others on the high table-lands, miles away, which indicated that a general attack had begun. It was not long after the desperate conflict over the bridge, in which Gen. Besson bit the dust, and hundreds of brave men in both armies went down in a few brief hours. On this occasion the attention of those Parisians who had no sympathy with the insurrection was arrested by the extraordinary activity at the Communist headquarters, and the signs of trepidation and alarm manifested. Members

of the Commune hurried from the Hôtel de Ville, with their red sashes girt about them, and, perched awkwardly on their neighing and rearing steeds, hastened forward the battalions which came rapidly from the insurgent quarters. Dombrowski and his staff galloped thunderously through the Arch and away to the scene of action, the gallant young Poles in his train sitting their horses with the ease and grace of Indians, and casting not a look upon the eager citizens, questioning, "What is it? Are they attacking?" In less than an hour after the general bombardment of the Maillot Gate had begun, ten thousand people had gathered around the Triumphal Arch. The spring heat and glare were almost overpowering; but the ladies spread their parasols, and the gentlemen tied their handkerchiefs and newspapers over their hats, and waited; presently the Communal batteries began to speak out, and the echoes had hardly begun to reverberate before the crashing responses came from the "music-boxes of M. Thiers," as a lady near me called them. Shells occasionally struck very near the edge of this dense mass of gazers, and then there was an immense stampede, and shrieks from the feminine portion of the curious, semi-genteel mob.

Here was a crowd of Frenchmen and women watching, with no apparent feeling save that of amusement, the struggle between two factions of Frenchmen—struggle in which vast destruction of life and property was involved.—The women were impatient for the carnage to commence, and freely expressed their ideas on that subject. "That a battle?" cried one, "but we see no blood!" "No; but if Madame would only step down to the Maillot Gate she would see a great deal." Madame shrugged her pretty shoulders and gently declined.

With glasses we distinguished a sudden movement of batteries at Courbevoie, and almost instantaneously a fearful, thrilling, blood-chilling series of reports burst from the bastions and the gates of Paris on our side. Behind us we heard the rumble of approaching artillery, and in a few moments two Communal batteries whirled through the crowd, cutting it with astonishing rapidity into two sections, and was away to the "front." Carriages were overturned, women and children screamed, and fractious horses ran away. An agile Parisian youth mounted upon the great bas-reliefs of the Triumphal Arch, and all at once cried out, "They are coming. I can see them driving

in the Communists!" A terrible consternation followed. Shells began to fall thickly in the streets adjacent to the Arch, and Valérien opened a galling fire on many bastions which had hitherto been safe. The peculiar white smoke of battle hid everything in its impenetrable shroud. Before it cleared away the crowd was reduced by one-half. The ladies were not so anxious for the horrors of battle as before, and peeped timidly from their carriages at the corners of the Rue de Chaillot and other avenues at a safe distance from the Arch.

As the curtain lifted, it was evident that the situation had changed, and in favor of the Communal troops this time. The Versailles batteries had retired, and there were ominous black patches here and there on the white road, which, when examined with a glass, proved to be men and horses slain or wounded. On the old bridge there were one or two dismounted cavalry-men madly trying to manage their horses and escape from the fire which the retreating Versaillaise kept up. The crowd around the Arch, grievously disappointed that the attack had not succeeded, moved away, growling or satirizing the insurgents, and scarcely noticing the trains of wounded which were brought towards the great ambulance near the Palace of Industry. Night soon came, and set its pall of darkness over all the perturbed town; and the citizens, in the cafés in mid-city, began to discuss with more than usual feeling the tremendous events which had that day occurred around the Bridge of Neuilly.

When the great day of armistice came, when the Versaillaise were compelled to give a breathing space, that the dead might be buried and the avenues cleared of the débris of battle, all the world and his wife flocked to see the dread spectacle. The town of Neuilly was dismantled, desolate, overwhelmed, thrown into primal chaos. Houses were torn into picturesque masses of ruin, in whose remains forlorn inhabitants were searching for the remnants of their household treasures. Heaps of dead men were lying in the cellars of certain deserted villas, and on some of the lifeless distorted features starvation was plainly marked. Over the old Bridge of Neuilly that day rolled many a wagon-load of supremest woe. The grand and final struggle for the possession of Paris was to commence, and Neuilly was the key of the situation. The armistice began early in the day, and thousands of wagons rolled out through the gates ere noontide had set in. Even after the bombardment had begun again, toward

evening, and the thunders of the rebel forts awoke, the wagons, loaded with household goods and with half-starved fugitives, were hurrying forward, regaining the fortifications amid a rain of death-dealing missiles. Some people left the houses which for twenty days had been under fire to meet their death before they had reached the Maillot bastions. Towards eight o'clock in the evening the spectacle was thrilling and horrible. It was a vast mob, fleeing before a nameless and indefinable terror, yelling, praying, cursing, trampling each other in the dust, and crying out that the Communists had broken faith and opened fire before the appointed time. It was not until long past midnight that the sentinels at the gates were relieved of the laborious duty of searching the heavily-laden wagons, anxiously looking for spies or infernal machines. The Versailles troops had established their lines half-way between the Neuilly bridge and the batteries at Courbevoie, and were visited during the day by thousands of people who begged them to desist from the struggle and return to Versailles. But the lines maintained a sullen and joggled demeanor, and answered all entreaties with an imperative movement of the bayonet, which caused a lively retreat. There were some very affecting incidents during the period of the armistice. One old man, who was removed from a species of infirmary where, in the care of suffering fellow-creatures, he had spent the better part of his life, screamed and fought furiously when the Communais came to remove him, and, although informed that it was done to save his life, refused to be carried away of his own will and preferred to remain and perish with his house. A little baby was found in the cellar of one of the mansions, tightly clasped in the arms of its mother. Both had been dead many days.

It was on the day that Dombrowski undertook his famous movement against the Versailles troops beyond the bridge at Neuilly that the following tragic incident occurred. A raw battalion of artisans from Belleville was stationed at a certain point not far from the bridge, and, under the unaccustomed rain of missiles, but illy held its ground. Dombrowski arrived, radiant, audacious as ever. He leaped from his horse and approached the barricade behind which the battalion was wavering. "You are afraid!" said he scorn-

fully; "look at me—I am not fearful." And he mounted the barricade, although bullets were flying thick as hail around him. He took off his cap. "Give me a cup of wine," said he, "and I will drink confusion to the enemy." A tin cup filled with wine was brought, and at that very moment a shell-splinter struck the wine-bearer, and laid him dying behind the barricade. Dombrowski leaped down and took the man in his arms. "We were not afraid, thou and I," he said, and the rough fellows around shed tears.

Dombrowski was always planning movements which his raw and sometimes cowardly troops could not execute. He would have carried all that stretch of country held beyond the Bridge of Neuilly at one fell swoop, had his men had ordinary military experience. Even the Versailles officers admitted the genius of his movements. His headquarters were not far from the old bridge, and directly under a heavy fire. He never wavered, and was as unconcerned when shot and shell were flying around him as when he sang Polish songs, and conversed with us at the headquarters of the city forces in the Place Vendôme. He knew the struggle was hopeless from the very first; he went to it willingly, and died in it bravely.

Finally, one clear day, the Versailles troops poured over the old Bridge of Neuilly, through the deserted Maillot Gate, and along the broad avenue towards, the Triumphal Arch. The tricolor floated from the windows of the battered mansions; the gay hussars galloped noisily over the fallen barricades; and the dead men who so thickly strewed the waste ground near the bridge were hastily buried. There was slaughter at Neuilly; there was slaughter at the Maillot Gate; death and destruction everywhere; and the May breezes bore flame-breath and blood-scent to the nostrils of the incoming victors. Cannon were placed upon the old bridge, and stout artillerymen grimly waited there the order to throw shells into the center of the subjugated city. Dombrowski had been at the bridge on the very morning of his defeat, and had despairingly admitted that the enemy would soon take the bridge, as his men would not arrange themselves according to his orders. And when the bridge is no longer ours, he said, Paris is lost to us!

ABSENCE.

THROUGH azure realms of loneliness
 Sails the hot sun : no cloudy fleet
 Convoys him o'er the trackless waste,
 Or cools his path with snowy sleep,
 Becalmed upon that tropic deep ;
 Or scuds, by freshening breezes chased,
 Dropping swift shadows down to bless,
 And make the sunlight doubly sweet.

Earth's upturned face is glad no more,—
 Expressionless beneath the noon :
 The listless winds in covert lie,
 Nor hunt in lightsome companies
 Through whispering grain and sighing trees :
 The sea sends inland no reply
 To the dumb yearning of the shore,
 But ebbs away in weary swoon.,

A bird in yonder thicket sings,—
 And if so be his song tells true,
 In miles and miles the only bird ;
 For ne'er such plaintive monotone
 Of heart companionless and lone
 Was in a summer noontide heard ;
 Tight folded are his useless wings,
 His mate is lost beyond the blue.

Gone is the nameless charm that finds
 The outer world in kinship blest,—
 The interchange, the light refrain ;
 And 'twixt our souls, that once were near,
 Lie leagues of stirless atmosphere,
 Asleep upon a silent main :
 Nothing to-day its heart-mate binds,
 Nor any answer to its quest.

One kiss of shadow or of air
 The world to lovelier life would stir ;
 Or might I clasp that distant hand,
 Then love would grace for me the whole :
 So light a touch on hand or soul,
 So light a touch on sea or land,
 Makes all things one and all things fair.
 Wake, wind ! and blow a touch from her !



ARTHUR BONNICASTLE.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.



"WHY THIS IS LIKE A BOOK, ISN'T IT?" SAID SHE.

CHAPTER VI.

WHILE Henry was a guest at my old home, Mr. Bradford resumed his visits there. That he had had much to do with securing my father's prosperity in his calling, I afterwards learned with gratitude, but he had done it without his humble friend's knowledge, and while studiously keeping aloof from him. I never could imagine any reason for his policy in this matter except the desire to keep out of Mrs. Sanderson's way. He seemed, too, to have a special interest in Henry; and it soon came to my ears that he had secured for him his place as teacher of one of the public schools. Twice during the young man's visit at Bradford, he had called and invited him to an evening walk, on the pretext of showing him some of the more interesting features of the rapidly growing little city.

Henry's plan for study was coincident with my own. We had both calculated to perfect our preparation for college during the winter and following spring, under private tuition; and this work, which would be easy for me, was to be accomplished by him during the hours left from his school duties. I made my own independent arrangements for recitation and direction, as I knew such a course would best please Mrs. Sanderson, and

left him to do the same on his return. With an active temperament and the new stimulus which had come to me with a better knowledge of my relations and prospects, I found my mind and my time fully absorbed. When I was not engaged in study, I was actively assisting Mrs. Sanderson in her affairs.

One morning in the early winter, after Henry had returned, and had been for a week or two engaged in his school, I met Mr. Bradford in the street, and received from him a cordial invitation to take tea and spend the evening at his home. Without telling me what company I should meet, he simply said that there were to be two or three young people beside me, and that he wanted Mrs. Bradford to know me. Up to this time, I had made comparatively few acquaintances in the town, and had entered, in a social way, very few homes. The invitation gave me a great deal of pleasure, for Mr. Bradford stood high in the social scale, so that Mrs. Sanderson could make no plausible objection to my going. I was careful not to speak of the matter to Henry, whom I accidentally met during the day, and particularly careful not to mention it in my father's family, for fear that Claire might feel herself slighted. I was therefore thoroughly surprised when I entered Mrs. Bradford's cheerful drawing-room

to find there engaged in the merriest conversation with the family, both Henry and my sister Claire. Mr. Bradford rose and met me at the door in his own hospitable, hearty way, and, grasping my right hand, put his free arm around me, and led me to Mrs. Bradford and presented me. She was a sweet, pale-faced little woman, with large blue eyes, with which she peered into mine with a charming look of curious inquiry. If she had said: "I have long wanted to know you, and am fully prepared to be pleased with you and to love you," she would only have put into words the meaning which her look conveyed. I had never met with a greeting that more thoroughly delighted me, or placed me more at my ease, or stimulated me more to show what there was of good in me.

"This is my sister, Miss Lester," said she, turning to a prim personage sitting by the fire.

As the lady did not rise, I bowed to her at a distance, and she recognized me with a little nod, as if she would have said: "You are well enough for a boy, but I don't see the propriety of putting myself out for such young people."

The contrast between her greeting and that of Mr. and Mrs. Bradford led me to give her more than a passing look. I concluded at once that she was a maiden of an age more advanced than she would be willing to confess, and a person with ways and tempers of her own. She sat alone, trotting her knees, looking into the fire, and knitting with such emphasis as to give an electric snap to every pass of her glittering needles. She was larger than Mrs. Bradford, and her dark hair and swarthy skin, gathered into a hundred wrinkles around her black eyes, produced a strange contrast between the sisters.

Mrs. Bradford, I soon learned, was one of those women in whom the motherly instinct is so strong that no living thing can come into their presence without exciting their wish to care for it. The first thing she did, therefore, after I had exchanged greetings, was to set a chair for me at the fire, because she knew I must be cold and my feet must be wet. When I assured her that I was neither cold nor wet, and she had accepted the statement with evident incredulity and disappointment, she insisted that I should change my chair for an easier one. I did this to accommodate her, and then she took a fancy that I had a headache and needed a bottle of salts. This I found in my hand before I knew it.

As these attentions were rendered, they were regarded by Mr. Bradford with good-

natured toleration, but there issued from the corner where "Aunt Flick" sat—for from some lip I had already caught her home name—little impatient sniffs and raps upon the hearth with her trotting heel.

"Jane Bradford," Aunt Flick broke out at last, "I should think you'd be ashamed. You've done nothing but worry that boy since he came into the room. One would think he was a baby, and that it was your business to tend him. Just as if he didn't know whether he was cold, or his feet were wet, or his head ached! Just as if he didn't know enough to go to the fire if he wanted to! Millie, get the cat for your mother, and bring in the dog. Something must be nursed of course."

"Why, Flick, dear!" was all Mrs. Bradford said, but Mr. Bradford looked amused, and there came from a corner of the room that my eyes had not explored the merriest young laugh imaginable. I had no doubt as to its authorship. Seeing that the evening was to be an informal one, I had already begun to wonder where the little girl might be, with whose face I had made a brief acquaintance five years before, and of whom I had caught occasional glimpses in the interval.

Mr. Bradford looked in the direction of the laugh, and exclaiming "You saucy puss!" started from his chair, and found her seated behind an ottoman, where she had been quietly reading.

"Oh, father! don't, please!" she exclaimed, as he drew her from her retreat. She resisted at first, but when she saw that she was fully discovered, she consented to be led forward and presented to us.

"When a child is still," said Aunt Flick, "I can't see the use of stirring her up, unless it is to send her to bed."

"Why Flick, dear!" said Mrs. Bradford again; but Mr. Bradford took no notice of the remark, and led the little girl to us. She shook hands with us, and then her mother caught and pulled her into her lap.

"Jane Bradford, why *will* you burden yourself with that heavy child? I should think you would be ill."

Millie's black eyes flashed, but she said nothing, and I had an opportunity to study her wonderful beauty. As I looked at her, I could think of nothing but a gypsy. I could not imagine how it was possible that she should be the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bradford. It was as if some unknown, oriental ancestor had reached across the generations and touched her, revealing to her

parents the long-lost secrets of their own blood. Her hair hung in raven ringlets, and her dark, healthy skin was as smooth and soft as the petal of a pansy. She had put on a scarlet jacket for comfort, in her distant corner, and the color heightened all her charms. Her face was bright with intelligence, and her full, mobile lips and dimpled chin were charged with the prophecy of a wonderfully beautiful womanhood. I looked at her quite enchanted, and I am sure that she was conscious of my scrutiny, for she disengaged herself gently from her mother's hold, and saying that she wished to finish the chapter she had been reading, went back to her seclusion.

The consciousness of her presence in the room somehow destroyed my interest in the other members of the family, and as I felt no restraint in the warm and free social atmosphere around me, I soon followed her to her corner, and sat down upon the ottoman behind which, upon a hassock, she had ensconced herself.

"What have you come here for?" she inquired wonderingly, looking up into my eyes.

"To see you," I replied.

"Aren't you a young gentleman?"

"No, I am only a big boy."

"Why that's jolly," said she. "Then you can be my company."

"Certainly," I responded.

"Well, then, what shall we do? I'm sure I don't know how to play with a boy. I never did."

"We can talk," I said. "What a funny woman your Aunt Flick is! Doesn't she bother you?"

She paused, looked down, then looked up into my face, and said decidedly: "I don't like that question."

"I meant nothing ill by it," I responded.

"Yes you did; you meant something ill to Aunt Flick."

"But I thought she bothered you," I said.

"Did I say so?"

"No."

"Well, when I say so, I shall say so to her. Papa and I understand it."

So this was my little girl, with a feeling of family loyalty in her heart, and a family pride that did not choose to discuss with strangers the foibles of kindred and the jars of home life. I was rebuked, though the consciousness of the fact came too slowly to excite pain. It was *her* Aunt Flick; and a stranger had no right to question or criticise. That was what I gathered from her words;

and there was so much that charmed me in this fine revelation of character, that I quite lost sight of the fact that I had been snubbed.

"She has a curious name, any way," I said.

At this her face lighted up, and she exclaimed: "Oh! I'll tell you all about that. When I was a little girl, ever so much smaller than I am now, we had a minister in the house. You know mamma takes care of everybody, and when the minister came to town he came here, because nobody else would have him. He stayed here ever so long, and used to say grace at the table and have prayers. Aunt Flick was sick at the time, and he used to pray every morning for our poor afflicted sister, and papa was full of fun with her, just to keep up her courage, I suppose, and called her 'Flicked,' and then he got to calling her Flick for a nickname, and now we all call her Flick."

"But does she like it?" I asked.

"Oh, she's used to it, and don't mind."

Millie had closed her book, and sat with it on her lap, her large black eyes looking up into mine in a dreamy way.

"There's one thing I should like to know," said Millie, "and that is, where all the books came from. Were they always here, like the ground, or did somebody make them?"

"Somebody made them," I said.

"I don't believe it," she responded.

"But if nobody made them, how did they come here?"

"They are real things: somebody found them."

"No, I've seen men who wrote books, and women too," I said.

"How did they look?"

"Very much like other people."

"And did they act like other people?"

"Yes."

"Well, that shows that they found them. They are humbugs."

I laughed, and assured her that she was mistaken.

"Well," said she, "if anybody can make books I can; and if I don't get married and keep house I shall."

Very much amused, I asked her which walk of life she would prefer.

"I think I should prefer to be married."

"You are sensible," I said.

"Not to any boy or young man, though," responded the child, with peculiar and suggestive emphasis.

"And why not?"

"They are so silly;" and she gave her curls a disdainful toss. "I shall marry a

big man like papa, with gray whiskers—somebody that I can adore, you know.”

“Well, then, I think you had better not be married,” I replied. “Perhaps, after all, you had better write books.”

“If I should ever write a book,” said Millie, looking out of the window, as if she were reviewing the long chain of characters and incidents of which it was to be composed, “I should begin at the foundation of the world, and come up through Asia, or Arabia, or Cappadocia . . . and stop under palm-trees . . . and have a lot of camels with bells. . . . I should have a young man with a fez and an old man with a long beard, and a chibouk, and a milk-white steed. . . . I should have a maiden too beautiful for anything, and an Arab chieftain with a military company on horseback, kicking up a great dust in the desert, and coming after her. . . . And then I should have some sort of an escape, and I should hide the maiden in a tower somewhere on the banks of the Danube. . . . And then I’m sure I don’t know what I should do with her.”

“You would marry her to the young man with the fez, wouldn’t you?” I suggested.

“Perhaps—if I didn’t conclude to kill him.”

“You couldn’t be so cruel as that,” I said.

“Why, that’s the fun of it: you can stab a man right through the heart in a book, and spill every drop of his blood without hurting him a particle.”

“Well,” I said, “I don’t see but you have made a book already.”

“Would that really be a book?” she asked, looking eagerly into my face.

“I should think so,” I replied.

“Then it’s just as I thought it was. I didn’t make a bit of it. I saw it. I found it. They’re everywhere, and people see them, just like flowers, and pick them up and press them.”

It was not until years after this that with my slower masculine intellect and feebler instincts I appreciated the beauty of this revelation and the marvelous insight which it betrayed. These crude tropical fancies she could not entertain with any sense of ownership or authorship. They came of themselves, in gorgeous forms and impressive combinations, and passed before her vision. She talked of what she saw—not of what she made. I was charmed by her vivacity, acuteness, frankness and spirit, and really felt that the older persons at the other end of the drawing-room were talking commonplaces compared with Millie’s utter-

ances. We conversed a long time upon many things; and what impressed me most, perhaps, was that she was living the life of a woman and thinking the thoughts of a woman—incompletely, of course, and unrecognized by her own family.

When we were called to tea, she rose up quickly and whispered in my ear: “I like to talk with you.” As she came around the end of the ottoman I offered her my arm, in the manner with which my school habits had familiarized me. She took it without the slightest hesitation, and put on the air of a grand lady.

“Why this is like a book, isn’t it?” said she. Then she pressed my arm, and said: “notice Aunt Flick, please.”

Aunt Flick had seen us from the start, and stood with elevated nostrils. The sight was one which evidently excited her beyond the power of expression. She could do nothing but sniff as we approached her. I saw a merry twinkle in Mr. Bradford’s eyes, and noticed that as he had Claire on his arm, and Henry was leading out Mrs. Bradford, Aunt Flick was left alone. Without a moment’s thought, I walked with Millie straight to her, and offered her my other arm.

Aunt Flick was thunder-struck, and at first could only say: “Well! well! well!” with long pauses between. Then she found strength to say: “For all the world like a pair of young monkeys! No, I thank you; when I want a cane I won’t choose a corn-stalk. I’ve walked alone in the world so far, and I think I can do it the rest of the way.”

So Aunt Flick followed us out, less vexed than amused, I am sure.

There are two things that, during all my life, have been more suggestive to me of home comforts and home delights than any others, viz.: A blazing fire upon the hearth, and the odor of fresh toast. I found both in Mrs. Bradford’s supper-room, for a red-cheeked lass with an old-fashioned toasting-jack in her hand was browning the whitest bread before our eyes, and preparing to bear it hot to our plates. The subtle odor had reached me first in the far corner of the drawing-room, and had grown more stimulating to appetite and the sense of social and home comfort as I approached its source.

The fire upon the hearth is the center and symbol of the family life. When the fire in a house goes out, it is because the life has gone out. Somewhere in every house it burns, and burns, in constant service; and every chimney that sends its incense heaven-

ward speaks of an altar inscribed to Love and Home. And when it ceases to burn, it is because the altar is forsaken. Bread is the symbol of that beautiful ministry of God to human sustenance, which, properly apprehended, transforms the homeliest meal into a sacrament. What wonder, then, that when the bread of life and the fire on the hearth meet, they should interpret and reveal each other in an odor sweeter than violets—an odor so subtle and suggestive that the heart breathes it rather than the sense!

This is all stuff and sentiment, I suppose; but I doubt whether the scent of toast has reached my nostrils since that evening without recalling that scene of charming domestic life and comfort. It seemed as if all the world were in that room—and, indeed, it was all there—all that, for the hour, we could appropriate.

As we took our seats at the table, I found myself by the side of Millie and opposite to Aunt Flick. Then began, on the part of the latter personage, a pantomimic lecture to her niece. First she straightened herself in her chair, throwing out her chest and holding in her chin—a performance which Millie imitated. Then she executed the motion of putting some stray hair behind her ear. Millie did the same. Then she tucked an imaginary napkin into her neck. Millie obeyed the direction thus conveyed. Then she examined her knife, and finding that it did not suit her, sent it away and received one that did.

In the mean time, Mrs. Bradford had begun to dispense the hospitalities of the table. She was very cheerful; indeed, she was so happy herself that she overflowed with assiduities that ran far into superfluities. She was afraid the toast was not hot, or that the tea was not sweet enough, or that she had forgotten the sugar altogether, or that everybody was not properly waited upon and supplied. I could see that all this rased Aunt Flick to desperation. The sniffs, which were light at first, grew more impatient, and after Mrs. Bradford had urged half a dozen things upon me that I did not want, and was obliged to decline, the fiery spinster burst out with:

“Wouldn’t you like to read the Declaration of Independence? Wouldn’t you like to repeat the Ten Commandments? Wouldn’t you like a yard of calico? Do have a spoon to eat your toast with? Just a trifle more salt in your tea, please?”

All this was delivered without the slightest hesitation, and with a rapidity that was fairly bewildering. Poor Millie was overcome with the comical aspect of the matter, and broke

out into an irrepressible laugh, which was so hearty that it became contagious, and all of us laughed together except Aunt Flick, who devoted herself to her supper with imperturbable gravity.

“Why, Flick, dear!” was all that Mrs. Bradford could say to this outburst of scornful criticism upon her well-meant courtesies.

Just as we were recovering from our merriment, there was a loud knock at the street door. The girl with the toasting-jack dropped her implement to answer the unwelcome summons. We all involuntarily listened, and learned from his voice that the intruder was a man. We heard him enter the drawing-room, and then the girl came in and said that Mr. Grimshaw had called upon the family. In the general confusion that followed the announcement, Millie leaned over to me and said: “It’s the very man who used to pray for Aunt Flick.”

Mr. Bradford, of course, brought him to the tea-table at once, where room was made for him by the side of Aunt Flick, and a plate laid. The first thing he did was to swallow a cup of hot tea almost at a gulp, and to send back the empty vessel to be refilled. Then he spread with butter a whole piece of toast, which disappeared in a wonderfully brief space of time. Until his hunger was appeased he did not seem disposed to talk, replying to such questions as were propounded to him concerning himself and his family in monosyllables.

Rev. Mr. Grimshaw was the minister of a struggling Congregational church in Bradford. He had been hard at work for half a dozen years with indifferent success, waiting for some manifestation of the Master which should show him that his service and sacrifice had been accepted. I had heard him preach at different times during my vacation visits, though Mrs. Sanderson did not attend upon his ministry; and he had always impressed me as a man who was running some sort of a machine. He had a great deal to say about “the plan of salvation” and the doctrines covered by his creed. I cannot aver that he ever interested me. Indeed, I may say that he always confused me. Religion, as it had been presented to my mind, had been a simple thing—so simple that a child might understand it. My Father in Heaven loved me; Jesus Christ had died for me. Loving both, trusting both, and serving both by worship, and by affectionate and helpful goodwill toward all around me was religion, as I had learned it; and I never came out from hearing one of Mr. Grimshaw’s sermons with-

out finding it difficult to get back upon my simple ground of faith. Religion, as he preached it, was such a tremendous and such a mysterious thing in its beginnings; it involved such a complicated structure of belief; it divided God into such opposing forces of justice and mercy; it depended upon such awful processes of feeling; it was so much the product of a profoundly ingenious scheme, that his sermons always puzzled me.

As he sat before me that evening, pale-faced and thin, with his intense, earnest eyes and solemn bearing and self-crucified expression, I could not doubt his purity or his sincerity. There was something in him that awoke my respect and my sympathy.

Our first talk touched only commonplaces, but as the meal drew toward its close he ingeniously led the conversation into religious channels.

"There is a very tender and solemn state of feeling in the church," said Mr. Grimshaw, "and a great deal of self-examination and prayer. The careless are beginning to be thoughtful, and the backsliders are returning to their first love. I most devoutly trust that we are going to have a season of refreshment. It is a time when all those who have named the name of the Lord should make themselves ready for his coming."

Aunt Flick started from her chair exactly as if she were about to put on her hat and cloak; and I think that was really her impulse; but she sat down again and listened intently.

I could not fail to see that this turn in the conversation was not relished by Mr. Bradford; but Mrs. Bradford and Aunt Flick were interested, and I noticed an excited look upon the faces of both Henry and Claire.

Mrs. Bradford, in her simplicity, made a most natural response to the minister's communication in the words: "You must be exceedingly delighted, Mr. Grimshaw." She said this very sweetly, and with her cheerful smile making her whole countenance light.

"Jane Bradford!" exclaimed Aunt Flick, "I believe you would smile if anybody were to tell you the judgment-day had come."

Mrs. Bradford did not say this time: "Why, Flick, dear!" but she said with great tenderness: "When I remember who is to judge me, and to whom I have committed myself, I think I should."

"Well, I don't know how anybody can make light of such awful things," responded Aunt Flick.

"Of course, I am rejoiced," said Mr.

Grimshaw, at last getting his chance to speak, "but my joy is tempered by the great responsibility that rests upon me, and by a sense of the lost condition of the multitudes around me."

"In reality," Mr. Bradford broke in, "you don't feel quite so much like singing as the angels did when the Saviour came to redeem the world. But then they probably had no such sense of responsibility as you have. Perhaps they didn't appreciate the situation. It has always seemed to me, however, as if that which would set an angel singing—a being who ought to see a little further forward and backward than we can, and a little deeper down and higher up—ought to set men and women singing. I confess that I don't understand the long faces and the superstitious solemnities of what is called a season of refreshment. If the Lord is with his own, they ought to be glad and give him such a greeting as will induce him to remain. I really do not wonder that he flies from many congregations that I have seen, or that he seems to resist their entreaties that he will stay. Half the prayers that I hear sound like abject beseechings for the presence of One who is very far off, and very unwilling to come."

This free expression on the part of Mr. Bradford would have surprised me had I not just learned that the minister had at one time been a member of his family, with whom he had been on familiar terms; yet I knew that he did not profess to be a religious man, and that his view of the matter, whether sound or otherwise, was from the outside. There was a subtle touch of satire in his words, too, that did not altogether please me; but I did not see what reply could be made to it.

Aunt Flick was evidently somewhat afraid of Mr. Bradford, and simply said: "I hope you will remember that your child is present."

"Yes, I do remember it," said he, "and what I say about it is as much for her ears as for anybody's. And I remember too, that, during all my boyhood, I was made afraid of religion. I wish to save her, if I can, from such a curse. I have read that when the Saviour was upon the earth, he took little children in his arms and blessed them, and went so far as to say that of such was the kingdom of heaven. If he were to come to the earth again, he would be as apt to take my child upon his knee as any man's and bless her, and repeat over her the same words; and if he manifests his presence among us in any way I do not wish to have her kept away from him by the impression that there is

something awful in the fact that he is here. My God! if I could believe that the Lord of Heaven and Earth were really in Bradford, with a dispensation of faith and mercy and love in his hands for me and mine, do you think I would groan and look gloomy over it? Why, I couldn't eat; I couldn't sleep; I couldn't refrain from shouting and singing."

Mr. Grimshaw was evidently touched and impressed by Mr. Bradford's exhibition of strong feeling, and said in a calm, judicial way that it was impossible that one outside of the church should comprehend and appreciate the feeling that exercised him and the church generally. The welfare of the unconverted depended so much upon a revival of religion within the church—it brought such tremendous responsibilities and such great duties—that Christian men and women were weighed down with solemnity. The issues of eternal life and death were tremendous issues. Even if the angels sang, Jesus suffered in the garden, and bore the cross on Calvary, and Christians who are worthy must suffer and bear the cross also.

"Mr. Grimshaw," said Mr. Bradford, still earnest and excited, "I have heard from your own lips that the fact that Christ was to suffer and bear the cross was at least a part of the inspiration of the song which the angels sang. He suffered and bore the cross that men might not suffer. That is one of the essential parts of your creed. He suffered that he might give peace to the world, and bring life and immortality to light. You have taught me that he did not come to torment the world, but to save it. The religion which Christendom holds in theory is a religion of unbounded peace and joy; that which it holds in fact is one of torture and gloom, and I do not hesitate to say that if the Christian world were a peaceful and joyous world, taking all the good things of this life in gratitude and gladness, while holding itself pure from its corruptions, and not only not fearing death, but looking forward with unwavering faith and hope to another and a happier life beyond, the revivals which it struggles for would be perpetual, and the millennium which it prays for would come."

Then Mr. Bradford, who sat near enough to me to touch me, laid his hand upon my shoulder, and said: "Boy, look at your father, if you wish to know what my ideal of a Christian is,—a man of cheerfulness, trust, hope, under discouragements that would kill me. Such examples save me from utter infidelity and despair, and, thank God, I have

one such in my own home." His eyes filled with tears as he turned them upon his wife, who sat watching him with intense sympathy and affection while he frankly poured out his heart and thought.

"I suppose," said the minister, "that we should get no nearer together in the discussion of this question than we were used to get when we were more in one another's company, and perhaps it would be well not to pursue it. You undoubtedly see the truth in a single aspect, Mr. Bradford; and you will pardon me for saying that you cannot see it in the aspects which it presents to me. I came in, partly to let you and your family know of our plans, and to beg you to attend our services faithfully. I hope these young people, too, will not fail to put themselves in the way of religious influence. Now is their time. To-morrow or next year it may be too late. Many a poor soul is obliged to take up the lament after every revival: 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and my soul is not saved.' Before the spirit takes its flight, all these precious youth ought to be gathered into the kingdom."

I could not doubt the sincerity of this closing utterance, for it was earnest and tearful. In truth, I was deeply moved by it; for while Mr. Bradford carried my judgment and opened before me a beautiful life, I had always entertained great reverence for ministers, and found Mr. Grimshaw's views and feelings most in consonance with those I had been used to hear proclaimed from the pulpit. The fact that a revival was in progress in some of the churches of the town, had already come to my ears. I had seen throngs pouring into, or coming out of church-doors and lecture-rooms during other days than Sunday; and a vague uneasiness had possessed me for several weeks. A cloud had arisen upon my life. I may even confess that my heart had rebelled in secret against an influence which promised to interfere with the social pleasures and the progress in study which I had anticipated for the winter. The cloud came nearer to me now, and in Mr. Grimshaw's presence quite overshadowed me. Was I moved by sympathy? Was I moved by the spirit of the Almighty? Was superstitious fear at the bottom of it all? Whatever it was, my soul had crossed the line of that circle of passion and experience in whose center a great multitude were groping and crying in the darkness, and striving to get a vision of the Father's face. I realized the fact then and there. I felt that a crisis in my life was approaching.

On Aunt Flick's face there came a look of rigid determination. She was entirely ready to work, and inquired of Mr. Grimshaw what his plans were.

"I have felt," said he, "that the labor and responsibility are too great for me to bear alone, and, after a consultation with our principal men, have concluded to send for Mr. Bedlow, the evangelist, to assist me."

"Mr. Grimshaw," said Mr. Bradford, "I suppose it is none of my business, but I am sorry you have done this. I have no faith in the man or his methods. Mrs. Bradford and her sister will attend his preaching if they choose : I am not at all afraid that they will be harmed, but I decidedly refuse to have this child of mine subjected to his processes. Why parents will consent to yield their children to the spiritual manipulation of strangers I cannot conceive."

Mr. Grimshaw smiled sadly, and said : "You assume a grave responsibility, Mr. Bradford."

"I assume a grave responsibility?" exclaimed Mr. Bradford : "I had the impression that I relieved you of one. No, leave the child alone. She is safe with her mother ; and no such man as Mr. Bedlow shall have the handling of her sensibilities."

We had sat a long time at the tea-table, and as we rose and adjourned to the drawing-room Mr. Grimshaw excused himself on the plea that he had devoted the evening to many other calls yet to be made. He was very solemn in his leave-taking, and for some time after he left we sat in silence. Then Mr. Bradford rose and paced the drawing-room back and forth, his countenance full of perplexity and pain. I could see plainly that a storm of utterance was gathering, but whether it would burst in thunder and torrent, or open with strong and healing rain, was doubtful.

At length he paused, and said : "I suppose that as a man old enough to be father of all these young people I ought to say frankly what I feel in regard to this subject. I do not believe it is right for me to shut my mouth tight upon my convictions. My own measure of faith is small. I wish to God it were larger, and I am encouraged to believe that it is slowly strengthening. I am perfectly aware that I lack peace in the exact proportion that I lack faith ; and so does every man, no matter how much he may boast. Faith is the natural food of the soul—the only natural and healthy attitude of the soul. I would go through anything to win it, but such men as Grimshaw and Bedlow cannot help me. They simply distress and disgust me. Their whole concep-

tion of Christianity is cramped and mean, and their methods of operation are unwise and unworthy. I know how Mr. Grimshaw feels : he knows that revivals are in progress in the other churches, and sees that his own congregation is attracted to their meetings. He finds it impossible to keep the tide from retiring from his church, and feels the necessity of doing something extraordinary to make it one of the centers and receivers of the new influence. He has been at work faithfully, in his way, for years, and desires to see the harvest which he has been trying to rear gathered in. So he sends for Bedlow. Now I know all about these Bedlow revivals. They come when he comes, and they go when he goes. His mustard-seed sprouts at once, and grows into a great tree, which withers and dies as soon as he ceases to breathe upon it. I never knew an instance in which a church that had been raised out of the mire by his influence did not sink back into a deeper indifference after he had left it, and that by a process which is just as natural as it is inevitable. An artificial excitement is an artificial exhaustion. He breaks up and ruins processes of religious education that otherwise would have gone on to perfection. He has one process for the imbruted, the ignorant, the vicious, the stolid, the sensitive, the delicate, the weak and the strong, the old and the young. I know it is said that the spirit of God is with him, and I hope it is ; but one poor man like him does not monopolize the spirit of God, I hope ; nor does that spirit refuse to stay where he is not. No, it is Bedlow—it's all Bedlow ; and the fact that a revival got up under his influence ceases when he retires, proves that it is all Bedlow, and accounts for the miserable show of permanently good results."

There was great respect for Mr. Bradford in his own household, and there was great respect for him in the hearts of the three young people who listened to him as comparative strangers ; and when he stopped, and sank into an arm-chair, looking into the fire, and shading his face with his two hands, no one broke the silence. Aunt Flick had taken to her corner and her knitting, and Mrs. Bradford sat with her hands on her lap, as if waiting for something further.

At length Mr. Bradford looked up with a smile, and regarding the silent group before him, said : "Upon my word, we are not having a very merry evening."

"I assure you," responded Henry, "that I have enjoyed every moment of it. I could hear you talk all night."

"So could I," added Claire.

I could not say a word. The eyes of the minister still haunted me. The spell of a new influence was upon me. What Mr. Bradford had said about Mr. Bedlow only increased my desire to hear him, and to come within the reach of his power.

"Well, children," said Mr. Bradford, "for you will let me call you such, I know; I have only one thing more to say to you, and that is to stand by your Christian fathers and mothers, and take their faith just as it is. Not one of you is old enough to decide upon the articles of a creed, but almost any faith is good enough to hold up a Christian character. Don't bother yourselves voluntarily with questions. A living vine grows just as well on a rough trellis of simple branches as on the smoothest piece of ornamental work that can be made. If you ever wish to change the trellis when you get old enough to do it, be careful not to ruin the vine, that is all. I am trying to keep my vine alive around a trellis that is gone to wreck. I believe in God and in his Son, and I believe that there is one thing which God delights in more than in all else, and that is Christian character. I hold to the first and strive for the last, though I am looked upon as little better than an infidel by all but one."

A thrill, sympathetically felt by us all, and visible in a blush and eyes suffused, ran through the dear little woman seated at his side, and she looked up into his face with a trustful smile of response.

After this it was difficult to engage in light conversation. We were questioned in regard to our past experiences and future plans. We looked over volumes of pictures, and a cabinet of curiosities, and Millie amused us by reading, and at an early hour we rose to go home. Millie went to her corner as soon as we broke up, giving me a look as she passed me. I took the hint and followed her.

"Shall you go to hear Mr. Bedlow?" she inquired.

"I think I shall," I answered.

"I knew you would. I should like to go with you, but you know I can't. Will you tell me what he is like, and all about it?"

"Yes."

I pressed her hand and bade her "good-night."

Mr. Bradford parted with us at the door with pleasant and courteous words, and told Henry that he must regard the house as his home, and assured him that he would always find a welcome there. I had noticed during the evening a peculiarly affectionate familiarity in his tone and bearing toward the

young man. I could not but notice that he treated him with more consideration than he treated me. I went away feeling that there were confidences between them, and suffered the suspicion to make me uneasy.

I walked home with Henry and Claire, and we talked over the affairs of the evening together. Both declared their adhesion to Mr. Bradford's views, and I, in my assumed pride of independent opinion, dissented. I proposed to see for myself. I would listen to Mr. Bedlow's preaching. I was not afraid of being harmed, and, indeed, I should not dare to stay away from him.

As I walked to the Mansion, I found my nerves excited in a strange degree. The way was full of shadows. I started at every noise. It was as if the spiritual world were dropped down around me, and I were touched by invisible wings, and moved by mysterious influences. The stars shivered in their high places, the night-wind swept by me as if it were a weird power of evil, and I seemed to be smitten through heart and brain by a nameless fear. As I kneeled in my accustomed way at my bed I lost my confidence. I could not recall my usual words or frame new ones. I lingered on my knees like one crushed and benumbed. What it all meant I could not tell. I only knew that feelings and influences which long had been gathering in me were assuming the predominance, and that I was entering upon a new phase of experience. At last I went to bed, and passed a night crowded with strange dreams and dreary passages of unrefreshing slumber.

CHAPTER VII.

I HAD never arrived at any definite comprehension of Mrs. Sanderson's ideas of religion. Whether she was religious in any worthy sense I do not know, even to-day. The respect which she entertained for the clergy was a sentiment which she shared with New Englanders generally. She was rather generous than otherwise in her contributions to their support, yet the most I could make of her views and opinions was that religion and its institutions were favorable to the public order and security, and were, therefore, to be patronized and permanently sustained. I never should have thought of going to her for spiritual counsel, yet I had learned in some way that she thought religion was a good thing for a young man, because it would save him from dissipation and from a great many dangers to which young men are exposed. The whole subject seemed to be

regarded by her in an economical or prudential aspect.

I met her on the morning following my visit at the Bradfords', in the breakfast-room. She was cheery and expectant, for she always found me talkative, and was prepared to hear the full story of the previous evening. That I was obliged to tell her that Henry was there with my sister, embarrassed me much, for, beyond the fact that she disliked Henry intensely, there was the further fact—most offensive to her—that Mr. Bradford was socially patronizing the poor, and bringing me, her *protégé*, into association with them. Here was where my chain galled me, and made me realize my slavery. I saw the thrill of anger that shot through her face, and recognized the effort she made to control her words. She did not speak at first, and not until she felt perfectly sure of self-control did she say:

"Mr. Bradford is very unwise. He inflicts a great wrong upon young people without position or expectations, when he undertakes to raise them to his own social level. How he could do such a thing as he did last night is more than I can imagine, unless he wishes either to humiliate you or offend me."

For that one moment how I longed to pour out my love for Henry and Claire, and to speak my sense of justice in the vindication of Mr. Bradford! It was terrible to sit still and hold my tongue while the ties of blood and friendship were contemned, and the motives of my hospitable host were misconstrued so cruelly. Yet I could not open my lips. I dreaded a collision with her as if she had been a serpent, or a furnace of fire, or a hedge of thorns. Ay, I was mean enough to explain that I had no expectation of meeting either Henry or my sister there; and she was adroit enough to reply that she was at least sure of that without my saying so.

Then I talked fully of Mr. Grimshaw's call, and gave such details of the conversation that occurred as I could without making Mr. Bradford too prominent.

"So Mr. Bradford doesn't like Mr. Bedlow," she remarked; "but Mr. Bradford is a trifle whimsical in his likes and dislikes. I'm sure I've always heard Mr. Bedlow well spoken of. He has the credit of having done a great deal of good, and if he is coming here, Arthur, I think you cannot do better than to go and hear him for yourself."

Like a flash of light there passed through my mind the thought that Providence had

not only thus opened the way for me, but with an imperative finger had directed me to walk in it. God had made the wrath of woman to praise him, and the remainder he had restrained. Imagining myself to be thus directed, I should not have dared to avoid Mr. Bedlow's preaching. The whole interview with Mr. Grimshaw, the fact that, contrary to my wont, I had not found myself in sympathy with my old friend Mr. Bradford, and the strange and unlooked-for result of my conversation with Mrs. Sanderson, shaped themselves into a divine mandate to whose authority my spirit bowed in ready obedience.

Mr. Bedlow made his appearance in Mr. Grimshaw's pulpit on the following Sunday; and a great throng of excited and expectant people, attracted by the notoriety of the preacher, and moved by the influences of the time, were in attendance. The hush of solemnity that pervaded the assembly when these two men entered the desk impressed me deeply. My spirit was thrilled with strange apprehension. My emotional nature was in chaos; and such crystallizations of opinion, thought and feeling as had taken place in me during a life-long course of religious nurture and education were broken up. Outside of the church, and entirely lacking that dramatic experience of conversion and regeneration which all around me regarded as the only true beginning of a religious life, my whole soul lay open, quick and quivering, to the influences of the hour, and the words which soon fell upon it.

The pastor conducted the opening services, and I had never seen him in such a mood. Inspired by the presence of an immense congregation and by the spirit of the time, he rose entirely out of the mechanisms of his theology and his stereotyped forms of expression, and poured out the burden of his soul in a prayer that melted every heart before him. Deprecating the judgments of the Most High on the coldness and worldliness of the church; beseeching the Spirit of All Grace to come and work its own great miracles upon those who loved the Master, moving them to penitence, self-sacrifice, humility and prayer; entreating that Spirit to plant the arrows of conviction in all unconverted souls, and to bring a great multitude of these into the Kingdom—a multitude so great that they should be like doves flocking to their windows—he prayed like a man inspired. His voice trembled and choked with emotion, and the tears coursed down his cheeks unheeded. It seemed as if he could not pause, or be denied.

Of Mr. Bedlow's sermon that followed I can give no fitting idea. After a severe denunciation of the coldness of the church that grieved and repelled the Spirit of God, he turned to those without the fold—to the unconverted and impenitent. He told us that God was angry with us every day, that every imagination of the thoughts of our hearts was only evil continually, that we were exposed every moment to death and the perdition of ungodly men, and that it was our duty to turn, then and there, from the error of our ways, and to seek and secure the pardon which a pitying Christ extended to us—a pardon which could be had for the taking. Then he painted with wonderful power the joy and peace that follow the consciousness of sin forgiven, and the glories of that heaven which the Saviour had gone to prepare for those who love him.

I went home blind, staggering—almost benumbed, with the words ringing in my ears that it had been my duty before rising from my seat to give myself to the Saviour, and to go out of the door rejoicing in the possession of a hope which should be as an anchor in all the storms of my life; yet I did not know what the process was. I was sure I did not know. I had not the slightest comprehension of what was required of me, yet the fact did not save me from the impression that I had committed a great sin. I went to my room and tried to pray, and spent half an hour of such helpless and pitiful distress as I cannot describe. Then there arose in me a longing for companionship. I could not unbosom myself to Mrs. Sanderson. Henry's calm spirit and sympathetic counsels were beyond my reach. Mr. Bradford was not in the church, and I could only think of my father, and determine that I would see him. I ate but little dinner, made no conversation with Mrs. Sanderson, and, toward night, left the house and sought my father's home.

I found the house as solemn as death. All the family save Claire had heard Mr. Bedlow, and my mother was profoundly dejected. A cloud rested upon my brothers and sisters. My father seemed to apprehend at once the nature of my errand, and, by what seemed to be a mutual impulse and understanding, we passed into an unoccupied room and closed the door. The moment I found myself alone with him I threw my arms around his neck, and bursting into an uncontrollable fit of weeping, exclaimed: "Oh, father! father! what shall I do?"

For years I had not come to him with a

trouble. For years I had not reposed in him a single heart-confidence, and for the first time in his life he put both his arms affectionately around me and embraced me. Minutes passed while we stood thus. I could not see his face, for my own was bowed upon his shoulder, but I could feel his heart-beats, and the convulsions of emotion which shook him in every fiber. At last he gently put me off, led me to a seat, and sat down beside me. He took my hand, but he could not speak.

"Oh, father! what shall I do?" I exclaimed again.

"Go to God, my boy, and repeat the same words to him with the same earnestness."

"But he is angry with me," I said, "and you are not. You pity me and love me. I am your child. You cannot help being sorry for me."

"You are his child too, my boy, by relations a thousand times tenderer and more significant than those which make you mine. He loves you and pities you more than I can."

"But I don't know how to give myself to him," I said.

"I have had the impression and the hope," my father responded, "that you had already given yourself to him."

"Oh, not in this way at all," I said.

My father had his own convictions, but he was almost morbidly conscientious in all his dealings with the souls around him. Fearful of meddling with that which the Gracious Spirit had in charge and under influence, and modest in the assertion of views which might possibly weaken the hold of conviction upon me; feeling, too, that he did not know me well enough to direct me, and fearful that he might arrest a process which, perfected, might redeem me, he simply said: "I am not wise; let us pray together, that we may be led aright."

Then he kneeled and prayed for me. Ah, how the blessed words of that prayer have lingered in my memory! Though not immediately fruitful in my experience, they came to me long years after, loaded with the balm of healing. "Oh, Father in Heaven!" he said, "this is our boy,—thy child and mine. Thou lovest and pitiest him more than I can. Help him to go to Thee as he has come to me, and to say in perfect submission, 'Oh, Father, what shall I do!'"

I went home at last somewhat calmed, because I had had sympathy, and, for a few moments, had leaned upon another nature and

rested. I ate little, and, as soon as the hour arrived, departed to attend the evening service, previously having asked old Jenks to attend the meeting and walk home with me, for I was afraid to return alone.

A strange and gloomy change had come over the sky; and the weather, which had been extremely cold for a week, had grown warm. The snow under my feet was soft and yielding, and already little rivulets were coursing along the ruts worn by the sleighs. The nerves which had been braced by the tonic of the cold, clear air were relaxed, and with the uncertain footing of the streets I went staggering to the church.

In the endeavor now to analyze my feelings I find it impossible to believe that I was convinced that my life had been one of bold and intentional sin. A considerable part of my pain, I know, arose from the fact that I could not realize my own sinfulness as it had been represented to me. I despaired because I could not despair. I was distressed because I could not be sufficiently distressed. There was one sin, however, of which I had a terrified consciousness, viz., that of rejecting the offer of mercy which had been made to me in the morning, and of so rejecting it as to be in danger of forever grieving away the Spirit of God which I believed was at work upon my heart. This was something definite and dreadful, though I felt perfectly ignorant of the exact thing required of me and impotent to perform it. If I could have known the precise nature of the surrender demanded of me, and could have comprehended the effort I was called upon to make, I believe I should have been ready for both; but in truth I had been so mystified by the preacher, so puzzled by his representation of the miracle of conversion, which he made to appear to be dependent on God's sovereign grace entirely, and yet so entirely dependent on me that the whole guilt of remaining unconverted would rest with me; I was so expectant of some mighty overwhelming influence that would bear me to a point where I could see through the darkness and the discord—an influence which did not come—that I was paralyzed and helpless.

I was early in the church, and saw the solemn groups as they entered and gradually filled the pews. The preachers, too, were early in the desk. Mr. Bedlow sat where he could see me and read my face. I knew that his searching, magnetic eyes were upon me, and in the exalted condition of my sensibilities I felt them. In the great hush that followed the entrance of the crowd and pre-

ceded the beginning of the exercises I saw him slowly rise and walk down the pulpit stairs. I had never known anything of his methods, and was entirely unprepared for what followed. Reaching the aisle, he walked directly to where I sat, and raising his finger pointed it at me and said: "Young man, are you a Christian?"

"I suppose not," I answered.

"Do you ever expect to become one?"

"I do," I replied.

At this he left me, and went to one and another in the congregation, putting his question and making some remark. Sensitive men and women hung their heads, and tried to evade his inquiries by refusing to look at him.

At length he went back to his desk, and said that the church could do no better than to hold for a few minutes a season of prayer, preparatory to the services of the evening; and then he added: "Will some brother pray for a young man who expects to become a Christian, and pray that that expectation may be taken away from him."

Thereupon a young man, full of zeal, kneeled before the congregation and poured out his heart for me, and prayed as he had been asked to pray: that my expectation to become a Christian might be taken away from me. He was, however, considerate and kind enough to so far modify the petition as to beg that I might lose my expectation in the immediate realization of a Christian experience—that my hope to become a Christian might be swallowed up in my hope of a Christian's reward.

This kindness of the young man, however, to whose zeal and good-will I give hearty honor, could not efface the sore sense of wrong I had suffered at the hand of Mr. Bedlow. Why he should have singled me out in the throng for such an awful infliction I did not know, and why he should have asked anybody to pray that all expectation of becoming a Christian should be taken away from me I could not imagine. I felt that I was misunderstood and outraged at first, and as my anger died away, or was quenched by other emotions, I found that I was still more deeply puzzled than before. Was I not carefully and prayerfully seeking? And was not this expectation the one thing which made my life endurable? Would I not give all the world to find my feet upon the sure foundation? Had I not in my heart of hearts determined to find what there was to be found if I could, or die?

No; Mr. Bedlow, meaning well no doubt,

and desiring to lead me nearer to spiritual rest, had thrust me into deeper and wilder darkness; and in that darkness, haunted by forms of torment and terror, I sat through one of the most impressive sermons and exhortations I had ever heard. I went out of the church at last as utterly hopeless and wretched as I could be. There was a God of wrath above me, because there was the guilt of unfulfilled duty gnawing at my conscience. It seemed as if the great tragedy of the universe were being performed in my soul. Sun, moon, stars, the kingdoms and glory of the world—what were all these, either in themselves or to me, compared with the interests of a soul on which rested the burden of a decision for its own heaven or hell?

As I emerged into the open air, I met Jenks at the door, waiting for me, and as I lifted my hot face I felt the cold rain falling upon it. Pitchy darkness, unrelieved save by the dim lights around the town and the blotched and rapidly melting snow, had settled upon the world. I clutched the old servant's arm, and struck off in silence toward home. We had hardly walked the distance of a block before there came a flash of blinding lightning, and we were in the midst of that impressive anomaly, a January thunder-storm. It was strange how harmoniously this storm supplemented the influences of the services at the church, from which I had just retired. To me it was the crowning terror of the night. I had no question that it was directed by the same unseen power which had been struggling with me all day, and that it was expressive of His infinite anger. As we hurried along, unprotected in the pouring rain, flash after flash illuminated the darkness, and peal after peal of thunder hurtled over the city, and rolled along the heavens, and echoed among the distant hills. I walked in constant terror of being struck dead, and of passing to the judgment unreconciled and unredeemed. I felt that my soul was dealing directly with the great God, and under the play of his awful enginery of destruction I realized my helplessness. I could only pray to him, with gasps of agony, and in whispers: "Oh, do not crush me! Spare me, and I will do anything! Save my life, and it shall be thine!"

When I arrived at the house I did not dare to go in, for then I should be left alone. Without a word I led Jenks to the stable, and, dripping with the rain, we passed in.

"Oh, Jenks," I said, "I must pray, and

you must stay with me. I cannot be left alone. I should die."

I kneeled upon the stable-floor, and the old man, touched with sympathy, and awed by the passion which possessed me, knelt at my side. Oh, what pledges and promises I gave in that prayer, if God would spare my life! How wildly I asked for pardon, and how earnestly did I beseech the Spirit of all Grace to stay with me, and never to be grieved away until his work was perfected in me!

The poor old man, with his childish mind, could not understand my abandonment to grief and terror; but while I knelt I felt his trembling arm steal around me, and knew that he was sobbing. His heart was deeply moved by pity, but the case was beyond his comprehension. He could say nothing, but the sympathy was very grateful to me.

And all this time there was another arm around me, whose touch I was too benumbed to feel; there was another heart beside me, tender with sympathy, whose beatings I was too much agitated to apprehend; there was a voice calling to the tempest within me, "Peace! be still!" but I could not hear it. Oh, infinite Father! Oh, loving and pitying Christ! Why could I not have seen thee, as thou didst look down upon and pity thy terror-stricken child? Why could I not have seen thy arms extended toward me, and thy eyes beaming with ineffable love, calling me to thy forgiving embrace? How could I have done thee the dishonor to suppose that the simple old servant kneeling at my side was tenderer and more pitiful than thou?

We both grew chilly at last, and passed quietly into the house. Mrs. Sanderson had retired, but had left a bright fire upon the hearth, at which both of us warmed and dried ourselves. The storm, meantime, had died away, though the lightning still flapped its red wings against the windows, and the dull reverberations of the thunder came to me from the distance. With the relief from what seemed to be the danger of imminent death, I had the strength to mount to my room alone, and, after another prayer which failed to lift my burden, I consigned myself to my bed. The one thought that possessed me as I lay down was that I might never wake if I should go to sleep. My nervous exhaustion was such that when sinking into sleep I started many times from my pillow, tossing the clothes from me, and gasping as if I had been sinking into an abyss. Sleep came at last, however, and I awoke on the morrow, conscious that I had rested, and rejoicing at least in the fact that my day of probation

was not yet past. My heart kindled for a moment as I looked from my window into the face of the glorious sun, and the deep blue heaven, but sank within me when I remembered my promises, and felt that the struggle of the previous day was to be renewed.

This struggle I do not propose to dwell upon further in extended detail. If the record of it thus far is as painful to read as it is to write, the reader will have tired of it already. It lasted for weeks, and I never rationally saw my way out of that blindness. There were literally hundreds in the city who professed to have found a great and superlatively joyous peace, but I did not find it, nor did it come to me in any way by which I dreamed it might come.

The vital point with me was to find some influence so powerful that I could not resist it. I felt myself tossing upon a dangerous sea, just outside the harbor, between which and me there stretched an impassable bar. So, wretched and worn with anxious waiting, I looked for the coming in of some mighty wave which would lift my sinking bark over the forbidding obstacle, into the calm waters that mirrored upon their banks the domes and dwellings of the city of the Great King.

Sometimes I tired of Mr. Bedlow, and went to other churches, longing always to hear some sermon or find some influence that would do for me that which I could not do for myself. I visited my father many times, but he could not help me, beyond what he had already done. One of the causes of my perplexity was the fact that Henry attended the prayer meetings, and publicly participated in the exercises. I heard, too, that, in a quiet way, he was very influential in his school, and that many of his pupils had begun a religious life. Why was he different from myself? Why was it necessary that I should go through this experience of fear and torment, while he escaped it altogether? All our previous experience had been nearly identical. For years we had been subjected to the same influences, had struggled for the same self-mastery, had kneeled at the same bed in daily devotion; yet here he was, busy in Christian service, steadily rejoicing in Christian hope, into which he had grown through processes as natural as those by which the rose-tree rises to the grace of inflorescence. I see it all now, but then it not only perplexed me, but filled me with weak complaining at my harder lot.

During these eventful weeks, I often met Millie Bradford on her way to and from

school. I have no doubt that, from her window, she had made herself familiar with my habits of going and coming, and had timed her own so as to fall in with me.

In communities not familiar with the character and history of a New England revival, it would be impossible to conceive of the universality of the influence which they exert during the time of their highest activity. Multitudes of men neglect their business. Meetings are held during every evening of the week, and sometimes during all the days of the week. Children, gathered in their own little chambers, hold prayer-meetings. Religion is the all-absorbing topic, with old and young.

Millie was like the rest of us; and, forbidden to hear Mr. Bedlow preach, she had determined to win her experience at home. It touches me now even to tears to remember how she used to meet me in the street, and ask me how I was getting along, how I liked Mr. Bedlow, and whether he had helped me. She told me that she and her mother were holding little prayer-meetings together, but that Aunt Flick was away pretty much all the time. She was seeking to become a Christian, and at last she told me that she thought she had become one. I was rational enough to see that it was not necessary for an innocent child like her to share my graver experiences. Indeed, I listened eagerly to her expressions of simple faith and trust, and to her recital of the purposes of life to which she had committed herself. One revelation which she made in confidence, but which I am sure was uttered because she wanted me to think well of her father, interested me much. She said her father prayed very much alone, though he did not attend the meetings. The thought of my old friend toiling in secret over the problem which absorbed us all was very impressive.

Thus weeks passed away, and the tide which rose to its flood began to ebb. I could see that the meetings grew less frequent, and that the old habits of business and pleasure were reasserting themselves. Conversions were rarer, and the blazing fervor of action and devotion cooled. As I realized this, and, in realizing it, found that I was just as far from the point at which I had aimed as I was at the beginning, a strange, desperate despair seized me. I could hope for no influences in the future more powerful than those to which I had been subjected. The stimulus to resolution and endeavor was nearly expended. Yet I had many times vowed to the Most High

that before that season had passed away I would find Him, and, with Him, peace, if He and it were to be found. What was I to do?

At last there came a day of ingathering. The harvest was to be garnered. A great number of men, women, and youth were to be received into the church. I went early, and took a seat in the gallery, where I could see the throng as they presented themselves in the aisles to make their profession of faith and unite in their covenant. When called upon they took their places, coming forward from all parts of the audience in front of the Communion table. Among them were both Henry and Claire. At sight of them I grew sick. Passage after passage of Scripture, that seemed applicable to my condition, crowded into my mind. They came from the North and the South and the East and the West, and sat down in the Kingdom of God, and I, a child of the Kingdom, baptized into the name of the Ineffable, was cast out. The harvest was past, the summer was ended, and my soul was not saved! I witnessed the ceremonies with feelings mingled of despair, bitterness, and desperation. On the faces of these converts, thus coming into the fold, there was impressed the seal of a great and solemn joy. Within my bosom there burned the feeling that I had honestly tried to do my duty, and that my endeavors had been spurned. In a moment, to which I had been led by processes whose end I could not see, my will gave way, and I said, I will try no longer. This is the end. Every resolution and purpose within me was shivered by the fall.

To what depth of perdition I might be hurled—under what judgment I might be crushed—I could not tell, and hardly cared to imagine. Quite to my amazement, I found myself at perfect peace. What did it mean?

Not only was the burden gone, but there thrilled through my soul a quick, strong joy. My spirit was like a broad sea, alive all over with sunlit ripples, with one broad track of glory that stretched across into the unfathomable heaven! I felt the smile of God upon me. I felt the love of God within me. Was I insane? Had Satan appeared to me as an angel of light and deceived me? Was this conversion? I was so much in doubt in regard to the real nature of this experience, that when I left the house I spoke to no one of it. Emerging into the open air, I found myself in a new world. I walked the streets as lightly as if wings had been upon my shoulders, lifting me from point to point through all the passage homeward. Ah, how blue the heavens were, and how broad and beautiful the world! What a blessed thing it was to live! How sweet were the faces not only of friends, but even of those whom I did not know! How gladly would I have embraced every one of them! It was as if I had been unclothed of my mortality, and clothed upon with the immortal. I was sure that heaven could hold no joy superior to that.

When passing Mr. Bradford's, I saw Millie at the window. She beckoned to me, and I went to her door. "How is it now?" she said.

"I don't know, Millie," I replied, "but I think it is all right. I never felt before as I do now."

"Oh, I was getting so tired!" said she. "I've been praying for you for days, and days, and days! and hoping and hoping you'd get through."

I could only thank her, and press her little hand, and then I hurried to my home, mounted to my room, shut and locked the door, and sat down to think.

(To be continued.)



THE WOMAN WHO SAVED ME.

PART I.

THE medical man was holding my wrist and talking, and I was not listening. In the first place, I knew more about myself than he could tell me; in the second, I should scarcely have understood what he was saying if I had listened; and in the third, I was in so listless and indifferent a condition of mind that I did not care to listen—did not care to answer—did not even care to look, as I was half unconsciously looking at the dead brown leaves twisting in the eddying wind that whirled them down the street.

How dull it all looked! how dull the dragging days were! how I was beginning to hate the big, obtrusive stone houses, and dread the long gray patch of November sky showing itself over the roof, and alternately drifting leaden clouds and drizzling leaden rain that made the wide flagged pavement wet and shining with the slop of passing feet! I had always disliked the English winter, but I had never lost spirit in any other winter as I had during this one. Three months of its slow, dull birth had added a hundred-fold to the listless misery which had become almost a part of myself, and more than once I had almost hoped that its ending would end my life. If during that wretched autumn I had hoped for anything, I had hoped for this, however vaguely; but the time had often been when I had been so utterly indifferent to life or death that I had not even cared to wish for either.

I was in one of the worst of these moods to-day, and when the doctor came it was at its strongest; so, as he talked to me I scarcely listened, but looked out at the whirling leaves and dust in silence. But, though I was not listening, I could not help hearing his last words.

"And as I told Mr. Leith," he was saying, "I cannot be responsible for the result if you do not go."

I began to listen then, though I scarcely knew why.

"Go?" I repeated, "where am I to go, and why?"

"Anywhere," was his emphatic reply. "To the sea-side—to some country place—to Yarmouth—to Swansea—to Switzerland—anywhere away from London."

"But why?" I asked again, beginning to wonder if the man did not, after all, know something more than I had fancied.

"Because," looking at me steadily, "if you remain here you will die in two months, and Mr. Leith will blame me."

"Will he?" I muttered, half unconsciously—"would he blame anybody?"

Doctor Branaird looked at me again—keenly this time—but he said nothing.

"And I may go anywhere out of London?" I said, after a short pause.

"Anywhere," he answered—"though I should advise the sea-side."

"And you have spoken to my husband about it?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?" I asked this unwillingly.

"He said that he hoped the change would improve your health."

I looked out at the leaves in the street again. It was so like him. I knew what it meant. I must decide for myself. He did not care. I might live if I cared for life—die if I chose.

"I have a friend in Bamborough," I said after a while, "I will go there."

Dr. Branaird rose and took his hat.

"Do," he advised—"Bamborough is just the place I should have chosen for you, had I not thought it best to let you choose for yourself. There is plenty of strong sea-breeze on the Cornish coast, and your friend will improve the tone of your nervous system if she is anything of a woman."

So he left me, and so I turned to the street again and stared blankly at the dead leaves and the patch of gray November sky. But I could not watch it long. For the first time in many long months a certain quiet excitement crept upon me, brought about by the thoughts that drifted into my mind concerning my friend at Bamborough—concerning Lisbeth Grant.

We had been girls together and we had loved each other. We had been to each other what girls seldom are—we had been faithful, though for four years Lisbeth had been a wife, and though she was the mother of three children. I knew she was faithful to me still, notwithstanding that since her wedding-day we had never seen each other.

"My hands are full, Gervase," she had written to me once,— "and my heart is full too—to the brim. Hugh and his children fill it as they fill the hands. They give me no time to stagnate. They keep the hands at work and the heart at work too—loving, hoping, thinking for them—and I am sure the beating

is more in time for the work the children bring. But they have not crowded you out, Gervase, you may be sure of that. There is all the more room because they have made it larger. The children have made me love you more than ever."

"Yes," I said to myself as I got up from my chair—"yes, I will go to Lisbeth. If I am going to die, better die with Lisbeth than here."

I did not love my husband—I had never loved him, I told myself. It was not even love that had made us happy in the first months of our marriage. It had only been a weak mockery after all, and we had both learned the truth too late. Even the little child that had scarcely drawn a breath could not soften our hearts towards each other. And, worse than this, out of my wretchedness had grown a shadow of sin and despair. I looked backwards sometimes to a fancy I had long left behind—to a fancy that I thought my husband had long blotted out, and looking backward so, I fell into a wonder at what now seemed my blindness. That man would have loved me; there would have come no bitter words from him,—that man would have been true to me through life and death; *his* love would never have died, burning out the more rapidly for the very strength of its first flame.

I did not often wait for my husband, but I waited for him that night. I wanted to tell him of my decision. Not that I fancied he would care for my absence or presence,—he was past that; we were both past it. Still I would show just so much grace as to make a pretense of consulting him.

"I am going to Bamborough," I said to him, "to visit Lisbeth Grant. Doctor Brainerd advises me to do so." And I glanced at him carelessly.

He had just come in, and tossed his hat upon a sofa in his careless fashion, and now he was standing upon the hearth looking silently into the fire. He did not raise his eyes.

"I hope you will find your health improved," he said.

"I hope so," I returned briefly.

But he was not quite easy, I could see, and I must confess to some slight surprise. The old black lines came out on his forehead, but they were not angry lines; they were something new to me in their changed expression. He was so fidgety too, and even more taciturn than usual. But I took no notice of the change until after we had supped and he had been reading for half an hour, when he sudden-

ly broke the silence by flinging his book upon the sofa after his hat and speaking to me abruptly:

"You are not worse than usual," he said, "are you?" I did not look up this time, but went on working steadily. "I think not," I answered; "I am sure not."

I would not tell him the truth. He should have had sight clear enough to discover it for himself.

He got up, and coming to the side of the hearth upon which I was seated, caught hold of my netting silk, so stopping my work.

"That is not true," he said—"it is one of your fables."

"One of *my* fables?" I returned quietly.

He took hold of my hand and held it up so that my loose sleeve fell back from my arm.

"Yes," he said, "it is a fable. Look at your arm—look at your wrist, see how your bracelet fits it. It was as round as a baby's before"—and here seeming to recollect himself, he let my hand drop.

I looked at it myself as I settled my sleeve again, and as I looked I smiled faintly. My beautiful arms had been my pride once, and now the heavy gold bracelet slipped loosely up and down over a white surface that was little more than delicate skin and slender bone. Perhaps after all Doctor Brainerd was right—I had better leave London.

So the next day I went to Bamborough and Lisbeth. But early in the morning, as I stood before the mirror in my dressing-room, my husband came to me. I was surprised again, for of late there had been so little pretense at sentiment between us that I had scarcely expected he would care to make any farewells. But I discovered in a very few moments that this was what he had come for, and I felt myself excited and nervous. This surprised me too. If we had loved each other I might have understood the feeling; but since we did not love each other, what could it mean? He stood by my toilet-table, looking pale and agitated for a few minutes after his entrance, and then he broke the awkward silence:

"You will need money," he began.

I interrupted him.

"No," I said, "you mistake. I do not need any. Thank you."

"Very well," he answered, "if that is the case I suppose it is useless to offer you any. But if you should require anything—wish anything—I hope you will write to me about it."

"Thank you again," I replied. "I will write to you once a week whether I wish anything or not."

He lingered a few minutes longer and then turned to go.

"Then as I shall not see you again I will bid you good-bye," he said; "you will not return until—"

"I recover or die," I interrupted. "If Bamborough agrees with me no better than London has done, Doctor Branaird says I shall die in two months; so good-bye."

I scarcely knew what feeling of desperation prompted me to make a speech so reckless, but it was a feeling desperate enough.

"Gervase!" he exclaimed.

I would not look at him, but in the mirror I saw reflected on his face a pallor as ashen as the pallor of death. Sometimes in after months I wished that I had looked at him more straightly.

But he said nothing more—only waited a moment and then came to my side.

"Good-bye," he said.

"Good-bye," I answered. And the next moment he had touched my cheek lightly with his lips and was gone.

It was late when I reached Bamborough, and the tide was coming in under a red, fog-obscured sun. I looked out of the carriage window as I drove from the station through the narrow streets, and looking I saw little more than an immense expanse of sea, and a dry and wet brown beach where fishermen were lounging, fishermen's children shouting and playing, and fishermen's boats drawn up and fastened upon the sand with chains. I had always felt drawn towards the sea with a curious sense of fascination, and this evening the fresh salt air blew so coolly upon my cheeks that I had a quiet, half-defined feeling that I was not sorry I had come to Bamborough.

And at her open door Lisbeth stood ready to welcome me, and my first glance showed me the same handsome womanly face and handsome womanly figure, neither face nor figure a whit unfamiliar or a whit less perfect for the crown of comely matronhood. Two of her children clung to her flowing skirts, her handsome baby clasped her neck, and as she stood there smiling, I thought of Cordelia, and my heart warmed,—Lisbeth's strength and beauty always warmed it.

She caught me in the one arm her child left free, and drew me into the hall, pressing her warm red lips to mine.

"My dear!" she said, "my dearest!" and it seemed as though she had for the moment no other words to utter. Her very voice warmed me and put life into my veins. I clung to her, enjoying her tender caresses, but scarcely speaking a word, for at least

Lisbeth understood what my silence often meant and would not reproach me with it. She did not ask me any questions. It seemed that in an instant she comprehended everything, for she carried me to my room and took off my wrappings as if I had been a child and she my mother. I could not help noticing the mother touch in her strong, gentle hands, and the mother tone in her voice.

"I will show you my children as soon as you are rested," she said, "but you must rest first, Gervase. Your husband's telegram did not prepare me for seeing you look so changed."

I felt a sudden pulsation of the heart.

"My husband's telegram!" I said—"did he send one?"

"Yes," she answered, "very early this morning, to say that you were coming."

I answered not a word. Why had he done this? If we had loved each other, I should have known that it was because he could not brook the thought of my meeting even the momentary chill of an unexpected reception; but now the news only startled me.

But though she spoke no word, Lisbeth's eyes lost nothing. I knew that she was searching me even when she spoke of other things, and I knew that she was searching me when, after she had called her children into the room, she stood near me in her royal mother pride, with her little one in her fair, strong arms.

"This is Hugh's boy," she said, touching the crumpled brown curls of her eldest. "Look up, Lawrence. See, Gervase—Hugh's eyes."

They were magnificent children. Lisbeth's perfect, healthful nature had dowered them, and her unwarpd, fearless soul shone out of their childish eyes. A desolate aching filled my breast as Lisbeth stood near me with them. Her life was so full—mine so empty. I had never loved children very much—had seen very little of them—and of my own baby I had seen nothing but the poor little cold body I had for one moment caught a glimpse of as Roger bent over it, shaken with a man's terrible weeping. I thought of this when I looked at Lisbeth's children, but no tears came into my eyes. I was wondering vaguely if I were a wicked woman, and if my faded, empty life were my punishment. I do not think I had ever loved my baby or wept for it—Roger had ceased to love me long before its birth, and I had learned to know what a mistake I had made.

But I lived again that day as I talked to Lisbeth. We sat by the fire after tea—she with her child on her breast, and I on a lounging

chair near her, until the heavy fog had crept over the sands and up into the little town, hiding even the red lights. We had so much to say, and we were alone together for the first time since we had parted four years ago. Hugh was absent on business, and the children had gone to bed, so we went over the four years again—but until the close of the evening Lisbeth said nothing of my husband. At length, after a silence, she lifted her eyes from the fire and looked at me tenderly—searchingly—sadly.

"And you are happy, Gervase?" she said. I could not answer her at first, but after a silent struggle the words came. I could not tell a lie to Lisbeth.

"Happy! no, I am wretched."

She looked at me for a moment longer and then spoke again.

"Gervase," she said, "if your little child had lived—" I broke in upon her, losing all self-control in a wild, sudden passion of uncontrollable weeping.

"No—no!" I cried out. "Better as it is—far, far better as it is."

She moved her seat nearer to me and drew my head down upon her lap with that tender mother touch.

"Gervase," she said softly, "you think you do not love your husband."

How did she know? for she seemed to understand me in an instant. I cried out again in the midst of my passionate sob.

"I have never loved him," I said—"he has never loved me. It was a mistake—it was all wrong from first to last, and he is wretched too."

It was all told then—the miserable secret that had grown to its full strength in my own heart alone. It was all told in one brief rash speech—no, not quite all. The rest would be a secret forever even from Lisbeth.

But I had wept myself into calmness at last, and we had been talking together again, though with longer silence between our words than there had been before, when in one of these silences I heard the front door open, and felt a great rioting rush of the boisterous sea wind, and there were sounds of a man's footsteps in the hall, and a man's voice flung out a scrap of song:—

"I am come, its deeps are learned—
Come, but there is naught to say:
Married eyes with mine have met,
Silence! Oh! I had my day,
Margaret, Margaret?"

I was trembling from head to foot.

"The rush of night wind has made you shiver," Lisbeth said.

But I scarcely heard her.

"Who is it?" I asked breathlessly, though I knew so well—

"It is Hugh's cousin," was her answer. "I forgot to tell you. It is Ralph Gwynne."

PART II.

I HAD been nearly a month at Bamborough and my health was improving slowly. As Doctor Branaire had prophesied, Lisbeth had strengthened my nerves. Her perfect health and spirits roused me as nothing else would have done, and I found myself growing stronger from their force of example. It might be, too, that since I was relieved from my husband's presence a pressure was removed that had been too heavy for me. But, though I was so much better, I was creeping towards the goal of health very slowly, and it seemed that a breath of renewed pain would undo all.

"You do not gain color fast enough," Lisbeth said to me one morning. "You do not get enough of the sea breeze. You must go out with Ralph again to-day, Gervase."

I had often been out with Ralph.

He looked up first at Lisbeth and then at me.

"I am entirely at Mrs. Leith's service," he said, "and I think you are right, Lisbeth; she needs more air." I got up and walked to the window, so that my back was turned to both of them, but Ralph Gwynne followed me and looked out over my shoulder.

Bamborough looked better than usual this morning. An adventurous ghost of sunshine was casting a clear bright light over the brown sands and gray waves, and over the huts and boats and sturdy brown-legged children. It gave to Bamborough in November a pretense of fresh animation that three times as much sunshine could not have been able to give to London. So I carelessly remarked to Ralph Gwynne.

"Is it bright enough to tempt you out—with me?" he said in a low voice.

He knew I was not strong enough to refuse. He had not changed. He was the very Ralph Gwynne who had led me, years before, into a girlish romance that was like a dream of heaven, and had only ended when Fate separated us and put between us and our untold love a whole world. But now it was different. There was more than a whole world between us; there was the past, the present, and the future. I at least had suffered since we bade each other an indefinite farewell—I at least could not love as I had

once loved. Sometimes before the very thought of love my whole nature rose up and battled fiercely. At first I think that I was only indifferent; but in the end I fancied that this man understood me a little, and sorrowed a little over the woman's blunder I had made.

"Let us ask no questions of each other," he had said to me once. "We have both suffered. Let us trust each other."

It was just what I needed. I should never have told him what I felt, but I was not sorry that one human soul understood the misery the dragging days held for me. So this morning as we walked along the beach we were both silent. It was our custom to be oftener silent than inclined to speak. We both listened to the moan of the breakers and watched the long line of foam out at sea; and at last both by one accord stopped where a cluster of rocks sheltered us from the wind. I sat down, but Ralph Gwynne remained standing, with his back against a rock and his arms folded. At length he spoke to me.

"It is three years to-day," he said, "since you were married."

The sudden, hurried beating of my heart almost suffocated me. I had forgotten until this moment, and the rush of old memories overpowered me. I remembered the very day—just such a day as this, with sunshine warming even the leaden November sky, and whitening the piled edges of the clouds. I had thought it bright then. I remembered too how the day had closed in as I stood at the window of my new home with Roger's arms folded about me and his heart beating against mine. I could scarcely speak steadily, but I managed to do so at length.

"So long?" I said coldly; "yes, I believe you are right. Where were you? How did you learn it?"

He did not look at me; his eyes were fixed steadily on the far-away white line of foam.

"I was in Calcutta," he answered. "The news had been a long time on its way and reached me on this very day—the day that was to be your wedding-day. I shall not forget it easily."

I dropped my glove, and as I stooped to pick it up a sudden recollection flashed across my brain. One day, three months after our marriage, Roger had come home with a budget of news from Calcutta, and among other things had referred to the intense heat and the prevalence of sunstroke among the foreign inhabitants.

"My informant is one of the travelers for Amboyse & Derig," he said, "and he tells me that the very day he left—the day we were married, Gervase—one of the salesmen was struck down with it. He was talking to one of our clerks who had just arrived from England—talking about our wedding too, Hegblase says—and he saw the young fellow change color and stagger, and in a minute more he fell like a shot. Gwynne his name was, I believe—Ralph Gwynne."

So one man had suffered for me at least—one man's love had not died a natural death in a few brief months.

Ralph put his hand into his pocket and drew forth a letter.

"This was handed to me last night," he said. "It bears a London post-mark."

I did not offer to take it for a moment. I knew he had searched me to the core, that he had seen every fruitless pang and bitter humiliation of the past two years. My letters to my husband had been regularly sent, but his answers had been few and far between, and my pride had forced a fresh sting upon me even while I was otherwise indifferent to the neglect. So I hesitated now, and the next moment Ralph Gwynne came to my side as if drawn there by an uncontrollable impulse. A gleam of light shot over his dark face.

"You do not care to take it," he said. "The very sight of it is a new torture. Let me throw it into the sea, Gervase."

His vehemence actually startled me into self-control. "That would be a new reading of old laws," I said. "No, give it to me."

He submitted without a word. But I did not read the letter. It had come too late for perusal, I said to myself. So I held it in my hand carelessly, making a show of an ease I could not feel.

It was in my hand when we returned and I sat down before the fire in Lisbeth's room. The sea breeze had done me no good this morning. I was tired and worn out, and drooping into a chair before I removed my wrappings, sat silent, resting my chin upon my hand and holding the letter loosely.

Lisbeth came in to find me sitting thus, and at her first glance at me I saw a strange shadow cross her face.

"Tired, Gervase?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered briefly.

She crossed the room to the fire and knelt down, on pretense of brightening the hearth a little with the brush she held in her hand. The next minute she turned her fair, gracious face full upon me.

"And you have not read your husband's letter?" she said. "Why, Gervase?"

"Because I am not going to read it," I replied, and then, ruled by some sudden wretched impulse, I flung it into the fire.

But Lisbeth said nothing. I wondered at the time whether it was possible for her calm, healthful nature to comprehend the morbid misery that possessed me. I fancied not. The broad, even current of her life's affection had swept on undisturbed, bearing on its smooth surface many flowers. She could not understand me and my weak miseries and weaker regrets.

I hid my face in my hands when she left the room, and abandoned myself to thought. I could not explain why it was that during this month at Bamborough I had scarcely once thought of returning to London and my husband. If ever my mind had recurred to the thought, I had shrunk from it with a misery almost intense. I felt that I could not go back now unless, as I had hoped, in a coffin, shut out forever from his sight.

As I sat by the fire I was wondering vaguely how he would meet me if treated thus—whether he would be touched for a moment with some remembrance of those first days of our marriage, when we had at least fancied we loved each other.

Two hot tears falling upon my hand startled me from my reverie just in time to hear Lisbeth coming down stairs with her child in her arms, and singing to it softly. Should we have loved each other better—Roger and I—if my baby had not died,—I asked myself with a pang.

Lisbeth came in and sat down near me again, still singing softly, still holding her baby upon her shoulder as she rocked her chair. O how I envied her her strength and happiness! She was so strong and happy; her handsome baby was so light a burden in her arms; her quietly busy ways so womanly gracious. I looked at her lovely, clear-browed face, and at the coronal of thick light-brown braids across her stately head; I looked at her peaceful eyes, and the soft mouth that seemed made for children's kisses, and, remembering her girlhood, gave the palm to the beauty of her mother life.

Her calm, radiant face struck me to the heart's core. Often during the last year I had told myself that I was only one of the many, that my mistake was only the mistake all women suffer from—the mistake of hoping for a happiness the world cannot hold. But Lisbeth broke down my theory.

I did not write to London again. The

correspondence had only been a matter of courtesy at first, and a shadow of neglect could end it.

Ralph Gwynne did not go away, as Lisbeth had told me he intended doing. He had changed his mind, he said. Bamborough agreed with him, and the India house had prolonged his furlough in consideration of his past services and present ill health. He did not look ill, I thought, and I told him so. But he stayed at Bamborough from day to day, and the longer he stayed the more strongly his old power reasserted itself. Not that I loved him. I was past that. Love could not come back to me, but I had loved him once with all the fervor of a girl's romance, and at least he loved me and had not forgotten the past. One tithe of such love as he poured at my feet, in actions that were unspoken words, might have won me back to my husband and peace.

I did not repulse him. The listless wretchedness that ruled me would have prevented that, even if there had not been a faint fascination in the miserable aggrandizement of feeling that at least one man had been true to me, and was true to me yet. I used sometimes to wonder that Lisbeth never guessed at the truth. She rarely spoke to me of my husband—never of Ralph Gwynne—and yet I was, always conscious of a restraining influence in her simple presence. A glance from her would check my recklessness. She held me back by a thread when nothing else on earth could have controlled me.

And so the days drifted by, and I strolled upon the sands with my old lover, and sat in the shelter of the rocks with him, and let him say what he would, scarcely listening, as I watched the waves and the incoming and outgoing boats and dipping sea-gulls.

After my husband's letters ceased coming I did not grow better, even slowly. I grew nervous and restless—even more nervous and restless than I had been in London. The old red spot came back upon each cheek, I did not sleep well, and when night came on I often spent hours at my window watching the driving clouds, and listening to the chanting of the fishermen in the late-returning Bamborough boat.

I was sitting thus one night when I heard a low knock at my door, and opened it to find Lisbeth standing there, shawl-wrapped and without a light.

"May I come in, Gervase?" she asked.

I opened the door wider that she might pass.

"Of course," I said; "you know that. What is it, Lisbeth?"

"It is nothing," she answered—"only that I heard you moving and thought I would come and sit with you. Hugh is out."

We both went back to the window, and she knelt down in a girlish fashion of hers, resting an arm upon the window-ledge and turning her fair face up to the night sky and the starlight.

"I hope you are wrapped up well, Gervase," she said after a while.

"I am quite warm enough, thank you."

"You must take care of yourself, you know," she said in her sweet, even voice, "for your husband's sake."

I smiled.

"For my husband's sake," I said, "yes."

"When he wrote to me last," she began, taking no notice of my words.

I started a little.

"When he wrote to you!" I exclaimed. "When did he write to you?"

"Yesterday," she said; "last week, the week before—every week since you have been here. He was afraid you would not speak quite freely of your wants, and he was anxious to hear all about your illness, and to be quite-sure that no wish was left ungratified."

I leaned back in my chair, and held to the cushioned arms for support. My breath was coming quickly and a sudden heat had flashed to my face. I could not understand this, but a strange feeling of joy took possession of me—though I told myself that I did not love this man and had never loved him.

"Your illness has been a great anxiety to him, Gervase." Lisbeth went on still, with her face turned upward in the twilight—"and it has troubled him more since you came here. He has felt your absence deeply."

I did not speak in answer, but I was weak woman enough to feel another thrill of mingled pain and pleasure. Lost as the past irrevocably was, it had yet a strong power over me. As there never was a husband colder than mine, so there had never been a bridegroom more impassioned in affection; and, even in this winter of indifference, I could remember days in the dead summer when his untiring love had wakened me to a happiness almost divine, ephemeral as it had proved. Glancing at Lisbeth, the thought struck me that under her quiet speeches and quiet manner there lay a deeper thought for me than I had fancied, and then there flashed across my mind a remembrance of times when she

had silently stood between me and the man who was my evil genius.

At this moment I recognized the man's power for evil over me as I had never done before, and a curious sense of repugnance came upon me with my recollection of something I had sometimes seen sleeping in his quiet persistence. I could not understand the influence that stung me to anger and roused my pride, but I never failed to succumb to it, nevertheless, and it invariably roused me to some fresh rashness of speech or action. But though I said little to Lisbeth, the pang of remembrance softened my heart, and before she left me I had made up my mind to write a few words to my husband, at least; and when she was gone I drew my desk towards me and wrote them—only a few words.

"Your wife Gervase."

I had not ended a letter thus for two years, and I hesitated a moment before I wrote the signature. But despite the lingering of pen over paper they were written at last, and as I looked at them I felt the warm blood beat into my cheeks, and my head drooped upon my clasped hands. Should I send them or not? I thought of Ralph Gwynne, and of what I had suffered, and my letter's fate was almost sealed. But even as I paused, a soft little cry from Lisbeth's room broke upon my ear. It was hushed the next moment, but the tiny voice had turned the scale.

I put the letter into its envelope and sealed it with a new resolution. I would try to retrieve something of the past, at least. I would do no new wrong. I would cherish no bitterness against my dead child's father. If I could not be happy I would endeavor to be patient. It might not be for long—it could not be for long, I knew.

"I will give it to Ralph Gwynne to post in the morning," I said aloud—"it will show him that——"

I did not finish my sentence, because I dared not, even in the silence of my room. Even to the readers of this record I have not told all that my reckless misery drove me to. I could not justify my weakness, and otherwise had better be silent.

The sun was shining bright and warm into the breakfast-room when I went down with my letter in the morning, and the salt sea wind blew fresh through the open window up from the beach. As I had lain awake in the night a change seemed to have come over me, and under its influence I forgot the dull November days and pitiless November skies in this one rare chance of morning warmth and sunlight.

Ralph Gwynne was alone in the room, his stubborn persistency showing itself as it always did in his waiting for my coming.

I went to him at once, holding my letter in my hand.

"I have a letter here I am anxious shall reach London to-night," I said, looking straight into his face. "I thought I would give it into your charge at once, as you generally go into Bam borough earlier than any one else. Will you post it for me?"

He held out his hand and took it from me, slipping it into his vest pocket with scarcely a glance, but I knew that he had seen the superscription by the instantaneous change in his face. It was a very slight change, almost an imperceptible one in fact, but I saw it notwithstanding and caught its meaning.

"I envy your husband," he had said to me once—"I pity him—I hate him."

And just at the moment this abrupt, passionate speech, which was only one of many such, was embodied in the faint change that passed over his dark face, as he leaned upon the window ledge and looked out calmly enough at the fishermen working upon the beach.

He did not even refer to the letter in the commonplace conversation we drifted into. The momentary shadow left him so entirely that I found myself wondering if he had altogether forgotten it. But though he did not refer to the letter, before Lisbeth came in he spoke of my husband.

"I did not know," he said, after an interval of silence—"until yesterday I did not know that your husband had ever visited Bam borough."

The words were so unexpected that I glanced up quickly to see what they might signify, but to judge from his careless, averted face, they might have held no significance at all.

"I did not know," I said coldly, "that my husband had visited Bam borough at all. If he has been here I have been kept in ignorance of the fact."

"He has been here," he said indifferently, "often."

I did not make any reply. I knew well enough that he intended to force me to questioning him, but I was not in the mood to question, and so was silent. If my husband had been to Bam borough in secret, whatever his motive might be, he had hidden it from me, and the mystery was only a new thread in the web of his distrust, so it might pass. It was only a fresh sting, but I felt it at the time all the more deeply because of my last night's

resolve and the three words with which I had ended my letter. I made no comment, I did not even speak of it to Lisbeth when she came. I buried it in my own heart, as I was prone to bury my miseries.

When breakfast was over I wandered out on the beach alone. I did not often walk alone, but this morning even Lisbeth herself would have been unwelcome.

Down upon the sands where the rocks clustered together, and where the boats oftenest came up to the little cove, was my favorite resting-place, and there I took my seat as usual upon a large flat stone. The brawny fishermen knew me, and the barelegged, shouting children knew me too, and as I sat there there were few who passed me without a good-natured greeting. I had amused myself with watching them often, but they did not amuse me now. I was dull and wretched again. It was a trivial thing to be wretched about, this slight concealment, which might have had no motive, but it had dampened my spirit and made me indifferent and miserable once more. The brown, bare-legged fishermen passed to and fro, mending their nets in the sun, and wading in and out of the water, but I scarcely saw them; the children shouted and chased each other like happy, uncouth young savages, but I did not notice their play. I saw nothing but the sea and sky, and a boat whose tiny sail seemed growing larger as it neared the shore, until a shadow fell before me, and I glanced up half impatiently and saw Ralph Gwynne. He took a seat at my side, and then spoke to me carelessly.

"I thought I should find you here," he said.

"You did not go to Bam borough, then," was my cold comment.

"No," hesitatingly and slowly; "I thought I would see you first."

I looked out at the boat again absently; it was coming nearer to the land, and I felt a faint sort of interest in it, because I saw a woman at the prow, and the woman had a child thrown over her shoulder.

"Why?" I asked.

He did not answer me at first, but turned on his elbow, and spoke to one of the net-mending fishermen who sat not far from us.

"Who is coming in, Gunnle?" he asked; "your women don't fish, do they?"

The man touched his hat good-naturedly.

"Some on 'em does," he said; "this un doent though, this un 'ats comin in. She's bin o'er to Bam bro' fur work. It's Janey—Janey an 'th child, little Roger."

I moved impatiently, though I scarcely knew

why. The boat was almost upon the beach, and the next minute the man who was in it jumped out and waded up, dragging it in by its chain with a great splash of the sea water, and then the woman turned her head, and as she got up I saw her distinctly. She was a handsome young creature, tall and straight and shapely, and very unlike the rest of the Bamberough women, with her long violet eyes, and thick curling red brown hair.

"Look at her, Gervase," Ralph Gwynne whispered, "and look at the child."

He had no need to tell me to do so, for I was looking at them both. There was a certain proud, steadfast sadness which attracted my attention in the girl's face, and I could not help noticing that she did not look at any of the bystanders when she replied to their friendly greetings. But as she passed the place where I sat my eye caught hers, perhaps because I had looked at her so steadily, and I observed that the instant she saw me a hot deep color ran up to her forehead, and she walked on hurriedly, holding her child more tightly.

As soon as she was gone Ralph Gwynne turned again to the old fisherman, and spoke to him just as he had spoken before.

"She's a handsome creature," he said, "and the child is handsome too. Who is her husband?"

The old fellow glanced up at me.

"Savin' the lady's presence," he said in a low voice, "she haint got none—Janey haint. We're all sorry for her here. There haint one of us but is sorry for Janey. She never was a bad 'un, but she was handsome an' unfortnit, and she's seen a sight o' trouble. She doent say much to none on us, because she doent like to face us, but she knows we feel friendly to'rds her, Janey does, and she knows we feel friendly to'rds little Roger."

"Roger?" I broke out abruptly, scarcely knowing what I said.

The old man looked up at me, rubbing his weather-beaten forehead as if I puzzled him by my vehemence.

"Yes'm," he said, "his name it's Roger Leith, and its named fur—"

I did not stop to hear the rest. For a moment the whole horrible truth flashed upon me, and I staggered to my feet blindly, clinging to Ralph Gwynne, who had risen too. "Come away," I said; "take me away somewhere—farther down the beach—anywhere out of sight."

He did not speak to me, nor I to him, until he had half carried, half dragged me to the very rock shelter where we had sat the day

he handed me my husband's letter, and there I dropped upon the sands, hiding my wretched face in my hands.

"Tell me the truth," I panted; "tell me—You knew this!"

He looked down at me with some vague pity in his eyes, and though I knew that he would have forged a lie to suit his purpose, I knew that this was no lie, and that he believed it even more steadfastly than I did.

"Yes," he answered, "I knew it."

"And came to prove it to me?"

"Yes."

I knew then what I had never known before. I knew that even in my misery I had mocked myself with a delusion. I knew that I had never loved this man, even as I fancied I did, through the contrast of his warmth with my husband's coldness; I knew that through all I had been weaker than the weakest of women, for I had loved my husband and I loved him still.

I broke into a low, wretched, hysterical laugh.

"You might have spared me this much," I said. "If my ignorance was not bliss, it was folly to be wiser than I was—to know more of my humiliation than I did."

"It would have been folly to let you add to the humiliation by relenting towards the man who has trampled you in the dust," he said passionately. "I swore that you should not send this letter—am I to keep my oath?"

I held out my hand for it.

"No!" I cried out sharply, "give it to me."

He handed it to me, and as I touched it the remembrance of what it contained and how I had been duped rushed upon me with the force of a whirlwind. I tore it into a hundred pieces and scattered it on the sand.

"There," I said, "it is gone—forever."

He came and bent over me, a little later, as I sat with my face buried in my hands, and he touched my shoulder, for I did not look up at him.

"And you will listen to me, Gervase!" he said.

I shook his hand off quickly, for his touch angered me—but I had made up my mind.

"Yes," I answered him, "I will listen."

I sat crouched before my window, feeling cold and sick and weak, but still with my mind full of my desperate resolve. I had written my farewell letter to my husband, and it lay upon the table. I had written my

farewell letter to Lisbeth and told her all, in the faint hope that Lisbeth would believe what no one else on earth would believe—in the faint hope that Lisbeth would believe my solemn word, when I told her that even at the worst I should not be so utterly lost as the world would deem me. I had laid my things all back into my trunks, even to the merest trifle. The very dress I wore was one I had myself purchased. I had not retained in my possession a single thing my husband had ever given to me—not even the sapphire ring that had been the pledge of our betrothal. And now that all my preparations were made, I was waiting at my opened window for the signal that was to come to me from the beach below. I had thrown myself adrift on the broad ocean of chance, and the waves might fling me upon what shore they would, for the momentary passion of misery had settled into passive despair.

"When women lose all, as I am doing," I had said to Ralph Gwynne that night, "they generally have something at stake, some love or hope, but I have none; I had risked all I had to risk, and lost all I had to lose. You are clinging to a mad hope if you think to win me even in the course of time. I tell you I shall never love you. I will leave England with you, not because I love you, but because I love my husband and cannot bear to see his face again. I will be honest with you. I take all to give nothing. If you love me enough to help me, well and good; if not, leave me here and I will go out into the world alone."

And he had held to his purpose and agreed. Of course he did not believe me strong enough to battle against his stubborn persistence, and of course he was false in professing to be honest; but I knew my own steady strength of obstinate endurance, and he did not. And here, in the dim moonlight that streamed through the curtain of sea fog into my window, I was waiting for his signal, and Lisbeth was sleeping in the next room with her baby on her breast and her little children near her. I thought of the abasement I had seen in the handsome girl-face a few hours before, and I thought of the child who had looked at me over his mother's shoulder in his fearless baby way.

"Roger's baby—Roger's!"

I hid my face in my hands, stifling the low cry that burst from me. I remembered the one moment, on the night of my baby's birth, when the delirious mists had cleared away from my brain, and I had seen my husband

bending over the tiny form that lay upon the white pillow.

"If my baby had lived," I said aloud, "if my baby had lived I might have been like Lisbeth."

I got up after this and walked across the floor and back again a dozen times. I was wondering what he would say when Lisbeth gave him the letter, and whether there would be a shadow of self-reproach in his memory of the past. I did not ask myself how my life was to be spent. I had a vague feeling that it could not last long, but I asked myself a hundred times how my husband would spend his. He would not mourn for me, I told myself, and some better woman might make him happy; but even in this my worst and most reckless mood, my heart cried out aloud at the thought. I had ceased pacing the floor and gone back to the window again. I had even waited in the chill moonlight an hour when the signal came, and I rose with a fierce pulsation of the heart to obey its summons. I took up my shawl from the bed and folded it around me; I went to the table where my husband's letter lay and I bent over and kissed it—my last farewell. I caught a glimpse of my face in the glass as I did so, and saw that there was a great hollow purple ring about my eyes and a deathly pallor on my cheeks. I laid my husband's letter back and crossed the room to the door; as I laid my hand upon the key I heard a light footstep in the corridors, and as I turned the handle and stepped out I started backward with a low cry, for I stood face to face with—Lisbeth.

We looked at each other breathlessly for an instant in dead silence—I at her with a wild intense, unreasonable longing for some hope that might rescue me even at this late hour—she at me with nothing in her tender, dilated eyes but pity and wonder and love. Then she broke the strange stillness in a hurried, terrified voice.

"Gervase," she said, "Gervase, what does this mean?"

I met her gaze steadily. I do not think I was in my right senses.

"I am going away," I said, and my voice sounded strange and unnatural even to myself.

Another moment and she caught me in her arms as if I had been a child, and so drew me into the room and closed the door.

Her face was white as death. She was woman enough to read at a glance how matters stood, but her purely healthful nature could not at once comprehend a recklessness so desperate.

"What do you mean?" she demanded—"I cannot believe—where are you going?"

I answered her as steadily as before.

"I am going away," I said, "where I do not know—I do not even care. I am going away from England with Ralph Gwynne. I am going away with him that I may be lost to my husband forever. You think I am a wicked woman, Lisbeth, and so I am, but God has laid his hand upon me and I am under a curse."

She gazed at me as if she believed I had gone mad indeed.

"You are going away?" she cried out—"You! Gervase! Gervase!"

Nothing more; but the fullness of divine pity and passionate appeal in her voice, in her face, even in her clasped hands, overpowered me. I sank into a chair, holding to its arms to steady myself.

"Lisbeth," I said, feeling as though I had turned to ice, "I saw a woman upon the beach to day—a woman with a little child in her arms—and the child's name is Roger Leith. You cannot save me, Lisbeth—let me go."

She caught me in her arms and held me. She thought that I was dying—I thought I was, myself, and it was only the sudden flush of comprehension in her face that helped me to retain my consciousness.

"Who told you that the child's name was Roger Leith?" she cried out—"Who could be so cruel as to lead you astray with that? My poor Gervase, tell me!"

I rested my face upon her bosom, panting for breath in the darkness.

"It is true," I gasped; "Ralph Gwynne was with me and he knew. One of the fishermen upon the beach told us the child's name and its mother's history."

"Listen," she said, and her voice rang out like a command, "listen to me. Some one has told you a lie. I can tell you the girl's history—no one knows it better than I, Gervase, as no one knows better that the truth should prove to you the wrong you have done your husband. It was not through him that this girl was lost—it was through him that she was saved. He found her in London, wandering in the streets with her child in her arms, and he saved her from despair and death. He brought her here—back to her home—and helped her in her wretchedness so mercifully that she prayed from him upon her knees that her child might bear his name, since it could claim no other. He has guarded her ever since; he has saved two human souls—one for the sake of the little child who died, Gervase—his little child and yours."

In an instant it flashed upon me that I

had not waited to hear the end of the fisherman's explanation. And he would doubtless have cleared away my misery with the next word, for they must all know the story, even the roughest of them—the story of my husband's generous deed. And then the thought that I had not been deemed worthy to hear it struck me to the heart.

"I did not dream of this," I said; "how could I? he has told me nothing. He has never loved me even well enough to trust me so far."

"He has loved you always," Lisbeth said, "though you have both been wrong; he has loved you better than you have loved him, and he has been wretched through your distrust and coldness. It was his despair that made him seek me when he brought Janey to Bamborough. He knew that you had loved me, and so came to me for comfort and help. And you would go away—you, with the past all unredeemed, and your husband's love unsought,—you, with your little child's white soul to hold you to purity and faith! Gervase! Gervase!"

There was a moment's silence in which I crouched shuddering in my chair, my face buried in my hands! And then there came beneath the window the sound of a man's footsteps, and the sound of a man speaking in a low voice. His words might have been an echo of Lisbeth's but that the one voice was the voice of the tempter, and the other the voice of the rescuer.

"Gervase! Gervase!"

It was Ralph Gwynne.

My strength was ebbing away fast. I could not have spoken to him if I would; but Lisbeth rose and went to the window, as calm in her womanly strength of purity as ever she had been in her calm woman's life.

"Ralph!" she said, her grave, pure-toned voice dropping upon the still night air like the voice of a spirit, "Ralph, Gervase is here—with me."

He did not reply, and not another word was uttered between them. She came back to me as his footsteps died away in the distance, and found me shivering from head to foot, yet burning with sudden fever.

"Better to have let me go, Lisbeth," I said weakly, "better to have let me go away and die, for I should have died, Lisbeth—I am dying now." And as she caught me in her arms again the dark room seemed to blaze up into sudden light and then fade out, and as the shadows closed around me I felt that the end of life had come.

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Weeks of interminable wanderings in some mysterious, barren land of misery,—weeks of interminable watching hideous panoramas that seemed to pass and repass and pass again,—weeks, nay, it appeared ages, of suffering through old wrongs, and loves and hates,—and weeks of waiting restlessly with frantic impatience for something which never came and never would come—for some stopping-place or shutting out of the crowding faces I did not know and was constantly scanning and striving to remember—weeks of such suffering, with now and then a blank or a dim sense of struggling consciousness, and then one day a long blank ended by my opening my eyes heavily, and dimly seeing Lisbeth bending over the bed upon which I lay.

I did not speak to her—I could not. My weakness was so great, my power over my languid limbs so utterly lost, that I gazed up at her without even trying to address her, only thinking half unconsciously of stories I had heard of people who had fallen into trances and retained the spirit of life without the power of motion. Was I in such a trance? No, for Lisbeth was speaking to me and I could hear her quite distinctly, though I could not reply.

“You must not try to speak, Gervase,” she was saying—“you must not try to think, even. You are getting better and you must sleep.”

I heard her first words plainly enough, but as she ended her voice seemed to die away into the distance, and as my eyes drooped she was lost to me.

This was my first awakening after the night I had fallen into her arms, and after this first awakening there were no more of the interminable wanderings, though I seldom was strong enough to open my eyes. But as I lay there with my eyes shut I grew strong enough in a day or two to listen to the hushed voices of the people who were in my room, and in the end to distinguish them one from another. I heard Lisbeth’s voice often, calm and low and sweet. I heard Hugh’s softened until it was like a woman’s. I heard a voice I knew to be the doctor’s. I heard other voices strange to me, but first of all and before all I heard my husband’s. I did not hear it once or twice, or at stated intervals: day and night without an hour of absence. I felt Lisbeth’s touch often: I felt Hugh’s. I felt hands that were kindly and tender enough, but there was one hand that never touched me without drawing me farther from the grave and nearer to life, and this hand was my husband’s.

And at length I found myself awake again, far into the night, and this time my eyes fell first upon my husband seated at my bedside, and when I made an effort to speak I found strength enough to utter a single word:

“Lisbeth.”

He brought her to my side with a gesture, and as he turned towards the light his haggard face was a wonder to me; but I had only power, when Lisbeth bent over me, to say to her one thing, in a whisper so weak that I scarcely could hear it myself.

“If I live,” I said, “he must know. If—I die, it—cannot matter. Let him love me—if he will.”

The weak tears began to roll down my cheeks, and I could not stop their flow, and I saw that Lisbeth’s tears were falling too.

“You will not die,” she said; “you will live to retrieve the past. He knows all—he read your letter. Roger, speak to her.”

He laid his haggard face near mine upon the pillow, and the old glow of our bridal days was in his eyes.

“You shall not die,” he said, “you cannot die—you are mine—I love you. I have followed you down to the valley of death, and brought you back, and I claim you, as God is merciful. I have loved you through all our misery, but I was not fit to understand your woman’s heart. The blame was mine, not yours. God forgive me for the wrong I did your tenderness. You love me—yes, you love me. You must love me—you cannot help it. Do not try to speak. This shall be my first sacrifice, that I will deny myself the bliss of hearing your voice, since to speak might fatigue you. Do not try to speak, but if you love me and would give me hope, lay your hand upon my cheek.”

Not a word of the wrong I had done, not a word of the misery I had wrought for him, not a word of distrust or reproach: I had come up from the grave and the gates of Heaven seemed opening to me. I tried to speak, but could not, for my soul was full and overflowing with the passion of a joy too divine for human words to express. But I found strength at last to move, and stirring a little in the very faintness of happiness, I laid my hand upon my husband’s cheek, my head upon his arm, and so was clasped to his breast.

He loved me—he had loved me always, though he had tortured himself with the belief that my love for him had died. He was unlike most men, as I was unlike most women; he could not speak in common words of what lay so deeply locked in his heart. But tortured as he was, he had hoped as I never hoped.

He had come to Lisbeth for comfort because she loved me, and she had given it to him. Lisbeth knew what I did not know myself, that it was my distrust and love that was wearing my life away, and in her silent woman fashion, she watched and restrained me when I was unconscious of her power.

I did not see Ralph Gwynne again until three happy years had passed, and in passing

had made my life like Lisbeth's. Then, as I stood one night in the brightly-lighted hall of our home, holding my child in my strong arms, as I greeted my husband a man passed by upon the pavement and looked in at me. As the light from the hall lamp fell upon his face I saw it was Ralph Gwynne, and that he knew me.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

(FROM AN UNFINISHED DRAMA.)

THOU art mine, thou hast given thy word ;
Close, close in my arms thou art clinging ;
Alone for my ear thou art singing
A song which no stranger hath heard :
But afar from me yet, like a bird,
Thy soul, in some region unstirred,
On its mystical circuit is winging.

Thou art mine, I have made thee mine own ;
Henceforth we are mingled forever :
But in vain, all in vain, I endeavor—
Though round thee my garlands are thrown,
And thou yieldest thy lips and thy zone—
To master the spell that alone
My hold on thy being can sever.

Thou art mine, thou hast come unto me !
But thy soul, when I strive to be near it—
The innermost fold of thy spirit—
Is as far from my grasp, is as free,
As the stars from the mountain-tops be,
As the pearl in the depths of the sea,
From the portionless king that would wear it.

A GHOST WHO MADE HIMSELF USEFUL.

"BUT why should we suppose such things?" cried Lightbourn, impatiently ; "what need is there for them ? what good do they do—or evil ? Did you ever hear of one of these new-born spirits disclosing anything not before revealed, telling you anything you didn't know, doing anything not to be done by ordinary means and common hands ? Where is the *proof* that their claims to supernatural importance and consideration have any ground whatsoever ? What excuse have the spirits for disturbing us ? What can they effect, not reached already ? What do they

give us as a compensation for the drivel they compel us to put up with ? Is it not a pitiful farce, all of it ?"

Lovelace gently shrugged his shoulders. "Did you ever hear Madam Philarete lecture?" said he.

"No," quickly answered Bertha ; "but I consulted her once—"

"Consulted her !" cried Lightbourn, looking sharply at his wife.

"Why not ? She is a fortune-teller—bah ! She told me my age, less five years of the fact, and my fortune—it was not possible.

Test-medium, she called herself, and—I tested her. A poor pale thing, who was ashamed to look me in the eyes lest her face should confess its fraud. Why I could beat her guessing, myself!”

“Strangely eloquent, on the rostrum,” said Lovelace.

“O yes! a well-written lecture, well memorized, some skill in the commoner elocutionary tricks, some passion and fervor of her own, some of that strange fury that is born in the hearts of most actors when they come before an audience—it is all easy enough to understand. But the fact stands,” added Lightbourn, “that the spirits know nothing, accomplish nothing, are of no earthly use, and therefore differ so entirely from all other created things, that, to my notion, we would have no right to believe in their existence, even were it brought palpably to the conviction of our senses.”

“They are not like ghosts, these thin and flimsy spirits,” struck in Knox. “Ghosts are very useful creatures; somewhat strange and startling in their ways, perhaps, but highly serviceable, when they choose. I have known a ghost to save a man’s life; and, by the bye, that same amiable specter was the means of introducing me to practice, thereby saving another life, perhaps, for I was half-starved and had no credit.”

“Do tell us about it, Mr. Knox!” cried Bertha; “I’ve read ever so many ghost-stories, but never heard one told in all my life, and I know you can do it nicely.” And the little lady settled herself in an attitude for listening.

“Yes,” said Knox, jauntily, “I intended to tell it, and I have the reputation of telling the best story on our circuit. The judge always sends for me when he has the gout: nothing puts him into such prompt and balmy slumber as one of my tales, he says.”

“William the Trumpeter was a good waterman!” quoted Lovelace.

“St!” cried Bertha, lifting a finger, and Knox began:—

I had only been at the bar a few months, but they had seemed weary, long ones. It had taken all my money to furnish my office and its shelves, and pay the first six months’ rent. Then, I knew that Charlotte was waiting for me, and, if practice didn’t come soon, my clothes would become intolerably shabby. My best coat was very shiny about the elbows, anyhow, and where the next one was to come from I could not imagine. In a county court there is always a

little help for juniors, however, and I had made enough, by battery and larceny cases, and by collections, to pay for a meager sort of board. That was all; and you may fancy how my heart thumped up into my throat when one day Grandison asked me to assist him in a murder case! He was our “great gun” in those days, before politics had made him so fat and lazy, and was indeed, barring some small defects of manner, a great lawyer and a noble-hearted gentleman. “Knox,” said he to me in his pompous way, as he put his fat white hands on my shoulder, “you do not push yourself enough, my young friend. I have been observing you, and I perceive you lack the essential quality upon which a bright forensic career depends. Get impudence, friend Knox; increase your store of that indispensable attribute of success, or prepare to be written down a failure! How would you like to aid me in Jake Moore’s case? There—say no more—I see how it is with you. Come to my office to-night and talk it over with me.”

Jake Moore’s case! A real murder, and the only one that had been committed in our county for years! The most important case on the docket: one that would be reported in all the city papers, too!

“O, I am not such a charitable fellow as you think,” said Grandison, as I began to thank him at his office that night. “I am busy, and—lazy. I haven’t time to study up this case, and it needs study, for there’s some mystery about it, or my instincts are at fault. You have application and ambition, and it is profitable to us old lawyers to serve ourselves by means of you youngsters with your keen eyes. I’ll get all the glory of it, and you’ll have the work to do. Fact is, I took the case for you, and for that murderous rascal’s little girl—curious force of entreaty in her pathetic wide blue eyes! By the way, will have to work for a ridiculously small fee—don’t tell anybody—and let’s divide. It’s the preliminary process in every partnership case, as you’ll find by and by. Ahem!—there’s half of it.” And he pushed fifty dollars across the table to me.

I did not know, until years after, that this came out of his own pocket, and that Jake Moore had not paid him a cent of fee. Few people know the big heart that beats within the huge body of our fat and insolent Senator, after all.

“Never hem nor haw about fees, young man!” cried he; “it is fatal to yourself and injurious to the whole profession. No good lawyer ought to think himself well paid, no mat-

ter what the fee. Good service ought to be always invaluable. Now, to the case."

And he briefly detailed to me the circumstances under which Jake Moore had been arrested, and the grounds of suspicion against him.

Jake Moore was a shoemaker in the village of Humburg, in the western part of the county,—a worthless, drunken fellow, who worked at his trade about two days in the week, to get money for making himself drunk the other five. He had drifted into the village some dozen years before that, with a slattern, red-haired wife, a puny, sickly baby, a cow, a pig, his tools, and a wagon-load of broken-down household gear. His worthless ways were thought to be his chief fault, for he was a good-natured happy-go-lucky, who did not even beat his wife, indeed, was reputed to be beaten by her. When the Mexican war was about half over, Jake took a huff, a patriotic fever, or an overdose of rum,—it was never rightly known which,—and enlisted, coming back after it was over with a saber-cut on the head and a pension. The wound, or something else, had changed his temper, and while he drank as much as ever, he was sullen, morose, and not talkative, even in his cups. He and his wife quarreled savagely, and when she died, a year or two later, Jake transferred his ill-temper to his daughter, a frail, timid girl, whom he beat sometimes so severely that the neighbors had to interfere.

Such were the antecedents of Jake Moore, when, on the 5th day of August, 1850, the body of the unknown stranger was found in a ravine near the little stream—"Potts' Level," it was called—that flowed through the meadows and woods about a mile to the east of Humburg. It was stiff and cold when discovered by two screaming school-children straggling among the bushes after blackberries—stiff and cold, and frightfully disfigured with a wound across the throat nearly from ear to ear, from which blood had poured so copiously as to stain the body from head to feet, and bespatter bushes, leaves, and grass for several feet around. The alarm soon spread; and the constable, magistrate, doctor, and all the population of Humburg speedily gathered around the unwonted ghastly spectacle. The body was that of a noticeable elderly man, thought to be about fifty-five years old, short and stout, very neatly clad in a suit of sober drab, cut Quaker fashion, and was at once recognized by several persons as the stranger who had been seen in the village a day or two before, a quiet-looking yet well-to-do pedestrian, whose broad-

brimmed gray beaver, and brown gaiters, and respectable cane, had been remarked by all. Broad-brim and cane were near by, but the man was dead, and nothing about his person gave any clue to his identity. Who killed him? A shoemaker's knife, bloody on blade and handle, was found in the bushes near by, and identified as Jake Moore's property. The magistrate, acting coroner, issued a search-warrant; Jake was found in his house stupidly drunk, the girl scared and incoherent, and in a drawer in the living-room a pocket-book was discovered containing seventy or eighty dollars; and the stranger was known to have carried one like it, for he had paid for a pound of cheese and some biscuit at one of the stores in the village. Jake was at once committed to jail, his daughter being permitted to go with him, and the coroner's jury rendered a verdict against him of willful murder of the unknown. Then followed the indictment, and now the trial was to come off, the murdered person, meantime, having been buried without being identified.

"Of course, it will be conviction as the case now stands, and the fellow very likely is guilty," said Grandison; "but it is our business to get him off. I want you to visit Humburg, view the locality, and sift the witnesses. If we can get a clue to the Quaker we may find that some one else was interested in his end, or at least we may persuade the jury so."

"But the pocket-book," said I,—*"isn't that a circumstance which brings the thing right home?"*

"O no! The pocket-book may not be positively identified, and, if it should be, is proof of robbery only. It may have been lost, and found by Jake; or Jake may have robbed the man after death; or, in short, the pocket-book proves very little. If Jake could furnish an alibi, there'd be no trouble; but the drunken brute can furnish nothing—says he don't recollect, and don't care—is as good dead as alive."

"What does the girl say?"

"Well—her testimony's worth nothing, and of course she is not any help. She says that the stranger *gave her* the pocket-book, after asking her for a drink of water—a very likely tale, of course! However, he was seen by several to go into the house."

"I don't see how we are to defend him, Mr. Grandison."

"Neither do I; but if we go about it right we *will* see, before the case is called. We have a week to prepare in, and a good deal can be done in a week. To-morrow morn-

ing we'll have a talk with Jake and the girl; the next day you'll take my horse, ride over to Humburg, and ascertain all the facts. If you find a clue, follow it up regardless of time or money. I've a shot in the locker if there's need, and interest enough with the court to get a postponement should there be any occasion. That's all. Here are some references to authorities which it will be well for you to overhaul between this and the trial. Young lawyers are always expected to spout text-books to the court and jury, you know."

I made little by my visit to the prisoner. He was careless, taciturn, and refused to assist either Grandison or me to a knowledge of the circumstances. "I don't know anything about it—drunk all that week—drunk when they fetched me in here—wish I was drunk now—or dead! It don't matter a wax-end, only for Sally there."

Sally sobbed, wept, wiped her eyes on a dirty apron, and whispered: "He is always that way, since he could not get any whisky. It is no good to talk with him. But he did not kill the strange gentleman—no, indeed!" added she, looking up into my face.

A dirty, puny, unhappy-looking, sallow girl of thirteen was Sally,—yellow hair wild and uncared for, clothes tattered and filthy,—yet, what a pleading innocence and convincing frankness in her wide, straightforward eyes!

Grandison beckoned her after him into the corridor. "Now, Sally," said he, "tell this gentleman what you told me."

"Pappy was drinking harder than ever that week; he'd got paid for some work, and his jug was full on Monday. On Wednesday it was empty, and he setting on his bench, savage-like, so that I was afraid of him, half. He didn't sleep none the night before; and Mrs. McCausland wouldn't trust me for the pint he sent me for, you know, and that made him mad. Then it was after dinner, only I had none,—pappy wouldn't eat, and I had only a piece of cold corn-bread for my share,—then the strange gentleman come in—"

"That was Wednesday afternoon?" asked Grandison.

"Yes, sir, Wednesday, after dinner, he came in,—such a nice, neat-looking old gentleman, and stands by the shop counter, and lays his hand on it, and says, 'Friend, will thee let thy little girl fetch me a drink of cool water from thy well?' and pappy, he don't look up, but cusses the strange gentleman, and tells him to git out of there! So the strange gentleman was going to say something more, only I beckoned to him to be

quiet, and he went out; and I took my mug and went out the back door, to the well, and drew him a drink, and took it round to him, just as he was going through the gate. And he said, 'Thank thee,' and took the mug. And while he was drinking I says to him, 'That's my pappy's shoe-knife you've got in your hand, mister, aint it?' And he says, 'Verily, it is, but I have need for it more than thee, and I pray thee let me keep it.' And I says, 'Pappy'll 'most cut my liver out when he misses it, so you can't have it.' And he says, 'I did not mean to rob thee of it, but to take it at a fair price, and I will give thee the money to buy a dozen like it.' And with that he takes out his pocket-book and studies over the notes like, then says, kinder to himself, 'Nay, her needs seem to be great, and mine are none any longer. Here, child, take and keep it all, and may the Lord bless thee!' And so he walked away, and I didn't see him no more, only heard he was found with his throat cut. But pappy didn't do it, for he kept the house all that day, and raved so all night I couldn't sleep, and early in the morning I took a dollar out of the strange gentleman's purse, and run to Mrs. McCausland's, and got the jug filled for him, and that quieted him; and he was home the same way, drinking and stupid, until Friday night, when Mr. Bent, the constable, came and took him. And that's all I know about it, gentlemen, only that poor pappy hadn't anythink to do with killing the strange gentleman!"

It was agreed between Mr. Grandison and me that I should make Sally's straightforward yet very improbable tale the basis of my inquiries at Humburg, and, if I could in any way verify it, I was then to push the search after the old Quaker's antecedents. "But you will fail," said he; "who ever heard of a Quaker committing suicide, much less stealing a knife to do it with!"

"If there is anything to be found out, I will find it," said I, confidently; and the next morning I rode over to Humburg.

This forlorn place was a mere fringe of houses on either side of a turnpike road, at a cross-roads, and did not deserve the name of village. There were first Mrs. McCausland's store, and opposite it, Joline's; on the left again, a couple of dwellings and another store, kept by Yingling; on the right, the house of Bent, the constable; next below, the residence of Stehlmann, coachmaker, and his shop. Still on the right, the next house was the old dismantled tavern, with its broken windows and creaking gibbet of a sign-board;

below that came Dr. Beard's, a long, low house, as shabby as its owner; next, still on the right, was the house attached to the toll-gate, kept by Holmes; then, in the middle of the road, at its fork, the weather-beaten log-house occupied by Jake Moore; on the left of it, the comfortable domicile of Williams, a carpenter; on the right, the little cottage occupied by Miss Strait, seamstress and gossip. The fork of the road to the left from the turnpike led straight to the stream, Potts' Level, near where the body was discovered.

My inquiries established that, about noon of Wednesday, August 5th,—it was very hot, still, and sultry,—the stranger was first seen, coming down the road, dressed as I have described; and all who saw him noticed his white cravat, neatly tied, but with the bow a little awry, and almost under the left ear. He went into Mrs. McCausland's, bought cheese, showing the pocket-book that was identified, rested, asked a few questions, then crossed the road to Joline's, where he bought half a pound of biscuit; from there he went down the road. He gave no name, asked for no person, and no one had ever seen him before. He was seen by persons in Bent's family, by Stehlmann's hands, and by Yingling's clerk, to try the pump at the old tavern, but, it being dry, he could of course get no water. He passed through the toll-gate, and was seen by Beard and his wife, by Holmes, by Miss Strait, by Williams and his wife, and by several others, to open Jake Moore's gate, go in, presently come out again, and turn down the left-hand road. On Friday afternoon, after five, the body was found by two children, coming up the lane on their way home from school. Dr. Beard was convinced, by indubitable signs, that the stranger had been dead not less than forty-eight hours when his body was found. The knife was positively identified; there were several witnesses to identify the pocket-book; and Bent, the constable, was satisfied, from the position of the dead man when found, that he could not possibly have inflicted with his own hand the wound of which he died.

The case seemed perfectly made out against Jake Moore. Miss Strait was willing to swear she saw light in his house late that night, and motions of his shadow against the wall, as if of a person washing clothes. Mrs. Williams thought she had seen him, on Thursday evening, coming rapidly from the direction of Potts's Level branch, and looking around him uneasily, as if to see if he were watched. There was apparently a perfect

and inextinguishable harmony in the evidence. I rode on through the village, and a mile or so along the turnpike, pondering the case, and grieving over its hopeless aspects. There was absolutely no chance that I saw, either to save Jake Moore from the gallows, or to gain attention to my own merits as a lawyer. It was a perfectly blank wall, up which climbing was impossible.

"Hallo dere, mein freind!" I looked up to see who called in such a harsh and broken base. It was a German, a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, with a heavy stoop in the back, who stood under the porch of a little tavern by the roadside. He beckoned to me, and I rode up to him.

"Ja!" said he, in his raucous tones, "I see you up dere shoost now, didn't it?" pointing towards Humberg.

I nodded assent.

"So! I tink so, den. Lawyer, eh, vrom court?—coom for Shake Moore's pisness—ah? So den! I tinks so! Shump down a leetle, und dake a class bier mit me; I dells you sometings about um, I tinks! Ja! I see um! I see um! Mein Himmel, ja! Heinrich, dake de shentlemen's horse a leetle beet! Coom, das bier is goot!"

I dismounted, followed my German friend into his little bar-room, and drank a glass of bier with him. He pushed me a cigar over the counter, came out with a couple more glasses of bier, and shouldering me to a chair by a little table in a corner, sat down, and made me do likewise.

"So den!" said he, after giving me a light, "I dells you sometings! I dink Shake Moore not kill das Quaker. Ja! I dells Shon Pent so, de gonstaple, unt he dells me I vas a pig fool! Maype I vas, bot I tink Shake Moore not kill das Quaker."

"What do you mean?" I asked, in great excitement.

"I dells you. I see das mann, mein self. I vas go py de school-house pack from Humberg on de evening, pout dusk vrom mein bruder's, unt ven I goes py te Botts' Lefel pranch I see das mann sit py de fence in de dusk, unt he peckon mit me to go'vay; unt I dry to ride close mit him on mein horse, to see vat he vas if I know him, unt vat de matter vas mit him; unt you tink der fer-tant horse will not coom to him, bot brance, unt go pack, unt schweat, unt drimble, unt dum unt runned away; unt ven I goes pack dere mit de horse bimepy, vhat you tink! das olt mann bin gone! He vas pale like das wall, unt I tink it vas his own throat he vas cut, not Shake Moore."

"When was that?"

"Vat I dells you, mein friend. It vas Durstay efening."

"Impossible! You mean Wednesday?"

"I means vat I dell you, mein friend. It vas Durstay in de efening! Vensday I vas thrash mein wheat, unt dat Durstay I vas go to mein bruder's to get some butter unt eggs mit him—I vas go to market dot night. I reckon I don't go mit de market on Venstay night, mein friend. Dot is mein pisness, to de market. Ja!"

"Who else saw him on Thursday?"

"I don't know, mein friend! I dells you vat I saw unt vat I tink, unt Shake Moore vas not kill das mann, oder I bin der pig fool vat Shon Pent vas call me. Bot I tink dat Mees Straidt, she dell you sometings about dat—she bin on de look out der ten year past, unt see all vat go py! Ja! ja! Unt das Holmes, mit de voodten leg, he dells you sometings, I tink. I pin nicht ein lawyer, mein friend, bot I tinks Shake Moore ish not put das oldt Quaker's lighd out dis time! Ja!"

In half an hour I was riding back towards Humberg in a very different mood. Observing great caution, I pushed my inquiries in every direction, and in the course of two days I had collected a mass of evidence, which, when I had analyzed it and laid it before Mr. Grandison, on my return, surprised that gentleman amazingly, and made him say, as he grasped my hand, "Knox, if you can prove the half of that, our man will be acquitted!"

"I will prove it all, Mr. Grandison," I answered.

When the case of the State *vs.* Jacob M. Moore was called, the next week, it was in the presence of a large and curious audience. For a wonder, both State and prisoner were ready for trial, the witnesses were all present, and a jury was impaneled at once. Jake Moore sat in the box, stolid and impassive as ever, but something improved in looks by a clean shirt and the use of a hair-brush. Sally, by his side, looked like another child. She was washed and combed, and had on a neat new frock and apron which Grandison had bought and the jailer's wife made for her. All the spectators were interested in her, and the hearts of most of them softened towards the prisoner for her sake. The State's officer made a brief statement of the law of murder, spoke of what he should prove, and claimed a verdict of felonious homicide of the highest grade. Then Mr. Grandison arose, and, after accepting the prosecutor's

law, and saying that he would leave the facts to speak for themselves, informed the court that he was suffering from a severe headache, that would prevent him from doing more than passively watching the case; but that he had no scruples about it, since his client's interests were perfectly safe in the hands of his able and ingenious associate, whom he was proud to have as a collaborer, etc. etc.

"Aha!" whispered the State's officer to me; "the old fox knows he has no case, and wants you to take all the odium of a failure."

"We'll see," I returned, oracularly, my face glowing and my heart throbbing with gratitude towards Grandison for his evident intention to let me have all the credit of our singular defense.

The case went on; the facts were proved as I have already told you; and, as witness after witness gave in his statement, without any cross-examination by me, I could see that the District Attorney was beating his brains in a puzzled endeavor to find out the line of defense I meant to adopt. But this was precisely what I did not choose he should do. I asked but very few questions. I made all the witnesses give assurance that it was positively on Wednesday that the stranger had come into Humberg, and had been seen to go into Jake Moore's. I made them assure the jury that the body was found on Friday evening. I carefully and plainly established, by exhaustive questioning of Dr. Beard, that the body, when found, could not have been dead less than two days. I established also, by Mrs. McCausland, that she had refused Jake Moore credit for whisky on Wednesday, and had sold his daughter a gallon for cash, early on Thursday morning. This fact, so damning, had not been elicited by the prosecuting attorney, and when I brought it out plainly, he stared at me full of wonder.

"Which side are you on?" asked he.

"You'll see, presently," retorted I, glancing towards Grandison, who smiled benignant approval.

The case for the State was closed, and I rose to open for the defense.

"May it please your Honor, and Gentlemen of the Jury," I said, "as there are mysteries in nature, no matter on what side you view it, so there are things in evidence which are inexplicable, which it is folly to attempt to explain. We follow no theory of defense in this case; we do not pretend to account for either the facts already adduced, nor for those which we shall adduce. We simply give you those facts, in order, by their own showing, to make it clear that, whether the unknown

was murdered or not, he was not murdered by the prisoner at the bar, and *could* not have been murdered by him. I have to request that the witnesses, both for State and defense, be removed, in order that all suspicion of collusion may be avoided."

It was so ordered.

"Call Johann Ammermann."

My friend of the lager-bier tavern took the stand, and made the statement I have already given. I insisted upon his giving an unmistakable description of the person he had seen on Thursday evening, and he swore graphically to the white cravat with the bow a little awry.

"*Thursday!*—he means *Wednesday* evening, of course," said the State's attorney, correcting.

"No he don't!" said I; and Ammermann was splutteringly positive that he knew Wednesday from Thursday.

"But, your Honor," said the State's attorney, "this is palpably a mistake. The murder took place on Wednesday—it *could* not have taken place later; how then could the man be seen alive on Thursday? It is an absurdity!"

"That is our defense!" I said, quietly. "We cannot prove an alibi for the prisoner, your Honor; but we *can* show, by his daughter, that he was at home all day and night Wednesday and Thursday, up to the arrest—"

"Much her testimony is worth!" sneered the prosecutor.

"And, in order to corroborate and strengthen her testimony, your Honor," I went on, "*we propose to prove an alibi for the deceased!* We propose to prove that he was alive, and was seen several times, after the time when you have shown that he *must* have been dead."

"Absurd!" said the State's attorney.

"Your witnesses must needs be good ones, Mr. Knox, to show that," said the Judge, significantly.

"Wait and hear them, your Honor, if you please," said Grandison.

"Call John Coan."

Coan, a well-known farmer, took the stand.

"Mr. Coan, where were you on Thursday, August 6th, about 4½ o'clock in the afternoon?"

"At the gate-house, in Humberg, talking to Holmes."

"How do you know it was that day and hour?"

"I asked Holmes the time o' day; as for the date, my cousin was buried that day, and I was just returning from the funeral—here's

a paper with the notices and dates; she died on Wednesday, and was buried o' Thursday, on account of the heat. I can't be wrong."

"Well, while you were talking with Holmes, what did you see at Jake Moore's gate?"

"I saw a little old Quaker come out, shut the gate, latch it, stand a minute, then walk slowly off down the lane towards Potts' Level branch. He wore a drab sort of suit, a white broad-brim hat, and his cravat was a white one, tied up under his ear, like. It was the same man as was killed, for I saw him on Saturday morning, during the inquest."

There was a sensation in court.

"Well, what else?"

"Holmes asked me something; I turned to answer him, and when I looked back the old man was out of sight. I went on home, down the lane, and just by the branch, sitting on the fence, who should I see but the Quaker again! He looked solemn, and monstrous pale, and I wondered who he could be. Over the branch, I looked back, but he wasn't in sight."

Mr. Coan was severely cross-examined, but his evidence was not shaken. The State's attorney looked worried and puzzled. He could not understand the thing at all, and seemed to suspect a plot against him. The spectators were now in a fine state of excitement, and I could see the most intense interest on the part of the jury.

"Call Rufus Gorsuch."

"Mr. Gorsuch, where were you on *Friday morning*, early, of August 7th?"

Mr. Gorsuch proved, unmistakably as Coan, that on Friday morning at 5 o'clock he was crossing Potts' Level branch, on his way to a "meet" of fox-hunters, when he saw the Quaker, whom he most graphically described, sitting on the fence. "He beckoned to me, and I tried to ride up to him, but my mare shied and cut up so I couldn't do it; and when I did get her quiet, the old chap had got out of sight."

The State's attorney only asked Gorsuch a question or two; and now, witness after witness, school-children, old people, neighbors and strangers, to the number of more than a dozen, came in one after another, and testified to seeing the strange Quaker, at various intervals from Friday noon back to Thursday morning; but none had seen him except upon the fence, pale and beckoning, or else entering or departing from Jake Moore's door. The crowded audience was fairly electrified with excitement and wonder; the jury looked both puzzled and concerned; and even Jake Moore, rousing out of his stolid indifference,

showed an eager interest in the testimony. Evidently, he was as much perplexed as any one else. Dr. Beard was recalled; and, when he had carefully repeated his testimony, a distinguished surgical expert told us that, upon that showing, it was impossible for death to have taken place so late as Friday morning or Thursday evening.

I glanced at Grandison. He cast a searching eye towards the jury, then nodded his head.

"Call Sarah Moore."

And Sally took the stand, and, in her plain, simple, quiet, unreserved way, told the same story she had told before, softening the recital of her father's faults, and giving emphasis to the interview with the Quaker. Every word of her narrative told; and I saw that all the jury believed it, where none of them would have placed the slightest faith in it had it not been prefaced by the mysterious confusion in the testimony.

"Do you want to argue it?" asked the State's attorney. "I'll submit it if you say so, for I can't make out a Chinese puzzle."

"I've only a word to say," I said, glancing at a line which was tossed to me by Grandison as I rose. (*"Give 'em the supernatural, —all juries believe in ghosts,—and this judge does,"* was the skeptic's admonition.)

"I have only a word to say, gentlemen. As I warned you in advance, the evidence on both sides can neither be controverted nor reconciled. There is a doubt as to the murder; a certainty that it was not committed by Jacob Moore. You cannot doubt that little girl's frank blue eyes and untripping tongue. I told you the defense had no theory as to this case; but I, as an individual, *have* a theory. I believe that the unknown deceased went to Jacob Moore's and took that knife, as represented, with the purpose of committing suicide. I believe that he walked to that dreadful ravine, on that Wednesday afternoon, and there and then cut his own throat, and died, and his body rested there until it was found as you have heard. I believe, nevertheless, gentlemen of the jury, and I know that in your secret hearts you believe with me, that the dead man, in his living image, either that or his specter, or a shape assuming that image, appeared as has been testified by the various witnesses. *Why*, gentlemen of the jury? *Why* should that unquiet ghost have returned from the regions to which it had just now fled in despair?"

"He came back to fix it on Jake Moore, I guess," said the prosecutor, laughing.

"Ah, gentlemen of the jury," I said, "we may not go beyond the grave in search of motives—it boots us little to vex the inscrutable with our questions, but *that*, at least, did not bring the unhappy specter back. Jake Moore was already convicted, by the knife and the purse, before that shade came back. May we not rather assume"—I put it timidly—"that, in the new-born prescience of another existence, it was seen that by taking the knife and leaving the purse an innocent man's life was put in peril? May not the dead man's spirit have dragged itself wearily back to the world of troubles, not to convict, but to acquit; not for vengeance, but in mercy and justice; not to follow up a criminal, but to save the hunted life of the innocent and unfortunate man before you? Gentlemen of the jury, ask yourselves that question, and bid your own hearts furnish the answer!"

Well, Jake Moore was acquitted, of course. The jury declined even to leave their seats. When the applause that welcomed the verdict had ceased, Mr. Grandison arose and said: "May it please your Honor, while I should be sorry to see the evidence of ghosts taken often, in this or any other court, against the evidence of hard facts, I am happy in being able to show, in the most satisfactory manner, that the conclusion to which the jury has come, in the present instance, is the right one. Since we have been sitting here, I have seen an officer from Canada, who has given me the history of the unfortunate deceased. He was a member of the Society of Friends, a person of consequence and property, Philip Dingle by name, and a most amiable gentleman, but, unhappily, subject to occasional attacks of mental aberration. It was in one of these fits he wandered off and destroyed his own life in the manner described to you. That he himself committed the deed we know from a letter written by himself, in the neighboring city, and there mailed a day or two previous to his appearance in Humberg, in which he avows his intention in unmistakable language. That letter was sent to his nephew and heir, living in Australia, and it has been the means of tracing up Mr. Dingle and establishing his identity in an undoubted way. I knew these facts before the case was given to the jury, may it please the Court," concluded Mr. Grandison; "but I was confident the prisoner would be acquitted, and I had not the impudence to interrupt the brilliant and ingenious defense contrived by my young associate, who, as I need not say to

your Honor, has this day shown himself an ornament and a light to our profession."

"Well, the ghost was of no use, after all," said Lightbourn; "the man would have been acquitted without his interposition."

"But how could I have got into practice without his invaluable aid?" rejoined Knox.

"What became of Moore and little Sally?" asked Bertha.

"Moore never drank a drop afterwards; it was enough to be warned by a ghost, he said; and he is now an owner of some land, and doing well. Sally is a buxom farmer's wife, with a houseful of children. I see her often."

"There!" cried Bertha, "say the ghost did no good! But for him, Jake Moore would have died a drunkard! I believe in ghosts myself!"

PROFESSOR MORSE AND THE TELEGRAPH.



SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

In the year 1811, Benjamin West, the President of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, and then past seventy years of age, was enjoying the noontide splendor of his fame as the great historical painter of England. During his presidency the Academy had a high reputation, for he was an eminent instructor, and young men from many lands went to it to learn wisdom in Art.

On a bright autumnal morning in the year just mentioned, West's beloved American friend, Washington Allston, entered the re-

ception-room of the venerable painter, and presented to him a slender, handsome young man, whose honest expression of countenance, rich brown hair, dark magnetic eyes and courtesy of manner, made a most favorable impression upon the president. This young man was SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE. He was then little more than nineteen years of age, and a recent graduate of Yale College. He was the eldest son of Rev. Jedediah Morse, an eminent New England divine and geographer. Rev. Samuel Finley,

D.D., the second president of the College of New Jersey at Princeton, was his maternal great-grandfather, from whom he inherited the first portion of his name. Breese was the maiden name of his mother.

At a very early age young Morse showed tokens of taste and genius for art. At fifteen he made his first composition. It was a good picture, in water colors, of a room in his father's house, with the family—his parents, himself and two brothers—around a table. That pleasing picture hangs in his late home in New York, by the side of his last painting. From that period he desired to become a professional artist, and that desire haunted him all through his collegiate life. In February, 1811, when he was nearly nineteen years of age, he painted a picture (now in the office of the Mayor of Charlestown, Mass.) called "The Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth," which, with a landscape painted at about the same time, decided his father, by the advice of Stuart and Allston, to permit him to visit Europe with the latter artist. He bore to England letters to West, also to Copley, then old and feeble. From both he received the kindest attention and encouragement.

Morse made a carefully-finished drawing from a small cast of the Farnese Hercules, as a test of his fitness for a place as a student in the Royal Academy. With this he went to West, who examined the drawing carefully, and handed it back saying, "Very well, sir, very well; go on and finish it." "It is finished," said the expectant student. "O, no," said the president. "Look here, and here, and here," pointing out many unfinished places which had escaped the undisciplined eye of the young artist. Morse quickly observed the defects, spent a week in further perfecting his drawing, and then took it to West, with confidence that it was above criticism. The president bestowed more praise than before, and with a pleasant smile handed it back to Morse, saying, "Very well indeed, sir; go on and finish it."—"Is it not finished?" inquired the almost discouraged student. "See," said West, "you have not marked that muscle, nor the articulation of the finger-joints." Three days more were spent upon the drawing, when it was taken back to the implacable critic. "Very clever indeed," said West, "very clever; now go on and finish it."—"I cannot finish it," Morse replied, when the old man, patting him on the shoulder, said, "Well, well, I've tried you long enough. Now, sir, you've learned more by this drawing than you would have accomplished in double the time by a

dozen half-finished beginnings. It is not *numerous* drawings, but the character of one, which makes the thorough draughtsman. Finish one picture, sir, and you are a painter."

Morse heeded the sound advice. He studied with Allston and observed his processes; and from the lips of West he heard the most salutary maxims. Encouraged by both, as well as by the veteran Copley, he began to paint a large picture for exhibition in the Royal Academy, choosing for his subject "The Dying Hercules." Following the practice of Allston (who was then painting his celebrated picture of "The Dead Man restored to Life by touching the Bones of Elijah"), he modeled his figure in clay, as the best of the old painters did. It was his first attempt in the sculptor's art and was successful. A cast was made in plaster of Paris and taken to West, who was delighted. He made many exclamations of surprise and satisfaction; and calling to him his son Raphaël, he pointed to the figure and said: "Look there, sir, I have always told you that any painter can make a sculptor."

This model contended for the prize of a gold medal offered by the Society of Arts for the best original cast of a single figure, and won it. In the large room of the Adelphi, in the presence of British nobility, foreign ambassadors and distinguished strangers, the duke of Norfolk publicly presented the medal to Morse, on the 13th of May, 1813. At the same time his colossal painting, made from this model, then on exhibition in the Royal Academy, was receiving unbounded praise from the critics, who placed "The Dying Hercules" among the first twelve pictures in a collection of almost two thousand. So began, upon a firm foundation, the real art-life of this New England student.

Encouraged by this success, Morse determined to contend for the highest premium offered by the Royal Academy for the best historical composition, the decision to be made late in 1815. For that purpose he produced his "Judgment of Jupiter," in July of that year. West assured him that it would take the prize, but Morse was unable to comply with the rules of the Academy, which required the victor to receive the medal and money in person. His father had summoned him home, and filial love was stronger than the persuasions of ambition. West and Fuseli both urged the Academy to make an exception in his case, but it could not be done, and the young painter had to be contented with the assurance of the President

afterwards, that he would certainly have won the prize (a gold medal and \$250 in gold) had he remained.

West was always specially kind to those who came from the land of his birth. Morse was such a favorite with him, that while others were excluded from his painting-room at certain times, he was always admitted. West was then painting his great picture of "Christ Rejected." One day, after carefully examining Morse's hands, and observing their beauty and perfection, he said, "Let me tie you with this cord and take that place while I paint in the hands of the Saviour." It was done, and when he released the young artist, West said to him, "You may now say, if you please, that you had a hand in this picture."

Fuseli, Northcote, Turner, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Flaxman, and other eminent artists; and Coleridge, Wordsworth, Rogers, Crabbe, and other distinguished literary men, became fond of young Morse, for with an uncommonly quick intellect he united all the graces of pleasant manners and great warmth and kindness of heart, which charmed the colder Englishmen. And when in August, 1815, he packed his fine picture, "The Judgment of Jupiter," and others, and sailed for his native land, he bore with him the cordial good wishes of some of the best men in England.

When Morse reached Boston, he found that his fame had gone before him, and the best society of that city welcomed him. Cards of invitation to dinner and evening parties were almost daily sent to him. He was only in the twenty-fourth year of his age, and was already famous and bore the seal of highest commendation from the President of the Royal Academy. With such prestige he set up his easel with high hopes and the fairest promises for the future which were doomed to speedy decay and disappointment. The taste of his countrymen had not risen to the appreciation of historical pictures. His fine original compositions, and his excellent copies of those of others (among them one from Tintoretto's marvelous picture of "The Miracle of the Slain"), which hung upon the walls of his studio in Boston, excited the admiration of cultivated people; but not an order was given for a picture, nor even an inquiry concerning the prices of those on view.

Disappointed, but not disheartened, Mr. Morse left Boston, almost penniless, and in Concord, N. H., commenced the business of a portrait painter, in which he found constant employment at \$15 a subject, cabinet size. There he became acquainted with a Southern

gentleman, who assured him that he might find continual employment in the South at four-fold higher prices for his labor. He appealed to his uncle, Dr. Finley of Charleston, for advice, who cordially invited him to come as his visitor and make a trial. He went, leaving behind in Concord a young maiden to whom he was affianced, promising to return and marry her when better fortune should reward his labors. That better fortune soon appeared. Orders for portraits came in so thickly (one hundred and fifty, at \$60 each) that he painted four a week during the winter and spring. In the early summer time of 1818, he returned to New England with \$3,000 in his pocket, and on the 6th of October following his friends read this notice in the *New Hampshire Patriot*, published at Concord:—

"MARRIED, in this town, by Rev. Dr. McFarland, Mr. Samuel F. B. Morse (the celebrated painter) to Miss Lucretia Walker, daughter of Charles Walker, Esq."

Four successive winters Mr. Morse painted in Charleston, and then settled his little family with his parents, in a quiet home in New Haven, and again proceeded to try his fortune as an historical painter, by the production of an exhibition picture of the House of Representatives at the National Capital. It was an excellent work of art, but as a business speculation it was disastrous, sinking several hundred dollars of the artist's money and wasting nearly eighteen months of precious time. No American had taste enough to buy it, and it was finally sold to a gentleman from England.

Morse now sought employment in the rapidly-growing commercial city of New York. Through the influence of Mr. Isaac Lawrence he obtained the commission, from the corporate authorities of that city, to paint a full-length portrait of Lafayette, then in this country. He had just completed his study from life, in Washington city, in February, 1825, when a black shadow was suddenly cast across his hitherto sunny life-path. A letter told him of the death of his wife. There is a popular saying that "misfortunes seldom come single." The popular belief in the saying was justified in Mr. Morse's case, for in the space of a little more than a year death deprived him of his wife and his father and mother. Thenceforward his children and art absorbed his earthly affections, and he sought in a closer intimacy with artists the best consolations of social life. By that intimacy he was soon called upon to be the valiant and efficient champion of his professional brethren in a

bitter controversy between two associations, in this wise :—

The American Academy of Fine Arts, then under the presidency of Colonel John Trumbull, was in a languishing state, badly managed and of little use to artists. Indeed, the artists complained of ill usage by the directors, a majority of whom were not of the profession ; and Thomas S. Cummings, a spirited young student with Henry Inman, drew up a remonstrance and a petition for relief. Morse took a great interest in the matter, and called a few of the artists together at his rooms to discuss it. At that meeting he proposed as a remedy for the fatal disease of which the old Academy was dying, the formation of a society of artists for improvement in drawing. This was done in November, 1825, at a meeting held in the rooms of the New York Historical Society, at which the now venerable Asher B. Durand presided. The new organization was named "The New York Drawing Association." Mr. Morse was chosen to be its president. Its members were immediately claimed to be students of the Academy, and Colonel Trumbull endeavored to compel their allegiance. The artists were aroused, and the subsequent action of the Academy determined them to cut loose from all connection with it.

At a meeting of the Drawing Association in the following January, Mr. Morse, after a short address, proposed by resolutions the founding of an association of artists, far wider in its scope than the one over which he presided. He foreshadowed in a few words its character. The resolutions were adopted, and on the 18th of January, 1826, the new association was organized under the name of THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN. Mr. Morse was chosen to be its president, and for sixteen successive years he was annually elected to that office. Mr. Durand and General Thomas S. Cummings (the latter for forty years the treasurer of the new association) are the only survivors of the founders of that now flourishing institution.

The friends of the old Academy were very wrathful, and assailed the new association with unstinted bitterness, in which personalities were indulged. A war of words in the public press was carried on for a long time, which Mr. Morse, as the champion of the new society, waged with the vigorous and efficient weapons of candor, courtesy, and dignified, keen and lucid statements and arguments, which finally achieved a complete victory.*

Mr. Morse inaugurated a new era in the history of the fine arts in this country, by calling public attention to their usefulness and necessity, in a series of lectures on the subject before the New York Athenæum, to crowded audiences. These were repeated before the students and academicians of the National Academy of Design.

In 1829 Mr. Morse made a second professional visit to Europe. He was warmly welcomed and duly honored by the Royal Academy in London. West had been dead nine years, and Fuseli was no more ; but he found an admirer in Sir Thomas Lawrence, West's successor, and many friends among the younger academicians. During more than three years he made his abode in various continental cities. In Paris he studied in the Louvre, and there he made an exhibition picture of the famous gallery, with beautiful miniature copies of about fifty of the finest works in that collection. It failed as a speculation, and finally went to Hyde Hall, the seat of Mr. George Clarke, on Otsego Lake.

In November, 1832, Mr. Morse landed in New York, enriched by his transatlantic experience and full of the promise of attaining to the highest excellence in his profession. Allston, writing to Dunlap in 1834, said : "I rejoice to hear your report of Morse's advance in his art. I know *what is in him*, perhaps, better than any one else. If he will only bring out all that is *there*, he will show powers that many now do not dream of."

A higher revelation than art had even given it was now vouchsafed to the mind of Morse through Science, its sister and coadjutor. For several years his thoughts had been busy with that subtle principle, by whatever name it may be called, which seems to pervade the universe, and "spreads undivided, operates unspent." The lectures on electro-magnetism by his intimate friend, J. Freeman Dana, at the Athenæum, while he (Morse) was giving his course there on the Fine Arts, had greatly interested him in the subject, and he learned much in familiar conversations with Mr. Dana. Even at that early day, Dana's spiral volute coil suggested to Morse the electro-magnet used in his recording instruments.

While on his second visit to Europe, Mr. Morse made himself acquainted with the labors of scientific men in endeavors to com-

articles of the combatants, may be found in that rare and valuable work, *Historic Annals of the National Academy of Design*, by Professor Thomas S. Cummings, N. A.

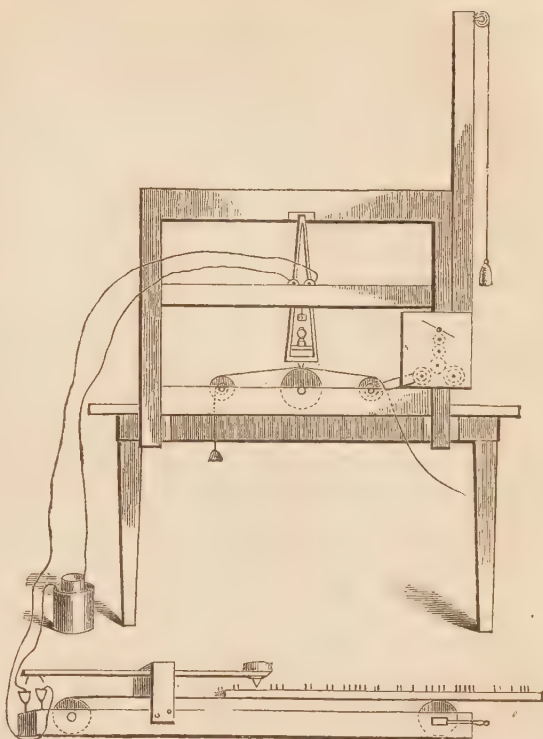
* A record of this controversy, with the newspaper

municate intelligence between far distant places out of the line of vision by means of electro-magnetism, and he saw an electromagnetic *semaphore* in operation. He was aware that so early as 1649, Strada, a Jesuit priest, had in fable prophesied of an electric telegraph; and that for half a century or more, philosophers had been, from time to time, partially succeeding in the discovery of the anxiously-looked for result. But no *telegraph* proper—no instrument *for writing at a distance*—had yet been invented.*

In the ship *Sully*, in which Mr. Morse voyaged from Havre to New York in the autumn of 1832, the recent discovery in France of the means for obtaining the electric spark from a magnet was a fruitful topic of conversation among the cultivated passengers; and it was during that voyage that a revelation was made to the mind of Morse, which enabled him to conceive the idea of an electro-magnetic and chemical *recording* telegraph, substantially and essentially as it now exists. Before the *Sully* had reached New York, he had elaborated his conceptions in the form of drawings and specifications, which he exhibited to his fellow-passengers. This fact, proven by the testimony of those passengers given in a court of justice, fixes the date of the invention of Morse's electro-magnetic recording telegraph at the autumn of 1832.

Circumstances delayed the construction of a complete recording telegraph by Mr. Morse, and the subject slumbered in his mind. During his absence abroad he had been elected to the professorship of the Literature of the Arts of Design in the University of the City of New York, and this field of duty oc-

* In 1774, Le Sage constructed an electric semaphore with twenty-four wires corresponding to the 24 letters of the alphabet. In 1793, Claude Chappé established an aerial line of electric semaphores. From 1780 to 1800, German, Italian, and Spanish philosophers made interesting experiments in this direction. In 1810 Schweiger discovered the multiplying power of the magnet by an electric coil, and in 1819 Oersted perfected the discovery of electro-magnetism. Ronalds constructed an electric semaphore, which made signals at a distance of eight miles, in 1816. In 1825 Sturgeon invented the electro-magnet. In 1830 Professor Henry applied Schweiger's coil to Sturgeon's magnet, and wonderfully increased the magnetic force which Morse subsequently used. Arago, Faraday, Ampère, Gauss and Weber, and Steinheil had made many valuable advances towards the great discovery, and Wheatstone very nearly reached it.



MORSE'S FIRST RECORDING TELEGRAPH.

cupied his attention for some time. Finally, in November, 1835, he completed a rude telegraphic instrument—the first recording apparatus—which is now in the library of his country-seat near Poughkeepsie. It embodied the mechanical principles of those now in use in every quarter of the globe. But his whole plan was not completed until July, 1837, when, by means of two instruments, he was able to communicate from as well as to a distant point. In September, hundreds of people saw it in operation at the University, the larger portion of whom looked upon it as a scientific toy constructed by an unfortunate dreamer.

In the following year Mr. Morse's invention was sufficiently perfected to induce him to call the attention of the National Congress to it, and ask their aid in the construction of an experimental line between the cities of Washington and Baltimore. Late in the long session of 1838, he appeared before that body with his instrument. Before leaving New York with it he invited a few friends to see it work. The written invitation ran thus, —I copy one now before me :

"Professor Morse requests the honor of Thomas S. Cummings, Esq., and family's company in the Geolo-

gical Cabinet of the University, Washington Square, to witness the operation of the electro-magnetic telegraph, at a private exhibition of it to a few friends, previous to its leaving the city for Washington.

"The apparatus will be prepared at precisely 12 o'clock, on Wednesday, 24th instant. The time belimited, punctuality is specially requested.

"NEW YORK UNIVERSITY, June 22, 1838."

One of the first messages on that wire was given to Mr. Cummings (yet in his possession) in these words: "Attention the Universe—By Kingdoms, right wheel—Facetiously." It may be explained by the fact that Mr. Cummings had just received military promotion to the command of a division. It is probably the first message by the recording telegraph now extant, and how prophetic!

Professor Morse found very little encouragement at Washington, and he went to Europe with the hope of drawing the attention of foreign governments to the advantages, and securing patents for the invention, having already filed a caveat at the patent office of his own country. His mission was a failure. England refused to grant him a patent, and France gave him only a useless *brevet d'invention*, which did not secure for him any special privilege. So he returned home, disappointed but not discouraged, and waited

patiently four years longer, before he again attempted to interest Congress in his invention.

The year before he went to Europe, Professor Morse suffered a severe disappointment in the way of his profession. He was an unsuccessful applicant for a commission to paint one of the pictures for the eight panels in the Rotunda of the national Capitol, which a law of Congress had authorized.

Morse was greatly disappointed. His artist friends showed their sympathy in the practical way of giving him an order to paint a historical picture, raising funds for the payment for it in shares of \$50 each. The first intimation the Professor had of their generous design, was when two of his professional brethren called upon him and gave the order, and at the same time informed him that \$3,000 had already been subscribed. "Never have I read or known of such an act of professional generosity," exclaimed Morse. He agreed to paint for them the picture he had projected for the Government—"The Signing of the First Compact on board the Mayflower"—and addressed himself to the task. But the telegraph soon absorbed his attention, and so won him from painting that he almost abandoned its practice. In 1841 he returned to the subscribers the amount in full, with interest, which had been paid to him, and so canceled the obligation. "Thus," wrote General Cummings, "while the world won a belt of instantaneous communication, the subscribers lost the pleasure of his triumph as an artist. The artist was absorbed in the electrician."

While Professor Morse was in Paris, in the spring of 1839, he formed an acquaintance with M. Daguerre, who, in connection with M. Niepce, had discovered the method of fixing the image of the camera obscura, which was then creating a great sensation among scientific men. These gentlemen were then considering a proposition from the French government to make their discovery public, on condition of their receiving a suitable pension. Professor Morse was anxious to see the photographic results before leaving for home, and the American Consul (Robert Walsh) made arrangements for an interview between the two discoverers. The inventions of each were shown to the other; and Daguerre promised to



FAC-SIMILE OF THE FIRST DAGUERREOTYPE OF THE FACE MADE IN AMERICA.

W h a t

This sentence was written from Washington by me
at the Baltimore Terminus at 8.^h 45 min.
A.M.

on Friday May 24.^m 1844, being the first^{ever}
transmitted from Washington to Baltimore, ^{by Telegraph} and.
was indited by my much loved

friend Annie G. Ellsworth.

Sam^l F. B. Morse.. Superintendent of Elec.
Mag. Telegraphs..

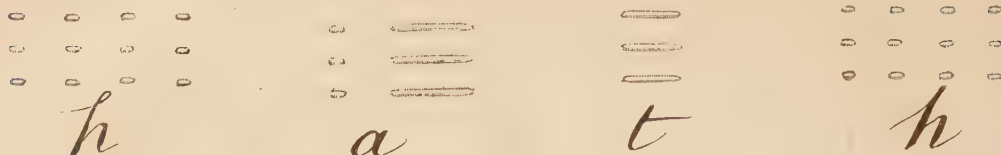
send to Morse a copy of the descriptive publication which he intended to make so soon as the pension should be secured. Daguerre kept his promise, and Morse was probably the first recipient of the pamphlet in this country. From the drawings it contained he constructed the first daguerreotype apparatus made in the United States.

From a back window in the New York University Professor Morse obtained a good representation of the tower of the Church of the Messiah, on Broadway, and surrounding buildings, which possesses a historical interest as being the first photograph ever taken in America. It was on a plate the size of a playing card. He experimented with Professor J. W. Draper in a studio built upon the roof of the University, and succeeded in taking likenesses from the living human face. His subjects were compelled to sit fifteen minutes in the bright sunlight, with the eyes closed, of course. Professor Draper shortened the process and was the first to take portraits with the eyes open. Some of the original plates so photographed upon by Professor

Morse were presented by him to Vassar College, of which he was a trustee.

On the preceding page will be seen an engraving of part of one of these plates (which originally contained three figures), in which the costumes almost mark the era of its production.

Again Professor Morse appeared before Congress with his telegraph. It was at the session of 1842-3. On the 21st of February, 1843, the late John P. Kennedy of Maryland moved that a bill in committee, appropriating \$30,000 to be expended, under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury, in a series of experiments for testing the merits of the telegraph, should be considered. It met with ridicule from the outset. Cave Johnson of Tennessee moved as an amendment, that one-half the sum should be given to a lecturer on Mesmerism, then in Washington, for trying mesmeric experiments under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Houston thought Millerism ought to be included in the benefits of the appropriation. After the indulgence of much cheap wit,



Mr. S. Mason of Ohio protested against such frivolity as injurious to the character of the House, and asked the chair to rule the amendment out of order. The chair (John White of Kentucky) ruled the amendment in order, because, as he said, "it would require a scientific analysis to determine how far the magnetism of Mesmerism was analogous to that to be employed in telegraphs." His wit was applauded by peals of laughter, when the amendment was voted down and the bill laid aside to be reported. It passed the House on the 23d of February, by the close vote of 89 to 83, and then went to the Senate. The efficient friends of Professor Morse in procuring this result were J. P. Kennedy of Maryland, S. Mason of Ohio, David Wallace of Indiana, C. G. Ferris of New York, and Colonel J. B. Aycrigg of New Jersey.

The bill met with neither sneers nor opposition in the Senate, but the business of that House went on with discouraging slowness. At twilight on the last evening of the session (March 3, 1843) there were 119 bills before it. As it seemed impossible for it to be reached in regular course before the hour of adjournment should arrive, the Professor, who had anxiously watched the tardy movements of business all day from the gallery of the Senate chamber, went with a sad heart to his hotel and prepared to leave for New York at an early hour the next morning. While at breakfast, a servant informed him that a young lady desired to see him in the parlor.

There he met Miss Annie Ellsworth, then a young school girl—the daughter of his intimate friend, Hon. Henry L. Ellsworth, the first Commissioner of Patents—who said, as she extended her hand to him: "I have come to congratulate you."

"Upon what?" inquired the Professor.

"Upon the passage of your bill," she replied.

"Impossible! Its fate was sealed at dusk last evening. You must be mistaken."

"Not at all," she responded. "Father sent me to tell you that your bill was passed. He remained until the session closed, and yours was the last bill but one acted upon, and it was passed just five minutes before

the adjournment; and I am so glad to be the first one to tell you. Mother says, too, that you must come home with me to breakfast."

The invitation was readily accepted, and the joy in the household was unbounded. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth had fully believed in the project, and the former, in his confidence in it and in his warm friendship for Prof. Morse, had spent all the closing hours of the session in the Senate chamber, doing what he could to help the bill along, and giving it all the influence of his high personal and official position.

Grasping the hand of his young friend, the Professor thanked her again and again for bearing him such pleasant tidings, and assured her that she should send over the wires the first message, as her reward. The matter was talked over in the family, and Mrs. Ellsworth suggested a message which Prof. Morse referred to the daughter, for her approval; and this was the one which was subsequently sent.

A little more than a year after that time, the line between Washington and Baltimore was completed. Prof. Morse was in the former city, and Mr. Alfred Vail, his assistant, in the latter; the first in the chamber of the Supreme Court, the last in the Mount Clare dépôt, when the circuit being perfect, Prof. Morse sent to Miss Ellsworth for her message, and it came.

"WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!"

It was sent in triplicate in the dot-and-line language of the instrument to Baltimore, and was the *first message ever transmitted by a recording telegraph*. A fac-simile of that first message, with Professor Morse's indorsement, is here given.

The story of this first message has been often told with many exaggerations. It has roamed about Europe with various romantic material attached to it, originating mainly in the French imagination, and has started up anew from time to time in our own country under fresh forms, but the above story is simply and literally true. An inventor in despair receives the news of his unexpected success from his friend's daughter, and he makes her a promise which he keeps, and



thus links her name with his own, and with an invention which becomes one of the controlling instruments of civilization for all time.

The first public messages sent were a notice to Silas Wright, in Washington, of his nomination for the office of Vice-President of the United States by the Democratic Convention, then (May, 1844) in session in Baltimore, and his response declining it. Hon. Hendrick B. Wright, in a letter to the author of this sketch, says: "As the presiding officer of the body, I read the despatch; but so incredulous were the members as to the authority of the evidence before them, that the Convention adjourned over to the following day, to await the report of a committee sent over to Washington to get *reliable* information upon the subject."

Such were the circumstances attending the birth of the Electro-Magnetic Recording Telegraph. The ingenuity of man had fashioned a body for it; but there it lay, with all its perfections undreamed of, excepting by a few prophetic philosophers,—its mighty powers all unknown,—almost as lifeless and useless as a rock in the wilderness, until Morse, divinely inspired, as he always believed, endowed it with intelligence. The poet said concerning the discoveries of Newton, which dispelled so much of the darkness which hung around the truths of science,

"God said, Let Newton live, and all was Light."

With equal truth may Morse be ranked among the creative agencies of God upon the earth.

The infant of his conception, so ridiculed and distrusted, immediately gave signs of its divinity. The doubters were soon ready to bring garlanded bulls to sacrifice to it as a god; and a prophet wrote:

"What more, presumptuous mortals, will you dare?

See Franklin seize the Clouds, their bolts to bury;
The Sun assigns his pencil to Daguerre,

And Morse the lightning makes his secretary!"

He stood before the world as the peer of Kings and Emperors, for the application of his thought to exquisite mechanism revolutionized the world. And kings and emperors soon delighted to pay homage to his genius by substantial tokens.

The Sultan of Turkey was the first monarch who recognized Professor Morse as a public benefactor, by bestowing upon him the decoration of the *Nishan Iftichar*, or *Order of Glory*. That was in 1848, the same year when his Alma Mater conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. The Kings of Prussia and Württemberg and the Emperor of Austria each gave him a *Gold Medal of Scientific Merit*, that of the first named being set in a massive gold snuff-box. In 1856, the Emperor of the French bestowed upon him the *Cross of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor*. The next year the *Cross of Knight Commander of the First Class in the Order of the Dannebrog* was presented to him by the King of Denmark, and in 1858 the Queen of Spain gave him the *Cross of the Knight Commander* (de numero) of the *Order of Isabella the Catholic*. The King of Italy gave him the *Cross of the Order of SS. Maurice and Lazarus*, and the Sovereign of Portugal presented him with the *Cross of the Order of the Tower and Sword*.

In 1858, a special congress was called by the Emperor of the French to devise a suitable testimonial of the nation to Professor Morse. Representatives from ten sovereignties convened at Paris under the presidency of Count Walewski, then the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, and by a unanimous vote they gave, in the aggregate, four hundred thousand francs (\$80,000) as "an honorary gratuity to Professor Morse," a "collective act, to demonstrate the sentiments of public gratitude justly excited by his invention." The States which participated in this testimonial were France, Austria, Russia, Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Piedmont, the Holy See, Tuscany and Turkey.

Like all useful inventions, Morse's recording telegraph found competitors for honors and emoluments. Its own progress in securing public confidence was at first slow. In 1846 House's letter-printing telegraph was brought out, and in 1849 Bain introduced electro-chemical telegraphy. Rival lines were established. Costly litigations ensued, which promised, at one time, to demand more money than the income from the inven-



tion. Finally, in 1851, the rival lines were consolidated, when different companies were formed to operate under the same patent. Since then other consolidations have taken place, and the Western Union Telegraph Company now controls a greater portion of the business in this country. According to a statement made by its able electrician, George B. Prescott, in January, 1871, that company was then operating 56,000 miles of line, 125,000 miles of wire, 4,600 offices, and was transmitting over 10,000,000 messages annually. The remaining companies were then operating about 10,000 miles of line. At about the same time there were in round numbers 175,000 miles of line and 475,000 miles of wire in operation in Great Britain, Ireland, and on the European continent. At the same time also there were over thirty-six thousand miles of submarine lines laid under the waters of the Atlantic and German Oceans; the Baltic, North Mediterranean, Arabian, China, Japan and Red Seas; the Persian Gulf; the Bay of Biscay; the Straits of Gibraltar and Malacca, and the Gulfs of Mexico and the St. Lawrence, by which the civilized world is put into close mental communication.

Of marine telegraphy, Professor Morse was the originator. So early as 1842, he laid the first marine cable across the harbor of New York, which achievement won for him the gold medal of the American Institute; and in a letter to John C. Spencer, then Secretary of the Treasury, in August, 1843, concerning electro-magnetism and its powers, he

wrote: "The practical inference from this law is, that a telegraphic communication on the electro-magnetic plan may with certainty be established across the Atlantic Ocean. Startling as this may now seem, I am confident the time will come when this project will be realized." That prophecy was fulfilled in 1858, when Professor Morse had yet fourteen years of life before him, and the most wonderful achievements of his marvelous invention were yet unrevealed. Among these was the long-worked-for result, accomplished only a few weeks before his death, namely, *the transmission of messages both ways over the same wire at the same instant.* This is the last great triumph of electro-magnetic telegraphy.

Very soon the almost sentient electro-magnetic nerve will convey instant intelligence through every ocean to every continent of the globe. May we not liken that nerve, throbbing with its mysterious essence, to the voice of the angel in the Apocalypse, who stood with one foot upon the *land* and the other upon the *sea* and proclaimed that *time* should be no longer?

Professor Morse enjoyed the full fruition of his great discovery, and received during his life the honors and emoluments which were justly his due. In addition to the attentions paid to him by governments, he was made the recipient of public honorary banquets in London, Paris, and New York. At the latter, given at the close of 1868, the Chief Justice of the United States presided, and many of the dignitaries of the republic and the British minister at Washington were in attendance.

In 1871 a statue of Professor Morse was erected in Central Park, New York, at the expense of the telegraph operators of the country. It was unveiled on the 10th of June with the most imposing ceremonies, in which leading men of the nation participated. There were delegates from every State in the Union, and from the British provinces. In the evening a public reception was given to the venerable inventor at the Academy of Music, at which Hon. William Orton, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, presided, assisted by scores of the



MORSE'S RESIDENCE AT LOCUST GROVE.



leading public men of the nation as vice-presidents. Impressive speeches were uttered. The last scene was most impressive of all. It was announced that the telegraphic instrument before the audience was then in connection with every other one of the 10,000 instruments in America, when Miss Cornell, a young telegraphic operator, touched its key and sent this message to all: "GREETING AND THANKS TO THE TELEGRAPH FRATERNITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD-WILL TO MEN." Then the venerable inventor was conducted to the instrument, touched the key, and the sounder struck "S. F. B. MORSE." A storm of enthusiasm swept through the house for some moments, as the audience arose, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and old men and young men alike cheering as with one voice.

Professor Morse appeared in public for the last time on the 22d of February, 1872, when he unveiled the statue of Franklin erected in Printing House Square, in New York. After that his health rapidly declined, and on Tuesday, the 2d of April, 1872, his spirit passed out peacefully from its earthly tabernacle to the bosom of God. On the 5th his remains were carried in a casket to the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, when the glorious Anthem, "I heard a voice from Heaven," was sung, a funeral discourse was pronounced by Rev. William Adams, D.D., and a concluding prayer by Rev. B. F. Wheeler, pastor of the church at Poughkeepsie, of which the deceased was a member. Then the remains were taken to Greenwood Cemetery. Just before his death, Professor Morse's physicians, uncertain as to the exact nature of his disease, raised him up and sounded his chest with fingerappings. The Professor roused from the stupor in which he had

been lying, when one of the physicians said, "This is the way *we* telegraph." The dying man comprehended the point, and replied, "Very good—very good." These were his last words.

Professor Morse was twice married. His first wife, as we have seen, died in 1825. His second wife (still living) was Sarah Elizabeth Griswold, a grand-daughter of the late Arthur Breese, of Utica, and Catharine Livingston, of Poughkeepsie, to whom he was married in the summer of 1848.

The Professor's private life was one of almost unalloyed happiness. After his last marriage, his summer home was on the banks of the Hudson just below Poughkeepsie, called "Locust Grove," and his winter residence was in New York City. His presence was always sunshine to his family, and his influence in society was benign. He was, in the highest sense of the term, a Christian gentleman, a faithful disciple of the Redeemer, and a fine exemplar of dutiful obedience to every law in all the relations of life, domestic and social.

The invention of Professor Morse is a gift to mankind of immeasurable value. It has already widened the range of human thought and action, and given to literature a truer catholicity and humanity, whilst more than any other agency it is binding the nations of the earth in a brotherhood which seems like the herald of the millennial era. Its silent forces are working with awful majesty in the realm of mind, reducing the ideals of the old mythologies to practical and beneficent results.

Has inspiration ceased? Have revelations come to an end? Was that first message a chance communication, or a direct inspiration of the Almighty? "WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!"

FOLK-LIFE IN GERMAN BY-WAYS.



THE TOILER OF THE VOGELSBERG.

THE highways of the Fatherland have, of late years, become common property of the average tourist; and he who would not repeat an oftold story must seek a more retired field for his observations. And thus we turn from the plains of Northern Germany, the smiling vineyards of the Rhine, the charming landscapes of the Neckar, the towering summits of Alpine peaks, or the calm bosom of emerald lakes, to penetrate into hidden retreats, where we shall have the opportunity to observe and study the whims and ways, the walk and talk of peasant life.

And these opportunities are manifold and manifest, for in scores of instances the high road of European travel leads within an hour's ride of some of the most unique and peculiar phases of the German peasantry. Many of the landings along the Rhine are at the mouth of some little stream whose windings would soon bring us into a new world. Follow its tortuous path, or clamber the rocky heights that form its sides, and in a short time you will, most likely, come into a region whose inhabitants bear quite a different stamp from those we meet in places where travelers most do congregate.

The German peasants form the most conservative communities in the world. Within a stone's throw of all the habits and customs of modern civilization, they will persistently

maintain their speech, their costume, and their notions, both at work and at play. These differ also greatly in different regions, so that one can stand on a mountain summit, and look into valleys right and left, whose inhabitants wear different garbs, speak different dialects, and who, quite likely, may be of opposite faiths. These peculiarities are so marked that one well versed in folk-lore can divine among a score of men of different origin, the valley or the mountain range to which each one belongs.

Some of the greatest of German philologists—like the brothers Grimm—have devoted many years to the study of their various dialects and legends, and thus unraveled many a riddle as to their probable origin, and the part which their fathers played in the emigration that finally settled among all these hills and vales. The study of German folk-life is therefore well-nigh exhaustless, and one who would do justice to it must choose some particular region, that its manners and customs may be considered apart. In this view we will ask our readers to accompany us to the heart of the Grand Duchy of Hesse, whose mountain range, known as the Vogelsberg, is famous for the hardihood and quaintness of its peasantry.

The Vogelsberg, some thirty miles in length and twenty in breadth, if we include its slowly receding sides, forms the watershed between



AN AGED HELPMATE.

the Rhine and the Weser. It is a bald basaltic region rising to the height of about three thousand feet, and its rocky soil gives but a scanty support to the peasantry who here fight the sharp battle of life. But this very struggle for subsistence has developed a remarkable energy of character and tenacity of purpose, which have also left their physical imprint in the personal appearance of the population. The Vogelsberg peasantry are known far and wide as a community that can work harder, obtain more from a given area, and live on less, than perhaps any other in the Fatherland.

The whole mountain range is pretty well settled, and the principal occupations in the summer are husbandry, the dairy, and cattle-raising. But the season is short, on account of the elevation, and the winters are extremely severe. Popular humor affirms that in a village near the summit, it takes three men to wear one fur cap during a wind storm, viz., one whose head it covers, and one on each side of him to help hold it on. The snow often lies so deep in this same village that it frequently reaches to the second story windows, out of which the boys slide on the frozen snow with their sleds. But the Vogelsberger learns to fight the snow as the sailor does the stormy waves, and this strife helps to make him the strong man that he is.

As a mere child of six or seven years he is sent out to tend the cattle, and when a little older he will go in harvest-time to earn a few dollars at reaping or threshing in a neighboring valley, and when he has acquired a field and a cot of his own he is industrious beyond most toilers, for the rising sun finds him at his labor, which is frequently prolonged late into the evening, when he is favored by the moon. This hard service gives him a tough constitution and a wiry frame that makes him a capital soldier, capable of enduring the sternest exposures of war. He is therefore a great favorite in the grand-ducal army, and many of the peasants of the Vogelsberg were in former times recruited by their ruler to be hired as mercenaries to foreign powers. And in this way the famous Hessians were sent to this country during the Revolution, the innocent victims of a rapacious monarch.

The few hundred dollars that a Vogelsberger may thus obtain in a campaign will enable him to procure a little home for life, and thus he willingly for a period becomes a soldier for the purpose of being able to obtain a cot of his own. His life is in this way a continuous battle, and by the time he is



THE LITTLE CHURCH OF BUSENDOM.

well through with it, few men present a harsher or more weather-beaten frame and face than he. But in this line we believe that our artist can tell a better story than can we; and we have presented two portraits, taken from life, of an aged pair, man and wife, whose toils and struggles are now nearly over. The husband was a famous soldier in his early days, and did good service in the battles of Jena and Wagram. In this last battle he was wounded and taken prisoner, but was finally exchanged, and discharged with a little pension that he still receives. His hair is yet dense and not entirely gray, and covers the forehead in Vogelsberg style, but his back is pretty well bent by the weight of four-score years and more. It would be hard to find a sterner face than his or that of his aged wife, who still carries with him. She is from the highest village on the mountain, and commenced early her career as a toiler in the field and the cabin, aiding by her industry and economy to support the household that has grown up around them.

These families often come in groups to this country, to wander out to our fertile prairies, and we are not alone in wondering at their prosperity, for the surrounding peasants have a saying that where these Vogelsbergers prosper, other men would die.

Yet these incessant toilers must have their pleasures to counteract the stern severity of labor, and as these are mostly social, they give rise to many peculiar customs. As soon as winter comes, the spinning-wheel is the accompaniment of nearly every gathering. Old and young, male and female, all spin, and the winter evenings are generally thus spent, either in company or at home. The peasant girls have their spinning-parties, to which the lads are invited in the evening, which generally close with a frugal supper and a dance. They are also great singers, and in this respect without their equals.



THE BROADWAY OF WILLINGSHAUSEN.

among the German peasantry. They sing in the house and in the meadow, and especially over the plough and the flax. An ancient saying affirms that the flax is sure to turn out well that has been planted, pulled, and spun with song.

As a community they are deeply imbued with a religious spirit, as is well shown by a number of their quaint adages. "Sunday makes the week," they say; that is, it is by far the most important day of the week. "A peasant that does not go to church is no better than the other cattle." "He is a bad peasant who can relish his sourcroust on Sunday without a sermon." Many of these crude proverbs are handed down directly

from the mouth of Luther, as for instance: "A peasant without the fear of God is no better than his god-father, the ox."

Their food is plain, and ordinarily sparse; oatmeal gruel often takes the place of coffee, though the latter, with bread, is their favorite breakfast. Milk and eggs they have in abundance, but meat not more than once or twice a week, usually on Sunday. Their national vegetable is the potato. This appears in the form of broth, dumplings, pancakes, etc., on every festive occasion. On Sundays a piece of salt beef or pork, with sourcroust or sausage or smoked bacon, is considered quite a treat. Butter is seldom eaten by them; this, with cheese and eggs, goes to pay the taxes, or the little expenses of the week.

In no part of Germany have the peasants clung so tenaciously to their old costumes as in the Vogelsberg. These have not changed for centuries. And in some instances, here, the Catholics can be immediately distinguished from the Protestants by their dress, as a few Catholic villages on the east side of the mountains have maintained their identity until the present time, though surrounded by a Protestant community. In the matter of costumes it is observable that the Catholics retain them more strictly than the Protestants, and the women everywhere more so than the men. And it is an interesting fact that in this region the young peasant girls still wear their blonde hair precisely as Tacitus described it eighteen hundred years ago; a bunch is first collected on the top of the head, and round

this are coiled rich braids of hair fastened to it with a wooden pin.

Their family festivals, such as marriages, baptisms and funerals, always take place in the church, and there are consequently many of these scattered over the Vogelsberg; every village has its shrine, of which we give an illustration in "The little Church of Busendom." This is the scene of many a merry marriage festival, and the wreath-crowned pole indicates that preparations for one are making at the inn to-day. There are always two marriages—the first makes the "bride" and the second the wife.

The betrothal generally occurs on Sunday at the house of the prospective bride. Hither the relations repair in procession, and in their presence are drawn up the papers of agreement, stipulating distinctly what the young people are to receive respectively from their parents, in fields and meadows, cattle, money, and household utensils. When these matters are all amicably settled, the papers are signed, the parties are declared bride and groom, and the company makes merry in feasting and dancing; the bride and groom dancing together alone at the opening of the festival, and then eating together from one plate.

At the second or actual marriage, great pride is taken in having a stately wagon bearing the principal gifts to the young pair. Part of the load is composed of flax, which the bride's parents have been collecting for her during all the years of her girlhood; to this are added chairs, table, bureau, bed, and

kitchen utensils, but above all a beautiful new spinning-wheel covered with the whitest flax and decked with ribbons. The train to the church is headed by the bridal pair, adorned with wreaths, that of the bride trimmed with white ribbons in case her character for chastity is unsullied, but should she not be free from imputation, these would be indignantly torn from her during the march. As they pass to the church the bridal pair are to walk close together and in silence, and are not to look backward; this precaution is considered necessary, that witches may not slip in between them.



"WE TRUSTED IN GOD, AND BUILT THIS HOUSE IN 1832."



THE PEASANT OF WILLINGSHAUSEN.

When the ceremony is over, each one lays his gift on the altar, and the new wife gives to the pastor her white handkerchief and rosemary bud. A gift of some kind every invited guest is expected to bring. The event of course closes with an abundant feast, music and dancing. Sometimes the whole company will partake first of coffee and cake at the parental house, and then start off for a procession through the village, while the home is being prepared for the substantial meal. In this ceremony the men all have in their mouths long clay pipes bound around with red and blue ribbons.

The next family festival is that of the "christening." The anxieties of child-birth are scarcely over before this begins. The new-born child must be baptized as soon as it is possible to take it to the church. The superstitious feeling that death without this ceremony would result in the eternal suffering

of the infant soul impels them to be absolutely cruel at times in hurrying the little innocent out into cold or storm ;—for again this must if possible take place in the church, and be attended with great ceremony. A score of god-parents are to be chosen, and the father pays each one a visit of etiquette to announce the happy event and extend the invitation. These, then, in their turn must, according to their circumstances, on an early visit to the mother, present her a small sum of money and a quarter of a pound of coffee and sugar. This is with the view to enable every family to have a Christian supper. It is the duty of the persons thus chosen to be present at the ceremony, and promise their special care and protection to the child should it lose its parents. The men adorn their hats and coats with ribbons and flowers, and the women add to these other ornaments of beads and pearls that are the common property of the community. The christening feast is always a famous entertainment of the best things that the people can afford, so much for each guest, and what he cannot eat he wraps up and takes home

with him,—paper being provided specially for that purpose. Parties living far from the village frequently hold the festival at the baker's, that the good things may be in abundance and near at hand.

These festive occasions, however, are about the only ones when the Vogelsbergers may be called good liver, and their reputation with the peasants of the surrounding regions is not at all desirable, for these indulge in many sharp thrusts at the lofty mountains with nothing to eat on them, and the spacious vessels filled with sour wine. And indeed the whole land of Hesse is the butt of rustic wits in this regard, but somewhat unjustly. For if we leave these bold and rugged regions by way of the valley of the Schwalm, and wend our course towards the south, we shall meet with many fruitful plains covered with rich harvest-fields and luxuriant meadows. On either side rise lovely hills planted with exten-

sive vineyards, which yield a favorite wine. Here the people are proud of their stately herds and noble horses, and live in large and smiling villages, handed down by their forefathers, whose good old ways and customs the children retain with passionate pride. Some of these peasant villagers are of quite an aristocratic caste, from the fact that their estates revert to their eldest sons, while the other children are sent out into the world to make their fortune as they best can. This custom produces comparative wealth among those who remain, and such villages scarcely contain a really poor peasant. And such a community is so proud of its possessions, and so desirous of retaining them, that if one of their number by neglect or bad management allows his patrimony to become endangered by debt, they appoint a guardian to take care of him, or they force him to sell his property to one of them, that it may not fall into strange hands, for they seem to be strongly opposed to the introduction of strangers. These peasants of the wealthier villages of the Schwalm valley seldom even marry a wife from any other region.

These are not, however, the best spots to study folk-life, for the aristocratic pride of caste deters them from indulging in many of the peculiar customs that mark poorer and genuine peasant life. For this purpose we select one of the homelier villages of a side valley, known as Willingshausen, which is but two or three miles from a prominent station on the road leading from Cassel to Frankfort. As it is so accessible by rail, it has been quite a place of resort for some of those famous Düsseldorf artists, one of whom has tried his pencil on nearly every quaint and humble object in the vicinity. We open the panorama with his view of a street in Willingshausen—its Broadway, indeed, where may be seen all the life and gayety of the old village. Its peculiar frame-work architecture of wood, filled in with stone and mud or mortar, with the lofty pointed roofs, forms a striking contrast with the style of building in the Saxon villages. In these latter the houses are generally low and set back from road or street, with yard inclos-

ed by a wall for wagons, ploughs, and other agricultural implements. But in Willingshausen the street is free to all and everything, and thus presents a motley though not picturesque group of cows and carts, peasant women and children, and whatever else of man or beast may chance to gravitate to this center.

Though the reader may fail to perceive the evidences of a lively town by the illustration which we give, there are seasons when these avenues are thronged with the peasants of all the region around, and ring with jest and rustic merriment. The annual "Kirness" or church-mass, a festival supposed to be instituted in honor of the dedication of the church, occurs here in October, and generally lasts three days, and affords an opportunity to witness folk-life in all its peculiarity of deed and costume. And though it is a so-called church-festival, there is now nothing church-like about it but the name, whatever it may have been in the beginning. It is now a sort of harvest-home rejoicing, after the heaviest labors of the year are over, and the gains, if any, are in the peasants' pockets. They now feel that they deserve a merry-



"MAY AND DECEMBER."

making, and none but a cynic can blame them, after their long and fatiguing toil. We will therefore look on and enjoy it with them.

The Kirmess is a period from which to reckon what is to happen or what has passed. It is so many weeks before or after Kirmess. Everybody must then have a little money for clothes and pleasure, though at other times he may be poor unto rags. A few days before the rustic fair begins, the young fellows of all the region meet in the village inn, and inscribe themselves as contributors to the festival, with the names of the peasant girls with whom they have the exclusive right to dance. Their choice has generally been made at the May festival in the spring, at a sort of public auction, when the town-crier, surrounded by all the lads and lasses, mounts a wagon and demands what maiden shall be allotted to the gallant fellow at his side, when by public acclamation is awarded the fairest lassie to the bravest lad, and thus the pairing goes on until every Jack has his Gill, even to the humblest and most unseemly. By this

generous proceeding all are mated for the dance and attendance on public occasions for the year, and though it seems simply adopted as means to secure to all the pleasure of these occasions, the coupling on May-day frequently results in better or for worse through life.

The evergreens are then planted around the village inn, and profusely adorned with flags and ribbons, during which the boys and girls, now free from work or school, have a merrymaking on the dancing-floor. The day is opened with church service, which is more festive than devotional, and when this is over, the young men, with music and banners, go from house to house in procession, each one calling on and taking with him the maiden whom he is to protect. When the band is thus fully formed, and all in gala dress, they march around to serenade the parson, the schoolmaster, the burgomaster, or civil chief of the community. This being over, the festival is fairly begun at the inn with music, song, and dance. The first three

rounds are always danced by the pairs as coupled on May-day, then the lads step into the background and invite all strangers to try their skill, — and the more of these the better for the pockets of the boys, for all who dance contribute a fixed trifle to the expense, and thus lessen the cost of the entertainment.

The first day is largely given up to visitors, and the second belongs more especially to the inhabitants of the place. In the morning the band serenades the most influential families, and by noon they all appear with song and jest ready for a jovial time during afternoon and evening, when there seems to be a special demand for rustic wit, and pranks which savor more of sensuous exuberance than of good taste. Then, with great gusto, they always execute the national dance which



"CHERRY-RIPE."

overflows with odd, ungraceful gesticulations and contortions of the body, and closes with a measured striking of the heels, accompanied with time-honored strains declaring that to-day the peasants forget all care and drown all sorrow. In the evening the married pairs have exclusive right to the dance, when the young people step respectfully aside, or perhaps wander away farther than the dancing parents might think judicious. And finally, when the weather permits the festivities in the open air, under the favorite lime-trees, the closing scenes do not occur till nearly morning, when with sad songs and funereal marches the Kirmess is buried in an old pot until the following autumn.

The frivolous and worldly character of these so-called church festivals might lead us to infer that there was an utter absence of religious feeling among the Hessian peasantry, but this is far from being the case, for nearly every celebration is introduced by some religious ceremonies. The trouble is that these are too common, and thus give their name to what is not now intended to have any churchly relation. Their religion runs into superstition rather than indifference, and they seldom undertake any enterprise without in some way invoking the blessing of God. Nearly every house in Willingshausen bears some testimonial of this on the outside, to say nothing of the pious or wise proverbs that crown the doorposts of nearly every room. We have given a quaint specimen of one on a house at the corner of one of the principal streets, that will aid us in studying the architecture and adornments, while illustrating our remark. Over the door will be noticed what is apparently a sign, but is really the pious inscription: "We trusted in God, and built this house in 1832." It will also be observed that the head-dress of the family circle is such as we have described, while the general appearance will testify that there are no backdoors in Willingshausen—pigs, chickens, cows, and horses all having the same playground and entrance as the family. But the little platform for flowers at the window will also indicate that these peasants have a certain love of nature that rather strangely contrasts with their other arrangements.



THE UNDERGROWTH OF WILLINGSHAUSEN.

The costume of these peasant women on holiday occasions is often quite tasty and attractive. Their peculiar coiffure is crowned with a neat red cap, in case the wearer is a maiden, but if married this must be of black. The neck is nearly always adorned with strings of red coral, which are quite often a costly heirloom. The chest is protected by a tight corsage embroidered with gold, and in front elaborately worked with beads and silk. But the strangest part of their costume is their dozen kirtles, of which they are always proud, and which give to them at times an ungraceful rotundity. The innermost and longest reaches only to the knee, and exposes nothing but its broad white embroidered edge; then they rise gradually one above the other, the edge of each exposed to discover its color and workmanship, until finally the corsage closes by what is little more than a broad silken band, bordered with some deft handiwork of the wearer. Long white stockings and high-heeled shoes complete the picturesque outfit.

The men have also their peculiar dress, which we present in illustration, and exactly

as there seen; they mostly have tall, stalwart figures, with pleasant face and blue eyes. The hair is usually blonde, and falls in waves or curls over neck and shoulders. The costume of the men is much like that seen in lower Saxony or Swabia; their head in summer and winter is usually covered with a velvet cap trimmed with fur and gold braid. On grand occasions, or when they leave home, these have an enormous broad brim, fastened up behind and before with a cord. In winter they wear the long blue coat all buttoned down before, which in summer is exchanged for one of dazzling white. As will be seen in the cut, they delight in buttons; these are sometimes nearly as large as a Mexican dollar, and in rare cases, for a grand display of wealth, they are actually silver coins. The waistcoat is mostly of the deepest red, adorned with large, round brass buttons. Buttoned leggings extend from the foot to the leather or velvet breeches at the knee.

The artist has rightly given us the peasant beside his plough, for the men of the valley of the Schwalm are as diligently industrious as those of the Vogelsberg. In the laboring season they allow themselves but a few hours' repose in the twenty-four. One wonders how their bodies can stand such unremitting toil. To be known as a sleeper is a great disgrace, and the greatest honor is accorded to him who is the first to leave his couch in the early morning. This sometimes becomes a jealous rivalry. Thus in the summer the honor belongs to the man who is the first to have finished his harvest; and therefore no part of Germany presents a more industrious and busy population in the months of summer and high harvest than the valleys of this region.

And to industry they join a stern economy; few know better how to save a penny as well as earn it, than the peasantry of these quiet retreats. Their very speech is full of adages showing this to be the ruling passion, and they are thus taught in early life to be almost covetous. But though saving to a fault, they are strictly honest in all their dealings. Their word is their bond, and a bargain is seldom closed in any other way than by the shake of the hand. If a document is demanded, it is generally considered a sign that the credit of the debtor is not very good, and the demand would in many cases be considered an insult, and lead to the retraction of the bargain.

After the "Kirness," the very best opportunity of observing and studying these people is afforded by their annual fairs for the



VINTNER OF THE NECKAR.

sale of their products and the purchase of their necessary supplies. These are held in the different villages at stated seasons, and nearly every center is celebrated for some special trade—in one it is cattle, in another grain, in another cheese or butter, and so on. At all of them nearly everything that they need is supplied in return by the wandering traders, so that they have but little need of stores in the villages, and usually do not have them. During these fairs the surrounding villages are very nearly deserted, because the inhabitants all flock to the fair to sell or buy, to meet friends, or to learn what is going on in their region. Young and old, "May and December," crowd in to see and be seen; some in the most ancient and humble costumes, as shown in our cut, and others all afloat with waving ribbons, blue or white coats with fancy buttons, or deep red vest, and corsage with a host of parti-colored skirts. Occasionally the towering white caps of the women from other valleys are seen, or the short bobtail coats of the men, the com-



VINTNERS OF THE NECKAR.

pany presenting an ever-varying panorama of odd outfits that seldom come so far from home under any other inducement than to sell their wares. But from whatever district they may come, they all seem to feel that the honor of said region is in their keeping, and thus they appear in what seems to them the most attractive array, which gives the stranger the fairest opportunity to study all local costumes.

In Willingshausen, as, indeed, everywhere in the Fatherland, the children of the peasantry, very nearly as soon as they can walk, adopt the national garb and enter the rank of the workers. They thus all appear prematurely old, and sometimes extremely ludicrous as they toddle about in skirt and bodice, in long coat and breeches. The distinctive mark of the little girls are the long braids of hair that hang over back or breast until they are quite advanced into maidenhood, as they enter which they have strong desires to see it coiled around their heads, and when this is

attained they begin to feel like young women. Our artist has by no means neglected the claims of childhood in the valley of the Schwalm, and his cunning pencil in "Cherry-ripe," and the "Undergrowth of Willingshausen," does the little ones far more justice than we could hope to attain to in any rivalry with the pen.

And now we propose to turn from the stern severity of life, look, and deed of the peasants of Northern and Middle Germany, to the more genial and kindly ways and appearance of the dwellers in the valleys and on the hillsides of the sunnier lands of the south. The smiling vineyards seem to exert a kindlier influence on those who cultivate them and live among them, and to offer a more generous return for the labor that makes the battle of life a little less severe. And we can for this visit scarcely choose a more interesting region in all Swabia, as the principal land of Southern Germany is called, than the fertile and smiling valley of the

Neckar. The inhabitants of all these lands receive in contempt from the Northern Germans the appellation of "Schwabs," which it will be seen is a corruption from the Latin name of their territory. To be a Schwab is to be an easy, good-natured personage, but a decidedly "slow coach," and therefore the Northerners say that the Schwabs do not arrive at the age of maturity till forty, and are not much wiser than children then. But a great deal of this talk springs from sectional rivalry and petty jealousy, and the tarrying tourist finds more generous hospitality, undisguised welcome, and frankness of nature here than elsewhere. A proof of this is found in the fact that thousands of foreigners, and especially of Americans, are now finding temporary homes for a few years of pleasant stay, or the education of their families, in some of the South-German cities.

We will make a little trip to one of the vintners' villages on the banks of the Neckar, which we shall find, in many respects, calculated to remind us of home. The comfortable little houses grouped in the valley below the vine-bearing hills bear more the appearance of cottages than most of the rural homes in the Fatherland; they are frequently painted white, with green blinds to the windows, to protect the inmates from the heat of the mid-summer sun. The grape is cultivated, all around the houses, in running vines which ever and anon intrude their welcome presence into doors and windows, and in the autumn offer rich treasures of purple clusters to the diligent inmates. But the labor is of course expended on the terraced vineyards that creep step by step up the hillside above the village, and year after year repay in undiminished quantities the steady diligence of the workers. For the vintner's life is no holiday affair, though it is seldom the fearfully slavish toil by which the Northern peasant is forced to wring a scanty subsistence from the soil.

The season of labor during almost night and day is that of the vintage, when everything else must for a time make way for the exigencies of the moment. For many circumstances can occur which make it absolutely necessary to gather the juicy harvest in half the ordinary time, to save it from disease or unpropitious weather. Then every woman and child of the village is picking the grapes from the stalks, and every able-bodied man or boy is doing severe duty in carrying on his back, in large wooden vessels, the gathered grapes to the wine-press. Some of these stalwart men will bear away hundreds

of pounds in one burden and carry it long distances. What is gathered during the day is often pressed out at night, and even after this labor is performed they find time for a little recreation and rest before daylight again calls them to the welcome toil.

This work requires broad shoulders and heavy frames, which are developed by labor and nourishing food; and it needs also a large degree of intelligence for competent judgment regarding the treatment of the vine, the gathering of the grapes, and the manufacture of the wine. These qualities we believe the artist faithfully depicts in the three vintners of the Neckar, whose frank and kindly faces are portraits of living and acting personages. We need scarcely call attention to the marked contrast here offered to the stern and weather-beaten faces with which we began our story of folk-life. It is plain to be seen where it would be most easy to find or form warm-hearted friends. This trio are man, wife, and brother, who live, and work, and pray in harmony. For we are among a community that possesses a deep religious feeling, which fashions their daily lives. The men carry on the vineyard, while wife and daughters care for the household, the dairy, the meadow, and even cultivate a field large enough to supply them with the ordinary wants of the table.

These brothers are members of a praying-band, that on Sundays and twice during the week hold their meetings, in which a sermon is delivered, or an exhortation made, accompanied with singing, discussion of religious matters, and prayer. Now this pious fervor among laymen is no ordinary occurrence in Germany, and therefore is worthy of notice.

These are some of the members of quite a wide-spread body in Wurtemberg that derives its tenets and its zeal from a pious peasant of the early part of the present century, who believed in the early coming of Christ, and wrote much concerning this subject, which has found believers and adherents. These keep their relations with the church, and usually attend it in the morning, holding its ordinances in honor, and enjoying them with sincerity. When the duties of the church have been faithfully performed, these pious members feel that they have still a personal responsibility, which they practically execute by leading the devotions at these special meetings for prayer and praise. The elder of these men is seventy years of age, and still performs cheerfully and easily all his labor in the vineyard, while he has growing

up around him a numerous and happy family of well-trained and successful children and grandchildren.

He is a man of reliable judgment in all matters of deep interest to his community and his co-religionists, and has the advantage of quite extensive travel which he undertook in this inducement. His sect seem to have the ordinary appreciation of Bible truths common to evangelical sects, with the exception of some peculiar doctrines regarding the early coming of Christ. They believe that the Saviour will soon appear again in person on earth, and that he will choose Jerusalem as the scene of his advent. They feel it therefore a religious responsibility that Palestine be prepared for his coming, and appreciate the advantage of being near the present Saviour on his appearance. To this end they have long been preparing for an extensive emigration to the Holy Land, with a view to rescue it from the hands of the unbelievers before the coming of the Lord. A few years ago Hoffmann, their present leader, a most able theologian and historian, resolved to make a journey to the Promised Land to convince himself of the feasibility of emigration to that spot and settlement there. His aged friend accompanied the leader, with a view to judge of the adaptability of the land to the culture of the grape and the cereals, so as to be able to decide whether it would be judicious to encourage emigration thither.

The wise old man seems to have returned

with the sage conviction that it were better to remain at home, and finish his earthly pilgrimage where he began it, than to hasten to evils that he knew not of. But his familiarity with the Bible from his youth up enabled him to make his journey to the Promised Land with great profit, and since his return he has been the oracle of his village in matters regarding this vain enterprise, and probably by his quietly staying where he is, has induced many to abandon a scheme which could only end in discomfiture.

Hoffmann finally took a band with him to Palestine in the futile hope of being permitted to proceed to Jerusalem and settle there, but the Turkish authorities have hitherto so persistently rejected all endeavors to obtain land and homes there, that they have settled down as industrious artisans in Jaffa or Beyrut, and have even, we believe, established a hospital in that port for the reception of sick travelers. They are said to be doing well on the borders of the Promised Land while waiting for a favorable opportunity to reach the capital. They hope that the intervention of the German government in a diplomatic way will finally bring them to their goal, but the German authorities do not seem to favor the enterprise, and would doubtless much prefer to keep at home so honest and thrifty a portion of their population; and well they may, for such a peasantry are the true jewels of the land.

SATISFIED.

You question if her love have depths like mine
Under the fair gold calm of what it seems;
If beauteously an equal sun-ray shine
Down the still hidden cloisters of our dreams;

You question if I find not in her gaze
Reflex of glowing fervors from mine own—
If half the glad sweet music of my days
From shadow-realms of fancy be not blown.

Friend, do I cavil at the rich low star
That crowns yon roseate mistiness of sky,
Wanting its placid orb less vague and far—
One beam the tenderer, mellower? Not I.

Always they fail who always would attain.
Wherefore I ask no costlier good than this:
Perfectly to accept the joys I gain,
Blind for a life-time to the joys I miss!

NAPOLEON II.,
KING OF ROME AND DUKE OF REICHSTADT.



NAPOLEON II.

THE 20th of March, 1811, was a day of jubilee in Paris. As soon as it was rumored that the Empress Marie Louise was indisposed, the Tuileries were besieged by all classes, who regarded the event as one of the deepest national interest. At length the auspicious moment arrived, and the infant heir of Napoleon was brought to the light of day.

In a note to Chaboulon's *Memoirs of Napoleon* in 1815, vol. ii., p. 79, the editor writes, that when young Napoleon "came

into the world, he was believed to be dead; he was without warmth, without motion, without respiration. Monsieur Dubois, the accoucheur of the Empress, had made reiterated attempts to recall him to life, when a hundred guns were discharged in succession to celebrate his birth. The concussion and agitation produced by this firing acted so powerfully on the organs of the royal infant, that his senses were reanimated."

No sooner had the feeble cry escaped from the infant's lips than Napoleon hurried to em-

brace him, and, bearing him into the presence of the great dignitaries of state, who had been assembled as witnesses to the event, proclaimed him *King of Rome*—the title which,



THE KING OF ROME—(BORN 1811, DIED 1832.)

it had been announced, would be conferred on a son. On the same day, the young king was privately christened in the chapel of the Tuileries.

So great was the delight of the Parisians that they kissed and embraced each other in the streets. Men, women, and children flocked to the Tuileries to obtain intelligence, and it was deemed necessary to issue bulletins, in order to inform them of the health of the mother and child.

Young Napoleon was intrusted to a healthy and robust nurse, chosen from the laboring class. She was neither suffered to quit the palace nor to converse with any man. In fulfillment of these regulations, the strictest precautions were adopted. She, however, rode out in a carriage for the sake of her health, but never without being accompanied by several ladies.

The public baptism of the young prince was celebrated at Paris, with the greatest pomp and magnificence, in the church of Notre Dame, June 9th, 1811. The ceremony took place at five o'clock in the afternoon, and the Imperial infant received the names of Napoleon-Francis-Charles-Joseph-Bonaparte. The baptism was followed by a grand dinner, given by the Prefect of the Seine and the municipal body of Paris to the Mayors of the large cities of the Empire, and of the Kingdom of Italy.

Shortly after his birth, the Emperor determined to surround his son with a guard in harmony with his age. Accordingly, on the 30th of March, 1811, a decree appeared, ordering the formation of two regiments, of six companies each, which were to bear the name of "pupils of the guard;" the decree further announced that there should be no *grenadiers*. On August 24th of the same year, the corps, which was formed of the orphans of those who had fallen in battle, consisted of 8,000 men; the uniform was green, with yellow embroidery. One day, when the Emperor was reviewing, in the Cour du Carrousel, a part of his grand army, a battalion of little foot-soldiers, in good order, was seen to advance, the oldest being scarcely twelve years of age. They drew themselves up in line of battle immediately opposite a battalion of the old guard. At the sight of these children, the veterans smiled. As soon as the Emperor appeared, "the pupils" were severely reviewed, and then, placing himself between them and the old grenadiers, he said: "Soldiers of my guard, there are your children! I confide to them the guard of my son, as I have confided mine in you. I require at your hands friendship and protection for them."

Turning to his pupils, he addressed them: "And you, my children, in attaching you to my guard, I impose on you a duty difficult to observe; but I rely on you, and I hope that one day it will be said, 'These children are worthy of their fathers.'" A deafening cry of "Vive l'Empereur" answered the address, and from that day "the pupils of the guard" were in the service of the King of Rome.

In the latter part of the year 1811, the young king was a marvel of beauty and good-nature. The Duchess D'Abrantes remarks that he resembled one of those figures of Cupid which have been discovered in the ruins of Herculaneum. The Emperor would sometimes take his son in his arms, with the most ardent demonstrations of paternal love, and toss him in the air, whilst the child would laugh till the tears stood in his eyes. The infant was brought to him every morning when he was at breakfast, and on these occasions the Emperor would give the child a little claret, by dipping his finger in the glass and making him suck it, and he seldom failed to besmear the little one with everything within his reach on the table.

Marie Louise, who had never been accustomed to young children, scarcely ventured to take her son in her arms or to caress him, lest she should do him some injury. She

would repair at four o'clock in the afternoon to his apartment, and, busily engaged on a piece of tapestry, would look now and then at him, saying, as she nodded her head, "*Bon jour ! Bon jour !*" At the end of a quarter of an hour, perhaps, she would be informed of the arrival of her dancing-master, and the



NAPOLEON FRANCIS CHARLES : AN EMBLEMATIC PICTURE.

afternoon visit would be over. Thus the child became more attached to Madame de Montesquiou, his governess, than to his mother. Madame de Montesquiou had taken charge of him from his birth, and it would have been difficult to have made a better choice. She was young enough to render herself agreeable to a child, and yet, at the same time, she had a sufficient maturity of years to fit her for the position to which she had been appointed by the Emperor.

After the retreat from Moscow, Napoleon, care-worn and dejected, sought in the companionship of his wife and child to dispel the busy thoughts of an active brain. The Emperor had for his son an almost inexpressible love. His countenance illumined with smiles when he held him in his arms or upon his knees. He caressed him, teased him, and carried him before the looking-glass, where he made faces for his amusement. But most frequently his affection would manifest itself by whimsical tricks. If he met his son in the gardens, for instance, he would throw him down, or upset his toys. On one occasion the Emperor took his son to a review in the Champs de Mars, and the features of the young king brightened with pleasure at hearing the joyful acclamations of the old guard, tanned by the suns of a hundred battles.

"Was he frightened?" inquired the Empress.

"Frightened! no, surely," replied Napo-

leon. "He knew he was surrounded by his father's friends."

Madame de Montesquiou took advantage of every opportunity to inculcate those principles of piety for which she herself was distinguished. Kneeling by her side every night and morning, the young king lifted up his little hands in prayer to the Great Creator. After the terrible losses in Russia, she caused the infant to address the following words to the Throne of Grace: "O Lord, inspire papa with the wish of restoring peace, for the happiness of France and of us all." One evening Napoleon happened to be present when his son was retiring to rest, but Madame de Montesquiou made no alteration in the prayer, and the child repeated the words already mentioned. Napoleon listened attentively, and, observing that it was his wish to restore peace, changed the conversation.

The supposition of the young prince being occasionally flogged is entirely erroneous. His governess adopted the most prudent and effectual means of correcting him. He was in general mild and docile, but he occasionally proved himself to be of the blood of Napoleon. He was, like his father, restless and impetuous, and sometimes gave way to fits of passion. One day when he had thrown himself on the floor, crying loudly, and refusing to listen to anything his governess said, she closed the windows and drew down the blinds. The child, astonished at this, immediately rose, forgot the subject of his vexation, and asked her why she had shut the windows.

"I did so lest you might be heard," replied Madame de Montesquiou. "Do you think the people of France would have you for their prince, were they to know that you throw yourself into such fits of passion?"

"Do you think any one heard me?" he inquired.

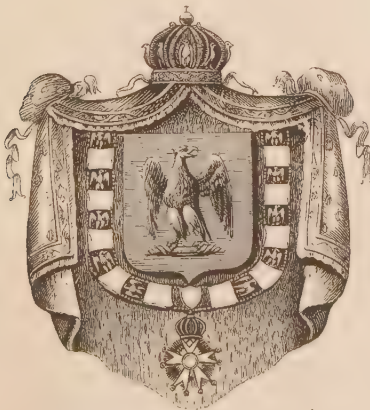
"I should be very sorry if they did."

"Pardon me, *Maman Quiou*" (this was the endearing name by which he always addressed her), "I'll never do so again."

The Emperor almost always, even in his most serious labors, wished to have his son with him. When the child was brought to him Napoleon hastened towards him, took him in his arms and carried him away, covering him with kisses. His cabinet, in which were planned so many wise combinations, was very often, also, the sole confidant of the tendernesses of a father. Napoleon had caused to be made for himself a number of small pieces of mahogany of unequal length and of different shapes, the tops of which

were carved to represent battalions, regiments, and divisions. When he desired to try some new combinations of troops—some new evolution—he made use of these pieces, which were arranged upon the carpet to give a large field of action. Sometimes his son would enter the cabinet when his father was seriously engaged in the disposal of the pieces. The child, lying at his side, and charmed no doubt by the shape and color of the mimic soldiers, which recalled to mind his own playthings, would frequently disturb the whole order of battle, at the decisive moment when the enemy were about to be vanquished. Such, however, was the presence of mind of the Emperor, that he displayed not the least annoyance, but began again, with perfect coolness, to arrange his wooden warriors. It was not only the inheritor of his name and power that he loved in the person of his son. When he held him in his arms, all ideas of ambition and pride were banished from his mind. He was simply a fond and indulgent father.

The Emperor had conceived many novel ideas relative to the education of the King of Rome. For this important object, he decided on the *Institut de Meudon*. There he proposed to assemble the princes of the entire imperial family, and he intended that they should receive the attentions of private tuition, combined with the advantages of public education. Their teachings were to be founded on general information, extended views, summaries, and results. He wished them to possess knowledge rather than learning, and judgment rather than attainments. Above all, he objected to the pursuing of any particular study too deeply, for he regarded perfection, whether in the arts or sciences, as a disadvantage to a prince.



COAT OF ARMS OF THE KING OF ROME.

But, alas! all the Emperor's brightest hopes and expectations were dashed to the ground. The tocsin sounded the summons to war, and, on the morning of the 25th of January, 1814, Napoleon, having tenderly embraced his wife and child, whom he beheld for the last time, quitted the Tuileries to place himself at the head of the army. This campaign, as is well known, ended with the capitulation of Paris.

On the 28th of April, Napoleon embarked for Elba, and, on the 2d of May, Marie Louise and the King of Rome left France forever.

The reign of the little king was over. A change was to come over the spirit of his dream. The bright ideas of youth, the fairy fancies of his infant brain were to fade away, like mist before the rising sun,—the child was hereafter to be a prisoner rather than a prince.

On arriving at Vienna, the palace of Schönbrunn was assigned to Marie Louise and her son, as a royal residence. Towards the end of May, Madame de Montesquiou was formally requested to return to France. She was succeeded by a German lady, the widow of General Metrowski. Marie Louise soon after repaired to Aix-la-Chapelle for her health, and, during her absence, young Napoleon remained at Schönbrunn, where he was frequently visited by his grandfather and his aunts, who seem to have had for him a true affection. The other members of the Austrian family, with but few exceptions, failed to regard him with that interest which was due to his age and position. They conceived the idea of creating him a bishop, and this suggestion was carried so far, that, in the Congress of Vienna, September, 1814, some of the members argued that it was necessary for the safety of Europe to conceal under the garb of a priest this heir to so much glory.

On the 22d of June, 1815, Napoleon proclaimed his son Emperor of the French under the title of Napoleon II., but the battle of Waterloo had been too decisive to permit the French the choice of their own sovereign. The Duke of Wellington formally declared in favor of Louis XVIII., Bonaparte was banished to St. Helena, and the rights of Napoleon II. were disregarded.

Without being anything extraordinary as a child, young Napoleon was from the first precocious. His answers were as quick as judicious, and he expressed himself with great elegance of phrase. M. Foresti, who was his tutor for sixteen years, nearly the entire period of his Austrian life, remarks

that "he was good-natured to his inferiors," but that "he only obeyed on conviction, and always began with resistance."

On the 14th of September, 1815, Marie Louise renounced for herself and her child all claims to the throne of France. She was thereafter to take the title of Archduchess of Austria and Duchess of Parma, and her son was to be called Hereditary Prince of Parma. She shortly afterwards gave her hand in marriage to Count Niepperg, and, leaving for Parma, many years elapsed before she again beheld the face of her son.

At the age of five years, young Napoleon was remarkably beautiful. He spoke with a true Parisian accent, and all his movements were full of grace and gentleness. His great amusement was mischievous practical jokes, such as filling his grandfather's boots with gravel, tying the skirt of his coat to a chair, etc. The first instruction attempted to be communicated to him was a knowledge of the German language. To this he opposed a most determined resistance, regarding all endeavors to teach him as an insult and an injury, but, finally, he learned the language so rapidly that he soon spoke it in the imperial family like one of themselves.

In July, 1816, Francis II., being on a visit at Schönbrunn with his two daughters and his grandson, wished to see a young lion, a present from the Princess of Wales. The lion, being very young, was nursed by two goats; on the approach of the Archduchesses, one of the goats came forward in a menacing attitude. Young Napoleon took hold of the goat by her horns and remarked to his aunt, "You can pass now; have no fear, for I will hold her." Francis II. was extremely pleased, and said to him, "That is well, my boy. I like you for that, for I see you choose the right way where there is danger."

Young Napoleon was far from being of a communicative disposition, and, consequently, he did not, like some children, talk himself out of his recollections. Ideas of his own former consequence, and the greatness of his father, were constantly present in his mind. One day, one of the archdukes showed him a little silver medal, of which numbers had been struck in honor of his birth; his bust was upon it. He was asked, "Do you know whom this represents?"

"Myself," answered he, without hesitation, "when I was King of Rome."

On another occasion, General Soumariva, military commandant of Austria, was relating to him the lives of three illustrious personages, whom he cited as the greatest warriors

of their times. The child listened attentively, but, suddenly interrupting the general, he eagerly remarked, "I know a fourth whom you have not named."

"And who is that, Monseigneur?"

"My father," replied the child, as he ran rapidly away.

On the 18th of June, 1817, an international convention deprived him of the name of Napoleon, and substituted for it the more common one of Charles. The Emperor of Austria conferred upon him the title of Duke of Reichstadt, together with that of Serene Highness. At this early age he evinced a taste for a military life, and Count Diedrichstein was accordingly intrusted with his education in that profession. In the prosecution of this design, and to divert his mind from another model, the example of Prince Eugene of Savoy was proposed for his imitation. At the age of seven he was indulged with the uniform of a private; after a time, in reward for the exactness with which he performed his exercise, he was raised to the grade of sergeant.

On the 22d of July, 1821, the young Duke was informed of the death of his father. He wept bitterly and shut himself up for several days. The next day he put on mourning, which he wore so long beyond the accustomed time, that an imperial order was issued to compel him to suppress all tokens of grief. Time rolled on, but every year, on the 22d of July, he retired to his apartment and prayed earnestly for the soul of his father.

The greatest care was taken with the Duke's education. He was taught the dead languages, at first by M. Collin and afterward by M. Oberhaus. His military studies alternated with his classical ones. Of all his Latin books, Cæsar's Commentaries seems to have been his favorite. In fact, he became so infatuated with this work, that he wrote a remarkable treatise upon it which has been published. He also edited a life of Prince Schwarzenberg, in which there were many passages relating to his father. From his fifteenth year, he was permitted to read any book on the history of Napoleon and the French Revolution. He seems to have known, almost by instinct, that it was only through war that he could ever rise to more than a mere subordinate of the palace, and this is probably the reason why he took the deepest interest in everything that partook of a military character.

About 1827 it was deemed necessary to initiate the young duke into, the policy of the

Austrian cabinet. Accordingly, Prince Metternich, under the form of lectures on history, gave him the whole theory of Imperial government. These lectures produced the desired effect, and he was thoroughly imbued with the doctrines of absolutism.

From a book entitled *Le fils de l'homme*, published in France in 1829, we learn that the Duke of Reichstadt was a prisoner both in body and mind. No Frenchman was allowed to be presented to him; no communication could be made to him except through the medium of his jailers, and no word could be uttered in his hearing which might by possibility touch the chord of ambition. His life was measured out by the square and rule; the cabinets of France and Austria determined on what he should know, and what he should think. The risk which he was informed that he incurred of being assassinated by some crazy fanatic of liberty, was the talisman by which this enchantment of soul and body was effected. His orders were obeyed, his every wish anticipated; he had his books, his horses, and his equipages for promenade or the chase; but in relation to all that the heart holds dear, he was, with slight exceptions, a solitary prisoner.

The revolution of 1830 produced a startling effect on the young Duke, for he perceived at a glance the future which lay open before him. He heard with emotion of the events which were transpiring in France, but he abstained from all participation in them, for he was surrounded on all sides by the spies and emissaries of Metternich. It was about this time that the Countess Camerata, a daughter of Eliza Bacciochi, made an attempt to involve him in a correspondence. One evening, in disguise, she lay in wait for him on entering the imperial palace, seized his hand, and kissed it with an expression of the utmost tenderness. Monsieur Oberhaus, the Duke's tutor, who was alone with him, and had been struck with surprise as well as the Duke, stepped forward and asked her what she meant. "Who," cried she, in a tone of enthusiasm, "will refuse me the boon of kissing the hand of the son of my sovereign?" At the time, the Duke was ignorant who it was that had tendered him this equivocal homage, but her subsequent letters informed him that she was his cousin.

His first appearance in society was on the 25th of January, 1831, at a grand ball given at the house of Lord Cowley, the British Ambassador. It was there, also, that he became acquainted with Marshal Marmont, one of his father's generals, and, forgetting the treachery



NAPOLEON II. IN UNIFORM OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL OF HUNGARIAN INFANTRY.

of the man who had delivered Paris to the allies, he informed him that there were many points relative to his father on which he would be happy to be enlightened. Metternich's permission was obtained; the marshal and his ancient master's son were mutually inclined. The young Napoleon had a thousand questions to ask, a thousand points to clear up. Marmont was finally engaged to give the Duke a whole course of military lectures, the text being Napoleon's campaigns. These lectures lasted for three months, and were then discontinued, as their frequency had begun to give umbrage.

On the 15th of June, 1831, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of a battalion of Hungarian infantry. From this time his life was passed in the barracks and on the parade-ground. He felt that this was his first step to emancipation, as he called it, and he devoted himself to the duties of a chief officer with an ardor which quickly devoured the body that had been shaken by the silent struggles of solitude. His voice became hoarse, he was subject to coughs and attacks of fever, and his symptoms became so alarming that it was finally deemed advisable to send him to Schönbrunn to recuperate his strength.

The air and quiet at this imperial residence were extremely beneficial, but the first return to vigor was the signal for exertion. To enjoy the solitude and the contemplation of nature, he repaired daily to a little village near Vienna, and it was there that he became struck with the grace and beauty of a niece of the good woman who kept the inn in that out-of-the-way resort. Her picturesque costume and simple manners naturally attracted his youthful attention, and he soon became deeply enamored. To this girl it is said he unfolded the secrets of his heart, and the restraint which had been killing him was overcome at last. Finding his health and spirits much improved, he was seized with an irresistible desire to see the ballet of *Le Diable Boiteux*, in which the *Cachuca*, danced by Fanny Ellsler, had become the talk of the city. On beholding the dancer, he gazed first in terror, then in doubt, then in horror and amazement, and sank slowly down senseless on the floor of the box where he was placed. It was the dancer herself on whom his whole heart and soul had been bestowed. He went back no more to the village, and could never be persuaded to behold even once again the traitress who had so imposed upon his trusting heart. No one but himself ever suspected Fanny Ellsler of any base intrigue; the pastoral comedy had been played out in good part, and, it is said, with the entire concurrence of imperial relatives.

On his return to Schönbrunn, he commenced hunting in all weathers, which, together with exposure in visiting in a neighboring military station, soon occasioned a recurrence of the most dangerous symptoms of his disease, and, on the 22d of July, 1832,—the anniversary of the day whereon he had been informed of the death of his father,—the Duke of Reichstadt breathed his last.

At the time of his decease, many reports were circulated to the effect that foul means had been employed to hasten his death, that he had been poisoned, and that he had been permitted to indulge in every species of dissipation in order to bring about the desired result. On tracing these reports to their source, I find that these unworthy suspicions originated in the brains of a few French writers, who were desirous of beholding the young duke seated on the throne of his illustrious father. As a farther argument against these rumors, it is affirmed by some that the Emperor of Austria was greatly affected at the death of his grandson, and that he experienced for him a strong affection which was reciprocated on the part of young Napoleon. As a still farther argument, it was found, on the opening of the body,

that one of the lungs was nearly gone, and that, while the sternum was that of a mere child, the intestines presented all the appearances of old age.

The Duke left no will and his mother accordingly inherited his property, the yearly income of which was nearly a million of florins imperial. He was buried in the Carthusian Monastery at Vienna, and his funeral, which took place two days after his decease, was attended with the same forms and honors as that of an archduke of Austria.

Whilst sojourning at Vienna in the winter of 1868, I determined on visiting the monastery in which the Duke of Reichstadt is sepulchered. On ringing at the little gate of a building adjacent to the church, a capuchin, who discharged the functions of porter, desired me to wait a few minutes until another of his brethren, specially appointed for the guidance of strangers, should arrive. This was an old capuchin, who came at length, holding a large bunch of keys in one hand and a lighted lantern in the other. He opened a side gate, and, descending before me, illumined with his lantern the steps of a stair-case that had but little of royalty about it, and was completely dark at its upper end. We said not a word to each other. At length, having descended about sixty steps, I found myself in a vault, on the two sides of which were ranged a great number of bronze tombs of different forms and dimensions. A small gate, at the further end of the vault, led into a little octagonal hall, lighted from above and inclosing some nine or ten tombs. Stopping suddenly before one of these funeral monuments, the old capuchin remarked, "There it is!" Nothing could be more simple than this receptacle of departed royalty. The vault, and the walls which support it, are covered with a color between rose and gray. No sculpture, no fresco, no ornament of any kind exists. The daylight falls from above through a glass covering, fixed in the middle of the vault. The ground is paved with yellow and violet-colored slabs. The tombs, supported on the ground by three round feet, are of bronze, and have no other ornament except three great bronze rings attached to their lower part. In one corner stood the coffin of the ill-fated Maximilian, covered with wreaths and immortelles, and a silver wreath of laurel, said to have been the gift of Carlotta, formed a pleasing contrast to the unfading green by which it was surrounded. Upon the tomb of Napoleon, which is near that of his mother, Marie Louise, was a Latin inscription.

The following is the English of the epitaph, which was placed on his sepulcher by the order of Francis II. :

To the eternal memory of

JOSEPH CHARLES FRANCIS,

DUKE OF REICHSTADT,

Son of Napoleon, Emperor of the French, and Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria. Born at Paris, March 20, 1811. When in his cradle he was hailed by the title of King of Rome; he was endowed with every faculty, both of body and mind; his stature was tall; his countenance adorned with the charms of youth, and his conversation full of affability; he displayed an astonishing capacity for study, and the exercises of the military art; attacked by a pulmonary disease, he died at Schönbrunn, near Vienna, July 22, 1832.

For years it has been universally believed that the direct line of the "Little Corporal" became extinct in the person of the unfortunate prince, and, although various rumors relative to a secret marriage were prevalent at the time of his decease, they were generally regarded as the creations of an idle brain. Events which have subsequently transpired give these reports a semblance of truth, and, to render them still more plausible, it is a well-known fact that the late Emperor of the French spared neither expense nor labor in forming a complete collection of the correspondence and private papers of "*le fils de l'homme*."

It appears, however, that these writings were not the only links which united the present with the past; for, in the summer of 1871, an individual, who bore an extremely striking likeness to the Bonaparte family, made his appearance at Ischl, and was fined by the district court and expelled from the Austrian dominions for having made an objectionable entry in his "wander-book"—a sort of journeyman's passport. He was a tailor by trade, and, for several years previous to this occurrence, had been living at Wurzen, in the kingdom of Saxony, and also at Stuttgart, under the name of Carl Gustave Ludwig, and in both of these places he had distinguished himself by his diligence, skill, and modesty. His intimate acquaintances affirmed that, in spite of his humble occupation, he had always asserted his claim to

the name and title of Prince Joseph Eugene Napoleon Bonaparte, and, according to his own account, it would seem as if he was an issue of a secret marriage of the Duke of Reichstadt with a Hungarian countess. He stated that, when quite young, his mother was induced by Prince Metternich to apprentice him to a tailor in Wurzen named Ludwig, as a means of getting rid of him, and in order to facilitate her second marriage in Saxony. As a further proof of his origin, he declared that there was an author then living at Leipsic, but formerly a Hungarian officer, who had been a witness to the marriage, and who would, if it ever became necessary for him to make known his rank and title, supply him with the requisite documents in order to compel the countess to recognize his birth and parentage. After leaving Stuttgart, he traveled through Germany, Switzerland, and a part of Austria, earning his livelihood as a tailor, and maintaining his claim to a princely rank, but never attempting to obtain money or credit by it. On returning to Stuttgart, in November of the same year, he found that his conviction and punishment had been mentioned in the papers of that place, and he accordingly published an explanation in the *Burger Zeitung*, in which he affirmed that he was not punished for claiming his name and title, his right to which the court at Ischl had in no wise disputed, but merely for writing it of his own accord in his passport before he had succeeded in establishing his identity before a court of law. The reputed prince is still living, and the *Cross*,—one of the leading newspapers of Germany,—in an article written at the time, states that not only does he bear a good character for his steadiness and general good conduct, but he also produces a very favorable impression by his manners.

Napoleon I. has a natural son still living, named Count de Léon, who bears a striking resemblance to Prince Napoleon, but he is not ambitious, and resides at L'Isle Adame. He never claimed any favor from Napoleon III. He is the son of a Polish lady with whom Napoleon intrigued at the time of the Russian war, and who looked upon him as a sort of Messiah—a liberator of Poland. Napoleon I. had also another son, the well-known Count Walewski.

A SPIRITUAL SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

EARTH'S Consolation, why so slow?
 Thy inn is ready long ago;
 Each lifts to thee his hungering eyes,
 And open to thy blessing lies.

O Father, pour it forth with might;
 Out of thine arms, oh! yield him quite;
 Innocence only, love, sweet shame,
 Have kept him that he never came.

Oh! hurry him into our arm,
 That he of thine may yet breathe warm;
 Thick vapors round the infant wrap,
 And lower him into our lap.

In rivers cool send him to us;
 In flames let him glow tremulous;
 In air and oil, in sound and dew,
 Resistless pass earth's framework through.

So shall the holy fight be fought,
 So come the rage of hell to nought;
 And, ever blooming, round our feet
 The ancient Paradise we greet.

Earth rouses, breaks in bud and song;
 Full of the Spirit, all things long
 To clasp with love the Saviour-guest,
 And offer him the mother's breast.

The winter fails. A year new-born
 Clasps now the manger's altar-horn;
 'Tis the first year of a new earth
 Which this child claims in right of birth.

Our eyes they see the Saviour well,
 Yet in them doth the Saviour dwell;
 With flowers his head is wreathed about,
 From which himself looks gracious out.

He is the star; he is the sun;
 Life's well that evermore will run;
 From herb and stone, light, sea's expanse,
 Glimmers his childish countenance.

In every act his childish zest,
 His ardent love will never rest;
 He nestles, with unconscious art,
 Divinely fast to every heart.

To us a God, to himself a child,
 He loves us all, self-undefiled;
 Becomes our drink, becomes our food—
 His dearest thanks, to love the good.

Our misery grows yet more and more;
 A gloomy grief afflicts us sore:
 Keep him no longer, Father, thus;
 He will come home again with us.

CHRIST'S MIRACLES SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED.

CONSIDERED, as it will be throughout this discussion, wholly apart from its object, a miracle as defined by Strauss is "an event which, inexplicable from the operation and co-operation of finite causalities, appears to be an immediate interference of the supreme, infinite Cause, or of God himself;" and by Renan, "the special interposition of Deity in the physical and psychological order of the world, deranging the course of events."

Thus regarded, a miracle may be disallowed, first of all, on the supposition that there is no personal God to perform it. This would be a common ground of denial, whether for the atheist, materialist, or pantheist. But either of these is to-day a *rara avis* in the higher mental circles. Indeed, to be classed with such is now regarded by the leading skeptics as a mingled travesty and insult. "This lamentable observation of mine," says Strauss, for example, "according to Olshausen, has its source in something worse than intellectual incapacity, namely, in my total disbelief in a living God." So also Renan says: "Persons unfamiliar with subjects of thought often affect an air of lofty wisdom by falsifying and exaggerating. . . . By their leave, one is pantheist or atheist without knowing it. They create schools on their own authority, and often one learns from them, with some surprise, that he is the disciple of masters he never knew." The truth is that Strauss explicitly places "the belief that the world is governed by a spiritual and moral Power" among "the indispensable, imperishable parts of Christianity." And Renan, with an equal emphasis, avers: "If your faculties, vibrating in unison, have never rendered that grand, peculiar tone which we call God, . . . you are wanting in the essential and characteristic element of our nature." And thus unequivocally also, Herbert Spencer says: "By the persistence of Force, we really mean the persistence of some Power . . . The manifestations do not persist, but that which persists is the unknown Cause of these manifestations."

The reason, therefore, why nearly all the skeptics of the day deserving notice deny a miracle, is not because they are either atheists, materialists, or pantheists. "The absolute Cause," according to Strauss, "never disturbs the chain of secondary causes by single, arbitrary acts of interposition, but rather manifests itself in the production of the aggregate of finite causalities, and of their reciprocal action."—"What we deny to the miracle," says Renan, "is the exceptional

state. . . . We acknowledge heartily that God may be permanently in everything, particularly in everything that lives; and we only maintain that there has never been . . . any particular intervention."

But no matter whether it be affirmed that no personal God exists to work a miracle, or that, although existing, he is yet, like the law of gravitation, always uniform and constant, never exceptional in action, and so performs no miracle. What we wish specifically to decide by this investigation is, whether, all theories of denial to the contrary, the miracles of Christ in particular are not scientifically proven ones.

"Inevitably," says Froude, "the altered relation in which modern culture places the minds of all of us toward the supernatural, will compel a reconsideration of the grounds on which the acceptance of miracles is required."—"Discussion and examination," says Renan, "are fatal to miracles." "We do not say a miracle is impossible; we say there has been hitherto no miracle proved." "None of the miracles with which ancient histories are filled occurred under scientific conditions."—"And if any one is able to make good the assertion," says Huxley, "that his theology rests upon valid evidence and sound reasoning, then it appears to me that such theology will take its place as a part of science."

This, therefore, is that imperious requisition which is now abroad among the master minds, namely, either that miracles must be established by what is tantamount to a scientific demonstration, or else they must be abandoned as mere illusions of the past.

From such a test as this no real miracle will care to shrink. And if those of Jesus do not fully bear it, henceforward they must look for credence solely to believers of the lower mental orders, or at least to those by whom they are received without a thought about the why or wherefore.

"In support of the reality of miraculous agency, appeal is made," says Renan, "to phenomena outside of the course of natural laws, such, for instance, as the creation of man." Nor, until comparatively recently, would any believer in a personal God, however anxious to deny the supernatural, have thought to challenge the concession made by Strauss, even in his final *Life of Jesus*, that "of the first origin of organic beings, or the beginning of the human race, it is impossible to explain the difficulty without assuming

an immediate interference of the Divine Power of creation." But now, doubtless, this remark of Strauss will be considered by many scientists almost absurdly antiquated. "Science demonstrates," says Renan, as their mouthpiece, "that on a certain day, by virtue of natural laws, which so far had presided over the development of things, without deviation or external intervention, the thinking being appeared, endowed with all his faculties, and in all his essential elements perfect." "He who is not content," says Darwin, "to look, like a savage, at the phenomena of nature as disconnected, cannot any longer believe that man is the work of a separate act of creation."

A theory of the origin of man, however, which, though held by a large number, especially of the younger and rising naturalists, is yet "opposed," as even Darwin owns, "in every form by many of the older and honored chiefs in natural science," can scarcely be said, as Renan claims, already to have attained to the dignity of a scientific demonstration. It would be more accurate to speak of it as a theory not without a vast array of scientific data in its favor, and as becoming more and more largely an accepted opinion in certain of our highest scientific circles.

"Besides," says Darwin, "I see no good reason why the views given in this volume [*The Origin of Species*] should shock the religious feelings of any. . . . A celebrated author and divine has written to me that he has gradually learned to see that it is just as noble a conception of the Deity to believe that he created a few original forms capable of self-development into other and needful forms, as to believe that he required a fresh act of creation to supply the void caused by the action of his laws."

Unquestionably, however, Darwin here concedes too much to the supernaturalists, that is, too much to suit the present temper of the evolutionists. "Looking back," says Huxley, "through the prodigious vista of the past, I find no record of the commencement of life, and therefore I am devoid of any means of forming a definite conclusion as to the conditions of its appearance. . . . But . . . if it were given me to look beyond the abyss of geologically-recorded time, . . . I should expect to be a witness of the evolution of living protoplasm from not living matter." Indeed, the entire existing tendency of the anti-supernaturalistic schools of science is utterly, and at all prehistoric epochs, to exclude all thought of a special divine intervention from alike the origin and the history of things.

This, then, is what we wish to say. Only to the satisfaction of certain scientists has the evolution theory of the first origin of organic beings been at all established. Others, equally competent to form a judgment in the case, steadily reject the theory in every form, and still adhere to that of the special-creationists. And even Darwin himself feels the intellectual need of admitting—though he prefers to say it through a clergyman—that God did at least specifically create "a few original forms capable of self-development," before organic life could either begin, or begin to evolve itself into other and higher forms. Nor is it by the compulsion of any scientific demonstration, any more than it is by a wholesale concession solely to the present temper of the anti-supernaturalists, that we herewith and henceforward argumentatively assume in this discussion, that, in order adequately and undeniably to explain, both in their origin and development, all phenomena peculiar to the field of science, in no case is it essential to resort to the hypothesis of a special intervention of Divinity.

And now what? In the first place, there doubtless is a supposition, current in sundry scientific circles, that the entire subject of the supernatural may be summarily dismissed as one of simple science;—we use the term as distinguished from that of history. For instance, one of the most brilliant of the younger skeptics, solely in his capacity as cosmist, assures the writer, in a private letter, that "while the miracles of Jesus are still matters of interest for the theologian, they are of no more interest for the scientific thinker than the oracles of Apollo."

But manifestly, if the entire field of science should vainly be explored for any trace or sign of miracles, it by no means follows that the same would be the case did we enter upon a thorough investigation of the history of Jesus Christ. Indeed, simply as the scientist, one might precisely as well undertake to dogmatize whether Alexander ever fought a battle, as whether Jesus ever wrought a miracle. By the same impartial historical processes employed in any other instance, it must first of all be determined, and that beyond a question, what events really figure in the life of Christ. Then the scientist will of course be at perfect liberty to cast those events into his crucible, to see if they will stand the test of miracles or not.

Turn we, therefore, to the gospel record of the life of Jesus.

"Criticism," says Renan, "has two modes of attacking a marvelous narrative . . . It may

admit the substance of the narrative, but explain it by taking into consideration the age, the persons who have transmitted it to us, and the forms adopted at such and such an epoch to express facts. . . . It was in 1800 that Dr. Paulus put out under full sail on this new sea. . . . The gospels, according to Paulus, are *histories*, written by credulous men under the action of a vivid imagination. . . . To arrive at the truth, we must place ourselves at the point of view of the epoch, and separate the real facts from the embellishments which credulous faith and a taste for the marvelous have added to it. . . . When they tell of Jesus as walking on the sea, they mean to say that he rejoined his disciples by swimming, or walking along the shore. Another time he calmed the tempest by seizing the tiller with a firm hand. The multiplication of the loaves is explained by secret magazines, or by provisions which the auditors have in their pockets. . . . The insufficiency of such a shabby method of interpretation was not long in making itself felt."

In 1835 appeared the famous *Life of Jesus* by Dr. Strauss, driving with a scourge of intertwined argument and ridicule the school of Paulus out of every subtilty and subterfuge, far from the presence of every scholar and logician, and triumphantly establishing that "if the gospels are really and truly historical, it is impossible to exclude miracles from the life of Jesus."

But criticism has this second "mode of attacking a marvelous narrative," which Renan mentions, namely, that it may "cast doubt on the narrative itself, and may account for its formation without conceding its historical value."

There are at present two leading lines of assault, or of "casting doubt," upon the Bible, the scientific and the critical.

And first, the scientific. "The account of the creation of man and the world which is given in Genesis," says Froude, "and which is made by St. Paul the basis of his theology, has not yet been reconciled with facts which science shows to be true."—"All theologies," says Huxley, "which are based upon the assumption of the truth of the account of the origin of things given in the book of Genesis, being utterly irreconcilable with the doctrine of evolution, the student of science, who is satisfied that the evidence upon which the doctrine of evolution rests is incomparably stronger and better than that upon which the supposed authority of the book of Genesis rests, will not trouble himself further with these theologies, but will confine his attention

to such arguments against the view he holds as are based upon purely scientific data." Nor does it require the slightest penetration to perceive that these remarks of Huxley only need the formality of a specific application in order to lie with equal force, as against the truthfulness of Genesis, so also against that of all those other portions of the Scripture, wherein the correctness of the Mosaic account of the origin of things is asserted or implied. Indeed, Froude has already pointed out to us their fatal bearing on certain underlying features of the theology of Paul; and we shall not be long in learning how they stand related to the entire New Testament doctrine of Jesus as the Creative Logos, and the like.

Two courses here present themselves. One is to pause and endeavor to clear the Bible, not only from the doubts suggested above, but from all others of whatever nature cast upon it by the scientists. The other is argumentatively to leave the Bible resting under all these doubts, however manifold and vital, and so proceed with our investigation. The latter is the course decided on.

The chief attack of modern times upon the Scriptures, however, is the critical. This attack of course makes full account of all that science urges for their invalidation. Speaking also with reference to the gospels in particular, Renan says: "The four principal documents are in flagrant contradiction the one with another; Josephus, moreover, sometimes corrects them." But this latter objection, namely, that the gospels are not in harmony with general history, the critics urge with very feeble voices. The great clamor is about their variations and their contradictions. And here Strauss is, and ever must remain, their chosen mouthpiece. As Renan has it: "The criticism in detail of the text of the gospels . . . has been done by M. Strauss in a manner which leaves little to be desired."

Concerning this assault of Strauss upon the gospels, the time will come to speak before the sequel. Just here suffice it to say that, if it were not for a single thing, the most hostile of their critics would be perfectly content if they could only reduce these Christian writings from the rank of an inspired history to that of an ordinary human composition of the like antiquity.

What, therefore, is that one element in the gospels which, in the estimation of the modern skeptics, not merely sinks them below a Tacitus or Livy in point of their historical value, but converts them, according to

Strauss into mythical productions, according to Renan into legendary biographies?

That element is—the supernatural. “It is not because it has been beforehand demonstrated to me,” says Renan, “that the evangelists do not merit an absolute credence, that I reject the miracles which they relate. It is because they recount miracles that I say the gospels are legendary.” So also Strauss avers that “the gospels, or even one of them, could not be taken as truly and fully historical, for the simple reason that they contain supernaturalism.”

Renan accordingly adopts “this principle of historical criticism, that a supernatural relation cannot be accepted as such;” and Strauss maintains that “such an account, in so far as it either expressly states or even implies the supernatural, is to be considered as not historical.”

The first thing imperatively requisite for the anti-supernaturalists is, in accordance with the above principle of historical criticism, to set aside the gospel of John almost entirely. “In presence of this gospel,” says Strauss, “it was incumbent upon criticism either to break in pieces all her weapons and lay them at the feet of her antagonist, or force it to disavow all claim to historical validity.”

Attempts have indeed been made to separate this gospel into historical and non-historical fragments, and thus save as much of it as possible. “While Weiss assumed the reflections and longer speeches of Christ in the fourth gospel to be apostolical,” says Strauss, “rejecting, on the other hand, the narratives as a late compilation, Renan, conversely, takes offense at the abstract metaphysical lectures, as he calls the speeches of Jesus in John, and, on the contrary, considers the narrative portion of the gospel as extremely important.” “Now,” continues Strauss, “it will be from the speeches most immediately that every one, with a sound understanding and capable of appreciating historical truth, will get the first rays of light as to the late origin of the fourth gospel, but still it is the common ground of its divisibility, upon which Renan places himself with his German predecessor, which also makes his hypothesis untenable from first to last. The narrative part of the fourth gospel is only tolerable to him, because from the very first he takes no accurate notice of the miraculous narratives in it. The raising of Lazarus, indeed, he cannot well pass by; and as he will have nothing to do with miracles, he makes of it a mystification.”

In the thirteenth edition of the *Life of Jesus*, Paris, 1867, Renan, smarting under such stings as these, inserts a lengthy Appendix, the aim of which, says he, “is to show that in recurring so often to the fourth gospel to fix the woof of my fabric, I have had good reasons.”

Into the merits of this dispute we have neither the desire nor the occasion to inquire. All that we wish is to point out and emphasize the fact that, whether the fourth gospel be accepted in part as history, or be rejected *en masse* as mythical or legendary, either hypothesis is only tolerable to him who makes it in so far as it will not compel him to take any accurate notice of the supernatural features of this gospel. Once convinced that to deny *in toto* its historical character is the only method to get rid of its supernaturalism, no critic will hesitate an instant to say it is a simple fiction.

It is needless to add that the canon of historical criticism in question has been applied to the synoptics as well as John, and that everything in them seeming to the special critic, or to the special school of critics, to support the supernatural, has been duly set aside as not historical.

But the question now arises, whether the four documents referred to are unqualified inventions. “At first sight it would appear,” says Row, “to have been the easiest course to assert that they are simple forgeries. . . . But this is what no unbeliever of the present day who regards his literary reputation ventures to propound as the alternative to their historical credibility. Why is this simple course abandoned, and an infinitely complicated theory substituted in its place? The answer is, that their entire phenomena negative the supposition that they could have originated in directly conscious fraud.”

Accordingly the task which the modern skeptics have imposed upon themselves is not to prove that the gospel is an absolute invention, but, according to Renan, “to seek what portion of truth and what portion of error it may contain;” or, as Strauss has it, “to see what, after the severance of foreign and baser elements, would remain as historical gold.”

It has already been seen that, in order to satisfy the extremest demands of anti-supernaturalistic criticism, the fourth gospel must “disavow all claim to historical validity.”

Of the three remaining gospels, both Strauss and Renan accord to Luke in all respects the lowest rank as history, and so we herewith pass it by in silence.

"The narrative portions in the first gospel," says Renan, "have . . . in them many legends . . . sprung from the piety of the second Christian generation. The gospel of Mark . . . is much less cumbered with fables of later insertion."—"On the contrary, we, as well as Baur," says Strauss, . . . "consider the gospel of Matthew as the most original, and, comparatively speaking, the most trustworthy." In quoting which our only object is to say that inasmuch as Renan regards the narratives of Matthew as being so largely fraught with fables, and Strauss those of Mark, compared with those of Matthew, as having even a less historical value, the narrative parts of both the first and second gospels may therefore as well be at once dismissed from any further notice.

Which leaves us only the discourses of Jesus in Matthew and Mark to ask ourselves about.

So far as Mark has any of the speeches of Christ in common with Luke and John, they have already been set aside. If those speeches which Mark has in common with Matthew also be deducted, the residue of its speech-element becomes so inconsiderable, that, for all the practical purposes of this debate, as above in its narrative portions, so now in its discourses also, this gospel likewise may as well be altogether remanded from our presence, as a common basis of investigation.

The only final fragment of the gospels, therefore, which is left us to consider, is the Logia of Matthew. And concerning this Strauss remarks: "As regards the speeches of Jesus in particular, notwithstanding all doubt upon individual points, every one must admit that we have them in the first gospel, though not unmixed with later additions and modifications, still in a purer form than in any of the others."

In connection with these "later additions and modifications," Strauss would specifically call attention, first, to the "prophetical pragmatism of Matthew," and secondly, to his "tendency to combine traditional utterances of Jesus with larger groups of speeches." "We have therefore to take away," says he, "many a Jewish feature from the figure of Christ as given by Matthew," and also to bear in mind that he "represents Jesus as saying at one time what he obviously said at different times and on different occasions." This done, the discourses of Jesus in Matthew come out even of the crucibles of Strauss as a pure, historical residuum of the gospels.

Renan also pronounces "Matthew the

Xenophon of nascent Christianity." Elsewhere more in detail he remarks: "Matthew clearly deserves our unlimited confidence as regards the discourses; he gives . . . actual notes from a clear and living memory. . . . He who attempts the task of forming a regular composition out of the gospel history possesses in this respect an excellent touchstone. The real words of Jesus will not be concealed; as soon as we touch them in this chaos of traditions of unequal value, we feel them vibrate; they come spontaneously and take their place in the narration where they stand out in unparalleled relief."

If it should now be inquired, therefore, to what extent the anti-supernaturalistic criticism can lay claim to having "cast doubt" on the miraculous narratives of the gospels, the foregoing analysis develops, first, that, allowing in undiminished force all that can possibly be urged against them, on the score of their conflict with the discoveries of modern science, their discrepancies with each other and Josephus, their contradictions, and the like, though no longer to be regarded as inspired, these documents would still, at the lowest supposition, maintain as high an historical rank as any other works of the same historical epoch. Beyond this point the entire onslaught upon the gospels must be waged solely in the name of the anti-supernatural. And after this onslaught has been pushed to the uttermost extreme, and we have bodily thrown away as unhistorical every fragment of these Christian records which any critic questions, even then, with unimportant limitations and exceptions, the discourses of Jesus reported by Matthew remain to us confessedly authentic.

Argumentatively, therefore, from this point forward it will be assumed that these Logia of Matthew are, as Renan says, "the basis of all that we know of the teachings of Jesus."

But after the anti-supernaturalistic criticism has thus thoroughly finished the task of "casting doubt" upon the gospel narrative of miracles, it must then take up the still more difficult task of "accounting for the formation of this narrative without conceding its historical value." "And that no one may say"—we quote from Renan—"that such a manner of proposing the inquiry implies a begging of the question, let us suppose *à priori* that which is to be proved in detail, namely, that we know that the miracles related by the gospels have not had any reality."

I.—THE METAPHYSICAL OR MYTHICAL HYPOTHESIS OF STRAUSS.

"In my former work," says Strauss, "I offered the idea of the Myth as the key to the miraculous narratives of the gospel. . . . It is in vain, I said, in the case of stories like that about . . . the miraculous feeding, and the like, to make them conceivable as natural events; but . . . all narratives of this kind must be regarded as fictitious. If it were asked how, at the time to which the appearance of our gospels is assigned, men came to invent such fictions about Jesus, I pointed, above all, to the expectation of the Messiah current at the time. When men, I said, . . . had come to see the Messiah in Jesus, they supposed that everything coincided in him which, according to the Old Testament prophecies and types, and their current interpretations, was expected of the Messiah. . . . Jesus might have uttered words of severe reproach against the desire for miracles, . . . and those words might be still living in tradition; but Moses, the first deliverer . . . had worked miracles, therefore the last deliverer, the Messiah, and Jesus of course had been he, must likewise have worked miracles. Isaiah had prophesied that at the time of the Messiah the eyes of the blind should be opened and the ears of the deaf should hear, etc. Thus it was known in detail what sort of miracles Jesus, having been the Messiah, must have performed. And so it happened that in the earliest church narratives might, nay, could not fail to be invented without any consciousness of invention on the part of the authors of them."—"But when we thus point out that an unconscious invention of such accounts was possible far beyond the limits within which they are generally considered admissible, we do not mean to say that conscious fiction had no share at all in the evangelical formation of myths. The narratives of the fourth gospel, especially, are for the most part so methodically framed, so carried out in detail, that if they are not historical, they can apparently only be considered as conscious and intentional fictions."

This, therefore, is what Strauss is pleased to call his "peculiar apparatus for causing the miracles of the evangelical history to evaporate into myths."

Only it must not be supposed that he designs to draw his materials for its practical operation solely from the sources specified above. He draws them in fact from every quarter of the compass. If a given feature of the gospel narratives of miracles did not

originate traditionally in some Messianic type or prophecy, then it did in some doctrine, faith or notion current with the early Christians; or if in none of these, why, then in something else. Besides, when the case is very desperate, it always remains for him to fall back upon "the unconscious poetry of legend, such as prevails in the first three gospels," or, "the more or less conscious fictions, the existence of which we cannot overlook in the fourth gospel." And with such an apparatus, and with such a vast variety of resources and resorts, what more facile mode of proving the miracles of Christ not historical could possibly be conceived, or wished for?

The problem, however, which Dr. Strauss proposes by his mythical hypothesis to solve, is this, namely, how, though Jesus personally disclaimed performing any miracles whatever, and was not believed by his contemporaries to perform any real miracles, he yet became accredited with performing them in the tradition which arose about him after he was dead, but prior to "the time to which the appearance of our gospel is assigned" by the critic to suit his said hypothesis.

But that Jesus personally disclaimed performing miracles, is, of course, too much for Strauss to take for granted; and so, though not until the issue of his final *Life*, he makes the feint of seeming to prove the point, by citing the summary refusal of Christ to show to certain Scribes and Pharisees a sign from heaven. But even here he is driven to say that "Luke, as compared with Matthew, has preserved the more original account," not to mention other subterfuges.

It so happens, however, that when he has thus far, and after such a fashion, proceeded, to his unalloyed delight, our critic has then exhausted all the evidence even appearing to look in the direction of his desires. Accordingly, he is forthwith compelled to say: "It is true, indeed, that the answer which Jesus gave to the messengers of the Baptist . . . appears to stand in the sheerest contradiction to this refusal to perform signs and wonders."

From this dilemma, how does Strauss propose therefore to extricate himself? Why, in this very simple manner: "To this detailed account," says he, "of the miracles which any one might see him perform, Jesus adds: 'And blessed is he who shall not be offended in me.' . . . These words seem . . . to have been uttered against those who were offended at his not performing the miracles expected of the Messiah, and then the miracles to which he appealed are to be under-

stood in a spiritual sense of the moral effects of his doctrine. 'How,' he means to say, 'you do not see me perform the miracles which you expect from the Messiah? And yet I am daily opening, in a spiritual sense, the eyes of the blind, the ears of the deaf, making the maimed walk uprightly, and giving new life to those who are morally quite dead. He who sees of how much more worth these spiritual miracles are, will take no offense at the want of material ones.'"

Now this is indeed a certain way of putting things, but let us see how it will stand inspection.

And, first of all, we must demand why Dr. Strauss ever presumed to dismiss this whole question as to whether Christ disclaimed working miracles, after glancing at only the merest item of the evidence. It was well indeed for him to notice the words of Christ about "the sign," and also those before us now. But why should he so strangely forget to notice—only these? If it was all along his intention thus conveniently to ignore the evidence almost *en masse*, he would have immeasurably more deserved the respect of scholars had he ignored it altogether. As it is, we must insist that he likewise pay some specific attention to those other pertinent words of Christ of which he has chosen to seem so perfectly oblivious; words with which, according to all the most rigid canons of historical criticism ever yet invented to reduce and destroy the speeches of Jesus in our possession, he yet may not refuse to grapple; words not found in the fourth gospel, but in the synoptics; words not peculiar to Mark or Luke, but vouched for by the almost unquestioned Matthew.

Let us begin, however, by rejecting in a body, first, all the words of Christ in question of a Judaizing tendency, as when he says: "Show thyself to the priest, and offer the gift that Moses commanded for a testimony unto them;" and, secondly, all those others in the case of which the precise phraseology of Jesus himself is not given, as when it is merely asserted that he "rebuked the wind and the sea," though in exactly what terms we do not know, unless we accredit Mark that his language was: "Peace, be still." That this process will leave us only well-authenticated words of Jesus for the purposes in view, M. Strauss, even in his most fastidious moments, reluctantly must own.

To remove this matter even still farther, however, from any future question, even of those undeniably authentic discourses of Jesus thus remaining to us in the first gospel,

we will now also discard that entire mass which depends upon the narrative portions with which they are interwoven, to render it certain that they relate to miracles. Thus: "Believe ye that I am able to do this?"—"Be it unto thee even as thou wilt," and so on to the end of the catalogue. Perhaps here also should be included, as being in themselves somewhat ambiguous, such further words as these: "Stretch forth thine hand;" "Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward forever;" and the like.

And yet, after all this is done, Jesus still continues his discourses thus in Matthew: "I will come and heal him."—"I will; be thou clean."—"Whether is easier to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say, Arise and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins. . . . Arise, take up thy bed and go unto thine house."—"But if I by the Spirit of God cast out devils, then the kingdom of God is come unto you."—"Woe unto thee, Chorazin, woe unto thee, Bethsaida; for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes."—"They need not depart; give ye them to eat. . . . Bring them hither to me."—"I have compassion on the multitude, because they continue with me now three days, and have nothing to eat; and I will not send them away fasting, lest they faint by the way. . . . How many loaves have ye?"—"Why reason ye among yourselves because ye have brought no bread? Do ye not remember the five loaves of the five thousand, and how many baskets ye took up? Neither the seven loaves of the four thousand, and how many baskets ye took up?"

These words of Jesus in Matthew alone, therefore, detached entirely from the context and picked up anywhere on a slip of paper by themselves, would abundantly establish, and that beyond a question, that whoever took such language on his lips professed, and in the most decided sense of supernaturalism professed, to be a worker of miracles.

And in the light of this, consider now these further words of Christ in Matthew also, "Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up." Assuredly, when Strauss endeavors to make Jesus here enter into a sort of apology for not performing the expected Messianic miracles, and to appear in the rôle

of a Messiah, seeking to palm off upon the Jews the moral effects of his doctrine in lieu of proper miracles, he only deserves to have it retorted upon him that by no means a Paulus is the only skeptic who is "fond of lending to the hallowed personages of primitive Christian history the views of the present age."

Indeed, upon this whole question as to whether Christ disclaimed working miracles, there is, on the part of Strauss, such ineffable condescension, first, in his special pleading about the solitary text which even seems to suit his purpose; secondly, in his imputing to the only other text he presumes specifically to notice, a meaning in utter contradiction to the thought of Christ himself; and, thirdly, in his wholesale suppression even of his own evidence at large in Matthew;—such an ineffable condescension on the part of Strauss is here evinced, we say, that his entire argument deserves no further notice than barely the exposure given it above.

But the question still remains, how Christ succeeded in his *rôle* of wonder-worker. In the proper and the highest sense, did his contemporaries receive him in this character or not?

On this point, however, Strauss has ventured to commit himself much more fully to the central current of the truth than on the former one. There he did not dare to wet his feet; but here we find him wading almost beyond the shallows.

"Meanwhile," he says, "however Jesus might disclaim the performance of material miracles, it was supposed, according to the mode of thought of the period . . . that miracles he must perform whether he would or not. As soon as he was considered a prophet, . . . miraculous powers were attributed to him; and when they were attributed to him, they came of course into operation. From that time, wherever he showed himself, sufferers regularly crowded around him in order only to touch his garments, because they expected to be cured by doing so."

From which it is apparent, even according to the critic, that Jesus was regarded by his contemporaries as the performer of not spiritual, but material miracles. What they thronged him for was not to be spiritually profited by "the moral effects of his doctrines," but to be physically healed of their diseases.

So far as these material miracles can be accounted for by the mere "force of excited imagination," Strauss is ready not merely to admit that Christ was believed by his contemporaries to have worked them, but that

"in many cases the account given in the gospels may have exactly corresponded with the fact." The secret of this concession is that afterward, in attempting mythically to account for "the origin of the evangelical narrative of miracles," the critic finds it exceedingly convenient to declare: "First, there are the miracles produced by faith, perfectly natural, and which we have not disputed."

But after Strauss, in order to reach this helpful goal, has thus unguardedly allowed himself to be swept so far down the stream of proof as to admit that Jesus was accredited by his contemporaries with working miracles at all, his doom is fixed. Beyond help or hope, he must now be swept onward to confess that as well as with those to be accounted for by the force of excited imagination, so also with those to be accounted for only by the exercise of supernatural power, Jesus was accredited with performing miracles by the sufferers who thronged him day and night. As Jesus, for instance, professed to cleanse the leper and raise the dead, so the entire tenor of the testimony establishes he was believed to do.

Wherefore have we written this? Most assuredly not still more absurdly to swell the list of formal refutations to the mythical hypothesis of Strauss, as it concerns the miracles of Christ. When even Renan says: "The book of Strauss, in spite of its somewhat exaggerated fame, has been laid aside, and has satisfied nobody," the day is surely past when formal refutations of this aspect of *Das Leben Jesu* are in place.

But our point is this. The mythical hypothesis of Strauss, as it concerns the miracles of Christ, has never called for, and never can call for, a formal refutation. Whatever the fact may be, and whatever the fact may over and over again have been demonstrated to be, no one has ever needed to inquire whether it is satisfactory or unsatisfactory. The simple truth is, that, despite all the countless essays and volumes written for its explosion, it has always been utterly irrelevant; it has never had the slightest bearing on any actual issue about the miracles in question. It was contrived, as we saw above, solely to solve the problem how, though Jesus while living personally disclaimed performing any miracles whatever, and was not believed by his contemporaries to perform any real miracles, he yet became converted into a miracle-worker by traditions arising after he was dead, but prior to the time to which the appearance of our gospels is by Strauss as-

signed. But historically the critic never had, and never could fairly get before him, any such problem for solution. Christ while living professed to perform, and was believed to perform, not spiritual but material, not imaginary but actual miracles. Posthumous traditions never had the remotest opportunity originally, and in the fullest sense, to foist upon him his character as miracle-worker, because he both claimed and attained that character long before he died. In other words, the very question about the miracles of Christ which the mythical hypothesis of Strauss attempts to solve, itself is mythical. The same brain that contrived the apparatus, contrived the problem also.

If *Das Leben Jesu* should therefore be compared to a man-of-war, whenever its constructor and commander runs out his guns before a paper fort of Paulus, death or flight is sure to follow. Whenever he directs a broadside against the gospels,—at their contradictions and the like,—whoever may doubt that he breaches through and through the theory of their inspiration, no one who knows the facts can question that his missiles smite a thousand times against the view as with a clap of thunder. But when he gives the order utterly to annihilate the miracles of Christ, discharge after discharge results in simply nothing, except in noise and smoke, and for the simple reason that his fire has not been directed against any possible scholarly issue about the miracles in question, but has merely been emptied at a target put up to seaward for his own private practice. He commits the blunder of trying to storm the city by throwing away his shot and shell directly out to sea.

On the question now before us, therefore, we do not need specifically to inquire whether any one either ever has or ever can dismount or spike a single gun of Strauss. Conversely, suppose that, on this especial side, *Das Leben Jesu* should continue in full force and fire until its gallant captain has filled up with wasted scholarship and subtlety the very ocean of his conjectures as to how tradition posthumously converted Jesus into a wonder-worker of the very highest order. It will be time enough for those within the walls to think about replies, when he launches forth with quite another kind of cruiser, whose guns, instead of being forever fastened to the seaward, are brought immediately to bear upon the citadel itself, namely, upon the question how Christ came so successfully to play the part of wonder-worker, if he did not do his miracles in truth.

And now for vital and real aspects of our subject still remaining.

II.—THE SCIENTIFIC, OR LEGENDARY, HYPOTHESIS OF RENAN.

"We venture to affirm," says Renan, "that if France, better endowed than Germany with practical perception, and less inclined to substitute in history the action of ideas for the play of passion and the force of individual character, had undertaken to write scientifically the life of Christ, it would have employed a more rigorous method, and, avoiding the error of transferring the problem, as Strauss has done, to the domain of abstract speculation, would have come much nearer the truth." Of which presaging remarks we now have before us in the since famous *Vie de Jésus* the detailed exposition.

Renan, then, in comparison with Strauss, is far too penetrative even to make the effort to have Jesus converted for the first time into a miracle-worker by the posthumous traditions which arose about him. He cannot, indeed, concede that Jesus ever worked a miracle. But he does "admit unhesitatingly that acts which would now be considered traits of illusion or of hallucination figured largely in the life of Jesus." Not that he thinks Jesus had any direct complicity with all such acts narrated of him in the gospels. Conversely: "It is impossible," says he, "among the miraculous stories, the wearisome enumeration of which the gospels contain, to distinguish the miracles which have been attributed to Jesus by popular opinion, from those in which he consented to take an active part." "In most cases," he alleges, "the people themselves, from the undeniable need which they feel of seeing in great men and great events something divine, create the marvelous legends afterwards." Besides: "Who knows whether the celebrity of Christ as an exorcist did not spread about without his knowing it? Persons who reside in the East are sometimes surprised to find themselves, after a little time, possessed of great renown as physicians, sorcerers, or discoverers of treasure, without being able to discover any satisfactory account of the facts which have given rise to these strange imaginings."

But after all the marvelous acts thus unhistorically foisted on him have been deducted, there still remain *some* miracles of Christ narrated in the gospels "in which he consented to take an active part." And what of these? Why, according to M. Renan, to the

contemporaries of Jesus these acts were miracles, but to us moderns they are merely "traits of illusion or hallucination."

Precisely what he means by which we now proceed to see.

"Miracles," says he, "only occur in periods and countries in which they are believed in, and before persons disposed to believe in them. No miracle was ever performed before an assembly of men capable of establishing the miraculous character of an act. Neither men of the people nor men of the world are competent for that. Great precautions, and a long habit of scientific research, are requisite. In these days have we not seen nearly all men the dupes of gross prestiges or puerile illusions? . . . Is it not probable that the miracles of the past, all of which were performed in popular assemblages, would present to us, were it possible for us to criticise them in detail, their share of illusion? . . . Let a thaumaturgist present himself to-morrow with testimony sufficiently important to merit our attention; let him announce that he is able, I will suppose, to raise the dead; what would be done? A commission composed of physiologists, physicians, chemists, persons experienced in historical criticism, would be appointed. This commission would choose the corpse, make certain that death was real, designate the hall in which the experiment should be made, and regulate the whole system of precautions necessary to leave no room for doubt. If, under such circumstances, the resurrection should be performed, a probability, almost equal to certainty, would be attained. However, as an experiment ought always to be repeated, . . . the thaumaturgist would be invited to produce his marvelous act under other circumstances, upon other bodies, in another medium. If the miracle succeeds each time, . . . supernatural acts do come to pass in the world. But who does not see that no miracle was ever performed under such conditions? that always hitherto the thaumaturgist has chosen the subject of the experiment, chosen the means, chosen the public? . . . Till we have new light, therefore, we shall maintain . . . that a supernatural relation always implies credulity or imposture."

If now a commission of modern scientists should be selected by M. Renan, and they should start upon an exploration of the past, at the utmost what sort of a resurrection from the dead would he expect them to witness on the part of Christ?

"It seems," says he, "that Lazarus was

sick, and that it was indeed in consequence of a message from his alarmed sisters that Jesus left Perea. . . . Perhaps Lazarus, still pale from sickness, caused himself to be swathed in grave-clothes as one dead, and shut up in his family tomb. . . . Martha and Mary came out to meet Jesus, and . . . conducted him to the sepulcher. The emotion which Jesus experienced at the tomb of his friend whom he thought dead, may have been mistaken by the witnesses for that groaning, that trembling, which accompanies miracles. . . . Jesus . . . desired to see once more him whom he loved, and the stone having been removed, Lazarus came forth with his grave-clothes and his head bound about with a napkin. This apparition must have been regarded by all as a resurrection."

It is indeed true that, as a substitute for the above, Renan subsequently declares: "The hypothesis which I propose in the present [the thirteenth] edition reduces all to a misapprehension." Thus: "Wearied out by the ill reception which the kingdom of God found in the capital, the friends of Jesus, it appears, sometimes desired a grand prodigy which should have a powerful effect upon the Hierosolymite incredulity. A resurrection must have seemed to them as that which, more than anything else, would be convincing. It may be supposed that Mary and Martha suggested this to Jesus. Popular report already attributed to him two or three works of this kind. 'If,' doubtless said these pious sisters, 'one of the dead were raised to life, perhaps the living would be brought to repentance.' 'No,' Jesus would reply, 'when even a dead man should be raised, they would not believe.' Recalling then a history which was familiar to him, that of the good beggar covered with ulcers, who died and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: 'Should Lazarus return again,' he said, 'they would not believe him.' Afterward there arose on this subject strange mistakes. Hypothesis passed into assertion. They spoke of Lazarus resuscitated," etc.

All of which is very acutely surmised, indeed, by way of a change of base, about this narrative of John. But Renan must still remember that not only had popular report attributed to Jesus two or three resurrections from the dead prior to the episode in question, but that Jesus himself, in Matthew, places works of this kind among the Messianic miracles which the messengers of John might see him do. And if he is at all, intelligibly to

himself, to conceive how Christ could play a conscious part in working wonders of this order, our present critic has no choice, according to his theory, but substantially to fall back upon the expression given of the matter at the very outset. Even if Christ had never historically claimed to raise the dead, even if John had never put the incident of Lazarus on record, even if it should now for the first time merely be hypothecated that Christ appeared proclaiming he could effect a resurrection, still it inheres in the very principle of his legendary hypothesis of miracles at large, that Renan must depict Jesus as able to raise the dead only after some such a fashion as, in all the earlier editions of the *Life of Jesus*, he does depict him doing at the ancient town of Bethany. For if the thaumaturgist, Christ, should present himself tomorrow with testimony sufficiently important to merit our attention, announcing he could raise the dead, what would be done? Why, a commission composed of physiologists, physicians, and the like, would be appointed. But why a commission of scientists, rather than of men of the people or men of the world? Because men of the people and men of the world are not competent to sit in judgment in the case of miracles. In fact, nearly all men, and even in our enlightened age, have in such matters been the dupes of gross prestiges or puerile illusions. Doubtless at the bottom of all these pretended prodigies is either credulity or imposture. To detect this, however, great precautions and a long habit of scientific research are requisite. Scientists should be the ones to conduct the whole affair, choose the corpse, make certain that death is real, designate the hall in which the experiment is to be made, demand to see the prodigy repeated under other circumstances, upon other bodies, in another medium. But who does not see that no miracle was ever performed under such conditions? that always hitherto the thaumaturgist has chosen the subject of the experiment, chosen the means, chosen the public? And to this the case of Christ is no exception. If he ever did perform a conscious part in the rôle of one who could raise the dead, the thing to be on our guard against is, first, credulity on our own part; secondly, intrigue on the part of the special friends of Jesus; and thirdly, imposture on the part of Christ himself. "A miracle, in other terms," says Renan, "supposes three conditions: 1, the credulity of all; 2, a little compliance on the part of some; 3, the tacit acquiescence of the main author."

Now it must of course be admitted, first of all, that the miracles of Christ only occurred in a period and a country in which they were believed in, and before persons disposed to believe in them; and that, in addition to being over-credulous, the popular assemblages before whom they were performed undeniably did not possess that long habit of scientific research which would have been requisite to take the proper precautions against being the dupes of Christ and his disciples, in case the latter did propose to dupe them.

Nor is it, in the second place, essential to inquire whether the disciples of Jesus were, or were not, morally capable of playing any such compliant part in getting up a miracle for Christ, as Renan, in the first twelve editions of the *Vie de Jésus*, pictures them as doing, when they would have him work a resurrection at the grave of the beloved Lazarus. Let us the rather proceed upon the supposition that they were so.

But what of the compliant Christ himself, in case M. Renan is correct in his proposed solution of his thaumaturgy?

Before responding to this painful question, however, it will be essential to make some explanatory remarks as to the reason why we must nerve ourselves up to probe this legendary view of the miracles of Jesus to the very bottom.

The first reason, therefore, is this: that the volume in which it occurs, by a powerful and permanent impression, has everywhere been, as it were, branded on the minds of men throughout the Christian world. "The reception of Renan's *Life of Jesus*," says Hurst, "was most hearty throughout France. . . . Over an hundred thousand copies were soon sold, and translations were made into all the European tongues."—"It marks," says Schaff, "an epoch in the religious literature of France, and found an unparalleled circulation on the continent of Europe, and even in England and America." Froude also speaks of it as "the now notorious work which is shooting through Europe with a rapidity which recalls the era of Luther." This was indeed all written soon after the first appearance of the book in 1863. But even so recently as 1870, Dr. Rigg, of England, pronounces "Renan undoubtedly one of the most distinguished leaders among men of learning and culture."

A second reason why we must not pause until we have probed the legendary hypothesis of the miracles of Christ advanced by Renan to the very bottom, is this, namely, that when the whole question of the miracles of

Christ comes eventually to be decided, Renan, from the very nature of the problem, ever must remain the last man to represent the world of scholars on the anti-supernaturalistic side of the investigation; and this we now proceed to show.

"Science," says one of our highest American authorities on all such subjects, in a private letter, with kind consent to cite in this connection,—“science knows nothing of miracles, or of events which are not explicable as the consequents of finite, knowable antecedents. The hypothesis of a personal God does not form a part of science, but is added to science by theology. If one begins by accepting the hypothesis of a God extraneous to the Cosmos, and acting upon it as a man acts upon a machine, the controversy about miracles becomes a legitimate one. But so long as we stand upon purely scientific ground, discarding all the extra-scientific theories furnished by theology, the controversy about miracles is not legitimate. Hence, in my articles on the ‘Jesus of History’ and the ‘Jesus of Dogma,’ I have omitted the subject entirely. And in my projected work on the ‘Founding of Christianity,’ I shall probably recognize the existence of the question only in the preface.”

Before making a single comment on this extract, we must, however, do its gifted author the simple justice of saying that, despite anything in his language which looks in that direction, he is yet neither an atheist, materialist, nor pantheist. Conversely, after giving his detailed reasons, he has expressly stated in the public prints, that it is “the final outcome of a purely scientific inquiry, that the existence of God—the supreme truth asserted alike by Christianity and all inferior religions—is asserted with equal emphasis by that Cosmic philosophy which seeks its data in science alone.”

But what we wish to say is this. No matter whether the position taken by the investigator be that no personal God exists to act upon the Cosmos from without, and as a man acts upon a machine; or that, although confessedly existing, no personal God, or if it be preferred, no Persistence of Force, no Divine Dynamis, ever acts upon the Cosmos in the manner mentioned. What of this? When we come specifically to speak of the miracles of Jesus Christ, all this is simply irrelevant. Let it be supposed no personal God exists. Still a personal Jesus Christ unquestionably has existed. Says Renan of Strauss, and very truly: “Most people know him only through the abuse of his adversaries, and from the re-

port that a visionary of that name had denied the existence of Christ, for it is in terms as absurd as these that the *Life of Jesus* has been summarily spoken of.”

So also let it be hypothecated that no personal God, no Persistence of Force, no Divine Dynamis, though existing, ever has acted, ever does act, or ever will act, extraneously upon the Cosmos, as a man acts upon a machine. Still Jesus Christ has undeniably been in this world, extraneous to this world, and has acted upon it, so far as the mere principle is concerned, precisely as a man acts upon a machine. Did he do this after a merely human fashion; or that,—and something more?

While, therefore, and for very obvious reasons, the demonstration that Jesus was in truth a worker of miracles might possibly be the first step towards establishing the views of God which Jesus held, as contra-distinguished from those of the atheist, materialist, pantheist or modern anti-supernaturalistic scientist, we must emphasize and never forget the fact that the question of the miracles of Christ is by no means dependent for its settlement upon the prior establishment of either of the views of God referred to. In other words, the atheist, the materialist, the pantheist, and the modern anti-supernaturalistic scientist, in common with the Christian theist, must alike concede that a personal Jesus Christ has existed, and that he has performed certain actions in this world, and it only remains to be determined whether among those actions miracles can be proven to the satisfaction of the scientist.

A second remark above suggested by our distinguished Cosmical philosopher is this. We have already noted the fact that there is a supposition current in certain scientific circles that the whole question of the supernatural may be summarily dismissed as one of simple science. “Not from our line of reasoning, but from the whole mass of modern science,” says Renan, “comes this immense result: Nothing is supernatural.” And our correspondent but carries this supposition to its extremest logical results when he proposes, *ex cathedrâ*, to assume that to the modern scientific thinker even a controversy about the miracles of Christ is not legitimate, and then, having merely recognized the existence of the question in his preface, proceed to write a formal treatise on the Founding of Christianity, in the body of which the whole matter of those miracles is most steadily ignored. But we must here be permitted to reiterate what we have said before, that, as

the simple scientist, one might precisely as well undertake to dogmatize whether Alexander ever fought a battle as whether Jesus ever wrought a miracle. Renan may, or may not, be perfectly correct in saying that "by so much as one admits the supernatural he is outside of science; he admits an explanation which is in no sense scientific; an explanation ignored by the astronomer, the physician, the chemist, the geologist, the physiologist, and which the historian also should ignore." But what we wish here to insist on and emphasize is this, that because the scientist has concluded that he can, as such, ignore the supernatural, it does not therefore and of course result that the historian can conclude the same. In other words, when it was above argumentatively assumed that, in order adequately and undeniably to explain, alike in their origin and development, all phenomena peculiar to the field of science, in no case is it essential to hypothecate the supernatural, the question still remained, if the same were true about all the phenomena peculiar to the field of history. When the astronomer, the physician, the chemist, the geologist, the physiologist, and every other scientist, has announced that nothing is supernatural in his especial sphere, altogether they must yet explore that other field of facts referred to, and see if they can there announce the same. It would indeed be perfectly legitimate altogether to dismiss the supernaturalistic view of the miracles of Christ, after only a brief reference to it in the preface of a formal discussion of the Founding of Christianity, because, in the estimation of the writer, that view had already been exploded by certain predecessors in this department of historical investigation, as by a Renan, Strauss, or even Paulus. But thus to dismiss the supernaturalistic view of the miracles of Christ, on the simple ground that "science knows nothing of miracles, or events which are not explicable as the consequents of finite, knowable antecedents," is carrying the logical results of modern anti-supernaturalistic tendencies, as opposed to demonstrations, not merely to a most illogical extreme, but almost beyond the calm respect of scholars. The first thing to be done, as we remarked above, is, by the same impartial historical processes employed in any other instance, to determine, and that beyond a question, what events really figure in the life of Christ. After that, the scientist will of course be at perfect liberty to cast all such events into his crucibles, and satisfy himself completely whether they survive the proper tests of miracles or not.

But no sooner does the scientist attempt to explore the records of the life of Christ, than, on the supposition of the historical reality of those records, he is in the midst of miracles on every hand. Men who do not quail before the problem of accounting, in a purely natural way, not only for the fact of the descent, but for the manner of the development of man—intellect, conscience, religious sense, and all—from some pre-existing form, must yet falter before the problem of healing lepers and raising dead people by a word, aside from the hypothesis of something supernatural. Here there is for the scientist, indeed, no choice, except either, first, to say we have to deal with miracles in truth; or, secondly, to drop the character of scientist and play the part of Paulus; or, thirdly, to deny that the records of the life of Jesus with which we have to do are in the proper sense historical; or, fourthly, and as a last resort, as we shall see hereafter, adopt the views of Renan.

Of these four alternatives, the third, of course, will be the one first considered by the scientist.

But so soon as the work of "casting doubt" upon the gospels has progressed to the full extent to which they can be asserted to be in conflict with the settled facts of science, the scientist then must pause, and leave the rest of the task to be completed by the proper gospel critics.

Accordingly, when it has argumentatively been conceded to the scientist, first, that within his special province there is no trace or sign of the supernatural, and, secondly, that to the extent above mentioned the historical validity of the gospel record of the life of Christ has been by him impugned, he is thereafter and forever left behind in his capacity of simple scientist, and can be permitted henceforward to participate in our deliberations about the miracles before us, only on condition of his turning the critical historian; until we come, in conclusion, to sift and test the hypothesis of Renan, when he may don again his character of scientist. But first the field of history

"Paulus," says Renan, "was a theologian who, admitting the least possible of the miraculous, and not daring to treat the Biblical recitals as legends, tortured them to explain them in a purely natural way. Paulus pretended with this to maintain all the authority of the Bible, and to enter into the real mind of the sacred writers."—"All the features of the recital were thus accepted as real, but explained without miracle. The new interpreters did not for a moment think of

asking if the narration in question might not be a fiction."

But after a few preliminary suggestions on the part of other critics, Strauss, plainly perceiving, as he has already told us, that "if the gospels are really and truly historical, it is impossible to exclude miracles from the life of Jesus," instituted and organized that attack upon the gospels which is still raging throughout the Christian world, thus hoping that it would be possible to exclude miracles from the life of Jesus, as a matter of fact in which we moderns must believe. For it was not merely at that time, but it has continued until the present day to be the current supposition among the skeptics and the orthodox alike, that, as Christians,—to quote again from Froude,—"the inspiration of the Bible is the foundation of our whole belief, and it is a grave matter if we are uncertain to what extent it reaches, and how much it guarantees to us as true;" and that, specifically on the subject now before us, "nothing less than a miraculous history can sustain the credibility of miracles."

Starting out upon this supposition, the objective point which Strauss had in view is stated very clearly by himself, where he says, "that the external evidence, far from proving these writings to have come from eye-witnesses, or those who were near to the date of the gospels themselves, or to the events narrated in them, have, on the contrary, an interval open between that date and the composition of these writings, during which very much that is unhistorical may have been introduced; and that the internal character and relation of the gospels to each other are altogether those of writings which, having been written in succession at this later period, from different points of view, record the facts not purely as they were, but metamorphosed by the ideas and struggles of this later period and its various tendencies."

The reader who has made himself familiar with the preceding stages of this investigation, perceives how very neatly this conclusion of Strauss about the late origin and manner of the unhistorical development of the gospels is adjusted to his proposed mythical solution of the miracles of Christ. Whether it is a conclusion which can be legitimately drawn from the external and internal evidences about these documents or not, it surely is precisely that conclusion which Strauss devoutly wished for. For then he could assume that, though Jesus never personally professed to perform any miracles whatever, but rather the reverse,

and was never believed by his contemporaries to perform any real miracles, still, between the death of Jesus and a certain indefinite period afterward, when our present gospels are alleged by the critic to have been reduced to writing,—could assume, we say, that between the death of Jesus and this imagined later date, we have an interval open during which Jesus, metamorphosed by the ideas, and struggles, and various tendencies of the times, became unhistorically converted, both in his personal pretensions, and in the popular belief about him, into a wonder-worker of the very highest order.

Now, after he has thus neatly brought out his conclusion about the late origin of the gospels, and the precise manner of their unhistorical development, so precisely to suit his proposed mythical hypothesis of the miracles of Christ, we do not need to be so unceremonious as Renan is, and flatly say: "M. Strauss is mistaken in his theory of the compilation of the gospels."—"Upon the whole, I accept the four canonical gospels as authentic. All, in my judgment, date back to the age that follows the death of Jesus." On the other hand, we can well afford to allow this much-belabored Titan of the modern gospel critics such poor consolation as there may be afforded him in supposing that, so far from being mistaken, he is undeniably correct in his theory of the compilation of the documents in question.

No matter, then, at how late a period our present gospels were reduced to writing; and no matter, also, how much of the unhistorical may have been introduced into them by reason of this supposed tardy composition. We must still—for this we cannot possibly avoid—be so unfeeling as to ask our critic how all this will help him onward, even by a trifle, towards success in his peculiar effort unhistorically to solve the miracles of Christ. Whatever else may have been unhistorically admitted into our gospels, whenever they were composed, the speeches of Jesus, as we have them now in Matthew, are still confessedly authentic. But, as has already been proven, those speeches at once, forever and unalterably, fix upon Jesus in person the responsibility of professing to perform, and of being believed to perform, not spiritual but material, not imaginary but real miracles. And thus all the peculiar apparatus invented by our critic to evaporate the miracles of Christ into myths, on the assumption that Jesus personally disclaimed performing miracles, and that the problem to be accounted for is how posthumous tradi-

tions transformed him into working miracles,—thus does all this peculiar apparatus become, we say, precisely as much an apparatus without a problem before it for solution, on the supposition that only the words of Christ in Matthew are authentic, as it would become on the supposition that, *ipsissima verba*, the gospels are throughout inspired.

Nor, be it furthermore observed, would this result be at all improved for Strauss, if, instead of the Logia of Matthew, he should propose to leave us, selecting, at his perfect option, any other fragment of the gospels as authentic. The speeches of Jesus in either of the other three gospels, or the narrative portions of either of the four, would be equally fatal to his views. In other words, no fragment of the gospels whatever can be left us as authentic, and Strauss be permitted to consume our time with the detailed consideration how Jesus was metamorphosed into a miracle-worker after his death, since the historical truth with which we must always remain confronted is that Jesus was, in the highest conceivable sense, a professed and accepted wonder-worker long before he died. From the iron grasp of this dilemma there is no possible escape for Strauss, except he becomes so desperate as to say that the gospels are utterly without a historical basis,—that no single portion of them is authentic,—that no such person as Jesus ever lived, and said anything, or did anything, of which we have a certain knowledge. For just so certainly as Jesus ever did live, and ever did say anything, or do anything, narrated in any given fragment of our gospels, he said he worked miracles, and if he did not do them, he at least somehow succeeded in causing his contemporaries to believe that he did them.

After this charge is once fairly fixed upon Christ, however, our whole interest in the modern gospel controversy, so far as it merely bears upon the subject now before us, has forthwith ended as a primary question. We no longer need or care to ask when, or by whom, a certain book was written, or in how far that book is true or false. What we are now alone concerned to discover is how Christ came to profess to be a superhuman wonder-worker, and how he came so astoundingly to succeed in these pretensions, if he did not do his prodigies in very truth.

And here, after the materialist, and atheist, and pantheist, and modern anti-supernaturalistic scientist, and cosmical philosopher, and gospel critic, have, one after another, been patiently heard, in so far as they have anything in principle to say, whether relevant

or irrelevant, on this subject of the miracles of Christ, here, last of all, in verification of our remark above, stands Renan ready to have the final word.

And not only so, but, in the light of the developments of this discussion, it will be discovered that this final word about the miracles of Jesus, which Renan waits to have, will specifically bring before us that very point about those miracles, which, being, as it is, above all others the most fundamental and decisive, is therefore, comparatively speaking, almost the only one concerning which we need to be assured beyond a peradventure.

To illustrate: Concerning that passage in the *Life of Jesus* where Renan demands that Christ appear before a body of men capable to decide about his thaumaturgy, Froude remarks: "We have quoted this passage because it expresses with extreme precision and clearness the common-sense principle which we apply to all supernatural stories of our own time, which Protestant theologians employ against the whole cycle of Catholic miracles, and which M. Renan is only carrying to its logical conclusions in applying to the history of our Lord, if the gospels are tried by the mere tests of historical criticism. The gospels themselves tell us why M. Renan's conditions were never satisfied. Miracles were not displayed in the presence of skeptics to establish scientific truths. . . . Nothing less than a miraculous history can sustain the credibility of miracles."

But our brave and brilliant English author, "hard worked," as he says he is, "in other professions, and snatching with difficulty sufficient leisure to learn how complicated is the problem" of the miracles of Christ, as well as of "the gospels," in here "turning to those for assistance who are set apart and maintained as the theological trustees of the laity," has only been furnished with another one of those most glaring instances of reasoning in a circle, which have come down to us from very ancient times, and much revered, but little challenged fathers. But manifestly, on all such vital subjects as the one now before us, it is high time that we clergymen cease to be the simple parrots, which we often doubtless are, of the merely piously sounding phrases of the sacred past, and of which we do not even pause to ask ourselves the meaning. For in this special instance, what do we do? Why, in the first place, we, on the supposition that the miracles recorded in the Bible have beforehand

been themselves established by their own independent and proper proof, then very legitimately employ those miracles to attest the Bible as the Word of God. But some one now steps forward and demands that the miracles by which we would attest the Bible as the Word of God, be themselves not *supposed*, but *proven* to be established. And then what? Why we then very *naïvely* turn about and say, *ex cathedrâ*, that the Bible *is* the Word of God, and that the scriptural evidence to the miracles recorded in the Bible *therefore* is the evidence of God, and *hence* that the miracles therein narrated are *of course* established! "*O Sancta Simplicitas!*" A given miracle may, if proven, attest a given miraculous history, but that same miraculous history cannot, in turn, be used to attest its own attesting miracles. So, though all else in the Bible should be regarded as under the ban and seal of a divine authority, the miracles of the Bible must, even from the stand-point of the strictest orthodoxy, ever remain without the pale, and freely open to a fearless scrutiny.

Or take the special case of Christ himself. Suppose he were in person to appear on earth to-day in the character of a divine revelator. Upon being asked for his credentials, he professedly and apparently performs a miracle. But we are incredulous, and demand of him to know how we are to be assured beyond a doubt that his offered credential is not a thaumaturgic trick. Would we be content to have him merely turn around and say, *ex cathedrâ*, that he *is* a divine revelator, and that it is therefore sufficient for us to know that he, a divine revelator, *asserts* his miracle is true? Manifestly, on any such principle as this, any pretender or enthusiast or charlatan whatever can be a self-asserted messenger from heaven, and can attest himself at pleasure also in these pretensions with his self-asserted prodigies.

No, what we wish to know about the miracles of Christ is not in what sort of a book they may have happened to be, or not to be, recorded. On the contrary, all we need the Bible or the very gospels for is merely this, namely, to determine primarily,—as we have already said,—whether Jesus professed to be and was believed to be a real wonder-worker; and, secondarily,—and this is all we need to say about our uses for the gospels,—whether there exists to-day sufficient reason for us to believe the same.

Upon the former point it has already been seen that the Logia of Matthew, or any other

fragment of our gospels, indifferently selected, is perfectly conclusive. What will yet be our answer to the second portion of our problem remains to be determined.

Meanwhile we must, first of all, point out this further mistake of Froude, namely, that "the gospels themselves tell us why M. Renan's conditions were never satisfied. Miracles were not displayed in the presence of skeptics to establish 'scientific truths.'" But no matter for that. Jesus displayed his miracles to establish his supernatural mission. And if he expects them to establish his supernatural mission to the satisfaction of a modern scientist, he has no right whatever to shrink from displaying them before the party to be convinced. So the direction in which Jesus now must go is not to take shelter under the attestation of a certain alleged miraculous record of his life, to sustain the credibility of his miracles. But the only proper thing for him to do is frankly and fearlessly to appear before our congregated *savants*, and then and there submit his prodigies to the most searching tests that modern science can demand.

Renan, therefore, after all, is right. The same "common-sense principle which we apply to all supernatural stories of our own time, which Protestant theologians employ against the whole cycle of Catholic miracles," *ought* to be "carried to its logical conclusions" in the case of Christ as well. If he cannot stand before the same searching scientific scrutiny before which any other wonder-workers fall, then he must fall as well as they. For this there is no help; nor should there be.

But precisely what is the point about his thaumaturgy which a modern scientific commission needs determine? It is not whether the prodigies which he professedly performed with such astonishing success before his contemporaries, if actually done, were real miracles. Healing lepers by a word, raising the dead,—these are surely superhuman acts enough to satisfy any modern scientist, if only Jesus ever did them.

Did Jesus ever do them? If not, then precisely the thing to be detected is the very matter raised by Renan, namely, how he not merely professed to do them, but deluded his contemporaries into believing that he did them.

It is utterly impossible, however, for Jesus now to appear in person before our modern *savants*, in order that they may not only see his miracles, but see them under those conditions of a perfect scientific scrutiny which

would be forever exclusive of any future question, in case his miracles were invariably successful.

But, in the unavoidable absence of the thaumaturgist, Jesus, it will answer equally as well, if it can only be demonstrated to the satisfaction of a scientific commission, that both mentally and morally he was utterly incapable of professing to perform any prodigies at all, unless he did in fact perform them.

Once for all, therefore, let us look this matter in the face, frankly, fully, fearlessly, and see with what results.

In a general way, therefore, Renan's position here is this: "Fraud shall yet come to be regarded as an inseparable element of religious history."—"Christianity is the grandest and the noblest of facts of that order, but it has not escaped the common laws which govern the facts of religious history. There is not a single grand religious creation which has not been implicated a little in what would now be called fraud."

With regard to miracles in particular, his language is: "There is no religious movement wherein such deceptions do not play a part." And from this remark, as we are already well aware, he does not propose to make the miracles of Christ the least exception. They, like all other miracles, are yet to find their true solution, not in the hypothesis of a supernatural order of facts, but rather in the hypothesis of credulity on the part of the witnesses, and of imposture on the part of Christ and his disciples.

Planting himself upon this position boldly in the *Life of Jesus*, Renan tells us, and tells us truly, that "the first task of the historian is to depict well the surroundings in which the events which he records took place;" that "we must not attempt to reconstruct the past according to our fancy;" that "Asia is not Europe;" that, in the case of the miracles of Christ, we must recollect that we have to deal with "a tradition conceived by another race, under another sky, in the midst of other social needs."

Then,—putting us especially on our guard against "mutilating history to satisfy our poor susceptibilities;"—exhorting us to remember here that "the essential condition of true criticism is to comprehend the diversity of periods, and to lay aside those instinctive repugnances which are the fruit of a purely national education;"—cautioning us not to forget that "by our extreme scrupulousness in the employment of the means of conviction, by our absolute sincerity and disinterested love of the pure idea, we all, who

have devoted our lives to science, have founded a new ideal of morality;"—thus cautioned and guarded against rejecting what we shall see, merely because to us the whole affair is most supremely "shocking," we are duly introduced by M. Renan into the midst of the Oriental scenes of Jesus's thaumaturgy.

Here we find ourselves at once "transported into a world of women and children, with minds ardent and wandering;" into a world where "passion is the soul of everything and credulity has no limits;" where there is, in short, "no grand movement produced without some deceit; . . . where natures, absolute after the Oriental fashion, once having embraced an opinion, never draw back; and where, if delusion becomes necessary, it requires no effort."

Renan, however, tries to conduct the exposition of his hypothesis of the miracles of Christ always within these limits. "Must we sacrifice," says he, "to this unpleasant aspect of such a life its sublime aspect? Let us beware of it. . . . So the exorcist and the miracle-worker have fallen, but the religious reformer shall live forever." Accordingly, we forthwith find him endeavoring to clear Jesus from the charge of being a common "charlatan," and the like. And thus indeed throughout it will be discovered by him who reads the *Life of Jesus* with this thought in view, that M. Renan is forever at his very wit's end how to represent the case of the Christ of his hypothesis so as to keep the implications cast upon his mental and his moral character always at the very lowest.

But M. Renan here has upon his hands a most delicate and often a most desperate affair to keep within control. So long as he can have "the people themselves, who, from the undeniable need which they feel of seeing in great men and great events something divine, create the marvelous legends afterwards" for Jesus; so long as he can say, "Who knows whether the celebrity of Christ as an exorcist did not spread about without his knowing it?"—on the principle that "persons who reside in the East are sometimes surprised to find themselves possessed of great renown as physicians, sorcerers, or discoverers of treasure, without being able to discover any satisfactory account of the facts which have given rise to these strange imaginings;" so long as he can continue in this strain, we say, all goes forward "as merry as a marriage bell." The only misfortune to Jesus is that the people will, unhistorically, foist upon him his thaumaturgic character.

But no sooner do we begin to inquire about those miracles "in which Jesus consented to take an active part," than the waters begin to deepen. The lowest form of suspicion that instantly begins to cling to Jesus is that after "some one, not himself," had become "responsible for the first rumor of his miracles," he merely "did not reject the reputation given him," though he knew full well that he ought in honesty to do so.

The next unavoidable query suggested is whether, after all, Jesus *was* a common charlatan. We begin to reply in the negative. "Not a charlatan," we confidently assert, for "a charlatan is detestable; he performs miracles without believing in them." And this all goes on very well so long as we proceed no further than to say: "The most of the miracles which Jesus thought he performed were miracles of healing. The disorders were very slight—a gentle word often sufficed to drive away the demon." His only misfortune here is not being a modern *savant*. "Ignorant," as he was, "of a rational medical science," he could not have suspected that his prodigies of healing were but psychical effects. What we moderns would put down to the "force of excited imagination" in his patients, he very artlessly passed over to the credit of himself, as a person of supernatural powers.

But when we come to ask ourselves how about those other instances of healing which he professedly performs, such as curing the leper by a word, we find ourselves in—deep water.

Possibly, however, in all such deeply suspicious instances the adoring friends of Jesus may have prepared his thaumaturgy ready to his hand? Thus Lazarus, still pale from sickness, might have caused himself to be swathed in grave-clothes, as one dead, and shut up in his family tomb. Martha and Mary might then have sent for Christ, and conducted him to the sepulcher. Responsively to the command of Jesus, Lazarus only needed to come forth with his grave-clothes, and his head bound about with a napkin, and the resurrection was complete. In view of which, as Jesus is supposed *not* to "be a party to the deception," Strauss only cares to ask whether "*he* was blinded by so coarse a trick." But, unfortunately for this view of the matter, it will cover only certain portions of the evidence, not others. Cases of leprosy, and of feeding thousands of people with a few loaves of bread and a few small fishes, are miracles, for example, which could not have been successfully

manufactured for Jesus. At least we are already beginning to be confronted with the question whether this Jesus of Renan's hypothesis is to be taken for a lunatic, or—*worse*. Less than a lunatic he cannot be, if, whether because of his own ignorance of nature's laws, or of the imposition of his friends, or for any other reason, he really believes he performs such prodigies as we now find he professes to do, and does not do so. And if he is not a lunatic, and does not do these prodigies in truth, it is the mildest thing that we can assert when we say, that in professing to do them, and in deluding people into supposing he does them, he is one of the most detestable charlatans possible to imagine.

But really this unpleasant feature in the life of the Jesus of Renan's hypothesis is becoming so excessively unpleasant, perhaps it can in some way at least be palliated. It may be that "he was a miracle-worker only in spite of himself." Perhaps, "as always happens in great and divine careers, he suffered the miracles which public opinion demanded of him, rather than performed them." They may have been "a violence done him by his time; a concession which the necessity of the hour wrung from him." But here again the facts in the case of the Jesus of Matthew are very far from being covered. After all the evidence looking in this direction in his favor has been exhausted, we still find him deliberately taking the entire initiative and conduct of his miracles; as when he refuses to let his disciples send the multitude away to buy victuals, and persists in personally feeding them in a superhuman manner.

But was not all this done at a "late period?" Not by the Jesus whose discourses we have in Matthew. It might as well be said that *that* Jesus began to talk only at a late period, as that he began to discourse about miracles only at a late period. It is a matter of daily conversation with him to profess to work miracles, to appeal to his prodigies in proof of his divine mission, and the like. Or, if it be preferred to say that Matthew, whose characteristic is supposed to be massing together into long speeches the cognate discourses which Jesus in fact delivered on many diverse occasions and at remotely different periods of his preaching, as in the instance of the Sermon on the Mount,—that Matthew has here exactly reversed his custom, and broken up certain long discourses which Jesus delivered only late in life concerning miracles, and has distributed them in fragments throughout his gospel,—the matter for Renan's Christ would even then scarcely be mended. Con-

versely, we should then have a Jesus, during the last few days of his career, crowding his pretensions as a miracle-worker for the first time upon his contemporaries after such a sudden and overwhelming fashion, that he would forthwith appear before us in the double character of a most detestable charlatan and lunatic combined.

But when we now raise the question why, late or early, *volens volens*, Christ performed his prodigies at all, Renan's ready answer is: "It was the received opinion that the Messiah would perform many. . . . Jesus therefore had to choose between two alternatives, either to renounce his mission or to become a wonder-worker."

And after we have waded out so far as this from shore, deeper and deeper grow the waters with a surprising swiftness. Now Jesus has introduced into his life "the page that wounds us." Now he has fully entered upon that career of "grievous acts" by reason of which "his worship" is already beginning to "grow feeble in the heart of humanity." In order "to succeed," he has begun "to make sacrifices." He has entered, in short; upon that "desperate struggle" for the triumph of his mission, out of which he never can emerge "immaculate." "Believing that all great things are achieved by the people," and that "the people are led only by yielding to their ideas;" "taking into consideration each day the weakness of men," and laying it down as a settled line of policy "not always to give the true reason for truth;" he "adopts the baptism of John;" announces that "the Baptist was the old prophet Elias resurrected for his precursor;" "accepts the title Son of David," or calls himself "the Son of Man," or "Son of God," to suit his auditors; "spares himself too precise declarations," pretends, like another "Joan of Arc," "to reveal the secrets of the heart or life;" works a miracle, or does anything beside, either "in his own direction" or "not in his own direction;" does all this, we say, to help him onward in his divine career. And if all this begins to wear a very threatening aspect for every sublimer feature of his life, we must still wait until "we can accomplish by our scruples what he did by his falsehoods," before we shall acquire "the right to be severe upon him."

Meanwhile, let us now for a moment see how our critic will depict this tricky thaumaturgist of his hypothesis in action.

"Antipater heard of his miracles," we are told, "which he doubtless supposed were cunning tricks, and he desired to see some

of them. With his ordinary tact Jesus refused. He took good care not to wander forth into an irreligious world, which desired of him nothing but a vain amusement; he aspired only to gain the people; he reserved for the simple means good for them alone."—"Thus far he had always avoided great centers, preferring for his field of action the countries and towns of small importance."—"Behold what is of the greatest moment. That Jesus should have acquired a great renown as thaumaturgist in an ignorant, rural country, favorably situated as Galilee, is quite natural. Had he not even once countenanced the execution of marvelous acts, these acts would still be done by him. His reputation of thaumaturgist would be spread abroad independently of all co-operation on his part and without his knowledge. A miracle explains itself before a well-inclined public; it is then in reality the public that makes it. But before a disaffected public, the question is entirely changed. This is well seen in the relapse of miracles which took place five or six years ago in Italy. The miracles which were produced in the Roman States succeeded. On the contrary, those which dared to appear in the Italian provinces submitted immediately to an inquest and were quickly stopped. Those whom they pretended to have cured acknowledged never to have been sick. The thaumaturgists themselves, upon being interrogated, declared that they did not comprehend anything, but that the noise of their miracles being spread abroad, they had believed to have done them. In other words, for a miracle to succeed a little compliance is necessary. The spectators not aiding, then it must be that the actors aid."—"Jesus was a stranger at Jerusalem. . . . Instead of that unlimited facility of faith . . . which he found in Galilee, . . . he encountered here at every step an obstinate incredulity, upon which the means of action which had succeeded so well in the north produced little effect."—"So that if Jesus had done any miracles at Jerusalem, we come to suppositions very shocking."—"One cannot for years lead the life of a thaumaturgist without being many times cornered; without having the hand forced by the public. He begins with ingenuousness, credulity, absolute innocence; he ends with embarrassments of every kind, and to sustain the divine power, in default of its possession, he extricates himself from these embarrassments by desperate expedients. . . . Ought he to let the work of God perish because God delays to reveal himself?"

Wherefore, in the case of Renan's Jesus, we come eventually to read: "We must remember that, in this impure and oppressive city of Jerusalem, Jesus was no longer himself. His conscience, by the fault of men, and not by his own, had lost something of its primitive pureness. Desperate, pushed to extremes, he no longer retained possession of himself. His mission imposed itself upon him, and he obeyed the torrent. Death, moreover, was in a few days to restore him to his divine liberty, and to snatch him from the fatal necessities of a character which each day became more exacting, more difficult to sustain."

And all this M. Renan is fairly driven to say in order merely to account for the fact that Jesus "played a conscious part" in the resurrection of the beloved Lazarus, even according to the "mere-misapprehension theory" of the matter given in the final casting of the *Life of Jesus*; and played a conscious part therein only to the extent that will enable us to conjecture that it is "not impossible that even a report of this kind should be noised abroad in the lifetime of Jesus, and have had fatal consequences for him."

Does not the reader now perceive what a perfectly fearful hypothesis of the miracles of Jesus Renan has to hold in hand? If he should for a single instant dare to let this hypothesis dart onward, goaded at full speed only by the Logia of Matthew, to its legitimate goal, so far from leaving a solitary aspect of the sublimer sides of the life of Jesus unaffected, it would at once and forever shatter the entire mental and moral character of Jesus into a thousand hopeless fragments. If he should only once honestly and fully give free reins to his theory of Jesus's thaumaturgy under the full whip and spur of his own historical proofs, instead of ever being able to announce: "So the exorcist and the miracle-worker have fallen; but the religious reformer shall live forever;" he would inevitably be obliged to exclaim: "So the religious reformer has fallen in an utter and eternal ruin, and only the detestable and tricky thaumaturgist stands forever." Thus says Strauss: "Jesus cannot, as the evangelists report, have rebuked the wind and the sea, unless he was either conscious of unconditional power over nature, or a miserable braggart and impostor." Again: "If, according to Matthew, Jesus said to the captain, 'Go thy way, and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee,' . . . he must either have been . . . a performer of miracles in the sense of the most decided supernatural-

ism; or, if he attributed to himself such miraculous power as this without any good ground, he was a wild enthusiast; while, if he ascribed it to himself with the consciousness that he did not really possess it, he was an audacious cheat and impostor. . . . No one but either an impostor, who was as inconsiderate as he was shameless, or a man who was conscious that he could put an end to illness, would declare that a sick person at a distance, represented as dying, would not die."

Now it is indeed no sufficient reason for rejecting this last scientific word against the current Christian view of the miracles of Christ, simply because it is supremely "shocking." No more is it any sufficient reason for adopting it, simply because it is to the very last degree revolting. Is it true or is it false? is it tenable or is it not tenable? This is all we, who have been duly put upon our scientific "guard against mutilating history to satisfy our poor susceptibilities," either seek or wish to know.

And regarded as a hypothesis of the miracles of Christ which merely casts the gravest implications upon his mental status, little need be said about it one way or the other. For suppose it should be conceded, for the mere sake of scientific shortness, that Jesus *could* have been "blinded by so coarse a trick," as either one of his major miracles doubtless would have been, in case they were only foisted on him by his adoring followers. We must still soon leave this region altogether, and pass onward into that other region where Jesus is always himself the prime mover and actor in every cardinal feature of his thaumaturgy, as when, be it here repeated, he deliberately refuses to let his disciples send the multitude away to buy victuals, and persists in personally feeding them by a prodigy. So, as ultimate scientific thinkers, we herewith cease to have the slightest interest in the question how great a fool the hypothesis of Renan requires his thaumaturgic Christ to be; and all our interest centers in the single final question—how great a knave it would require that wonder-working Christ to be whose words remain to us in Matthew. And this Strauss just now has very plainly told us.

But is it historically possible, is it even historically conceivable, that this Jesus of Matthew could have been so very great a knave as this?

M. Renan here, however, to the extent of the needs of his hypothesis, would prefer to speak with the utmost scientific guardedness. Thus, concerning Christ, his question is:

"What was his moral character?" and this his answer: "Those who wish in history only what is unquestionable, ought to keep silence in all this." Again his subtle query runs: "Does not Jesus seem to us devoid of human frailties simply because we look at him from a distance and through the mist of legend? Is it not because we lack the means to criticise him that he appears to us in history as the solitary sinless person?" Or thus, in general: "What prophet could hold out against criticism, if criticism followed him into his closet? Happy they whom mystery covers, and who fight entrenched behind the cloud!" Indeed, M. Renan not merely holds, but plumply says: "Jesus was not sinless; he conquered the same passions which we combat."

But, first of all, is it indeed true that we have been left by history in such a very great incertitude about the moral character of Christ? Strauss at least does not think so. "If Jesus," says he, "omitted to do this, his conduct places him in an equivocal light, in which he by no means appears in the other evangelical narratives." Again: "This view of the matter would place the character of Jesus in the most equivocal light. . . . We cannot ascribe such conduct to him, because it would be in direct contradiction to his general conduct, and the impression which he left on his contemporaries."

Or suppose we turn from Strauss to the final test, *i.e.*, the words of Christ in Matthew. "Blessed are the pure in heart." "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness." "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake." "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out . . . If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." Do these indeed appear to be the key-note to the moral teachings of a Christ whose very moral character is itself in doubt?

Our second remark is this: Renan's hypothesis of the miracles of Christ does not lead the purely scientific investigator into any comparatively trivial question about the absolute sinlessness of the thaumaturgist. Wholesale fraud, and open, shameless charlatany are the real things wherewith we have alone to do. And where can we find such a Christ as this, even by suggestion, in the Logia of Matthew?

The truth is, that the farther this chase to get away from the purely supernaturalistic view of the miracles of Christ is indulged in, the farther away we get, as simple scientists, from all the facts and figures. Thus, Paulus only needed to invent a suitable private interpretation of his own to get rid

of the real meaning of the gospels, in order to bring his so-called rational solution of these miracles into requisition; and Strauss only needed to create a purely imaginary issue about these miracles themselves in order to make his mythical hypothesis of them available; but Renan must arbitrarily contrive his very thaumaturgist, and that in all the essential features of both his mental and his moral character, before his theory can find any sort of Christ to fit it.

Men of science, what do you say, therefore, *i.e.* in view of this final outcome? Was Jesus Christ either "a miserable braggart," "an audacious cheat," or "an impostor who was as inconsiderate as he was shameless"? Or was he "conscious of unconditional power over nature"? was he, in fine, "a performer of miracles in the most decided sense of supernaturalism"? At least, in the light of this discussion, we are not merely shut up to these alternatives, *but shut up to them as scientists*. In other words, though we should flee again and again from destructive gospel criticism to Cosmic philosophy; and from Cosmic philosophy to all the anti-supernaturalistic schools of science; and from all the anti-supernaturalistic schools of science to materialism; and from materialism to pantheism; and from pantheism to atheism; still, when the race is ended in either and all these directions, the goal always reached must be that Jesus has lived and done something in this world, and that if *he did not do real miracles, then he was—precisely as he is depicted in the words of Strauss above*.

The Christian world accordingly awaits to hear from the anti-supernaturalistic schools of science on this very vital question. Who will now step forward to demonstrate the necessary proposition resulting from the denial that Jesus was a wonder-worker of the very highest order? Will it be Darwin? Will it be Huxley? Will it be Tyndall? Will it be Herbert Spencer? Will it be our own Fiske of Harvard?

At least the scientific schools of thought in question ought in honor here to rally to the rescue of their Renan. Not only is he the only truly scientific thinker who has thought their side of the subject to the very bottom; he has also had the rare moral courage to bring the Christian world fairly confronted with the final shocking issue. Men of science, to your Renan's rescue! Either prove that the Christ of history was at once an arrant knave and fool; or else frankly confess that the Christ of history worked miracles, just as actually as the Cæsar of history led armies.

GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

At the funeral services of George P. Putnam, when, as is the custom, an attempt was made to sum up the character of the life that had closed, Mr. Elder, his pastor, called it "pure, patient, gentle, self-sacrificing." No words could have been more fitly chosen, and not one could have been spared. The purity of his nature was so perfect, so child like, that I think he was hardly ever called upon to resist a temptation, for many things that would have seemed such to other men, were regarded by him as simple impossibilities. I remember, however, one vanquished in his boyhood. He was hardly twelve years old, a fatherless lad, trying to make his way in commercial life as youngest clerk or errand-boy in a Boston store. He was living with very strict relatives, whose religious principles forbade the indulgence of any "worldly" amusements. The little fellow, however, whose imagination was hungry and craved nourishment, contrived two means of satisfying it. He carried a volume of Miss Edgeworth's tales about with him, and read them whenever sent on an errand; afterwards, stimulated to greater daring by this first nibble at forbidden fruit, he managed to make several secret visits to the theater. But this last concealment was too serious a strain upon his conscience, and one evening a sudden self-reproach arrested him in what then seemed a "mad career,"—on the road to the theater. He turned round, walked home, and voluntarily renounced the enticing pleasure; even the innocent dissipation of Miss Edgeworth's stories was for a while given up, under the pressure of remorse. I do not know that he ever suffered remorse again in his life.

Mr. Putnam's judgments of things were formed from their sunny and kindly, but also superficial aspect. Worldly superficiality is common, but unworldly superficiality is rare. The reason is, that most men who escape from the world, do so in virtue of a profounder reflection that pierces its illusions and seeks more solid ground than its sham supports. But he escaped, even to the end of his life, by the same instinctive purity and naïveté of feeling that we fancy we detect in a child who prefers flowers to diamonds. He had indeed a naïve delight in the sheen and glitter of certain worldlinesses, but this always took one shape,—the sense of pleasure of belonging to a social institution, or a group, or an individuality wider than his own. He was so completely destitute of

arrogance or self-assertion, that he habitually thought of what he was or what he did as quite insignificant, but attached a rather whimsical importance to the occasions which had brought him in contact with notable things, events, or men. I have heard him relate many times, and with the utmost glee, the account of some public banquet to which he was invited in London, which was graced by the presence of many eminent men, and over which Prince Albert presided.

Early in life, when Mr. Putnam was principally associated with men of letters and of the world, he never forgot to lend his share of support to the church. During the last fifteen years, when religious belief had become a matter of profound personal experience with him, and he was associated with many who dreaded the world, he entered with even more earnestness into schemes for the general improvement of society by means of political reforms in cities, or the establishment of reading-rooms and lecture associations in country places—of innocent enjoyment everywhere. Within my recollection of him, though now long ago, he did active battle for Fremont, in the great campaign of '56, that virtually forbade the extension of slavery into the Territories; and during the last year of his life he was an active though unostentatious member of the council for political reform, that he helped to found. As a young man, hewing a way for himself in London, he wrote his volume of *American Facts*, proud to vindicate the reputation of his country in Europe. And it is well known to many of his fellow-citizens, that almost his latest and most enjoyed efforts were in behalf of their Metropolitan Art Museum, in which seemed to him foreshadowed European glories for New York, which opened an illimitable vista to his imagination, and about which he dreamed fondly, in the quaint, shy, reticent manner in which he always dreamed.

His interest in Art was indeed chiefly the expression of his general interest in the moral welfare of society. He had, as has been said, an almost human fondness for pictures and books, such fondness as we sometimes have for dumb animals, for their own sake, and not for what they cannot say to us. He never received the intellectual training requisite for the thorough study of any one thing, and his was not a powerful concentrated nature, able to dispense with such training and grasp a subject for himself. But

without the knowledge requisite for real intellectual culture, his innate refinement and natural taste gave him a love for beautiful things, that he desired to see propagated as a humanizing influence. He had that craving for harmony and orderly fitness which, carried further, becomes an artistic faculty, but which with him predominantly suggested his love of peace and good-will. He was so thoroughly gentle himself, that he always believed that men only had to be soothed in order to be purified; and his desire for purity gave a latent enthusiasm to his social efforts, and tinged many things for him with a certain romantic ideality. By the side of the restless activity that distinguished his youth was another nature, quiet and dreamy, such as characterizes men who have spent their lives as custodians in the cloistered libraries or great museums of the Old World. It was this that gained ground as he grew older (for he did not live to grow old), and when those who stood nearest to him could mark that the pulses of his life were beating with greater stillness. He was looking forward, I think, to a quiet old age, to an afternoon of beneficent leisure, filled with social plannings, such as is the legitimate reward of a broad and sympathetic and reverent life. It seems hard that this should have been denied him.

His beneficence, however, did not wait for old age or for leisure; it was so spontaneous with him that it imitated none other, but was always characteristic of himself. He made no researches, he originated no missions,—he shrank from those departments of philanthropic work that unmask depths of wretchedness and degradation. He left to others the task of digging painfully at the roots of things, but devoted himself all the more earnestly to his own work of diffusing brightness, and pleasantness, and sunniness on the surface. It has always seemed to me rather whimsically typical of him, that the one general mission among the poor with which I knew him to be connected, was an enterprise for establishing public baths and wash-houses. He used to laugh over this himself. He perfectly illustrated the rather subtle distinction that exists between a thoroughly public spirited man and a philanthropist. Both are good, but few men can be everything.

His public spirit was the result both of instinct and principle; his kindness was always personal, and so natural that it seemed scarcely to require the intervention of principle.

It was both in social beneficence and in individual kindness that he habitually sought

refuge from personal care. I remember once, when some financial crisis had just inflicted upon him losses that he could ill afford to sustain, and when he might be well supposed to be absorbed in the future of his own family, he took a poor widow with her children from a wretched tenement house in the city, found a home for them in the country near his own, and for months watched over them with unforgetting solicitude. He believed very practically in the doctrine, "As ye do unto them, so also will your heavenly Father do unto you."

Other kindnesses, however, he did not recognize to be such. His business brought him into frequent relation with a class for whom he always had the most profound and chivalrous sympathy,—poor and solitary women, struggling to maintain themselves by the uncertain profits of the pen. I do not know that anything ever touched him so much,—and this never failed to touch him. To refuse the manuscript of such an one, when he had once made personal acquaintance with her, was a positive pain to him; and the care with which he tried to soften such refusal and render it "less ungracious," has certainly been appreciated by many with whom he has had to do. This word "ungracious" was very frequently on his lips, and one of his strongest expressions of disapproval. I think the idea of showing indifference or rudeness to the personal presence of another human being, struck him as something like blasphemy, of which indeed he was literally incapable. He would sometimes say at a distance, "So and so is a queer genius,—I should like to give him a piece of my mind;" but, once brought in contact with the offender, the suavity which was the literal expression of the goodness of his heart, and never disguised his independence, always prevented the threatened verbal retribution.

He theorized so little, that it was easy for him to be consistent. His philosophy was wonderfully homogeneous, and stood the test of every trial, great or small. He believed in the first place in the most absolute liberty for every human being, and had a perfect horror of every kind of coercion or tyranny, temporal or spiritual, social or domestic. The large indulgence that outsiders noticed in his treatment of his children from infancy upward was regarded by himself as a matter of simple justice. He disclaimed all right to interfere with the individuality of another human being, which seemed to him sacred, though it were that of his own children. He always showed a fastidious delicacy in regard to speech with

them on topics of intimate personal experience, and his rare words of counsel and admonition were generally conveyed by letter, and with an eloquence unsuspected by those who knew the hesitation with which he spoke.

His general elastic confidence in the integrity and good intentions of mankind, was absolute in regard to those in whose veins ran his own blood. Whatever the disagreement, either in theoretical belief or in practical preferences, he never allowed it to become a cause of separation or of distrust; but with a rare sweetness and magnanimity of feeling himself set it aside, and acted as though it never had been. He really dreaded imposing his own opinions even upon those who were naturally bound to be guided by them; and was always ready to further their plans because they were theirs, even when in themselves they crossed his wishes, or seemed to him absurd.

He was thus endeared to his children by the very things that so often introduce alienation and discord into families, and he had the satisfaction in many cases of seeing the final triumph of his own wishes, whose silent weight he had not deigned to enforce by command or exhortation.

His second fundamental belief was certainly in Providence. Even in the space of my recollection of him, I can trace the gradual evolution of this belief from the general conviction "that everything would turn out for the best," conviction at first originating in the constitutional elasticity and animal spirits of his youth and younger manhood. When he was young, he looked persistently on the bright side of things because it attracted him; when he was older, he kept his eyes steadily fixed in the same direction, because he would have esteemed it a wicked unthankfulness to have done otherwise. The name of God was rarely upon his lips, but it was frequently in his heart, and his constant watchword in any trouble or misfortune was, "We have had so many mercies, we have no right to complain." He was indeed spared a long catalogue of the worst misfortunes that fall so thickly on many, and which never even menaced him; but a man's judgment of his own fortunes depends more upon his own nature than on theirs. And into minute daily affairs,—those that often torment people as by a rack of pins, so unnecessarily, we think, yet so inevitably,—he carried the same patience with which he confronted greater trials. It was touching to see in later years how his patience gained upon his hope,—to learn to recognize by a certain look that crossed his face

at times, that the vivacity of his enjoyment had begun to lessen and his sensitiveness to pain to increase. This transition is the common fate of all; its details may seem trivial, yet they are not so, for according to their nature they foretell the approach of a genial and loving, or of a selfish and querulous old age. This last never could have been his, whose sympathies continually widened and deepened as he grew older,—with whom one amiable instinct after another became converted into a fixed principle, and who could thus be rightly ranked with those just men whose light shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

This was moral light. Intellectually he accomplished his best work long before he died. Perhaps his period of greatest mental activity was the two years of his boyhood from fifteen to seventeen, when, after working as a clerk until nine o'clock in the evening, he then studied till two, arranging material for *The World's Progress*, whose publication gave him a just title to precocious authorship. On account of its precocity, of the disadvantages in regard to leisure and previous education under which the boy labored, this book affords proof of a certain originality and boldness of mental conception which could not be fairly inferred from it were it the work of a mature man, or of one professing to be a *ripe* scholar. It is a proof too of the patient persistency that characterized him, and which was rather moral than intellectual. He had no capacity for intellectual research or analysis; he had a great deal for the grouping of things together in a manner to be most effective—that is, to convey the most intelligible meaning to some one else, and I consider this preference another proof that his interest in literature as in art was, unconsciously to himself, chiefly moral. While he loved refinement, he hated subtleties; he admired a pithy sentence, even though it contained a loose thought, and, it must be acknowledged, frequently failed to comprehend a pithy thought, especially if clothed in vague language. Associated with so many books, he really, after the one great effort of his boyhood, read few, and his taste lay very definitely in one direction—for the calm, even, harmonious style that we associate with Addison and Goldsmith and Irving.

His association with the latter writer has been so intimate, and is so well known, that to many it is perhaps the principal fact suggested by the mention of his own name. The association is not fortuitous, but, I think, really means all that it seems to imply. It

has been said that one peculiar charm in Irving's life of Goldsmith arises from the evident kinship that exists between the genius of the author and that of his hero. The devotion of one life to the interpretation of another always implies the consciousness of some such kinship between the two, even when the mode of expression of the genius be quite different, as in the case of Turner and Ruskin; or when the genius is all on one side, and on the other belongs only what Carlyle has well called "the genius of appreciation" in Boswell for Johnson. To this latter class of appreciative friendship belongs that which for so many years existed between Mr. Putnam and Washington Irving. This was much more than the ordinary relations between a publisher and author who share each other's success. Mr. Putnam was one of the first to appreciate Irving, and immediately devoted himself to the task of hewing out a road for his future reputation, with a zeal and generous confidence that was certainly most generously recognized, and has been amply recompensed.

But this early divination of Irving's possibilities for success, to whose external conditions he largely contributed, was not the mere insight of a man of business trained to detect what will succeed. It was rather that joyful perception of a person who meets in another the full and graceful and adequate expression of what he would like to say himself, and said in just the way in which he would wish to say it.

The serenity, the openness, the facility, the limpid clearness of Irving's style and of Irving's not too deep thought, no less than the gentleness and geniality of his character, with

its quaintness, its shy delicacy, its fastidious reserve, its unspoken depth of sentiment, its stainless honor, irresistibly attracted a nature that, though intellectually inferior, was morally akin. A sketch of Irving that Mr. Putnam wrote for *Harper's Weekly*, about two years ago, shows distinctly the points at which he had attached himself to him,—the details upon which he most loved to dwell. Irving was indeed his hero, his ideal in the world of letters in which he lived, his type of the region of that world which he most preferred.

Irving has a national fame which will last, at least for a while; that of his friend, in the hurry of events, and in the urgent proportion of other things, must be sooner forgotten. It is for that very reason that I, as one of his nearest and dearest friends, have tried to gather up into an imperfect portrait these few traits of a man that I loved, not merely from habit and association, but because his character has always impressed me as winning and touching and lovely. He was nearly always inadequate to fully express himself; who is not that is worth the expression? He lacked grace and presence, so that his real depth and force were frequently concealed or misunderstood. But when these had once been felt, they were not easily forgotten. Nor, in a world thronged at once with louder merit and with vices yet more loud, can pass* unprized and unmissed this life, which, though so energetic in action, possessed its greatest power in silence; and which, though so vivacious in worldly activity, yet through singleness of purpose and sincerity of belief ever kept itself at heart unspotted from the world.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Reading of Periodicals.

It is lamented by many that the reading of periodicals has become not only universal, but that it absorbs all the time of those who read them. It is supposed that, in consequence of these two facts, the quiet and thorough study of well-written books—books which deal with their subjects systematically and exhaustively—has been forsaken. As a consequence of this fact, it is farther supposed that readers only get a superficial and desultory knowledge of the things they study, and that, although their knowledge covers many fields, they become nothing better than smatterers in any.

We think these conclusions are hardly sustained by

the large array of facts relating to them. We doubt whether the market for good books was ever any better than it is now. We have no statistics on the subject, but our impression is, that through the universal diffusion of periodical literature, and the knowledge of books conveyed and advertised by it, the book trade has been rather helped than harmed. It has multiplied readers and excited curiosity and interest touching all literature. There are hundreds of good books which would never reach the world but for the introduction and commendation of the periodical; and books are purchased now more intelligently than they ever were before. The librarians will tell us too

that they find no falling off in their labors; and we doubt whether our scholars would be willing to confess that they are less studious than formerly. Science was never more active in its investigations than now; discovery was never pushed more efficiently and enthusiastically, and thought and speculation were never more busy concerning all the great subjects that affect the race.

No, the facts do not sustain the conclusions of those who decry the periodical; and when we consider how legitimately and necessarily it has grown out of the changes which progress has introduced, we shall conclude that they cannot do so. The daily newspaper, in its present splendid estate, is a child of the telegraph and the rail-car. As soon as it became possible for a man to sit at his breakfast-table and read of all the important events which took place in the whole world the day before, a want was born which only the daily paper could supply. If a man, absorbed in business and practical affairs, has time only to read the intelligence thus furnished, and the comments upon it and the discussions growing out of it, of course his reading stops there; but what an incalculable advantage in his business affairs has this hasty survey given him! If he has more time than this, and has a love of science, the periodical brings to him every week or month the latest investigations and their results, and enables him to keep pace with his time. If the work of the various active scientists of the day were only embodied in elaborate books, he would never see and could never read one of them. In the periodical all the scientific men of the world meet. They learn there just what each man is doing, and are constant inspirers and correctors of each other, while all the interested world studies them and keeps even-headed with them. A ten-days' run from Liverpool brings to this country an installment of the scientific labor of all Europe, and there is no possible form in which this can be gathered up and scattered except that of the periodical. In truth, we do not know of any class of men who would be more disastrously affected by a suspension of periodical literature than those who have particularly decried it—the scholars and the scientists.

Within the last twenty years, not only have the means of communication been incalculably increased, but the domain of knowledge has been very greatly enlarged, and the fact is patent that periodical literature has been developed in the same proportion. It has grown out of the new necessities, and must ultimately arrange itself by certain laws. At present it is in a degree of confusion; but at last the daily paper will announce facts, the scientific journal will describe discoveries and processes, the weekly paper will be the medium of popular discussion, the magazine and review will furnish the theater of the thinker and the literary artist, and the book, sifting all—facts, processes, thoughts and artistic fabrics, and crystallizations of thought—will record all that is worthy of preservation, to enter permanently into the life and

literature of the world. This is the tendency at the present time, although the aim may not be intelligent and definite, or the end clearly seen. Each class of periodicals has its office in evolving from the crude facts of the every-day history of politics, religion, morals, society and science those philosophic conclusions and artistic creations that make up the solid literature of the country; and this office will be better defined as the years go by.

We do not see that it is anything against the magazine that it has become the medium by which books of an ephemeral nature find their way to the public. The novel, almost universally, makes its first appearance as a serial. Macdonald, Collins, Reade, George Eliot, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Whitney, Trollope—in fact, all the principal novelists—send their productions to the public through the magazines; and it is certainly better to distribute the interest of these through the year than to devour them *en masse*. They come to the public in this way in their cheapest form, and find ten readers where in the book form they would find one. They are read, too, when serials, mingled with a wider and more valuable range of literature, as they always should be read. Anything is good which prevents literary condiments from being adopted as literary food. If the fact still remains that there are multitudes who will read absolutely nothing but periodical literature, where is the harm? This is a busy world, and although our country is prosperous, the great multitude cannot purchase large libraries. Ten or fifteen dollars' worth of periodicals places every working family in direct relations with the great sources of current intelligence and thought, and illuminates their home-life as no other such expenditure can do. The masses have neither the money to buy books nor the leisure to read them. The periodical becomes, then, the democratic form of literature. It is the intellectual food of the people. It stands in the very front rank of the agents of civilization, and in its way, directly and indirectly, is training up a generation of book-readers. It is the pioneer: the book will come later. In the mean time, it becomes all those who provide periodicals for the people to take note of the fact, that their work has been proved to be a good one by the growing demand for a higher style of excellence in the materials they furnish. The day of trash and padding is past, or rapidly passing. The popular magazine of to-day is such a magazine as the world never saw before; and the popular magazine of America is demonstrably better than any popular magazine in the world. We are naturally more familiar with this form of periodical literature than any other, and we make the statement without qualification or reservation. That it is truly educating its readers is proved by the constant demand for its own improvement.

Professional and Literary Incomes.

THE clergyman, the lawyer, the physician, the editor, the teacher, and the writer of books, in order

to excellence in their respective professions, are all obliged to go through the same amount of preliminary study. It costs as much of time, money, and labor to thoroughly fit one for his work as the other; and we may add that it requires just as much talent and genius to be a teacher as to be an author, to be an editor as to be a clergyman or a lawyer. The special adaptation of natural gifts and dispositions is just as important and valuable to the community in one profession as in another. Each requires a whole man, who shall be a man outside of his special work—a man of culture, large acquaintance with men and things, a well-furnished and cleanly working intellect, a high character, and superlative devotion to the work from which he wins his living. In the nature of things, in the character of the work done, and in the amount and kind of preparation required, there is no reason why one should be better paid than the other; yet there is no field of human effort which presents a wider variety and contrariety of pecuniary rewards than that presented by professional and literary labor.

There are two forms of income attached to this variety of work; viz., that which arises from salaries, and that which arises from fees. The former is fixed by the community for which the work is done, and the latter by those who do the work. The salaried man enters the market and sells his services at the highest rate which they will command in competition with others. The man of fees combines with his brethren to fix a compensation for his services, which compels the community to take them at his valuation or to do without them. To say that the lawyer and the physician have the advantage of all the other professions, is simply to repeat a notorious fact. The lawyer and the physician who are thoroughly prepared for and fitted to their work can, and do, get rich. The clergyman, the teacher, the editor, and the author cannot, and do not, get rich by their work. The brightest author in America, though he produce books of universal acceptance, can never get rich; and hardly one author in one hundred can realize enough from his labor at the present rates of copyright to rear a family in comfort. The teacher gets just enough to live on, and no more, while the clergyman and the hired editor, save in rare instances, are men who are obliged to practice the most rigid economy in order to live within their income.

We are not among those who believe that the salaried man gets enough for his work. We should be glad to see him better paid, in all departments of his labor. It so happens that he works at the very foundations of society, and has his office of ministry all through its superstructure. He has to do with the morality, the education, the information, the opinion, and the culture of the social mass. Take away his work, and society would degenerate into barbarism. The importance of his work cannot be calculated. He is the inspirer, instructor, and conservator of our civilization; and he is as powerless to-day to win a competence for his old age, while all around him are

getting rich, and receiving the results of his labor, as if he were a child. The superannuated clergyman ekes out his life in the humblest way; the exhausted teacher peddles books or drifts into some petty clerkship; the editor breaks down or becomes a hack; and the author writes himself out, or runs into drivel that wins the scantiest pay and destroys whatever reputation he may have won when his powers were at their best productive activity. There may be exceptions to this rule; but that this is the rule is beyond dispute.

The men of fees are the physician and the lawyer. One has to do with the physical diseases of men, and the other with their legal quarrels and their crimes. We do not, in the slightest degree, disparage the usefulness of these two classes of professional men: we simply say that the better the other classes perform their work, the less these have to do. They live upon the moral and physical evils of the country; and there is no reason in the nature of their calling for their advantage in pecuniary rewards over the other classes. There is no reason why a general practitioner of medicine, or a specialist in medicine or surgery, should sit in his office, and take in a single fee, for a service that costs him fifteen minutes of time, a sum equal to that which a teacher or a clergyman works all day to win. There is no reason why a physician, called into a house in consultation, should charge for his service a sum that it takes an editor two days of hard work to earn. There is no good reason for the setting of a price upon a surgical operation, performed in half an hour, that the most successful author's copyright cannot pay in a month. It is simple, inexcusable and outrageous extortion. If we go from the physician to the lawyer, we find still higher fees. The simplest work, such as searching titles, work that only demands accuracy, and is usually done by clerks, commands a price that few men can afford to pay, while larger work involves fees that are startling and stupendous. Some of the incomes of lawyers in this city are large enough to swallow up the salaries of a dozen, or twice that number, of salaried professional men. The way in which the people are bled in the process of securing justice is often most shameful. So shameful is it, that thousands submit to wrong rather than go into any litigation whatever. People dread getting into a lawyer's hands as they dread getting into the hands of a New York hackman. There are honorable and reasonable lawyers, without doubt,—men in whose honor we may implicitly trust; but there are so many extortioners among them that they have given a bad flavor to the profession. There are shysters and scamps enough in New York, attached to the profession, to sink it, were it not that there are noble men in it who are unpurchasable. But lawyers' fees are notoriously large as a rule, and altogether outweigh the salaries of the salaried professional men.

Perhaps the fees the community is obliged to pay is a fitting punishment for the wrong it inflicts upon its salaried professional servants. There ought to be some remedy for both evils. Where it is to be found, we

do not know. The physician has some apology for getting high fees of those that can pay, because he is obliged to do so much for the poor who cannot pay; but the lawyer, as a rule, does not undertake a case which promises him no remuneration. He goes in for money; and there ought to be some law which will enable the poor man to get justice without financial ruin. There is at least no good reason why one set of professional men should half starve while another gorges itself upon fees that bring wealth and luxury. That fees are too large and salaries too small has become a popular conviction, which can only be removed by a reform in both directions, that shall bring literary and professional men equivalent rewards.

The Complicity of Justice with Crime.

It is not to be denied that our city of New York is gaining a most unenviable notoriety as a theater of crime. Those who would explain and apologize for the condition of things that exists, are fond of saying that it is attributable to the fact that the city is the gathering place of criminals of all nations—that crime is not bred here, but that it comes here. There is something in this, without doubt; but why do they come here? Simply because New York is an easier and safer place for them than the places they come from. Authority is more lenient and justice more uncertain here than where they were bred. At any rate, native or imported, there are multitudes of dangerous men here, and almost every morning-issue of the newspapers spreads before a public, hardened to such reading, the details of some new and astounding crime. A man kills his paramour; a mistress shoots her lover; a wife murders her husband; a husband beats out his wife's brains; an unoffending man is waylaid in the streets, knocked down and robbed; pickpockets throng the street-cars and omnibuses; robberies occur at mid-day; and men appropriate the revenues of the city to feed their own luxuries and to hold the services of their hirelings, or steal railroads and sweep the boards in the Wall street gambling-hells.

It is not a pleasant picture of society to spread before the country, and were it not that New York is just as remarkable for its churches, its charities, its social and religious culture, and its men and women whose whole lives are devoted to works of benevolence as it is for crime, it would be a very hopeless one. The real trouble is that the laws are not executed. The men who have the law in their hands are influenced by other considerations than those of justice. We do not mean that all the judges are corrupt, for there are many ways by which justice may be cheated of its dues. A notorious character was arrested a few weeks ago for a murderous assault, of whom it was freely said that, although he had engaged in similar affrays before, he had escaped arrest on account of his political influence. At the time of this present writing, there are, we believe, nearly thirty men in the Tombs under arrest for murder. They are mostly notorious men, of whose guilt there is no

doubt; but who supposes that these men are to be hanged? The public have become entirely faithless in the matter, notwithstanding the recent convictions and sentences of some of them. They have ceased to have confidence in juries. They know that every trick and quibble will be resorted to by a set of ingenious lawyers to save the murderers' necks. They know that some of their judges are not to be trusted. They know that if these men are convicted and sentenced, there will be determined efforts for commutation of punishment or for pardon. They feel that nobody is as much in earnest to secure justice as multitudes are to defeat it. They feel that the drift of power is for the protection of the criminal, and not for the protection of society.

It is but a short time since New York was entirely in the hands of those who are denominated "the dangerous classes." The men of power in the city were a set of gigantic thieves. They fattened on public plunder, and entrenched themselves behind the votes of pimps, panders, thieves, murderers, whore-mongers, dram-sellers, and drunkards. They bought votes; they stuffed ballot-boxes; they hired ruffians to do their bidding. They polluted the politics of the city and the State. They demoralized every man that came within their influence. There happened a great uprising, and the men were thrust from power, but still their foul influence lingers. Some of their tools are still in office, and it will be many years, under the most favorable conditions, before the city can recover its moral tone. In the meantime, every newspaper and every good man and every possible good moral influence should array itself on the side of the law, and demand its faithful execution. Let it be fully understood and insisted on that the dangerous classes include all those officers of justice who are derelict in duty, and who, in any way, try to shield criminals from the consequences of their crimes.

Neither human life nor property can be any safer than they are at present until it becomes less safe to make depredations upon them. So long as it is legal to sell unlimited rum, so long as theft and swindling and burglary and murder go unpunished, so long as flagrant crime is sure of sympathy and determined effort to free those who are guilty of it, so long as influential names are easily procurable in the attempt to shield the criminal from the legal consequences of his misdeeds, so long will crime go on unchecked. We feed the flames of anger and lust and malice with poisoned liquors, and hold up our heads in horror over the results. We keep men in power who will not do their duty, and walk the streets at night with bludgeons in our hands and revolvers in our pockets. We shut up criminals, and then submit to any mockery of justice by which they are released. And then, when the crime and the criminal are too outrageous to permit them to be ignored, we sign papers begging for commutation of punishment or for pardon. Let it be understood, then, that every man, high or low, who seeks for the release of the criminal from the legal

consequences of his crime unites himself to the dangerous classes, and becomes an accomplice in their deeds. Crime will cease, or greatly diminish, just as soon as official and popular justice cuts off its complicity with it; and it will not cease or diminish until that event occurs. Crime thrives because the officers of the law do not do their duty, and because the popular voice does not demand those safeguards of social and political order that are essential to its maintenance. The

ignorant brute, maddened by alcohol and degraded by the example of those whom he helped to place in power, can be reached by no motive but fear; and so long as that motive does not exist, we may expect to see in every newspaper we take up the record of a new crime, and to bow our heads in shame for our city, the while we examine anew the defences we have spread around our goods and our lives.

THE OLD CABINET.

My mind has been strangely drawn of late to the subject of statistics. I suppose the recent census has had something to do with it. There are certain friends of mine who take a singular delight in that census. They pore over it as a child pores over Gulliver or books of African travel. They come away from its pages with a glow in their eyes and a flush upon their cheeks and a wonderful story upon their lips. "According to the recent census, it appears that in Rhode Island alone the number of adult males, of Portuguese descent, who died from spinal meningitis during the first-half of the last decade, was just twice the number of Cashmere goats imported during the succeeding five years by the entire State of New York." They not only say it, but (if I am in a hurry to go anywhere) they prove it by figures, and they write communications to the newspapers, consisting mainly of tables and maps, in order to promulgate ideas like that.

While I acknowledge that there is a sphere in which statistics are useful as well as entertaining, I am sure that it would be well for the world if their limitations were better understood. The number of periodicals that have been started on statistics in the United States, and have miserably perished of them, is lamentable. A corrected list would make an interesting chapter in our next census. A young friend of my own started one of these papers. He took a sheet of foolscap and two or three lead-pencils, and the then recent census, and began in this fashion: Here is a community with a population of so many thousands; I may calculate, on general principles, that at least twenty persons in every thousand will take the paper the first year—which gives a handsome paying circulation to begin with. Then so many columns of advertisements will come to so much per week, and pretty nearly all of this may be put down to account of profits. So the second year will open with an increase of say—to be moderate—one third in circulation and the same in advertisements.

I tried to wean him away from his populations and his confounded sums in arithmetic. But it was of no use. He went around town for about three weeks in a hectic condition with his pockets full of lead-pencils, and little note-books containing all sorts of deceitful cal-

culations based on the recent census. At the end of that time the *Morning Magnifier* made its appearance. I caught occasional glimpses of the editor's haggard countenance as he flitted home for his night's repose at eight o'clock in the morning. But why prolong the melancholy tale? Enough to say that my young friend has long since gone West.

And then I have another friend who believed in the doctrine of the annihilation of the souls of the wicked. In fact, he was generally acknowledged to be the foremost expounder of that doctrine in the country. Well, what does he do but write a novel of society,—with little or nothing in it concerning his pet doctrine. That is not so pathetic as the fact that he too became a slave to statistical delusions. He had taken some sort of a private census of his own, by which he had determined that there were in the United States I forget how many millions of people, who believed with himself as to the matter of annihilation. There were the avowed believers—so many millions; and there were the believers who dared not avow—a great many millions more; and he was the celebrated Expounder—and so many thousands out of every million (it was quite a low estimate, I thought) would buy the novel, of course. I myself was fresh in the faith of statistics in those days, and I remember how I envied that man his copyright—till six months after the date of publication the publishers sent in their bill for stereotype plates.

When statistics are wrenched from their proper sphere in connection with nations, cereal crops, areas, immigration and the like, they not only prove financially delusive and dangerous, but they manifest a tendency to corrupt good morals. The man who first proclaimed the relation between the corn-crop and the number of matrimonial proposals in any given year, struck a blow at the foundations of society. He is of kin to that disagreeable person in Washington, who has pretty nearly succeeded in doing away with what used to be known in conversation as the weather. He is of kin to all people who account for things on general principles, who are always ready with their classifications and "I told you soes,"—your abominable social botanists.

Suppose an editor says to a young poet that he can tell in advance not only how many poems will be sent in during the next year, but just about how many of them will relate to horticultural subjects; how many will refer to an infinite longing of the soul; and how many will be descriptive of the subtle charms of certain young ladies (real name not given) in whose arms, etc., owing to their grace of face; and duty of beauty (or beauty of duty); to say nothing about madness and gladness, or fire and desire, etc., etc., etc. Or suppose he says to a budding novelist that he—the editor—is sure to receive, within a certain space of time, in the neighborhood of so many stories in which something or other will come into the heroine's life; and so many in which the hero will cast a half-defiant glance at a person standing conveniently near,—what, I say, will become of the young poet's or the young novelist's vim, or verve, or fizz, or whatever it is that makes composition spontaneous and sparkling, and life something more than a dreary submission to the inevitable, a melancholy dance of destiny, a column of figures in a census report?

It is only carrying the thing a little farther when a man in the blues ponders over the statistics of suicide till he considers it quite the natural and inevitable thing that he should help along the count of those who take fatal doses of laudanum between the hours of 2 and 4 A.M.

Rather than that affairs should come to such a pass, let us have a little uncertainty—yes, downright, reckless hap-hazard if you please! Where is the fun of throwing dice after you find they are loaded? What is more uninteresting than eating straight down through a pile of buckwheat-cakes? Remove the pile from the sordid restaurant to the family circle; the element of chance is at once introduced, and true enjoyment begins. You are no longer sure that the batter will be mixed aright, and getting the top cake becomes, as it should be, a piece of good luck.

It makes no difference in my feelings toward him that the man of statistics is apt to be right in the long run. In fact this rather aggravates the matter. He hasn't the subtlety to discern, nor will he ever

acknowledge, that my exceptions are just as good as his rule.

... I shall fight my enemy as long as I have life; but I confess to a mortal fear lest he should triumph over me dead by classifying my poor life and untimely departure under the heading of "Obituary." O gentle friends! if any deed of mine should be worthy record outside of the funereal column where the last act is curtly chronicled, and if that record has over it the hateful word I have just written—a word that would snatch from death the pang of surprise, the accident, the individuality, and the awe—then remember this my protest, and let me be avenged even in the grave!

The Poet to his Poem.

O BLESSED babe of my brain,
Outwrought in bliss and pain!
I may not hold thee mine,
I may not beckon or call thee,
By word or look enthrall thee,—
Like Mary, chief of mothers,
And least, with her Child Divine.
For thou art not mine, but another's;
He loves and understands thee,
His service sweet demands thee.

Go forth, O son, God-sent,—
In thy innocent young eyes
The ancientest mysteries,—
Go forth to spend and be spent;
Go forth to reap and to sow,
To lose and labor and grow,
To carry a curse and to bless.

I can sit in my silent room
And hide my face in my hands,
Till, all in a solemn morrow,
Over the seas and the lands,
Over the lands and the seas
Come thy loving messages,—
(For I know that at last they will come)
Like thy first dear baby caress,—
And I rise and forget my sorrow.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Household Art.

"THE back is soon fitted to the burden," says the pathetic old proverb; pathetic, not because it means that men learn to carry heavy loads cheerfully, but because it means that men, coming to forget their loads, cease trying to be rid of them. Hence the perpetuity of some terrible burdens—among others, and in our country chief of all, the burden of ugliness.

With many religions and a good deal of religiousness we have fought vice; ignorance, too, we have

fought with such fury, that even the smallest child has now hardly a chance for his life if he be found ignorant.

But ugliness, which is as vicious as vice, and is the sum and substance of ignorance, we have left so undisturbed in its reign that one might almost fancy we believed it a deity to be propitiated. And this is not so far from the truth, after all; for the trouble is rooted in an old antagonism to superstition; and as the bitterest of all feuds are feuds between brothers,

so this very antagonism was, and is, of near kin to the thing it hated and fought and left behind. We are paying, and must continue to pay high damages for that war: no arbitration can ever settle the amount once for all, and have it paid and done with. We shall have hideous pictures in America for years to come, because good Roman Catholics have knelt before fine ones; and our saints will sit for centuries on their hair-cloth instead of in it.

But of late things have begun to brighten. Money and leisure and journeying have opened a few eyes. Art, whose name is Beauty, and who cannot forever forsake her children, is beginning to have some worship among us. To be sure, most of the altars might well bear the old Athenian motto; but to have the altar at all is significant that the god will not always be "unknown."

One of the good signs of the present year is the publication, and still more the welcome, of two such books as Eastlake's *Hints on Household Taste*, and Walter Smith's *Art Education*. Such books as these are missionaries of art in every house into which they go. Another sign of the better time coming is the establishment in Boston of the "Household Art Company."

The modest little pamphlet of this firm gives brief suggestion of its ends and aims. "Rooms or houses can be furnished, complete, with antique and artistic furniture, carpets, mirrors, etc. etc." This is the only promise set forth in its pages; the rest are filled with a catalogue of antique furniture and objects of household art, already on exhibition in the rooms. Many of these articles are of great beauty and interest.

Here are old cabinets, tables, secretaries, and chests, from Spain, Italy, France, and Holland; ancient clocks from Amsterdam and Saardam; a Friesland sled, name of boy owner unknown, but if he were alive now he would be about two hundred years old; and a cradle from the same country—perhaps the owner of the sled was rocked in it; it belonged to a burgomaster of Purmerent, a little town twenty miles north of Amsterdam, and is of wood, painted from stem to stern, from rocker to rocker, with Scripture scenes in blues and reds as dull and solid and quaint as the Dutch worthies they color. A more picturesque and suggestive old relic is seldom seen.

Then there are tables of old Delft ware, rare old Nankin china, Sgraffito and Wedgewood wares, brass sconces for walls, large dishes from Minton's art studios, hand-painted tiles for mantel-pieces and fire-places, candlesticks, door-knobs, stair-rod, hinges and nails, upholsterers' cloths, altar-cloths, stained glass, standard and pulpit lights for churches, brackets, lecterns.

The collection of majolica is small, but contains some very choice styles. In decorated glass also there are some exquisite things, and in terra cottas: some of the articles are set on tables draped with maroon-

colored cloth; some are hung against walls of a delicious gray; and the carved and gayly painted antique furniture is tastefully disposed in the rooms. Simply to walk through them is a pleasure, and will no doubt be a lesson of color and arrangement to many persons.

The company has agents abroad, who are to be constantly on the look-out for rare things in Europe, Asia, and Africa. The passion for this sort of collection is now so strong, that the best relics are fast being accumulated in rich men's houses and in museums in England and France, and we have no time to lose if we would not be left destitute of them. But the furnishing of choice antiques and interesting relics to the few who have money and taste for them is not the chief aim of the Household Art Company. It is to introduce true ideas of beauty, harmony, and fittingness in the appointments of houses. Average householders, men and women, need education on this point more than any other. They will make sacrifices to secure skilled service in the preparation of all they eat and all they wear, but ignorant carpenters, upholsterers, and cabinet-makers may create their houses. To supply to people deficiencies of which they are not conscious, is a task as difficult as thankless; but the true lover of beauty is a missionary by instinct, and a proselyter in spite of himself, and when this instinct allies itself to systematic and professional purpose, results cannot but follow.

Co-operative Marketing.

A GENTLEMAN living in one of our large Eastern cities, where a good table is always a heavy expense, recently made an experiment which was certainly very satisfactory. In connection with two or three friends, he ordered a barrel of meat and game from a town in Indiana. The provisions arrived in due time and in excellent condition, and the following table will exhibit the comparative cost of the articles in the Eastern markets and in those of some of the older Western States:—

	Western Prices.	Eastern Prices.
6 doz. quails	@ \$1.50...\$9.00.	@ 3.00 \$18.00
2 doz. prairie chickens	@ \$4.20... 8.40.	@ 9.00 \$18.00
5 turkeys, 42 lbs.	@ .14 cts. 5.88	@ .28 \$11.76
16 lbs. venison	@ .25 cts. 4.00	@ .30 \$ 4.80
68 lbs. beef (steaks & roasts)	@ .15 cts. 10.20	@ .25 \$17.00
Barrel	.75	
Expressage	7.70	
	\$45.43	.69.56
		45.43

Difference in favor of Western market \$24.13

The various articles were all of the best quality and carefully packed. The turkeys were fat and sound, and came without heads and with the useless

portions of legs and wings cut off—these weighty appendages not being charged for. The beef, which was tender and fat, came in three enormous roasts and five great steaks, neatly boned and skewered. The meat and game was fresh, and in as good condition as it can be had in the markets of our great Eastern cities. As to the saving of expense, it may be said that Eastern prices are very often much higher than those quoted, beef being often thirty-three cents per pound instead of twenty-five, and other things in proportion. A few families, tired of paying the high prices asked in our large cities, might readily club together and obtain from a Western dealer excellent meats and game, and have them brought to their doors at a saving of one-third the price charged in the Eastern city markets. Even in our large city markets, co-operation of this kind, by enabling families to purchase at wholesale, would certainly be economical, and might result in other advantages.

Ladies at Sea.

IT almost always happens with ladies who go to sea for the first time, that in spite of the advice of friends and their own personal care and foresight, they find their outfit lacking in something essential to comfort,—something whose lack presses so heavily on a half-sick condition, that all the journey through there is a reiterated lament of “Why did I never think?” or “Why did not some one tell me?” It is useless to attempt universal rules for experiences which must differ with each individual, but in the following simple suggestions, somebody new to the sea may find comfort.

1st. State-room baggage should be *compact*. A small hat-box, or a valise which can be pushed under the berth, are least in the way. A trunk which *must* stand in the middle of the state-room becomes a serious affliction when the vessel pitches and throws you upon its sharp corners.

2d. By all means provide yourself with one or two linen bags, made with pockets like a shoe-bag, and carry a hammer and tacks with which to nail them against the side of the state-room. These convenient little catch-alls, into which your watch, slippers, brushes, etc., can be crammed when not in use, are indispensable to comfort at sea.

3d. Let your traveling dress be old and warm. Finery is useless at sea. However clean the ship, there is something at every turn which rubs off and soils—fresh paint, newly oiled wood-work, newly greased chains. The brasses spot you with verdigris. Sprinkles of salt water visit you now and then. Soup *will* spill when the table stands at an angle of forty-five degrees: it may even chance of a stormy evening that a goose or a leg of mutton, flying from under the carving-knife, shall alight in your lap! Under these circumstances it is comforting to have on a gown whose spoiling is of no consequence.

But whether of choice fabric or of hodden-gray, it

is above all essential that the garment be warm. The ocean climates are cool even in the heats of summer. You want woolen under-garments, thick boots and gloves, wraps of all kinds, and a hood to tie over your hat. With these precautions you can be comfortable for many hours each day on deck, and where there is the least disposition to nausea, fresh air is the surest and speediest remedy.

4th. We would advise all persons whose sailing qualities are untested, to carry with them to sea a cane-bottomed reclining chair with a long back, also a warm rug to wrap round the feet while using it. Some of the steamships provide deck chairs for their passengers, but they are not of this comfortable kind, and many vessels carry none at all. A person of steady head does very well cuddled into corners of the deck, against the sails, etc.; but to many of us, the command of a comfortable chair makes all the difference between being able to keep in the air or being forced to retreat to the close cabins below. There are arrangements made for storing these chairs in Liverpool, so that they shall be ready for the journey back.

5th. It is unnecessary to carry many stores to sea, nor indeed does any one know, until the moment of actual experiment, what is or is not likely to be acceptable in his or her particular case. Fruit, especially grapes, is almost always grateful; a box of Albert biscuits may serve a good turn, and a few fresh lemons are almost sure to do so, as the lemonade on ship-board is usually made of concentrated lemon, and lacks the acid freshness which is so reviving. Another thing which every sea-traveler will like to have is a box or bottle of good fresh French prunes. They are so very grateful and wholesome, that if your fellow-travelers know you have them they will probably be gone before the end of the voyage. It is well to be provided with a little good brandy in case of extreme exhaustion, and persons who can bear champagne sometimes find that a small quantity, made very cold with ice, is the only thing that will stay down after extreme illness, and that it seems to restore the tone of the stomach and prepare it for the reception of food. It may be well for such to provide themselves with a few half-pint bottles, as the steamer people have a habit of being out of everything but quart bottles, and so little is generally taken at a time, that the wine spoils before it can be used. Champagne, however, cannot be universally recommended. Indeed, nothing can. There is no predicting what will or will not suit anybody. With seasickness more than any other phase of mortal experience the adage holds true, that what is one man's meat is another man's poison.

Smelling-salts should be remembered. Cologne and aromatic vinegar are often excessively disagreeable to persons who are ill. A warm woolen wrapper and knitted slippers should be provided for use at night, and an india-rubber bottle to hold hot water and keep the feet warm in bed.

We would advise all persons going to Europe to select a ship which has the reputation of a *dry deck*, and which has saloon or deck state-rooms. Nobody who has not tried it can appreciate the immense difference in comfort of being able to keep the port-hole of the state-room open in all tolerable weather. Nothing but fresh air enables one to forget the ship's smell, and to do this is the great *desideratum* at sea.

Some people ask their friends, and some friends are so thoughtful as unasked to write a note or two to be read at intervals during the voyage. The captain or the stewardess takes charge of these missives, and their unexpected reception, five days or eight days out, makes a pleasant break in the monotony of the transit.

Lastly, do not expect any pleasure at sea. Prepare your minds for the worst, for ten or eleven or twelve miserable days, and go resolved to endure all with patience. Then each day free from illness, each meal swallowed with relish, each calm morning or smooth moon-lighted evening, will assume the aspect of an agreeable surprise, something not counted on or hoped for, even by the kind farewell voices which wished you "*Bon voyage*."

Hyper-Gentility.

WE remember reading of three unfortunate ladies who were entertained one summer day at the house of a country friend, and whose consequent sufferings were so remarkable that they will serve to point a little moral. These ladies were very high-toned, so to speak. They were so very genteel and so extremely proper in their manners, that if society conferred degrees they would have been Mistresses of Social Arts and Doctrines of Social Laws.

So these three high-toned ladies sat down to dinner in the house of their country friend, and there were peas on the table. "Peas," wrote one of the immaculate trio, "such as we never see in town—fresh, green, plump, and luscious, and so delightfully hot and tempting! But as the forks had only two prongs, making it quite useless to try to eat peas with them, we were obliged to leave the delicious things on our plates. The family ate their peas with their knives, but of course we could not do that."

Now our opinion may be social heresy, but we certainly believe that a true lady would have eaten those peas with her knife. She would have done so simply because she would have known that the laws of true politeness made it imperative upon her to use her knife in such a case. But this genteel trio did not appear to understand that politeness requires a greater attention to the feelings of others than to mere forms; that what is very genteel in one place is often quite boorish in another, and that there is a hyper-gentility and a plu-propriety which is offensive to the nostrils of a true gentleman or lady.

The Games of Children and the Gambling of Men.

As our elderly and middle-aged readers recall their

childhood, they can remember but few games of chance or skill that were considered legitimate to the family, and these were such games as *Checkers*, *Fox and Geese*, and *Twelve-men Morris*, played with red and yellow kernels of corn on designs scratched on the opposite sides of a plain pine board. The various games of cards were generally considered contraband, and hence had wonderful charms for the boys who keenly enjoyed the stolen fruit in back garrets, woodsheds, and hay-mows. In the youthful days of the younger of our adult readers the games of *Dr. Busby* and the *Mansion of Happiness* were added to the list recognized by the heads of most families, and we well remember our doubts concerning the propriety of reporting at home the fact that we had been exceedingly fascinated with the game of *Dr. Busby* at the house of a playmate, and also our happiness when the game, after becoming a little known in the neighborhood, was introduced to our fireside by parents who had the good sense to believe in making home pleasant to the youngsters.

From these simple beginnings a few other games came into general use, and parents began to learn that it was not beneath their dignity to devote a part of their evenings to making home interesting and attractive to the children.

The word "games" is at present used to denote a wide range of amusements and recreations adapted to the home circle, such as charades, parlor magic, fortunes, wax figures, pantomimes, etc., as well as games of chance and skill played with various kinds of cards, or on boards with dice and men, all of which we believe are each year becoming more popular in American homes.

But while this is so, we would not have a parent forget for a moment that the line should be drawn between innocent home amusements and what we understand as gambling. Many are unable to see where this line is and in what it consists, and while they admit the necessity of making home the most attractive place to the children, argue that games played at home in childhood tend to gambling in manhood. This is not so; it is the use of the game that decides which side of the line it must be placed. That delight of every boy, the game of marbles, is as innocent as any other childish recreation, and yet many boys have received their first lessons in gambling when playing marbles for *gains*, and many parents have allowed their sons to count over the contents of their marble-bags at night in their presence, who would have held up their hands in holy horror at a game of *Besique* around the evening lamp. Here is just the line we would draw. Never countenance any game played for a permanent gain, or in which money or its equivalent is the object played for.

That this must be the one and only distinction between innocent recreation and harmful gambling must be seen from the fact that the simplest recreation or amusement of chance or skill may be used for gambling purposes, and hence no dividing line can

be drawn between two games unless, indeed, one of them involves vicious habits or practices in itself.

But if all games are made simply matters of amusement, it is not likely that those boys who stay at home in the evening to play them with their parents and sisters will be attracted in their manhood by the temptations of the gaming tables.

On the other hand, a boy who has been encouraged to be proud of his constantly-increasing bag of marbles, as the reward of his shrewdness and skill in playing, will

be apt enough to consider it legitimate in after years to keep his purse filled in the same manner, although ivory balls and pieces of card may be substituted for the marbles. It is a matter of satisfaction to all who have given the subject thought, that innocent games and home amusements are fast becoming a prominent feature in our homes, thereby establishing counter-attractions to those of the saloons and haunts of vice that crowd so closely to our doors, not only in the larger cities but in every country village in the land.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Büchner's "Man."*

MR. DALLAS, the English translator, clears himself of responsibility for the opinions in this book, but gives a cue to the reader and comforts himself at the same time with the thought that it will prove instructive, especially to opponents, as showing to what results the principles maintained by the school of thinkers to which Dr. Büchner belongs necessarily lead. A follower in the paths of severe scientific induction has no business to falter in view of possible results. The hint might seem an improper one, but there are so many wild speculations which are boldly put upon popular audiences as if they had the authority of inductive science, that the caution will not prove without reason if the reader is thereby moved to the closer scrutiny of facts and reasonings.

Dr. Büchner treats of Man's Position in Nature, and "proposes to present to the general public an exposition of the results attained by inductive science for its elucidation, and for the refutation of the old world errors and prejudices." His presentation is not only professedly scientific, but sharply and decisively polemic. His positiveness of speech in the name of science is great, his scorn of "prejudices" greater. As in a glass of his own national beverage, it is difficult at times to tell where the froth of scorn ends and the true lager of Science begins.

Whence are we? What are we? and Whither are we going? are the three great questions over which men have been blundering for ages under the dominion of religious prejudice. Science now sloughs off the effete body of the old philosophy by thrusting out, at a blow, the religious conception as unscientific, and by announcing, as therefore the sole master of the situation, the greatest discovery of all time—the natural origin of man. As the great astronomer Copernicus swept away the former geocentric conceptions of the universe, so now the great naturalists, Darwin, Lamarck, Lyell, have forever banished the

anthropocentric idea which has been so long embarrassing human thought by representing man as in the image of God, and having a special endowment in the shape of a soul. Our ancestors, the Doctor allows, were little to be blamed, seeing that, *prima facie*, there is so vast a distance between man and nature that they might readily mistake him for a superior being. But it is only bigotry now that can persist in regarding man as anything more than a highly-refined animal.

The elements of this greatest of discoveries are fully set forth, together with the leading data and processes of reasoning by which it is sustained. While there is no novelty in these, except in his own bold handling, we may take the argument from an apostle so competent, and so thoroughly in earnest, as at its best estate, and the more confidently test its value in the name of "strict inductive science."

In brief, the case of this prosecutor of bigotry and old prejudice stands thus:—

Human remains, such as flint axes and weapons, with a limited number of bones, have been found associated, chiefly in caves, with bones of extinct mammals, the mammoth, cave bear, etc. Add to this the facts that the long bones of these creatures were split, apparently for the marrow, and that certain rude attempts at figuring the mammals in question have been found, and the proof culminates towards showing that primitive man was contemporary with those beasts in the Diluvial age. Therefore, Dr. Büchner says, primitive man must be referred to a very high antiquity, say, not less than one hundred thousand years. Or, if some more recent discoveries in the Tertiary are sustained, then the time must be reckoned by the hundreds of thousands of years. He fondly hopes they will be. Curiosity must linger a moment, to wonder how a professor of inductive science can so far share the spirit of a religious enthusiast as to hope for one result rather than another.

The next principal step in the argument is that the cranial bones which have been found, and associated facts, indicate absolutely that primitive man was of

* *Man in the Past, Present, and Future.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

a low, beastly type. The author admits that he here treads "an uncertain and dangerous course," that he must "depend rather on assumptions, conclusions from analogy and the like, than on direct knowledge, and thus fancy must more or less lend its aid to reason in testing and arranging the evidence." One could look on this passage as pre-eminently fair-minded and just, but for the surprise of finding no abatement of positiveness, as if inductive science were still the authority, nor any "let up" of wrathfulness against the bigots who, unmindful of "assumptions, analogies and the like," still believe in a special endowment of soul. Just about here the reader may as well be warned that if he do not call in aid some of that "fancy" which bears the author easily along, there is a pit of difficulty into which he may fall. Man began "as a rude savage scarcely above the grade of animality." Miserable altogether were the conditions of life; and yet, "*armed only with his wretched stone wedges*" (the italics are the author's), "this savage or primitive man had to maintain an almost unceasing struggle with the overpowering forces of nature which surrounded him, and with the powerful animals of the Diluvial or Tertiary period. Out of this contest he certainly would not have come as a conqueror, if he had not been supported by his comparatively great intellectual power." The author emphasizes this by a citation: "Those must be blind who cannot recognize the traces of this long, hard, desperate, bloody, and diabolically cruel contest between the first men and all the adverse forces of the air and the earth, a contest in which all the advantages were on the side of nature, and in which nevertheless man conquered because the powers of mind and reason came to his assistance." But the man who conquered in that struggle was physically diminutive in stature, and intellectually as low as, if not lower than, the lowest savage known in our times, and to rise from that semi-idiotic, "perhaps dumb," state of being to the present has taken enormous time. The first weapons were of the crudest shape and rough hewn. It took ages on ages to develop the ideas of shapeliness and smoothness, or to conceive the thought of pottery. Ages more passed before metals came into human hands; and through these successive stages we have the whole pre-historic time variously divided into epochs. The Darwinian solution admirably covers the whole development. Huxley, Carl Vogt, Lyell, Lubbock, with a score of other distinguished evolutionists come in to help.

Through the testimony of these it is shown that man is essentially ape-like, with not a characteristic to separate him in origin, in structure, in mode of life, or in endowments from the brute creation. He came by natural descent from some creature who was progenitor alike of man and monkey. To imagine, as certain "*soi-disant* great thinkers" ("called thinkers on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle") do, that a man received a supernatural gift, is to break a

law of development, and to break a law of development is intolerable to right reason and science.

Proceeding on this basis, the author, flush with the grandeur of the discovery, and with the perfect assurance that every opponent is extinguished, grasps almost every problem of human life with the gripe of a giant. We can only catalogue. Government, finance, labor, capital, communism, woman, education, morality, religion, Paulinism, which is his name for Christianity; over all, with no slightest fear, he flings his scepter as an autocrat. Huxley renders him splendid service; but poor Huxley must take a two-page sermon of great severity, because he quails before the "bigotry" of his countrymen, and dares not be materialistic to the end, and that end is this: At death man loses *personal consciousness*, but still lives on in nature, in his race, in his children, in his deeds, in his thoughts—in short, in the entire material and psychical contribution which, during his short personal existence, he has furnished to the subsistence of mankind and of nature in general. He lives as does the water-drop,—a glorious immortality for the inductive philosopher to sit down at the end of his toil and contemplate in ecstasy. Dr. Büchner, at least, makes no secret of his delight.

The brilliant audacity of this book may abash some reader into the feeling that it would be an impertinence, or a piece of bigotry, to doubt this all-knowing German. It is quite within the scope, however, of an ordinarily intelligent man, especially in these days when scientists are so freely kind in popularizing their various studies, to take the place of jurymen and pass upon the arguments which are drawn out at length. Certainly it will take no profound knowledge to discover how little inductive science has to do with this book, and how greatly the author depends on "assumptions, conclusions from analogies, and the like," together with "fancy," to maintain a theory which rules him with a despotic bias scarcely to be paralleled. He addresses the public as a pure inductive reasoner. He insults the public by calling them bigoted on almost every other page, and worse by imagining that they cannot see the difference between inductive proof and the assertions of a dogmatist, and then trying to daze them by the brilliancy of great names of the same school. It may be very interesting to study the theories of Huxley, Lyell, Darwin, Vogt, and Büchner, but these men, as to their solutions of grave problems, are only *prophets*. They have unbounded faith that their theories are at last to be justified. The confidence of some of them is sublime—it grows on them as they grow old; but were there ten thousand of them, all without an inharmony raising the same voice, the gift of prophecy is no part of inductive science. And yet whenever an opinion is put to test, the prompt recourse is to great names, quite as the Church appeals to the Holy Fathers.

The high antiquity of man has by no means been proven. If he began in the age of mammals, it is quite as likely that the mammals survived more recent-

ly as that man existed more anciently than has been supposed. The stress of proof falls on the data which geology has to give as to the deposits in which these bones have been found. Nothing is regarded by prudent geologists as more doubtful than any calculation of positive time in the deposition of alluvium, in erosions, in uplifts, in coral or peat growth, or in the accretion and the dispersion of ice-masses. Dr. Büchner supplies an example. A mound near Lake Geneva was cut through twenty-three feet by a railroad, uncovering remains of three civilizations, the Roman, Bronze and Stone ages. It was calculated that this must have taken ten thousand years in decomposition, but a more recent American calculator sets it down at five thousand, and the Doctor troubles himself little with the exact figures. Only he relegates the geological argument to Sir Charles Lyell. Sir Charles has had long war as an "uniformitarian" with the "catastrophists," and with him the long-time side of any question has ever the preference. Yet by a singular carelessness in just those things wherein a scientific man should never fail—actual measurements—he has done much to destroy his own authority as an expert in time calculations. One surveyor's measurement instantly cut down his figures in a certain calculation from twenty thousand to two thousand years. Time estimates founded on the rate of progress in art must take their cast from the theory with which the reasoner starts. The transition from the rough-hewn flints to the smooth and shapely would naturally depend on the amount of leisure, and might readily be the work of a few generations. If boys played with mud pies—a relic of barbarism which has not been cast off—or if men cemented ovens with clay, the art of pottery could come in at any time between father and son. Metals brought to light by accident, rather than as the result of processes of reasoning, might very suddenly introduce a bronze age. The postulate of enormous ages to accomplish such progress is only the assumption of men who are predetermined by their theories as to the origin of man. From one interesting epoch of history, at least, we learn a different story. "Picture," says M. Taine, "in this foggy clime, amid hoar-frost and storm, in these marshes and forests, half-naked savages, a kind of wild beasts, fishers and hunters, even hunters of men, these are they, Saxons, Angles, Jutes, Frisians." Thus in Jutland, afterward in Britain, "they must have lived as before, as swineherds and hunters, brawny, fierce, gloomy. Here the barbarian, ill-housed in his mud-hovel, who hears the rain rustling whole days in the oak-leaves, what dreams can he have gazing upon his mud-pools and his somber sky?" From such as these, and inside of two thousand years, has sprung the Anglo-Saxon race! To assert that man developed body and soul from an ancient beast by natural and very slow processes, and then to turn around and argue that the time was very great because the process was slow, as Dr. Büchner does, is very much like reasoning in a circle. One would gather from him that there could be no dispute

as to this animal origin. The steps of the great evolution are worked out with undoubted genius, but it is by the use of analogies, assumptions and fancies, and these playing with evidences of the crudest kind. It is claimed, for example, that man was anticipated by the animal in the idea of agriculture. Turning with no little curiosity to the proof, we find that some one person reports an *agricultural ant* in Texas which builds a storehouse, plants around it a sort of grass which bears a small seed, which seed is harvested into the storehouse. This *proves*, says Dr. Büchner, that animals sometimes practice agriculture. It proves nothing as it stands unsupported, or if it did, only the most distant analogy can give it any bearing on the question of man's origin. In the same style of reasoning, when he finds that the beginnings of individual human life are beyond the reach of his microscope, he exclaims: "Who can venture to speak of *brute* matter, or to deny its ability to produce mental phenomena?" We can now understand readily what he means in another place by saying: "Nothing is more ridiculous than the *pride of not knowing*, with which so many respectable men of science are at present fond of acting."

As the culmination of his efforts, he reaches the "probability" that we shall some day find the immediate creatures between man and his brute ancestor somewhere in the Malay Archipelago. These intermediate types in the evolution are just what inductive science waits for, in the "pride of not-knowing" what is only *a priori* theorizing. M. Quatrefages, than whom no one is better conversant with all the facts, says: "With regard to the simial origin of man, it is nothing but pure hypothesis, or rather nothing but a mere *jeu d'esprit* which everything proves utterly baseless, and in favor of which no solid fact has yet been appealed to." Dr. Büchner does not cite Quatrefages, nor hardly gives a hint of the very strong school of scientific men who differ from himself. As for the cranial bones which are brought in evidence, they really are so few and so fragmentary as to shed but little light. The whole subject of craniology is so difficult that Prof. Rolleston tells us that no expert with a given set of unnamed skulls before him could be trusted to name their race, unless it might be the Esquimaux or the Australian. A German expert is making a collection at Berlin, in which he expects to include every known type of skull on earth, and yet all from the heads of his own countrymen! The Neanderthal skull Huxley pronounces the most bestial and ape-like in existence. On the other hand, Pruner-Bey claims to prove that it is a fair specimen of the Celtic. But the Neanderthal skull was not found in any close association with other bones, and its age is utterly in doubt. Inductive science can manifestly make but little out of this relic, however lovingly Büchner cherishes it on his rosary.

The want of space forbids further sifting of that style of reasoning which the Büchner school adopts, and which is legitimate enough, provided it is not

falsely given to the people as induction. But we may not close without a defense of our ancestors. That they were heroic, patient, religious, and that they buried their dead is most plain. None of their children would have probably done better under the circumstances. Imagine a hundred children of our scientists set adrift in virgin woods with no knowledge of the arts; at the end of many generations it might be quite possible that they would leave little more than stone implements to tell of their intellect, certainly no microscopes! Or if this present race were suddenly extinguished, and, ten thousand or one hundred thousand years hence, some wise men should uncover the remains of an Indian encampment and straightway begin to judge our civilization by these evidences, what sorry work would they make! Or if even Dr. Büchner's skull were fortunately disclosed, what chance of survival would his treatise or his microscope have beside a flint hatchet?

The thoughtful reader, on concluding this book, will not find himself peremptorily obliged to surrender the old-time views of man's origin and destiny, and he may even exercise some pity as he leaves Dr. Büchner musing at the grave-side over his conceptions of a "glorious immortality," which with the loss of *personal* consciousness would be to other men a blank and a dreariness.

"Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands."

THERE is not much of a story in the sketch which gives title to this latest collection of Bret Harte's prose papers. In some respects it is vastly inferior to other things in the book. With all its flavor of the soil, it has a suspicion of joiner-work about it which makes the reader a bit uncomfortable. We must thank the author for Yuba Bill and "that bummer Johnson"—types of character which lack no touch of local color and retain their original freshness wherever we meet them. But Blanche Masterman, Count de Nugat, and even Mr. Thomas Islington, are the same lay figures which have been walked through society novels, lo! these many years, and will be reproduced (as they have been) forever and ever. Mr. Harte is at home with the chaffing group in the bar-room at Angel's. The rough satirist who drives the Wingdam stage, and the dazed dram-drinker who sees in the woods a jackass-rabbit wearing a green hat with yellow ribbons, and who is "salivated with merkery," are old friends—we cannot spare them; we could not if we would; for Mr. Harte can give us none better. There is a phantom-like unreality about the proper people of Greyport, just as there is a colorless vacuity in the picture by the sea-shore where the men and women of Our Best Society are painted with neutral tints. The vigorous California landscape, with its turbulent Stanislaus, and the convex shield of pikes defending Table Mountain, is too vivid not to be true; but not simply because it is too

familiar is the Atlantic view uninteresting; it is dim with the uncertain touch of a hand which has no sympathy with its work. Yuba Bill and poor old Johnson at Greyport are like actors dressed for the illusory stage, surprised on the streets by garish daylight. The boy Tom of Angel's transformed into the society young man is as odious as anything out of Bulwer's novels.

Have we lingered too long over this little story? As we have said, it gives title to the book and has the precedence of better things. But, after all, thousands will endure the colorlessness of two-thirds of the story for the sake of the old-time forceful tone of the rest. As for the lively sketches which follow Mrs. Skaggs and her unhappy husbands in this slender volume, they are already famous. We remember with a little moisture of the eyes how Christmas came to Simpson's Bar, and how its dawn looked so tenderly on that disheveled hamlet that the whole mountain, as if caught in a generous action, blushed to the skies. We have before now watched the swart Princess Bob softly scratching her leg in her simian way. Many, many readers have, with Culpepper Starbottle, admired the natural background formed in Madroño Hollow to relieve the figure of a pretty girl in a yellow dress. Who has not stood beside the lank editor of *The Sierra Flat Record*, in his forest printing-office, as he marshaled his types and listened to the breezy murmurs of the pines without, and the infrequent tapping of the solitary woodpecker on the roof? We are glad to see all these old friends together. With them comes that nameless charm which no living man but Bret Harte holds—that charm which, for want of a better phrase, we call the touch of universal humanity—a touch which makes us find our fellows in the rudest and most *biizarre* of the characters which people his page. If he is wise, Mr. Harte will leave these personages in their native sphere, nor shock the sense of congruity by exposing his prodigals and stage-drivers to the pitiless peltings of foreign sunshine.

As for the rest, the work is made up of stray bits of California work which may have filled the corner of a newspaper in other days; and half a dozen half-burlesque legends and extravaganzas close the volume. The urban sketches are the best part of these new-old groups. They evince that nice observation and close attention to the small details and events of life which have made the writer so pre-eminently successful. "Sidewalkings," for example, is a miniature photograph of the varied humanity that streams along the margin of the street. "A Boy's Dog" is an old acquaintance, so artfully limned that we wonder he has so long escaped his portraiture. These and others like them are trifles, perhaps; but they are, nevertheless, trifles dropped from a master hand. Small as they are, they have an enduring charm; and we must respect them as the first work of one who has since won countless readers and world-wide fame.

"Middelmarch."

ONE hardly takes in in its full significance the remark of Macaulay, in his Essay on Lord Bacon, that in the time of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. (he might have added, during nearly the whole of Elizabeth's reign as well) there was no such thing as an English literature—until he bethinks him what life would be if we were cut off from the stream of delightful entertainment that has flowed to this generation from the pens of a few great novel-writers. Walter Scott, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Martineau—whose *Deerbrook* was the worthy pioneer of the modern novel of domestic life—made bright the youth of the generation that has just turned the middle point of life. Then came Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell, and now one of the greatest is still in her prime, the author of *Adam Bede* and of *Middelmarch*.

*Middelmarch** has not the charm of plot, of story to tell, that made a large part of the delightfulness of *Adam Bede* and *The Mill on the Floss*. It has not the intensity of passion that bore the reader along through the picturesque and tragic pages of *Romola*. It is a quiet study of life in an English village; and though its interest is concentrated upon one woman, the heroine of its pages, yet, as we close the book, a half-dozen other portraits, no less clearly and cleverly drawn, if not so well worth the putting forth of the author's power as that of Dorothea, long continue to give pleasure in the recollection. Of these minor characters Mr. Brooke is the principal, and the most freely drawn. The scene at the hustings is inimitable, the only drawback being that we cannot make up our minds to enjoy the actual maltreatment of a man toward whom we are forced to feel so kindly. Still, we do not see how such a speech as is put into Mr. Brooke's mouth could have been more appropriately greeted. In a bit of writing such as is this speech, and in the conversations throughout the book, George Eliot shows her dramatic power more than in her situations. These people talk as naturally and as pat to the purpose as Shakespeare's. To find how real their talk is, compare it, first, with the stilted or farcical talk of Dickens's people,—funny as much of the farcical is, it is never natural; and then with that of Thackeray, a great master, but mannered in his method, and the merit of George Eliot's dialogue will come out in a strong light. Then turn the full blaze of Shakespeare upon it, and it will be found to bear the trial well. Nature is the standard by which each has worked.

Mrs. Cadwallader is another character who lights up the book; she and her husband are equally well drawn, but the lady says the better things. Mr. Farebrother is perhaps not made so clear to the mind as his mother and aunt, but the whole group is one it is wholesome to meet. Lydgate is rather an aimless portraiture, yet he serves well to bring out the

character of his wife, who, of all the personages in the book, makes the most striking contrast to Dorothea. For a person of infinitely small nature, she is drawn with great power, and George Eliot shows her skill in handling her with so cool and contained a temper. She may madden Lydgate, and make us wish her all manner of evil, but the author will see that she has justice done her, and will not allow her hand to shake as she paints her, or her brush to take up a bit more color than belongs to her. Rosamond for a decent bad woman shall be painted as carefully as Dorothy for a saint. We do not like Mr. Bulstrode as a piece of art, but the end of his career is well painted, and there are few more striking scenes in the book than the interview between him and his wife. Indeed, this scene makes amends for the melodramatic air of much of Bulstrode's story—George Eliot is not clever at melodrama. Dorothea's sister Celia and her good-natured husband Chettam, with the dowager Lady Chettam, are pretty pieces of *genre* painting, and stand well for what we mean when we use the expression "thoroughly English." Within a certain narrow circle, these people (and Mrs. Farebrother belongs to the same order of human beings) show a hundred good traits, but their narrowness is of a miraculous quality, confined to England, let us hope, a curiosity of the soil, as ancient and intimate a possession as the tin of Cornwall. As we recall the minor characters of this remarkable book we feel the impossibility of doing justice to them in this skipping way. Fred Vinoy is nicely drawn, but better, it seems to us, when he first appears than later. Mary Garth is as refreshing and cordial a draught as fair spring water met with in the heat of a summer walk, and her father is as tonic, but more medicinal. Mary is of that crystal clearness and beauty, she seems as much a part of nature as the blue sky or the daisied turf. If only Lydgate had been mated with her! Not, however, that we wish poor Fred the ill luck to have been chained to Rosamond. Too hard a fate that to be lightly thought of for any man, least of all for one so estimable and high purposed as this young doctor, who is going to wash the world clean of its medical errors, washing it as men wash a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down. Old Mr. Featherstone with his relatives, Mrs. Waule and Mrs. Cranch and Solomon, make another group of humorous characters, but the humor of the book is not confined to them—it is perhaps George Eliot's most pervading quality, and she knows how to mingle it so deftly with the elements of human character that it never usurps an undue place, but remains in her portrayal as it is in nature, a delicate aroma, a grateful flavor, not the rank offense it becomes in the hands of the professed "humorist."

Among those who have read *Middelmarch* with full enjoyment, we often hear it said that the first half of the book, the first volume, is the more interesting. But is not this simply because in the first volume we are struck with the vigorous and skillful way in which the author moves her pieces about the board, setting

**Middelmarch: A Story of Provincial Life*. By Geo. Eliot. In two volumes. Harper and Brothers.

them with masterly precision in the places from which they are to control the game, while the second volume consists rather in the evolution of the largely-matured plan that lies clear in the player's mind? Note how rapidly Dorothea's marriage is brought about, and she put in the place from which she is to control the fates of others and to shape her own destiny. What shall one say of her husband, Mr. Casaubon, but that he is the least satisfactory character in the book—a sort of mummy, in studying whose hieroglyphs and unwrapping whose infoldings Dorothea seems ever on the search for the secret mystery of life. Or by another image we may think him the *corpus vile* on which the fair searcher after the disease of life and its cure is set to try her gruesome experiments. Dorothea is all life, superabounding, strong, dominant life; but Casaubon is a lifeless stock cut as a foil for her gracious vitality and youth in full flower. Nor is Will Ladislaw much better in his way. We get but a confused notion of him, and when we try to picture him, certain incongruous features in his portraying make us question whether the author herself is as clear in her mind about him as about some other of her characters less important. As for Dorothea herself there cannot be too much said. She is by all odds the most satisfying woman with whom we have made this sort of ideal-real acquaintance in all our recent novel-reading. She is of a far finer and grander type than Romola, being not a bit preachy—an English Sibyl, rather, of heroic beauty and of heroic mind, walking firmly on this earth of ours, prophesying dimly and in fragments of the coming heaven, not in antique phrases nor in antique garb, but in language we all can understand and that makes us all of her party. Surely a noble book, one not to be numbered with the “novels of the season,” but made to refresh coming times as well as our own—to help bring about the good time coming, and to make a part of its goodness when it arrives.

“The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton.”

IN MR. BLACK'S former works, especially *The Daughter of Heth* and *The Monarch of Mincing Lane*, he has drawn admirable character sketches, and has brought into action many of the tender emotions and intense passions of the human heart. In this book nearly all passion is eliminated, and the characters act merely as showmen to set before us gems of pictures—enchanting bits of landscape and quaint “interiors,”—the entertainment varied by snatches of song from the old English ballads.

The traveling party in the phaeton consists of four persons, a middle-aged married couple, a young English girl, and a young Prussian officer fresh from the wars. The journey is thus mapped out by Bell, the young lady: “We are going to shut up the house, and go anywhere for a whole month. All through England we go, using sometimes the old coaching-roads, and sometimes the by-roads, stopping at the curious little inns, and chatting to the old country folks, and singing

ballads of an evening as we sit upon the hillsides.” A charming idea charmingly carried out. The party, with a few unimportant interruptions, are in high spirits from the beginning of the journey in London to the end in Edinburgh. The young people fall in love, as in duty bound, and the course of their love runs as smoothly as the journey; and the elderly couple look on approvingly. “In this wise they went through the sweetly-smelling country, with its lines of wood and hedge, and its breadths of field and meadow,” chatting rather than talking, just as people do who are out on a holiday trip, and contriving in this pleasant fashion to give the reader a good deal of information regarding English scenery and country life, and sparing us descriptions of celebrated places, museums, or works of art.

We follow them in their journey through England under a spell of enchantment, woven of soft and rich colors, sweet and spicy scents, and tender melodies. There is a glamour over every scene, over the great parks, the open downs, the green woods, the stretches of heath, the picturesque villages, the breezy hills, the silver lakes, the splendid road-ways lined with hedge rows, the old-fashioned inns, the quaint old towns, and the broad sweeps of meadows, sometimes glimmering in the sunlight, and sometimes shining in the white rays of the moon. Even the rain does not interfere with our enjoyment. It only gives an opportunity for varying the pictures, of bringing in the soft greys, and hanging light mists about the woods.

Similar journeys have been described by other pens—similar, and yet unlike—few, we think, so filled with brightness and cheeriness. We are reminded of the exquisite English landscapes in George Borrow's *Romany Rye*, but there is no imitation. Mr. Black's pictures could be painted only from nature.

Merely the faintest thread of a plot runs through all this picturesque writing. The love affair is very prosaic. With one exception, that of “Queen Titania,” the characters are well drawn. The narrator manages to make his personality strongly felt while obtruding himself very little upon the reader's notice. The morbidly-sensitive, ill-tempered young man, who “bites off his nose to spite his face,” is most cleverly hit off in Arthur; who, by the way, we think was very badly treated by the whole party, and for whom, consequently, we feel an amount of sympathy not justified by his character and exploits. Bell and Von Rosen are agreeable traveling companions. We like them, without feeling any absorbing interest in the little drama they are enacting. This is as it should be; for any powerful emotion, any eager, painful interest would interfere with the main purpose of the book, and interrupt its harmonious flow.

“Never Again.”

THE predestined American novel of *society* would seem to be as far off as ever. The main source of the difficulty appears to be, that our clever authors and men of letters have turned their attention to all other

subjects and fields of labor except precisely the one necessary for a good society novel. Statisticians, and scientists and economists—poets, historians, and abstract or mystic thinkers—we have had them all. But the one department of *social observation* is ill represented among us.

Never Again (Putnam) is a fluent and discursive story of a good young man—a sort of second Whittington—who comes up from the country to seek his fortune, saves an old French lady from the hands of desperate villains who are trying to wrest her fortune from her, and is, by the grateful old lady, enabled to aspire to the hand of his wealthy employer's daughter. The personages are in the main thin, sketchy, and conventional, the story improbable and rambling, and the language verbose and often slangy. But there is some vigor and nature in such personages as Whoppers, the editor, and old Planly, the inventor; while, on the other hand, the hero is a mere stage figure, the heroine a nullity, and the old sea-captain a fair exaggeration of the worst type of Bowery sailor. But some bits of dialogue and Dr. Mayo's side dissertations, though they seriously break the course of the story, are bright, shrewd, and amusing. If we could pick them out, reversing the usual school-girl method, and throw away the story, our enjoyment of the book might be the greater.

"The Brook, and Other Poems."

THE title of the minor poems in this volume, "Songs and Studies," indicates that they spring from one common thought, which is more delicately fashioned and wrought into manifold relations in the principal poem. (*The Brook, and Other Poems*, by William B. Wright. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Company.) The links of the latter within itself are distinct, though subtle; but while the harmonious effect of a whole is produced, it is not easy to define what that whole is intended to be. Its design is felt as the result of impressions from many slight indirect touches, rather than formally stated and methodically developed. Much of the highest modern poetry—Browning's may be instanced—addresses itself in such unsystematic ways to subjects that seem indefinite only because their range is vast and their connections multifarious.

One of the commonplaces of literature is the allegorical representation of human life under the image of some progressive movement, like that of a day, a journey, a stream, followed through its sequence of opening, course, and end. Other more vivid and ingenious illustrations of the stages in man's existence appear in poems like the "Song of the Bell" and the "Song of the Ship," choosing the history of some material object, picturesque in itself, to frame descriptions of human hopes and trials, and to point apt moralizing upon them. A curious reversal of this illustrative process is common enough with Shelley, who uses a kind of intellectual refinement on mythology in numberless passages, and definitely in such

verses as the "Sensitive Plant" and the "West Wind," to describe inanimate objects as sharing in man's emotions and possessed with a part of his spirit. And Emerson's short poems are full of sudden glimpses of the thought that there is a pervading life of which man's life is but one manifestation. But our author's work seems to us unique in the boldness of its motive and the skill of its management. Taking the Brook as his subject, he conceives it in a much more subtle mode than that of merely humanizing it, by lending to it the emotions and the vicissitudes which man undergoes. He sets it before his fancy rather as having its own peculiar reason for existing and part to fill in the general plan of things, and, endowing it with consciousness, seeks to enter into that consciousness and express its working. Of course this expression can only be uttered in terms of human experience, and hence the difficulty, almost reaching impossibility, of success in the attempt. Translation of such alien imaginings there is none, and only symbol and similitude must take its place. Both the method and the language of the effort must be those suggested in the passage that comes nearest to an explanation of the design.

"Yet I, through many forms of being,
Intent to find the steadfast soul,
Catch often type with type agreeing,
To point to an unchanging goal:
Find faintly mirrored in a part
The features of the perfect whole."

This is the confession that the essence of the subject is intangible to conception, irresponsible to speech—the confession of the finite poetic incapacity to measure and unfold the infinite order.

A moment's reflection will serve to show that such purpose and treatment in poetry are not only exclusively modern, but are also an inevitable growth from the expansion and complexity of modern ideas. Ancient thought, absorbed in humanity as the center of all things, busied itself with the forms of man's work and passion, more than with the solution of human problems. How, not why, was its question; and if Plato philosophized or Lucretius poetized beyond those limits, blind conjecture led their futile excursions. Modern science has unfolded to the poet of to-day new and ever-receding horizons. How much further it may widen the range of his vision without tempting his faculty beyond the borders of the intelligible, it is of course impossible to predict. It has already opened boundless fields for new combinations of thought. It has proved that man's world in space, instead of being a pivot, is a mere outlying fleck in the great drift; and as to his world in time, that the life of his race scarcely fills a measurable instant in the incalculable succession of life. It has suggested the bold hypothesis (and whether that be true or only plausibly conceived, the effect as a mental stimulus is the same) that man, in kind, instead of having always been what he is, is only the present phase of an ascending series.

We have not here to deal with the truth or falsity of such speculations—the point in question is that the mere fact of their arising in the modern mind necessarily transforms all poetic conceptions. Whether the poet adopts them as new realities, or combats them as errors, he must soar far enough and pierce deep enough to meet them in the regions from which they spring. Regarding man's spiritual nature as always the same, poetry will draw grander inspiration from this wider scope and finer complexity of his relations to the universe. Its very nature forbids the narrowing of its theme to man as he is known to be. It must account also for man as he supposes himself to be, since the power that impels to such supposition is itself a part of his being. And while retaining its reverence for his spiritual nature and its dependence, poetry must follow the most daring flights of inquiry if it would perform that which it would not be difficult to prove a part of its task, to reconcile religion and science.

These poems are suffused with such reverence, which is not the less real because it is expressed in freer forms than those of a past fashion. They depict man neither in the wrong old way, as the center of all things, nor in the wrong new way, as sufficient in his own strength. They are full of fine intimations, plainer in the shorter poems than in the longer one, that the alternations of labor and rest, joy and pain, which perplex his life, rule everywhere, and that a power works more for good to him than harm throughout the unseen net of circumstance in which he is unconsciously bound. The loose movement and scattered rhyme of the short, quick verse fit very well the wayward indirectness of its suggestions; while bits of sketch and miniature pictures are set in the neatest conciseness of primitive words. The best pastorals give no lighter touch than that of the morning landscape on page 53, nor shape any clearer figures than those of the mill-interior on page 57. We catch an echo of Emerson in

"Treaties knit with cloud and sun,
That never will their bond outrun,"

and here a trace of Shelley, in

"And wraith-like down the cloudy aisles
The moon slipped from the morning's eye"—

but nowhere is there intentional imitation. Every page gives line after line of rare fancies and finest humor, dressed in pure, quaint, original English. It is long since so fresh and inspiring a book has appeared, of poetry thoroughly healthy in sentiment, and philosophy free from irreverent dogmatism.

The New Volume of Lange.

FOR obvious reasons, the Book of Psalms is, of all the books of Holy Scripture, one of the most difficult of exposition, and submits itself to the labors of the commentator with the most reluctance. For the commentator is almost necessarily, in virtue of his office, a student rather of scientific than of poetic temper,

occupied with rules of grammar and minute details of exegesis, more than with the spirit of the inspired lyrics with which he has to do. Or if he escapes the peril of too dry and prosaic an interpretation, he is liable to fall into the easy snare of a simply doctrinal and theological interpretation,—forgetting that the Psalms are essentially emotional rather than didactic, expressive of religious sentiment and purpose, of prayer and praise, of confession and of trust, rather than impressive of religious truths. It is because the commentators will not, or by nature cannot, escape these perils, that commentaries on the Psalter are apt to be so painfully unsatisfactory and inadequate.

It would be too much to expect that the new volume of Lange, which has just been published by Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., should wholly have escaped these dangers. But it is not too much to say that it has probably come nearer to escaping them, and to furnishing to English readers a satisfactory commentary on the Book of Psalms, than any other work to which they can have access. The introduction is especially learned and able; and the "Homiletical and Practical" department is very rich and valuable. It abounds in full and free citations from Mr. Spurgeon's yet unfinished *Treasury of David*. Great use is also made of Luther's admirable commentary, extracts from which, full of strong, good sense, and of manly and hearty devoutness, may be found on almost every page.

It is easy to appreciate the "strong desire" of the American editor (the learned and excellent Dr. Schaff), "to prepare the commentary on the Psalter" himself. But as this was impossible, the work was distributed among competent scholars (the Reverend Dr. John Forsyth, of West Point, the Rev. James B. Hammond, and the Reverends Charles A. Briggs and J. F. McCurdy, of New Jersey). The King James version, arranged in parallelisms, is made the text of the Commentary; but a new and revised translation, by the learned Dr. Conant, is appended to the volume.

In some of the American churches there is, just now, a revival of interest in the liturgical uses of the Book of Psalms, and a growing belief that we are not making sufficient use of it in our public worship. The intelligent study of the book, with such useful help as this volume of Lange will render, both to ministers and to laymen, will do much to deepen and to extend that interest, and to promote a wise and devout use of what should be regarded as an inspired liturgy for the Church throughout all ages.

A Volume by Dr. William M. Taylor.

THE new pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church (who has already become so widely known and beloved that it is hard to think of him as a new pastor), has published, through Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., a little volume of simple and devout evangelical teaching, founded upon the three beautiful parables of the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel.

(*The Lost Found and the Wanderer Welcomed*, by William M. Taylor, D.D. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) It is not difficult to discover, even upon a hasty examination of the book, what those rare gifts are in virtue of which Dr. Taylor has at once taken his position among the foremost men in the American pulpit. A simple and reverent acceptance of the Scriptural revelation, a deep and earnest love for the Divine Saviour whom that revelation makes known to us, and a hearty humanity which puts him on the level of all sinful and needy souls, whom, with his Scotch fervor of entreaty, he would almost compel into the Kingdom—these are the characteristics of this volume, as they are of the preaching to which so many hundreds give earnest heed as they listen to it from the Tabernacle pulpit. One may look long to find the persuasive stories of our Lord, in the chapter on which the book is founded, urged home with more simple and practical force than here.

Williams' "Window Gardening."

Now that it seems as proper to have flowers in our houses in winter as it is to have them in our gardens in summer, a very natural interest is excited in the subject of the culture of plants in windows. We cannot all have a conservatory and an imported gardener; but our windows may be filled with every

kind of floral loveliness. We have seen windows of which Spenser might have said:

"No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,
No arboret with painted blossoms drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels al around."

It requires a certain skill to produce an effect of this kind; and if we be not well grounded in horticulture, or cannot have a gardener to teach us, we must buy a book on the subject, and there is no better book to buy than Henry T. Williams' *Window Gardening* (Horticultural Office, New York). From this really excellent volume we may learn everything about the management of window gardens in general, and the management of the various flowers in particular; how to keep our plants alive and to deal out death to our insects; how to plant, propagate, and prune; what to do with hanging baskets; how to train climbing vines; how to grow Roses, Camellias, Heliotropes, Lilies, Myrtles, and all those other lovely things that our hearts ache for in winter (we mean those of us who have no gardens—in windows or anywhere else). Besides being so complete, this work is reliable. When such men as Thomas Meehan of the *Gardener's Monthly*, and Dr. Thurber of the *Agriculturist*, indorse an author, we may plant, trim, water, fertilize, pull up and set out by his directions in a spirit of absolute confidence.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

The Chemical Rays of the Spectrum.

THE second memoir of Dr. John W. Draper's Researches in Actino-chemistry is published simultaneously in the *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine* and in the *American Journal of Science and Art*. His first memoir was on the distribution of heat in the spectrum; the present one is on the distribution of chemical force. In the former he showed that all the rays of the spectrum possess equal heating power. In this, he shows that every ray can bring about chemical changes. Hitherto it has been supposed that the actinic force—the force that brings about chemical decompositions—is restricted to the violet of the spectrum, and in all the books treating on this subject, figures are introduced illustrating this view. In this memoir, the error of this is shown by an analysis of several decompositions brought about by the agency of radiation. The following paragraph furnishes a summary of the evidence:—

"At this point I abstain from adding other instances showing that chemical changes are brought about in every part of the spectrum. The list of cases here presented might be indefinitely extended, if these did not suffice. But how is it possible to restrict the chemical force of the spectrum to the region

of the more refrangible rays, in face of the facts that compounds of silver, such as the iodide, which have heretofore been mainly relied upon to support that view, and in fact originated it, are now proved to be affected by every ray from the invisible ultra-red to the invisible ultra-violet? how, when it is proved that the decomposition of carbonic acid, by far the most general and most important of the chemical actions of light, is brought about, not by the more refrangible, but by the yellow rays? The delicate colors of flowers, which vary indefinitely in their tints, originate under the influences of rays of many different refrangibilities, and are bleached or destroyed by spectrum colors complementary to their own, and therefore varying indefinitely in their refrangibility. Toward the indigo ray the stems of plants incline; from the red their roots turn away. There is not a wave of light that does not leave its impress of bitumens and resins, some undulations promoting their oxidation, some, their deoxidation. These actions are not limited to decompositions: they extend to combinations. Every ray in the spectrum brings on the union of chlorine and hydrogen."

He adds, in conclusion: "The figure so generally employed in works on actino-chemistry to indicate

the distribution of heat, light, and actinism, serves only to mislead. The heat curve is determined by the action of the prism, not by the properties of calorific radiation; the actinic curve does not represent any special peculiarities of the spectrum, but the habits of certain compounds of silver."

The Electric Spark.

PROFESSOR O. N. ROOD, of Columbia College, by recent investigations, has proved that if an induction coil be set in action while attached to a Leyden jar, the latter will usually be charged and discharged a number of times, giving often twenty or thirty consecutive sparks. But they follow each other so rapidly as to present the appearance of a *single spark only*, as all these acts are really comprised in an interval of time less than about one-fiftieth of a second. The duration of each of these individual sparks was found by him to be nearly instantaneous; that is, they lasted only during intervals of from one twenty-thousandth, up to two millionths of a second, according to the circumstances. These last discharges were again subjected to an analysis, and found to consist of a brilliant component, lasting in some cases only forty billionths of a second, or about long enough to allow a ray of light to travel over thirteen yards. This is a quantity twenty-five times smaller than has ever before been obtained in connection with electrical phenomena. Yet in this inconceivably short interval of time, perfectly distinct vision was found practicable.

English Country Laborers' Homes.

AN attempt is being made in England to improve the character of the houses, or rather huts, in which the agricultural laborers live. In the discussion arising in consequence, the *Builder* says: Certain public speakers, seeking to discredit and oppose the endeavors now being made to improve the condition of our agricultural laborers, have spoken of the admirable manner in which they are lodged. To correct these misrepresentations, it then proceeds to draw a picture of the facts of the case, and among other instances gives the following illustration: Last week a case of *delirium tremens* was reported to the Wincanton Board of Guardians, and we sent for some particulars to the home of the patient. It is situated in a lane in the town; has a living room about 12 feet by 9 feet, and 7 feet high to the boards of the upper floor; no ceiling; above, there is one room 12 feet by 13 feet, and 7 feet high, containing two beds. *In this room generally sleep the man and his wife, three children, the wife's mother, and a young unmarried woman.*

Fossil Man at Mentone.

DR. J. HENRY BENNET gives an account in the *Lancet* of the fossil man found by M. E. Rivière in the bone caves at Mentone. I saw it, he says, and carefully examined it three days after the first discovery, when it was still two-thirds imbedded in the com-

pact soil of the cave. M. Rivière was obliged to scrape and separate the soil from the skeleton with the utmost care. This labor took him above a week, so anxious was he to do no injury to the bones. The skeleton, that of a man about six feet in height, was in a recumbent, semi-curved position, as in sleep or repose. Death must have come suddenly during sleep, or quietly during repose. There had evidently been a rude kind of inhumation, for there were some large stones behind and around the head. The skeleton is that of a tall man, all but perfect, having no resemblance whatever to that of the orang-outang or of any monkey. The skull is elongated, very convex superiorly, teeth all present in the upper jaw, and all perfect in the lower jaw as far as it was exposed.

The instruments found in the cavern are in bone, in deer-horn, or in stone, or in silex from the chalk formation which exists in the neighborhood; those in bone and horn are arrows, pointed instruments, needles, and implements apparently destined to flatten the threads of sewn skins. Among them was one that appears to have been a commander's baton or staff. The stone and silex instruments were found by the thousand, if fragments and scales are to be counted. The commonest forms are scrapers. They are roughly worked and appear to belong to the oldest known stone period.

An Extraordinary Surgical Operation.

The *Lancet* gives an account of an extraordinary operation in which the nerves of the left upper extremity, from their origin at the vertebral column almost to their insertion at the hand, were raised from their beds and subjected to stretching and pulling. The patient was a soldier who had been struck on the nape of the neck by the butt end of a musket, and following the injury there was the most violent contraction of the muscles of the upper extremity, attended by a loss of sensation in the skin over the same. This continued for nearly two years, when the operation was performed by making three long incisions, one on the arm, one in the axilla, and one over the left clavicle; the nerves were raised, submitted to the manipulations described above, then returned, and when the wounds healed the parts were entirely restored to their normal state.

Decay of Fruits.

THE rapidity with which fruits decay after they have ripened is owing to the development of certain fungi. Of one of these, the well-known mildew *Mucor stolonifer*, Wyville Thomson, says: This species is often found on juicy fruits, covering them with white woolly patches scattered over with small black heads, and producing a very rapid putrefaction beneath the surface of the fruit. A number of delicate branching filaments form a rich network in the substance of the fruit filaments, which are easily distinguished from those of some nearly allied forms by their long simple tubes without partitions. These

delicate filamentous tubes, which are the parts first to appear and form the basis, as it were, of the fungus, are called the Mycelium, and are found in almost all fungi.

Sea-Sickness.

IN discussing M. Bessemer's saloon steamer a writer says: Persons suffering from sea-sickness complain not only of giddiness, arising from themselves and everything about them being continually in motion, but also in particular of a qualm which comes over them every time the ship or the part of it on which they are standing, is descending, sinking as it were from under their feet. An approach to this qualm is commonly felt in a garden-swing during the descent, and also in jumping from considerable heights. There can be very little doubt that this is due to the fact that the intestines are then wholly or partially relieved from their own weight, and therefore exercise an unusual pressure against the stomach, liver, and diaphragm. This pressure produces the qualm, and its rapid and frequent alternations cause sufficient irritation to produce in most people sea-sickness, and in some persons more serious effects. Physiologists are by no means agreed as to how much of sea-sickness is due to this cause, and how much to the reaction upon the stomach of the brain-disturbance.

Floriculture.

ALL lovers of flowers must remember, that one blossom allowed to mature or "go to seed" injures the plant more than a dozen new buds. Cut your flowers then, all of them, before they begin to fade. Adorn your rooms with them; put them on your tables; send bouquets to your friends who have no flowers; or exchange favors with those who have. You will surely find that the more you cut off the more you will have. * All roses after they have ceased to bloom should be cut back, that the strength of the root may go to forming new roots for next year. On bushes not a seed should be allowed to mature.

The Lost Comet.

THE comet of Biela was first recognized in 1772, and rediscovered by Biela in 1826. During its visit in 1846 it was noticed that it had undergone division, and was separated into two portions which were gradually receding from each other, and at the time of its disappearance they were about 157,000 miles apart.

On the next reappearance, in 1852, the space between the two portions had increased to 1,250,000 miles. The parts were of nearly equal brilliancy and moved side by side, the interval between them gradually increasing until they disappeared.

Though carefully searched for in 1859 and 1866, the comet failed to make its appearance; but Mr. Hind expected that it would make its nearest approach to the earth in the latter part of 1872, and its positions for successive nights were calculated and

foretold to assist in its detection, but with the same want of success as on previous occasions.

The comet having disappeared, it is found by the directors of the observatories at Vienna and Copenhagen that its orbit is marked by a considerable meteor stream, and it becomes a matter of the greatest interest to determine the relations between the comet and this meteor stream.

Original Investigations in England and America.

Nature says: "The Journal of the Chemical Society, of which the original and proper function was to print the investigations of English chemists, now appears to exist simply to inform us of what is accomplished elsewhere. The volume for the year 1871 is a stout octavo of 1,224 pages; of these, however, not more than 154 are occupied with original communications read before the Society, while the rest of the volume is filled with innumerable abstracts of the investigations of the chemists of Germany and France. Ten years ago the same Journal contained on the average at least 400 pages of original matter."

From the above quotation, it would appear that the dearth of original investigation which Professor Tyndall deplores so much as being the crying deficiency of this country, is also felt to an equal if not greater extent in England, since there is a great falling off in the amount, while here we are at least advancing.

So seriously is the deficiency in this respect felt in England that it has become a matter for discussion at public meetings. At one of these the following resolutions were passed, which support a plan well worthy of our consideration on this side of the Atlantic:—

1st. That to have a class of men, whose lives are devoted to research is a national object.

2d. That it is desirable, in the interest of national progress and education, that professorships and special institutions shall be founded in the Universities for the promotion of scientific research.

3d. That the present mode of awarding fellowships as prizes has been found unsuccessful as a means of promoting mature study and original research, and that it is desirable that it should be discontinued.

Testing the Endurance of Stone.

AT a recent meeting of the Philosophical Society of Manchester, Dr. R. Angus Smith said that he had observed that the particles of stone most liable to be in long contact with rain from town atmospheres, were most subject to decay. Believing the acids in the air to be the cause, he supposed that the endurance of a silicious stone might be somewhat measured by measuring its resistance to acids. He proposed therefore to use strong solutions, and thus approach to the action of long periods of time. He tries a few specimens in this way and with the most promising results. Pieces of about an inch cube were broken by the fall of a hammer, and the number of blows counted. Similar pieces were steeped in weak acid; both sulphuric and muriatic were tried, and the latter pre-

ferred. The number of blows now necessary was counted. Some sandstones gave way at once and crumbled into sand, some resisted a long time; some very dense silicious stone was little affected by it,—had stood unaltered on a bridge in a country place for centuries.

In this country the endurance of stone depends to a great extent on its power to resist the action of frost, as we may easily satisfy ourselves by an inspection of the walls that have just passed through a very trying winter. The determination of the power to resist this action is accomplished by soaking the stone in a strong solution of sulphate of soda, and then permitting the salt to crystallize in its pores: repeating the operation a few times, the stone soon begins to show the effect, which is measured by weighing the particles that are broken off. Another method of estimating the same disintegrating action is that proposed by Professor J. C. Draper, of alternately heating the stone and then quenching it in cold water, and weighing the detached particles.

Thanatophidia of India.

SUCH is the title of a recent work on the venomous snakes of India, in which the author states that the symptoms produced by the bite of the different species differ but slightly, all producing exhaustion and paralysis of the nerve-centers. Cold-blooded creatures are not acted on as vigorously as the warm-blooded; and though the poisonous snakes are not as a rule affected by their own poisons or that of one of their own species, they succumb to that of those which are more poisonous. Dr. Fayrer also affirms that the fowls and pigeons killed by the poison in the course of his experiment were always eaten by the natives without any evil consequences, giving additional proof of the harmlessness of these poisons when introduced into the digestive cavity.

Restoring Waste Places.

IN the Department of the Hautes-Alpes, in France, an interesting experiment has been made for the restoration of lands that were desolated by the removal of the forests. As the years rolled by, village after village was deserted, until the department had lost 11,000 of its population. The peasantry opposed with the greatest violence any attempt at the replacement of the forests, and the government was obliged at last to force them to return the barren districts. The result is said to be most satisfactory: the covering of sod has retained the rain, instead of allowing it to run off in torrents, and the desolate, barren districts of the last few years are reassuming the luxuriant vegetation with which they were clothed in olden times.

Memoranda.

DURING the ripening of fruit in the air, or in a jar of oxygen gas, oxygen is absorbed and an equivalent proportion of carbonic acid given off. (M. Berard.)

De Bary estimates that the number of plants that

live on matter already organized, and do not decompose carbonic acid, is about equal to that of the green or chlorophyll bearing plants which possess the power of decomposing carbonic acid.

Mr. W. F. Barret states that the spheroidal condition of water may be shown by immersing a red-hot ball of metal in a vessel of water to which a little soap has been added. The ball enters the water smoothly, and glows beneath its surface, the contact of the fluid being prevented by a layer of steam of considerable thickness.

The *Lancet* gives an account of a minute active worm, $\frac{1}{8}$ inch long and $\frac{1}{32}$ inch in diameter, that has been discovered in the blood of certain patients that had lived in India. So numerous were these parasites in the cases in question, that six excellent specimens were seen in a single drop of blood obtained from the lobe of the ear.

English experience during the past twenty years proves nothing more conclusively than the absolute feasibility of consuming smoke in the furnaces of locomotives. More than two hundred trains per day pass the King's Cross station of the London Underground Railway, and yet no one has ever been heard to complain of smoke in the tunnel.

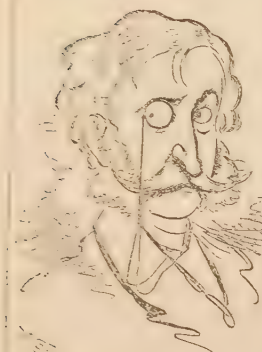
In Russia, every endeavor is being made by the government to advance and diffuse knowledge in the arts and manufactures. With this object in view, no less than fifteen exhibitions have within the past few years been held alternately at St Petersburg, Moscow and Warsaw. The exhibition of the present year is devoted especially to the technical arts, and is intended to form the nucleus of a national polytechnic museum.

Having devised an arrangement for measuring the number of wave-lengths in a given tube, Professor A. M. Mayer has applied it to the determination of the temperature of the air in the tube, by measuring the variation caused in the number of wave-lengths by the action of heat. An entirely new method of pyrometry is thus introduced, which promises to give very important results.

M. Paschen directs attention to the unreliability of astronomical photographs, owing to the shrinkage of collodion films, to which Mr. Rutherford adds the changes caused in wet plates by the cooling that attends on the evaporation during exposure. These sources of error might readily be avoided by a return to the use of metallic silver surfaces, which, for all applications requiring accuracy, are far superior to collodion films.

Nobert has recently ruled a plate of 240,000 lines to the inch for President Barnard of Columbia College.

A WINTER'S TALE.



1. Which his name is Horace Mor- 2. (Need we conceal it)—Clara: ris, and he loves—

3. On a winter's day, he mounts his steed and rides to tell her so.



4. The snow soon forces him to lead his noble courser.



5. After a while, the progress becomes difficult.



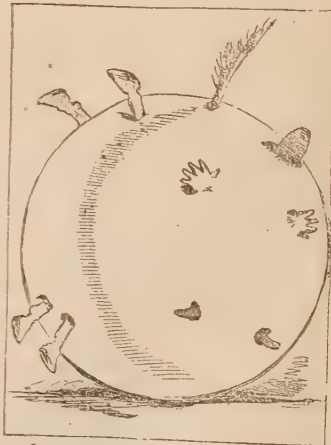
6. Curtain falls; music by the chorus.



7. Clara looks forth frequently, expecting Horace Morris.



8. But the boys, who do not expect him, make a big snow-ball.



9. Which melts as Spring approaches, and the end of the tale is obvious.

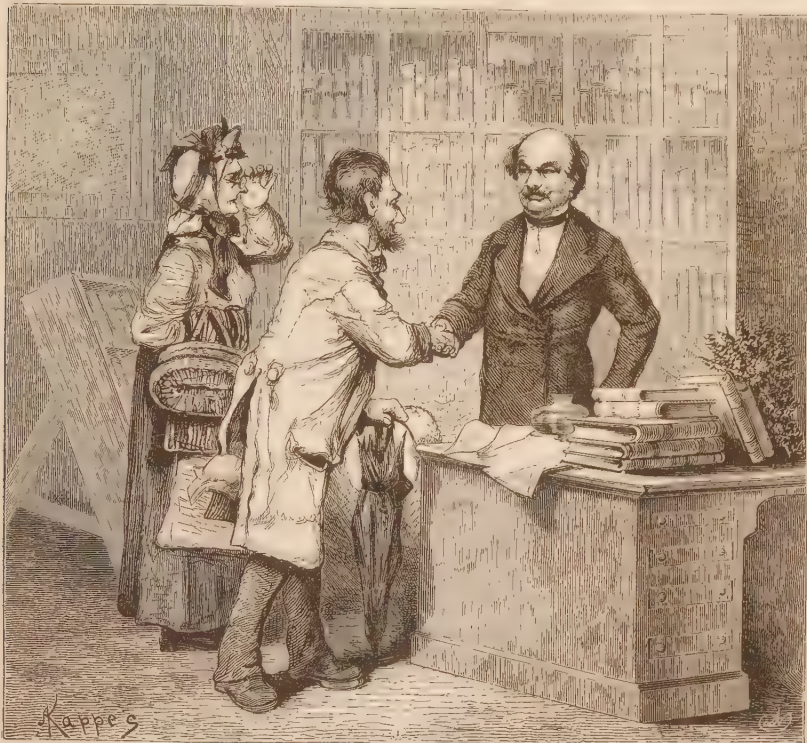
SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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AN HOUR AMONG THE GREENBACKS.



SHAKING HANDS WITH

G. A. Rimmer

• OF the amount of labor requisite to issue and redeem the vast volume of the paper currency of the United States, few persons, not connected with the Treasury, have any conception. Most people are satisfied if they can obtain enough of it, in the shape of "greenbacks" or "stamps," to meet the daily requisitions upon their wallets, without puzzling their brains to learn in what manner it was originally issued or will be ultimately redeemed. But there are some practical and inquiring minds, whose believing is based upon nothing less than actual seeing. Being per-

suaded that our reader is the possessor of a mental organization of that kind, we invite him to devote a leisure hour to making with us the rounds of the Treasurer's Office at Washington, and learning by personal observation how money is there made and destroyed.

It is necessary, first of all, to obtain the Treasurer's permission to inspect his office. His latch-string always hangs invitingly out, and no surly door-keeper requires our card, business, and position as pre-requisites to admission. The bluff old General is a true

democrat, whose right to that title dates back to the days of Andrew Jackson, and, like that old hero, he despises everything which savors of exclusiveness. So we at once enter into the Treasurer's presence without any preliminary formality, and are quite sure to find him busily engaged at his desk. Very probably he is occupied in constructing specimens of that mysterious signature which ornaments all our paper money, and is to most men a riddle more unsolvable than any that the Sphinx ever propounded. Translated, it is F. E. Spinner. We observe that the pen with which it is written is of peculiar construction, and has three points, and that the ink used has the thickness and consistency of mud and the blackness of Egyptian darkness, and is "piled up" on the paper to a height of which we would be incredulous had we never seen it, and which, having been seen, renders us more ink-credulous still. This delightful quality in the ink, the messenger informs us, is produced by long exposure to the atmosphere in an open vessel; to be accurate, in an old pitcher with a broken nose. It is astonishing, we are further told, to note the number of people, principally from the country districts, who stray into the Treasurer's room during the course of a year for the purpose of shaking hands with "the man who makes that funny signature," and of looking wonderingly on to see how he makes it. We are quite sure to be affably received, unless some circumstance of an unusually disturbing nature has occurred, for "the General," as he is familiarly called, notwithstanding his reputation for the use of strong words, is really a man of uncommon good-nature. Even when provoked to one of his ebullitions of righteous wrath, his bark is proverbially worse than his bite, and the goodness of his heart usually leads him to make reparation for violence of language by lenity of action. So it happens that applicants for favors at his hands are sometimes told by their friends, who know the old gentleman's peculiarities, that it is a favorable circumstance that on the first presentation of their cases they have been roundly scolded, since the chances are, that after the first heat of temper has cooled, penitence for undue harshness will lead him on second consideration to grant their requests. Not even the General's most ardent admirers—and no man has more—will claim that he is a handsome man. And even should they have the hardihood to do so, the vignette on certain fifty-cent notes, of which there are many still in circulation, would furnish a complete refutation of their

assertion. But, to be fair, the shin-plasters do not do him justice. There is an expression of honesty and openness of nature about his homely features, and a twinkle of humor in the eye, which the artist has failed to reproduce, and which render the face, like Lincoln's, kind and genial and far from unpleasing. A grizzly mustache, cut unreasonably short at the corners of the mouth, does not help to supply the lack of beauty in the features. The wide, determined mouth, and the square, heavy chin, suggest the irreverent idea that personal appearance, no less than watchful care, of the nation's treasure may have led to the bestowal of the *sobriquet* of "Watch-dog of the Treasury," by which the faithful Treasurer is so well known.

The room is of moderate size and plainly furnished, and gives evidence that of the vast amount of money which has passed through his office, but little has been used to minister to the Treasurer's comfort. A door opens into a still smaller apartment in which the Treasurer sleeps. The responsibility of the safe-keeping of hundreds of millions is too great to be devolved upon others, and the General therefore rests where he can in a moment assure himself that the public treasure in his keeping is safe. Once, before he began sleeping at the Treasury, he was awakened in the night by a strong impression that something was wrong at the Department. He lay for a long time tossing uneasily on his bed, and trying to close his eyes and convince himself that it was a mere freak of an over-taxed brain; but it would not be driven away. At last, about two o'clock in the morning, in order to assure himself that his impression was at fault, he arose, hastily dressed, and set out for the Treasury. On his way he met a watchman from the Department, hastening to arouse him with the information that the door of one of the vaults had just been found standing wide open. A careless clerk, whose duty it was to close and lock the door, had failed to perform his duty that night, and the watchman on going his rounds had discovered the neglect. Since that night the Treasurer has inspected the doors and locks of the vaults himself, and has satisfied himself, by attempting to turn the handles, that they are securely locked. The inspection is made twice every evening—once soon after the departure of the clerks, and again before retiring to rest. There are few public officers whose sense of duty and responsibility constrains them to thus sacrifice their own time and comfort in the interest of the government. The moneyed responsibility



COUNTING NEW GREENBACKS.

is indeed tremendous, and such, we venture to assert, as never fell on the shoulders of one man before. That we do not exaggerate is evidenced by the fact that the notes, bonds, and securities in the vaults of the Treasurer's office amount on an average to eight hundred million dollars. But we are tarrying too long in the General's room, as the flight of time and the increasing pile of papers on his table awaiting signature remind us. So, having received a courteous permission to inspect the various branches of the office, and secured the services of a clerk as a guide, we bow ourselves out of the room.

In order to begin at the beginning of the various stages through which the currency passes in the Treasurer's office, we are first escorted to the division of issues, in which the new currency is received directly from the printers and counted before being placed in the vaults of the Treasury.

The rustle of the new, crisp notes greets our ears as we open the door, and, passing in, we find ourselves in a long, well-lighted room, in which are some thirty or forty women, each sitting at a table counting notes. The things which most impress us at first are the wonderful rapidity with which the notes pass under the nimble fingers of the counters, and the machine-like constancy with which the work is maintained.

Years of experience have made the counters who have been longest employed marvelously expert and almost infallible, their fingers passing from one note to another with the celerity and regularity of some wonderful machine. The lady who sits nearest to the chief of the room, and who has come to be considered a sort of assistant to him, having sometimes performed his duties during his absence, has been engaged in the division ever since its organization in 1862, and probably has no rival in accuracy and dexterity in counting. On many occasions she has counted fifty thousand notes in one day. As the nominal hours of labor are from nine to three o'clock, and as at least half an hour must be deducted from this for necessary interruptions and for lunch, the time occupied in counting these fifty thousand notes was five and a half hours. This is at the rate of nine thousand and ninety notes every hour, one hundred and fifty every minute, and two and a half every second! The lady informs us that it is no unusual feat for her to "pick up" a bundle containing four thousand legal-tender notes in twenty minutes! We doubt whether this can be excelled. If any gentleman thinks it can, let him try the experiment of simply tapping his finger on a table at the above rate, and we predict that at the end of half an hour's trial he will change his mind. There are other ladies who are almost as rapid and accurate. They are sometimes called upon, with others equally skillful from the redemption division (which we shall visit presently), to visit other cities, when the Treasury offices in those places are to be examined, and to assist in counting the government funds there.

Through this division and under these skillful fingers has passed every note, whether legal-tender or fractional, which has been issued by the United States since the beginning of the rebellion,—every note which we have ever handled or seen,—as well as all the gold-notes, and many millions of imperfect bonds and notes which were never put in circulation. The total value of the money which had been counted in this division previously to the first day of July, 1872, was, according to the Treasurer's last annual report, nearly two thousand nine hundred million dollars,—more than two hundred and twenty-three millions of which consisted of postal and fractional currency. Just now, the counters find full employment in counting new legal-tender and fractional notes.

The notes, after having been counted, are

securely put up—the legal-tenders in strong paper wrappers, and the fractional currency in stout paper boxes,—sealed, placed in a capacious hand-cart, and trundled away to the vaults of the cash division, whither we will now follow them.

Passing through the cashier's office, which adjoins it, we find ourselves in the magnificent new marble cash-room (so called until some kind philologist shall invent or suggest a more appropriate and euphonious name). In this room, then in an incomplete condition, the inaugural ball of 1869 was held. We hazard nothing in saying that it is the most costly and magnificent room of the kind, and for the purpose for which it is used, in the United States, probably in the world. It is seventy-two feet long, thirty-two feet wide, and twenty-seven feet six inches high, and its walls, from floor to ceiling (excepting the upper cornice), are entirely of marble, no less than seven of the most beautiful varieties of which have been used in its construction. It extends upward from the main floor through two stories of the building, and therefore has two rows of windows. As a consequence, it was necessary to finish it in two stories. The base of the stylobate of the first story is black Vermont marble, the mouldings Bardiglio Italian, the styles dove Vermont, the panels Sienna Italian, and the dies Tennessee. Above the stylobate the styles are of Sienna marble, to the light straw-color of which the beautiful Corinthian pilasters and cornice of white-veined Italian marble form a pleasing contrast. Opposite the windows, and in corresponding positions at the ends of the room, are inserted panels of the dark-veined Bardiglio Italian, of the same size as the windows. A narrow gallery, protected by a bronze railing of a very graceful pattern, runs around the room at the top of the cornice of the first story, from which visitors may at all times inspect the room and its occupants without fear of molesting or molestation. The stylobate, and the styles and pilasters above the stylobate of the second story, are of the same varieties of marble as those of the first story, but the panels are of Sarrangolum marble from the Pyrenees. This latter is a rare marble, of peculiar appearance, and the panels at a little distance bear as strong a resemblance to huge slices of raw beef, a little the worse for age, as can well be imagined. A closer inspection, however, develops rare beauties in color and in the configuration of the veins, in which an active imagination will discover faces, landscapes, mountains, cataracts, and rivers. The

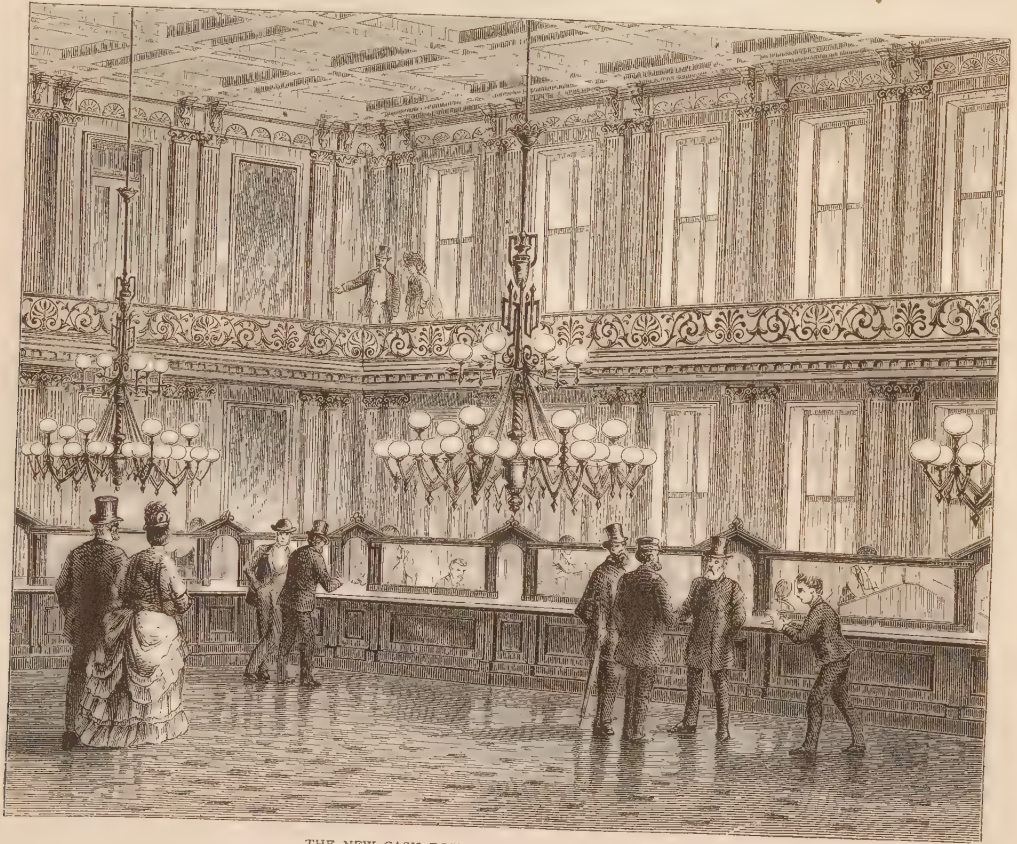
pilasters of the second story are not pure in style like those of the first, but are composite. They support a cornice, not of marble, as one would expect from the general design of the room, but of plaster of Paris, of fantastic design and richly gilded. The beams of the ceiling, which are quite heavy, and cross each other at right angles, are also finished in plaster of Paris and gilt. This cheap and tawdry ornamentation, so out of keeping with the general character of the room, is a serious blemish. We fear, too, that the architect has permitted his desire to exhibit in one room specimens of the most rare and striking varieties of marble, to mislead his taste for unity of design and harmony of color.

An elegant counter of various kinds of marble,—surmounted by a partition of mahogany and plate glass,—over which checks, drafts, notes, coupons, and interest are paid and deposits received, protects the treasure from the "great unwashed."

Passing through the cash-room, we come, at the end opposite to the cashier's office, to a room of the same size as his, the greater portion of which is occupied by a ponderous iron vault with great double doors. On each of these doors are two burglar-proof locks of the best construction, each set on a combination different from the rest. But three or four persons know any of these combinations, and no one knows the combinations to the locks on both doors, so that they cannot be improperly opened except by collusion between two of the persons who know the combinations. This vault is the grand reservoir upon which our good Uncle draws whenever he is in need of funds. Here is packed away for safe-keeping the money which is not needed for present use, and the longer it is kept the better it becomes; for currency, like wine, improves in quality with age, the paper becoming seasoned, and the ink dry and hard and less liable to be rubbed off or blurred by handling. A large portion of this currency has never been technically placed in the Treasury and charged to the Treasurer on the books of the Department, but, although perfect and ready for use, remains simply so much printed matter until needed to be issued, when, presto! an entry on the books converts what was before but valueless paper into dollars and cents. Its want of value, however, is but a fiction of the accounts, for should some rogue get his hands on it and attempt to put it into circulation, no one to whom he should pass it would be likely to discover that it had not undergone that mys-

terious transmutation from paper into money. Passing into the ponderous jaws of the vault, we find ourselves surrounded on every side by all the various kinds of money which the ingenuity of Congress and of successive secretaries of varying views has devised. Legal-tender notes, compound interest notes, five per cent. notes, seven-thirty notes, national bank notes, gold notes, three per cent. notes, fractional notes, and postage currency confront us at every turn. The compartments of the safe failing to furnish accom-

that its contents can be registered in a book, and is provided with a fastening to which a leaden seal can be affixed. A cubical package, measuring about nine inches in each direction, is tossed to us with the remark that it contains four million dollars in legal-tender notes. Four million dollars! and to think that for one-hundredth, nay, one-thousandth part of the value contained in this packet, which an infant could hold in its hands, men have toiled and delved through long years of suffering and self-denial, have robbed and murdered,



THE NEW CASH ROOM, TREASURY DEPARTMENT.*

modations for them all, they are piled up in great heaps on the floor, apparently with no more care than potatoes or wheat. And yet the value of every pile and package is known, and the slightest loss would be speedily discovered. Four hundred millions of dollars, the vault clerk informs us, are contained in this vault. No wonder, we exclaim, that the Treasurer feels anxious for its safety. The sides of the vault are divided into compartments, cubic in form and of convenient size, the door to each of which is numbered, so

have committed every conceivable wickedness, have endangered and sacrificed their lives and bartered their immortal souls!

Just a step from the door of the vault is an elevator communicating with the room of the agent of Adams Express Company, on the basement floor beneath. The motive power is Potomac water from the water mains. Two iron pistons about eight inches in diameter attached to the elevator platform, one on each side, move easily but tightly up and down in perpendicular iron cylinders. A

slight turn of a handle admits the water into the cylinders beneath the pistons, which are forced up by the pressure and with them the elevator. A reverse movement of the handle permits the water to escape from the cylinders, and the elevator instantly descends. Its movements are almost noiseless, and the ease with which it is operated is remarkable. Just as we emerge from the vault the elevator descends, laden with a great pile of packages, securely put up, containing legal-tender notes and fractional currency. Some of these packages are addressed to banks, railroad and manufacturing companies and others, who need small currency for their daily disbursements and for their customers, and whose orders, accompanied by remittances for the amounts desired, came in by this morning's mail. Others are addressed to the assistant treasurers and depositaries of the United States, to be used in the government disbursements. Perhaps one of them has telegraphed that an unexpected demand has been made upon him, and that funds must be sent at once, and a remittance has been prepared with all haste, that it may reach him at the earliest possible moment and save the government paper, drawn on him, from protest. Sometimes during the war it happened that the Treasury was not able to respond as promptly as now to requests of this kind. We have been told that this was the case several times with the urgent requests of the assistant treasurer at Boston. And did the government paper go to protest? Not a bit of it. One of the national banks of that noble city, representing the solid men of Boston, came to the rescue and proffered the embarrassed assistant treasurer every dollar which it could spare for the use of the government in its need, freely and without price, until sufficient funds could be sent from elsewhere.

Much of the money contained in the packages which we see on the elevator is going out to replace that which has been retired and has been brought to Washington for destruction and exchange for new. The new currency is transmitted by Adams Express Company under a contract with the government, which accounts for the location of the office of its agent in the Treasury building. This arrangement is mutually advantageous; to the Express Company, because it has the monopoly of the vast money transportation business of the government; and to the govern-



IN THE MONEY VAULT.

ment, because the rates under the contract are much lower than those which it would otherwise have been compelled to pay, being but twenty-five cents for each thousand dollars transported between any two points on the lines of Adams Express Company, and sixty cents for the same amount between a point on the lines of Adams Express Company and a point on the lines of another express company,—or from one-fortieth to one-sixteenth of one per cent.

Having followed the new currency through the Treasury from its receipt from the printer to its delivery to the express company, by which it will be speedily borne away to places where it will be put into circulation, let us now repair to the redemption division, on the basement floor, and see in what condition the clean, inviting notes which we have just been inspecting return home again. Very much in the condition of the prodigal son, we shall find,—filthy, tattered, and generally de-

moralized, and giving strong evidence of companionship, if not with swine, with men whose filthiness renders them deserving of the name. We are told at the start, that the necessities of the government having compelled it to resort to the issue of paper money, the officers of the Treasury have felt bound to provide ample facilities for its redemption, and for keeping the circulation of the country in as good a condition as practicable. To this end, they have established regulations providing for the transportation to the Treasurer by express, at the expense of the government, for redemption, of all currency which the holders think ought to be redeemed, provided they send it in proper amounts, and for the return in like manner of new currency in its stead. These liberal facilities are provided, not only because clean, new notes are desirable in themselves, but as a means of preventing the circulation of counterfeits. Experience has proved that if a note is clean and fresh from the printer's hands, with every line and shade distinct, it is a comparatively easy matter to determine whether it is genuine or counterfeit. But if it is worn, dirty and, especially, greasy, and the finer lines are thus obscured, the difficulty of correctly deciding as to its character is greatly increased. This is especially the case with notes which have a large number of fine lines and a great deal of pictorial engraving upon them, it having been found that counterfeits of such notes are much more easily made and circulated than of notes upon which the lines are more open and the engraving less crowded. It is a common practice with counterfeiters and "shovers" of counterfeit money, to soil and rumple their spurious notes before attempting to pass them, so as to give them the appearance of having been in circulation a long time. So we shall find that a considerable proportion of the fractional notes which we see in the redemption division, are less soiled and defaced than those which we may have in our pockets, and do not think of handing in for redemption. Many banks, especially those within a few hours' travel from Washington, do not sort over or pay out any of the fractional currency which they receive, but make a practice of putting it up in packages and sending it to the Treasurer to be exchanged for new at the close of each day's business, so that nothing but clean currency is paid out over their counters. It may seem a trifle wasteful to destroy whole packages of notes, some of which are still fit for use; but when we consider that the clean ones are scattered through remittances of notes which ought to

be destroyed, that their selection and re-assortment would cause a great amount of additional labor, that after all they would not be as pleasant to use as perfectly new notes, and that their issue to applicants for new notes would doubtless occasion a vast deal of grumbling, we shall probably come to the conclusion that the practice of the Department is judicious.

With these explanations from our guide, on the way down the stairs, let us proceed with our inspection. Entering the room in which the express messengers deliver their remittances, we find the counter, the tables, and the floor piled high with remittances of damaged money from all parts of the United States, including very probably Salt Lake City and Texas. Two hundred and fifty packages are, we are told, not unfrequently received here in a single day. By far the greater part of the bulk of the money received is postage and fractional currency. An idea of the magnitude of the business performed may be gathered from the fact, that the Assistant Treasurer at New York forwards a remittance of fractional currency for redemption every ten or twelve days, and that he never sends less than one hundred thousand dollars, and that the remittances from other Treasury officers are proportionately frequent and large. Over thirty-one million dollars in fractional currency alone were received and counted during the last fiscal year,—about one hundred thousand dollars for each working day. Every note included in these immense receipts has to be counted, carefully scrutinized to determine whether it is genuine, assorted with others of the same denomination and issue, and strapped and labeled. This work, like that in the division of issues, is done exclusively by women. It is maintained by those who know that it could not be done by men with an approximation to the present rapidity and accuracy. The fingers of the women acquire a dexterity and a nimbleness to which the clumsy digits of the sterner sex could never attain, while their quickness of perception enables them to detect counterfeits with great certainty,—counterfeits which perchance some lord of creation has passed over without discovery. Of course these qualities are not acquired at once, and by some they cannot be acquired at all. Months of training and experience are required to develop the novice into the expert and accurate counter. It is the practice to place the beginner under the charge and tutelage of an experienced counter, with directions to proceed very slowly and care-



LOWERING MONEY ON THE ELEVATOR.

fully at first, and to apply to her teacher whenever she is in need of assistance or explanation. In this way the novice is probably in time inducted into the mysteries of the art. But here, as everywhere else in the world, excellence is not attained without hard striving, and cannot be attained by some even by the most diligent effort. Willingness, concentrativeness of mind, natural ability, and quickness of perception are indispensable requisites in the successful counter. There is another requisite which we are told is almost as indispensable, and that is, that the learner shall be young, or at most not beyond the meridian of life. The most expert counters are almost all below the middle age. Women beyond that age have difficulty in acquiring the manual expertness necessary, and are correspondingly slow in learning to detect counterfeits. The reason is obvious; the work is something for which their previous lives have in almost all instances given them no preparation whatever. A man of or beyond the middle age, whatever his business or profession, will usually

have managed to acquire some degree of business knowledge, and may, therefore, if tolerably well educated and not too old, be found competent to perform the ordinary duties of a clerk. But a woman who has been accustomed for half a life-time only to the monotonous duties of the household, or to no duties at all, finds, when forced to seek means of support other than the needle or the school, that her previous experience has unfitted her for the requirements of a new pursuit. So, when additional counters are to be appointed, bright, intelligent young women are in demand.

Each lady is provided with a separate table, so that the money intrusted to her may not become mixed with that of any other counter. The fractional currency, when presented for redemption, is often assorted by denominations only, the task of assortment by issues, which is necessary in order to properly keep the accounts, being left for the counters at the Treasury. As there are four distinct issues of most of the denominations, each of which must be assorted by itself, the assortment by issues adds vastly to the labors of the counters, as we observe by looking at their tables, which are covered with little piles of currency, each composed of a denomination or issue different from the rest. Hence every new issue adds to the labor of redemption. It is estimated that the latest issue, which is coming in for redemption in heavy amounts, has added one-third to the labor of assortment. Moreover, each note has to be carefully scrutinized in order to determine whether it is genuine. The counterfeits which are thus detected are branded with a hot iron, or punched with a steel punch, with the word "Counterfeit," and returned to the parties from whom they were received. About three hundred and fifty dollars in counterfeit notes, principally among the fractional currency, are discovered, stamped, and returned each day. For these reasons, we find in the redemption division little of that rapid manipulation which surprised us in the division of issues.

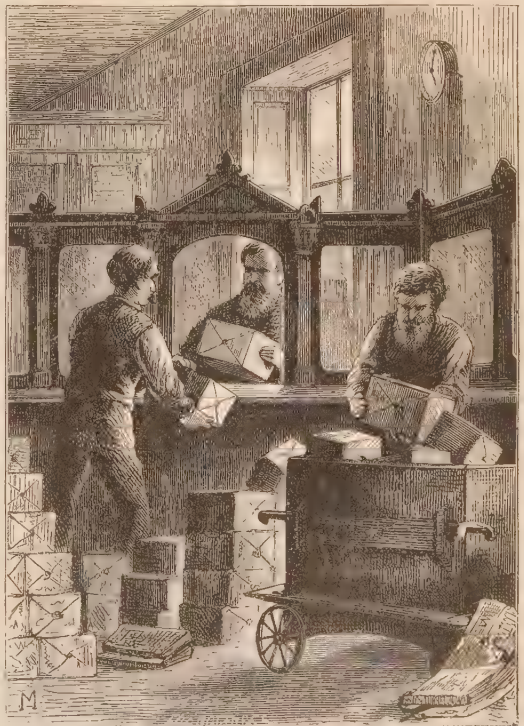
When a package of money is given to a counter, her first duty is to compare the bundles inclosed with the inventory or list of contents of the package, if there is one. If there is not, she must prepare one herself. If there is a discrepancy between the aggregate contents of the package and the amount claimed, she calls a clerk to verify her work, so that there may be no mistake. She then proceeds to the examination of one of the bundles, having first placed all the others in

a box, so that the straps or contents of different bundles may not become mixed, and, when she has counted its contents, marks upon the strap, over her initials and the date, the amount found "short," "over," or counterfeit.

She proceeds in this manner until all the bundles in the package have been counted. She then assort the money into bundles containing one hundred notes, each of the same denomination and issue, which she surrounds with new printed straps, marking upon each end her initials and the date. If there are any notes over even hundreds, these are put up separately and are known as "odds." All the "odds" thus arising in each day's count are turned over to counters, whose sole duty it is to make them up into bundles of even hundreds. Five or six counters are thus constantly employed. She then enters in a book, having a blank form for the purpose printed in duplicate on one side of each leaf, a statement of the result of the count, embracing the net amount found due the owner, the aggregate of the "shorts," "overs," and counterfeits discovered, and the amount claimed. One of these duplicates is retained in the book as her voucher; the other is attached to the letter which accompanied the money and handed, as soon as completed, to the clerk who draws the check which is to be sent in return, or, if new currency is to be returned from the cash division, who writes the order on which it is to be forwarded. So we learn that these ladies, besides being counters and counterfeit detectors, must be mathematicians and accountants as well.

Farther on we come to the room devoted to the counting of the mutilated money received by mail, for, in addition to the receipts by express, an average of one hundred packages is received each day by mail. The money so received is in much worse condition than that which comes by express, for the reason that currency which is mutilated is redeemable only by the Treasurer, and usually comes in small amounts by mail; while the various assistant treasurers, depositaries, and depositary banks are agents for the redemption of currency merely soiled and defaced, which is forwarded by them to the Treasurer by express. The money received by mail comes in all sorts of damaged conditions, and has all imaginable kinds of horrible or ludicrous histories. Sometimes it has been swallowed

by a calf or a goat, which, finding a pocket-book carelessly left within its reach, proceeded to regale itself with the salt which the leather had absorbed from the perspiration, until the book was forced open and the contents exposed. The green notes had an inviting and familiar appearance, and the confiding animal eagerly swallowed them and so sealed his own death-warrant; for the owner, returning and seeing the wreck of the pocket-book, rightly conjectured where his money had disappeared, put the unwitting thief to death and recovered the half-digested notes. Others have been found on the bodies of drowned or murdered men, weeks perchance after their death. Frequently they have been so burned that nothing remains but the charred resemblance of notes, so frail and brittle that a slight touch will change them to cinders. Sometimes a note is sent which some drunken fool, lord for the hour of untold riches, to show his disregard for money, has used to light his cigar, but which, upon the return of reason, he has hastened to send to the Treasurer, with an humble and penitent request that it be exchanged for a new note with which to pay for food and lodging. Or it may be that it is one which a termagant wife has thrown



RECEIVING MONEY BY ADAMS EXPRESS.

into the fire to spite her hen-pecked mate, who has rescued it before it was entirely devoured by the flames; or one that some luxurious mouse has stolen from the money-drawer and used to line his nest. Once a poor Frenchman sent a handful of minute fragments of notes, with the statement that they had "met with the accident of a little dog." Our Fenian friends are prone to put lighted pipes in the same pockets in which they carry money. The consequence is that the Treasurer receives for redemption a great many greenbacks with round holes burnt through them here and there, and looking for all the world like bullet-riddled ensigns of the Irish Republic. Some stories are so frequently repeated as to excite grave doubts of their entire truthfulness. For instance, a note which is so badly damaged as to call for a severe stretch of the rules in order to make it worth anything, is pretty sure to be said to belong to a poor, hard-working widow with an astonishing number of children, for whom the writer, in the fullness of his charitable heart, has forwarded it for redemption.

All these notes, so variously mutilated, must be restored as nearly as may be to their original shapes before their value can be definitely ascertained. Here again the skillful fingers of women are called into requisition. Some of the women employed in this work have, by long experience, become exceedingly expert in pasting and restoring notes. Fragments which are so burned as to seem to others only charred pieces of paper, or so minute as to be almost indistinguishable, under their patient hands again assume the semblance of notes, so that their kinds and denominations can be readily distinguished. Notes which have been nibbled by mice into such tiny fragments that most persons would say that it was beyond human power to restore them to their original shapes, are arranged and restored bit by bit, until after perhaps a labor of days they begin to assume their former forms, and at last are restored with sufficient perfection to warrant their redemption. These ladies have made an art in which they have no rivals. It would require years to educate others to the same degree of skill and knowledge, and it would be difficult to estimate the embarrassment which their loss would entail on the Department.

The identification and restoration of notes which have been burnt is a difficult and interesting operation. Every one has observed that a printed paper after having been burnt, if not subjected to a strong draft or

roughly handled, retains its original form, and that the printing is distinct and legible, and appears as if it had been raised or embossed on the paper, but that if it is touched never so gently it crumbles into dust. Notes in this condition are frequently received at the Department for redemption. The counter subjects each note and fragment of a note to a careful inspection in a strong light, under a powerful glass, until she determines the denomination and issue, and then pastes it upon a piece of thin, tough paper in order that it may be safely handled. But this pasting, by destroying the raised or embossed appearance, at once and forever precludes all chance of again identifying the kind or denomination of the note. Henceforth it is but a plain, black piece of paper, giving no indication that it ever represented money. It is therefore very necessary that the counter should be quite sure that her judgment is correct before the note is pasted upon the paper. She must also,—a most difficult task,—determine whether the note is genuine or counterfeit. And yet counterfeits are discovered by these experts among the charred remains of notes with almost as much certainty as among perfect notes. Charred notes of National banks have occasionally come into the possession of the Department, and have been restored in this manner and returned for redemption



CANCELLING REDEEMED GREENBACKS.

to the banks which issued them, accompanied by the affidavits of the counters that they were the remains of notes of the banks to which they were returned. In most cases they were promptly and cheerfully redeemed. But occasionally a surly bank officer, unable or unwilling to trace any resemblance to bank notes, or at least to the notes of his bank, in the plain black pieces of paper returned to him, and influenced perhaps by a desire to effect a little saving for the stockholders, refused to redeem and challenged the Department to the proof. All positive ocular proof having been destroyed when the notes were restored and pasted, the Department was compelled to submit to the loss.

Once some of these experts were granted leaves of absence, without pay from the government, for the purpose of restoring a large quantity of burnt money belonging to Adams Express Company. This was permitted partly because it was known that there was no one else who could perform the service, without which the company would be subjected to great loss, but principally because the company offered to pay them much more for their time and labor than they were receiving from the government, and it was thought that their long and faithful services justly entitled them to this addition to their meager salaries. The money was taken from safes recovered from the wreck of a burnt steamer which had been lying for four or five years at the bottom of the Mississippi, and the notes were so burnt, decayed, and damaged as to be absolutely worthless, unless identified and restored. Yet nearly every note of the one hundred and eighty-one thousand dollars in United States and National Bank notes recovered was restored with unerring certainty and redeemed at its full face value. The Chicago and Boston fires have for the last year and a half furnished burnt notes enough to keep all the experts of the office pretty constantly employed.

Passing through the various rooms, we find that the whole basement floor of the north wing of the Treasury building, including the large room under the cash-room, is occupied by these busy counters. One hundred and eighty women are engaged in counting redeemed money in this division. The work is far from pleasant, for the money is often deplorably dirty and emits the most nauseating smells.

Such labor cannot fail to be detrimental to health, especially as want of space has necessitated the crowding of the counters al-

most as closely as they can sit. Hence, we are not surprised to see that many of the women are pale and thin, and apparently weary and care-worn.

We are sorry to record that these women in common with all others employed in the Department have been accused as a body, both on the floor of Congress and elsewhere, of being loose and immoral in their character. It is doubtless true that some improper women have been employed in the Treasury. It would be miraculous if out of so many women employed it were otherwise, under the former imperfect system of appointment. But that more than an inconsiderable proportion are otherwise than virtuous and modest, we confidently deny, and our denial is based on a thorough acquaintance with the facts. The simple truth is that these women as a class are as virtuous, as modest, as intelligent, as respectable, and as discreet and lady-like in their demeanor as the ladies of any community of which we know, and that even the few who constitute the unfortunate exceptions to this encomium are compelled, by the force of the common sentiment of both men and women in the Department, to conduct themselves discreetly and properly while there.

Could their cruel traducers but visit the Department and observe the deportment of the women clerks, day after day; could they see them at their fatiguing employment; could they know that most of them have either children or young brothers and sisters or aged and infirm parents dependent upon them for support; that many of them lost the strong arm which they had hoped would shield them from want and detraction in the conflict which saved our liberties from destruction; that many were themselves on the field of battle or in the hospital, ministering, as only woman can, to the sick, the wounded and the dying, and that most of them if deprived of their positions would have scarcely any other resource for the support of themselves and families than the charity of friends or of the world, we are sure that an end would be put at once and forever to the detraction of the women who earn their bread by hard labor in the Treasury Department.

Entering the last room to which our inspection will lead us, a busy scene is presented. Messengers, each accompanied by a counter, are hastening to and fro with boxes containing bundles of money carefully strapped and labeled, while a bevy of women surround a large table which they almost screen from our gaze, but which the continual "thud!" "thud!" that salutes our ears



CUTTING MACHINE : REDEMPTION ROOM.

proclaims to be the site of the cancelling machine. Approaching, we find that the apparatus consists of two heavy horizontal steel bars, about five feet in length, working on pivots about a foot from the ends nearest to us. To the shorter end of each is attached a punch, while the other is connected by a lever with a crank in the sub-basement beneath, which is propelled by a turbine water-wheel, furnished with Potomac water from one of the pipes which supply the building. The bundles of notes, each containing one hundred pieces, are passed rapidly and dexterously under the punch by a man whose fingers seem ever just on the verge of complete destruction, but which always escape in some marvelous manner unhurt and whole. The punch savagely and easily cuts a hole in each end of each bundle. This is done for the purpose of effectual cancellation. The bundles, when all have been punched, are returned to the box, the messenger picks it up, and the counter and he hasten away to turn over the money to the clerk who is to make up the cash account of the division and ascertain whether all the money received and delivered to the counters has been returned and accounted for. From the time when the money is received by her, until it is thus delivered the counter is respon-

sible for it, and is required to keep it constantly within sight, except when it is locked away for the night. For this reason she accompanies the messenger who carries her box to the cancelling-room, superintends the punching, and returns with the money to the clerk to whom it is delivered, when her responsibility ends.

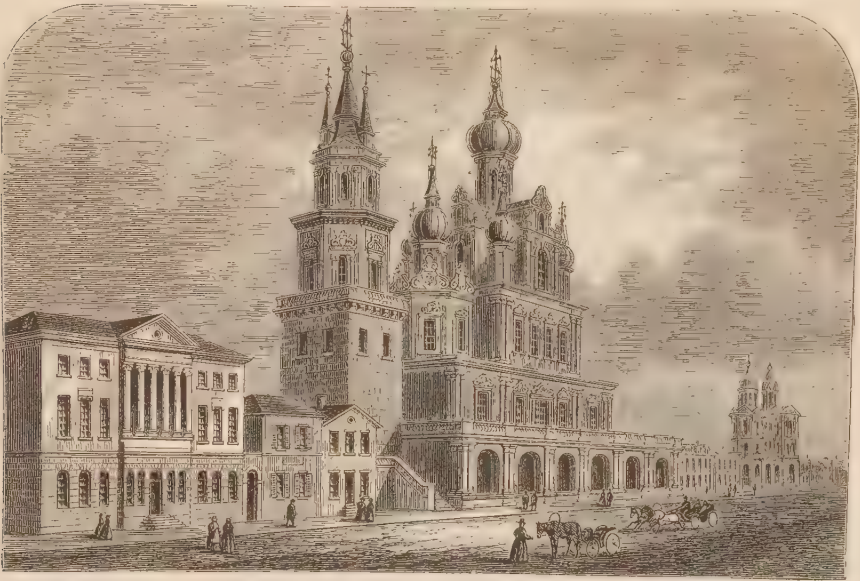
Just beyond the punches a knife of formidable aspect and proportions is engaged in cutting the cancelled bundles in two in the middle of each note. After a sufficient quantity of money has been counted, it is made up into lots of about one hundred thousand dollars of fractional currency and proportionately larger amounts of legal-tender notes, and sent in to be cut in two by this knife. The straps with which the bundles of notes are surrounded are so printed as to be also cut in two, and to show upon each half the denomination of the notes, the issue, and the number inclosed. The counter's initials and the date of counting

are also written upon each end, as well as a number or letter to identify the bundle, so that if, upon re-counting the money, errors are discovered, they can be traced in a moment to the proper counter, date, and bundle. One set of half-notes is delivered to counters in the Secretary's office,—the other to counters in the Register's office, in each of which the money is recounted. This is done as a check upon the Treasurer's counters, and for the purpose of securing as complete accuracy as possible. If a counterfeit or "short" is discovered it is charged to the counter whose initials the package bears, and the amount is collected from her at the end of the month. This seems oppressive, but there is no alternative. The party from whom the money was received cannot be charged with the deficiency, since the straps which originally surrounded the bundles, and which alone could determine the ownership, were replaced by others when the money was counted in the Treasurer's office, and even could he be traced, he is beyond reach, since he received his return for the money as soon as it was counted. Nor has the law provided any fund out of which the loss can be made good to the unfortunate counter. The only course open to her is to bear it like a woman, and to be more careful the

next time. And the fact that the fear of pecuniary loss is an incentive to care and accuracy is about the only good feature of these reclamations, for there is little justice in compelling a counter, who is perhaps new and inexperienced, and is certainly poorly paid, to make good counterfeits which are probably either so worn as to be almost indistinguishable from genuine notes, or so perfectly executed as almost to defy detection, which she has inadvertently passed, but which some more experienced eye has afterwards discovered. When, finally, the counts of the

three offices have been reconciled, the money is delivered to a committee, composed of one person from each of those offices and of a fourth not connected with the Department, who is specially appointed by the Secretary for the purpose, and it is in their presence burnt to ashes, as their formal certificate to the accounting officers, upon which the Treasurer obtains reimbursement for the money destroyed, attests. So the end of the greenback, like that of poor humanity itself, is ashes.

MOSCOW AND SOUTHERN RUSSIA.



CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION.

Moscow, set in her high, rolling plains, is the true metropolis of Russia. St Petersburg may keep the court, but Moscow will still be the seat of the power behind the throne; the heart-home of the Slavonic people to whom the sea is alien, and who are content with steppe and stream. For more than a hundred and fifty years it has been deserted by the Czars, but here they must come for coronation, and no Nicholas or Alexander can sway the scepter till Moscow has invested him with dominion.

Like ancient Novgorod, Moscow covers a large area, including convents, gardens and

open fields along the windings of the river Moskwa, from which it derives its name. Every old Russian city has its fortress or kremlin, but the Kremlin of Moscow has become as famous as the Acropolis of Athens. It occupies a high bank of the river, and its irregular triangle, a mile in circuit, is enclosed by towered and battlemented walls, with five massive gateways, guarded above by pictures of the Saints and below by watchful sentinels—the most striking and picturesque assemblage of architectural forms in Europe, and perhaps in the world. Not the Jaffa Gate of Jerusalem, nor the Mecca Gate of



TOWER OF JOHN THE GREAT.

Cairo, is passed by more devout pilgrims than the Sacred Gate of the Kremlin. Above it hangs an adored image of the Saviour, and all who enter cross themselves and bare the head as if in the very presence of Divinity. The Kremlin was little injured by the French invasion. Its movable treasures were taken to Nijni Novgorod for safe keeping, and brought back again upon the reoccupation of the city, so that its churches and palaces still contain much which Russia has been able to hoard of the wealth and pride of the past. It has not only the charm of novel and varied form, but also of brilliant color. The walls are white; the roofs green or red, and the Oriental domes of gold or azure studded with stars; while, over all, gilded crosses attached by glittering chains flash in the sun. Its open spaces are paved with small flinty stones, and its buildings are placed without order,—cathedrals, convents and palaces now mingling their domes and turrets, and now standing apart in solitary state.

The Tower of John the Great, a Russian Campanile, lifts its swelling dome above all others and invites you to ascend its winding stair and survey the city. This Tower, a solid edifice older than the Romanoffs, is worth a pilgrimage to see. There, among its thirty-four bells, hangs the Assumption, the largest bell in the world, the weight of which is variously estimated at from sixty-four to ninety tons; rung only on solemn occasions, and then filling the air with low-rolling thunder. From the upper story, the story of the silver bells, you see the city with its bright roofs and walls, its shining domes upholding "the honorable cross," its monasteries standing apart beautiful and strong, the placid Moskwa winding down to the Oka, and, beyond, the great plain losing itself in the horizon. So peaceful and gay it appears from this kremlin height, you can hardly recall the days when awful conflagrations swept over it, and Tartar hordes, fiercer than the flames, poured in from the East, sworn to crush the pride of Christian Muscovy.

On a granite pedestal at the foot of the Tower is the huge broken bell, twice as large as that which hangs within, and just beyond is the Cathedral of the Assumption.

Early in the fourteenth century Moscow became the residence of the Czars and the Metropolitans, and the Cathedral of the Assumption of the Virgin was reared by the Metropolitan Peter, the first to dwell there. In time it served as his burial-place and that of his successors, heroic men, some of whom met a cruel death undaunted, rather than countenance wrong. Church of the Patriarchs; old, rich, almost barbaric in appearance; the holiest pictures, set in jewels, adorn its screen. The most precious relics give sanctity to its altar. The Saints and Fathers look down in fresco and mosaic from its gilded pillars and walls. In its corners and along its sides are ranged the tombs of its early priests, who sleep in a perpetual odor of incense and chant of prayer. Here the Czars are crowned; and here, day by day, come devout worshipers as to the Gate of Heaven. If ever stones grow instinct with life it must be those which compose the Cathedral of the Assumption.

Outside the Kremlin is a second inclo-

sure—the old city of Moscow. Here the strange and gorgeous church of St. Basil expands its domes; and the vast Oriental bazars, labyrinths above ground and below, offer their alluring wares and make a perpetual fair. Nothing will more astonish a stranger than the stores of sacred pictures sheathed in gilt or silver, and of hanging lamps and wax tapers here exposed for sale; but no room is complete without them, and they are as staple an article of merchandise as flax or grain. Buyers enter and ask for St. George or St. Olga, as their need may be. The shop-keeper goes to the proper niche or pile and brings forth the desired image. Crossing himself as he receives it, the purchaser presses it to his lips and departs, holding it before him, and making his way through the crowd as if communing with an invisible presence. This constant and public recognition, by all ranks, of God and the Saints, is perhaps the most impressive feature of Russian life. The Czar bares his brow when he enters the Sacred Gate, and kisses the withered hand of St. Philip in the Cathedral of the Assumption as humbly as the poorest peasant of the realm. The crosses and shrines of the Virgin at the street corners have always their crowd of votaries. To the Russian the unseen world lies just above the blue.

In this part of the city, on the river bank, the one above and the other below the Kremlin, are the Temple of the Saviour and the Foundling Hospital. The Temple, a magnificent cathedral whose interior is not yet finished, is Moscow's thank-offering for the defeat of Napoleon. The Hospital is the noble institution founded by Catherine II., which annually receives and provides for twelve thousand children, and which, without increasing immorality, has abolished the crime of infanticide in all the region, and lightened the burdens of the helpless poor. Just north of the Kremlin is the University, the oldest in Russia, with its seventy professors, its two thousand students, and its annual expenditure of nearly half a million rubles.

Through the Iberian Gate, with its Virgin brought from Mt. Athos, and so highly venerated that large sums are yearly offered here at her shrine, you go out to the modern town, with

its broad streets and boulevards running to the suburbs, and embracing on the north a great sweep of plain. All the old quarters are picturesquely irregular—now the marble palace of a prince, now the yellow white-washed cottage of a peasant;—a delightful place to wander in, because you never know to what the next step will bring you. After cold, misty Petersburg, the air seems warm and the sky clear; yet remembering that you are still in the latitude of Central Labrador, you wonder at the variety of trees and flowers which grow in the gardens. There is an ease and freedom about the street crowds here which you do not see by the Neva.

The bare-headed peasants tread the pavements as if they were their native fields. The merchants dash by in their droskies, knowing that markets and values wait upon their coming. The very soldiers have an air of greater manliness and individuality.

Moscow's four hundred thousand inhabitants are largely engaged in manufactures, and her commercial strength and influence are yearly increasing. Her articles of jewelry



PHILARET, LATE METROPOLITAN OF MOSCOW AND ABBOT OF TRÔITSÀ.

and leather are unrivaled. Her cloths and tissues and silks and satins are varied and beautiful in quality and design, and popular not only at home, but in all the markets of the East. Her nearness to the great Fair of Nijni Novgorod, and her knowledge of Oriental tastes and needs, give her immense advantage. Her exports are ten times more than her imports, and, like a queen, she sits upon her high plain and draws her revenues from both Europe and Asia. Her name is a watchword for all of Slavic blood, and it is with a thrill of awe that, journeying across the

was first reduced to writing in the ninth century by two Greek monks, for the translation of the Bible ; its alphabet of thirty-seven letters being modeled upon the Greek, with additional characters to represent peculiar Slavic sounds. The first printed book was the Acts of the Apostles, issued at Moscow in 1564. For a long period all books were written in this fixed ecclesiastical language, while the spoken tongue was changing with the progress of the nation.

From the middle of the thirteenth century to that of the fifteenth, Russia was under the



THE VOLGA NEAR NIJNI.

Steppes, they catch for the first time the gleam of her domes and towers. Petersburg is the city of the Government ; Moscow, of the Nation.

It is in and about Moscow, the center of the vast middle region known as Great Russia, that the purest Russ is spoken ; a rich, flexible, sonorous tongue, admirably suited to eloquence and poetry, and the living language of some sixty millions of people. Its literature is intimately blended with religion. It

dominion of the Tartars, who, seeing the hold religion had upon the people, sought to strengthen their power by enriching the monasteries and protecting the inmates. Thus, while the country was distracted and despoiled, in the quiet cloisters the monks made translations from the Greek, and wrote histories and poems which celebrated the early glories of the Russian State. Many Tartar words were now incorporated into Russ ; and, journeying frequently to the camps and cities of the Khans, the Princes brought back some

thing of the poetry and music of their fierce, impassioned conquerors. From the Golden Horde, too, came the Arithmetic Tables, through Spiridon Stroganoff—one of a family long illustrious in Russia, and whose most conspicuous representative in our day is Count Stroganoff, the husband of the Grand Duchess Marie Nicholaevna.

After the expulsion of the Tartars more general attention was paid to literature, and the first grammar and dictionary were published at Lemberg, Wilna, and Kieff; but it was still high above the common people, who sung their own songs to their own music, regardless of arbitrary rules. With the peace which followed the incoming of the Romanoffs (1613), many educational institutions were founded, and native scholars—conspicuous among them Lomonosoff of Archangel—began to harmonize the written and spoken tongues, blending the dignity and richness of the church language with the sprightliness and fluency of the vernacular idiom. From this period there has been an ever-improving Russian literature, and now every department of learning has its authors and students; with each year the number of books and journals and readers increases, and the nation is becoming one in sympathetic intellectual life. As time goes by and education grows universal, how noble a thing it will be to speak in their own tongue to the millions of this sensitive people, thrilled as one man by the eloquence of poet and orator!

The oldest records of the Slaves refer to their love of music, and to the plaintive melodies with which they lulled themselves to sleep in their camps of war. "Wherever a Slavic woman is," says a Russian writer, "there is also song." This is true of the race, from the Icy Sea to the Mediterranean. The northern peasant in his hut, the Cossack and the Dalmatian by watch-fire or mountain pass, listen with delight to ballads of lovers and heroes—ballads whose story and music may have charmed their ancestors for generations, yet whose words and airs have perhaps never been committed to writing. Here are two of these "Folk Songs:" the Maiden's Lament, translated by Bowring; and the Dream of the Happy Wife, by Ralston, in his "Songs of the Russian People." The first evidently belongs to the North, and the "taper" to which it alludes is the wax candle burning before the Sacred Picture.

"If the frost nipped the flowerets no more,
If in winter the flowerets would bloom,
If the woes of my spirit were o'er,
My spirit should cast off its gloom,—

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DON COSSACK.

I would sit with my sorrow no longer
O'erwatching the dew-covered field.

"I said to my father already,
Already I said to my taper,—
Nay! marry me not, O my father!
O marry me not to a proud one!
O seek not for high piles of riches;
O seek not for palaces fair.
'Tis man, not his palace, we dwell in;
'Tis comfort, not riches, we need!—
I hurried across the young grass;
I threw off my sable fur cloak,
Lest its buttons of metal might tinkle—
Afraid my step-father would hear me
And say 'She is there,' to his son—
To his son who is doomed for my husband!"

"Little did I, the young one, slumber at night,
Little did I slumber, but much did I see in sleep.
Just as if in the middle of our court-yard
There grew a cypress tree,
And another sugar-sweet tree;
And on the tree were golden boughs,
Golden boughs and boughs of silver."
Then spake the head of the household, the master:
"I, my soul, will explain to thee thy dream—
The cypress tree, that is I who am thine;
The sugar-sweet tree, that is thou who art mine;
And the boughs on the tree are the children who are
ours,
Our children, children dear."

The Russian national hymn, a grand air familiar to us as "Moscow" in the *Plymouth Collection*, was composed by Colonel Alexis Lwoff, a native of Revel, Esthonia. It dates from the year 1830, when the Emperor Nicholas ordered it performed at concerts and in representations on the stage.

Most interesting of all the old monasteries in the vicinity of Moscow, and disputing with Kieff the right to be called the holiest shrine in Russia, is the Troitsa (Trinity) Monastery, forty miles to the north-east. More than five hundred years ago, St. Sergius, a monk of noble family, laid its foundations. His piety made princes seek his counsel, and brought rich grants of land to the convent, and, ever since, it has been a stronghold of the church and has rendered many patriotic services to the country. Its Archimandrite or Abbot is at the same time Metropolitan of Moscow. In this capacity the late incumbent, Philaret, distinguished for his culture and purity of life, crowned the Emperor Alexander II. His successor, Innocent, the present Abbot, was previously known and venerated for his labors as Bishop in Siberia, and is liberal and progressive in his views. Throngs of pilgrims come yearly to this shrine (pilgrimage here is as meritorious as among Mohammedans), and men and women from the farthest corners of the land, bringing gifts for themselves and for those who can never hope to make the journey, kneel at the tomb of St. Sergius, and depart feeling sure that through his intercession their prayers will be heard and granted.

Lonely and grand Troitsa rises on the steppe like the Escorial upon the table-lands of Castile; and here, as there, a village has grown up outside the walls for the accommodation of the crowd of visitors. You may sit in the pleasant dining-room of the adjacent inn and see at the small tables about you people from distant provinces, drawn thither by the fame of the Saint; and, listening to



COSAACK OF THE LINE.

their subdued Russ (for reverence fills the very air), you may refresh yourself with whitest of bread and sweetest of butter and a dish of raspberries from the fields, red and delicious as those which grow among the New Hampshire mountains, while, if you raise your eyes, there are the swelling domes of the Monastery, clear against the blue, and, if it be a Feast Day, you may even hear from its lofty tower the great bell, second only to the "Assumption" of Moscow, calling to

some solemn service in the Cathedral nave. But those who lunch daintily at the inn are but a small part of the pilgrim throng. The greater number are peasants and wandering beggars, dervishes of Russia, who will be fed at the refectory, and quench their thirst at the moss-grown well by the door.

The monasteries of Russia are modeled upon those of Greece, whence it received Christianity. They formerly possessed great wealth in lands and serfs, and although despoiled by Peter the Great, they have still large incomes derived from the State, from the sale of articles they manufacture, and from their miraculous pictures, to which great gifts are made, and which, especially in times of sickness, are carried in procession through the villages and the surrounding country, the peasants paying generous sums that these holy images may enter and bless their houses. Then they have the privilege of asking alms in certain districts. In this way the Petersburg and Moscow Railway pertains to the Monastery of Troitsa. Boxes for gifts are put up in every station, and a goodly amount is thus yearly collected. There is growing bitterness of feeling between the ten thousand monks who inhabit the monasteries, and from whom all the high officers of the Church are taken, and the seventy thousand secular priests who must marry before taking orders, whose salaries are exceedingly small, and who do the lowly work of the Church, but are debarred from advancement.

The church edifices of Russia are built by the land-owners, and are more numerous in the rich central regions than in the North. They are all similar in appearance, with crosses and domes and bells; and in the interior, where no seats are ever seen, the nave is divided from the altar by the high screen set with sacred pictures—the screen through whose doors the priests in rich robes come and go, while the congregation, high and low, stand devoutly through litany and chant and sermon, and join in chorus and amen. Only vocal music is employed, and the service is in the ancient Slavonic tongue, which bears to modern Russ much the same relation that Anglo-Saxon does to the English of to-day. It is only vaguely comprehended by most of the worshipers, and even the readers sometimes repeat it by the sound alone, and may be seen with their books upside-down.

Below Moscow the country slopes to the Euxine and the Caspian with scarcely an elevation, except an offshoot from the Oural, a granite ridge which crosses the lower Volga,

and prevents the Don from mingling its waters with the larger stream. Of this region a vast tract, stretching from the Pruth in the southwest to the Kama in the government of Perm, is the *Tchornosjom*, or "Black Lands," the soil varying from three to even sixty feet in depth. According to Reclus, it was anciently a continent entirely surrounded by water, and owes its fertility to untold ages of grassy vegetation. These lands look like an Illinois prairie, and, although as yet scantily cultivated, they are unsurpassed for the production of grain. In Bessarabia, their yield of corn is sometimes sixty-fold. Outside these lands are the sandy steppes, which are green and flowery in spring, but which soon dry up and force the herds that feed upon them to seek the river banks, for the sustenance they can no longer find on the plain. The steppes to the east, and along the Caspian, are deserts where only euphorbia and the bitter wormwood can unfold their gray leaves, and full of salt lakes and clayey banks, with here and there oases whose green cheers the wide desolation. The herbage these narrow tracts supply to the flocks of the roving Kalmucks, and the stores of salt the waters furnish, are all that redeem them from utter worthlessness. Both the fruitful and the sterile plains are destitute of forests. Trees are only found in the upper courses of the rivers. Timber is brought from the north. Houses are thatched with reeds or straw, and in many parts straw and dried dung are used for fuel.

One must view the wide levels of Russia, to appreciate their grand extent and their dreary monotony.

In some regions you may journey for hundreds of miles, and hardly know that you have left the place from whence you started—the same colorless expanse; the same rude cabins stretching in lines like the tents of a desert encampment, and as bare and shadeless as they; the same pale sky and chill wind moaning from the north; with nothing in tint or form to charm the eye but some



COSSACK GIRL.

group of peasants, picturesque in spite of their surroundings, or an occasional church with its shining cross and dome.

Through these steppes and plains rolls Europe's great river, the Volga, falling but four inches to the mile, and, past Astrakhan, dividing into numerous arms which among the reedy marshes find their way to the Caspian, eighty feet below the level of the Mediterranean. So the Don carries its lesser current to the Sea of Azof, and both rivers, through the sand which they bring down, are gradually filling up the seas near their mouths and changing the channels of commerce. To the west the Dnieper, which the early Greeks set next to the Nile, drains the rich corn-lands of the Ukraine, and the Dniester, born in the Carpathians, sends its rapid, muddy stream past the frontier of Bessarabia; both bringing to the Euxine the grain and flax and timber of the regions through which they flow.

The Crimea is a broad pasture for Tartar herds, with salt lakes and marshes near the coast, until you reach the mountains which skirt its southern border—a broken, picturesque chain, now coming down to the shore, now receding, and rising more than five thousand feet in the "Tent Mountain," the ice of whose upper gorges is unmelted by summer suns. From these heights flow the Tchernaya and the Alma, famous in the story

of war; the one running through the wooded vale of Baidar to the Bay of Sevastopol, the other farther north across the plain to the sea. Warm and beautiful are the slopes and valleys between this range and the Euxine. Clear skies, soft winds, crystal streams falling from the hills, forests, vineyards, gardens where the olive, the mulberry, the fig, the pomegranate, and even the orange flourish, and where the nightingale comes with May, make it a realm of delight compared to the cold sameness of the north. There, overlooking the sea, are the villas of the Imperial family and of various nobles, rarest among them that of Prince Woronzoff, at Alupka, the stately, beautiful mansion, half English, half Oriental, where a day was spent in *A Russian Journey*.

In the Caucasus the arid plains reach to the base of the mountains, which rise abruptly like the rocky range from the Colorado level, lifting a long line of snowy summits to the sky, and in the peak of Elbruz attaining a height of more than eighteen thousand feet above the sea. The lower slopes of these mountains are clothed with luxuriant forests, and the valleys, where azaleas, rhododendrons, hyacinths and lilies bloom, and wild fruit-trees grow, have almost a tropical richness and beauty.

All this is Southern Russia, yet it is mainly in a high latitude. Astrakhan lies under nearly the same parallel as Quebec. The lowest point of the Crimea corresponds to Burlington, Vermont, and of the Caucasus to Philadelphia or Washington. The winters, though shorter than in the North, are still severe. The Volga is frozen almost to the Caspian, and blinding snow-storms sweep over the steppes, obliterating all the usual landmarks. In March, along the seas, and a little later, farther north, ice and snow have disappeared. Warm airs waft from the east. The steppes are quickly clothed with grass and flowers, and so wonderfully clear is the air that sometimes from Sarepta on the Volga the white peaks of the Caucasian chain can be discerned, three hundred miles away. But this charming season is of short duration. Over the lower provinces the south-east winds blow hot, drying up the soil. Showers are rare. By July the plains are burnt and brown, and earth and man languish till the coming of the August rains, which are sometimes ushered in by thunder-storms and furious gales. Then follows a serene autumn with fresh verdure and new families of flowers, enduring till the frost and storm of November.



COSSACK BOY.



TARTAR BOYS.

Vast quantities of grain are produced in all the central provinces from the Ukraine to the Volga. Innumerable herds of cattle and horses and countless flocks of sheep feed upon the steppes. Near Astrakhan, along the lower Don, in the Crimea and the Caucasus, grapes are grown and wine is made. Melons are so abundant and excellent as to seem almost a spontaneous production of the soil, and orchard fruits are universal. The seas and rivers have their wealth no less than the land, and abound in fish, furnishing employment to multitudes of men, and an important article of food for the nation. Astrakhan is the largest center of the fishing interests, and thence immense stores of dried fish and caviare are annually sent up the Volga and distributed over the Empire. Rybinsk, on the upper Volga, and Moorshanks, on an affluent of the Oka in the province of Tambov, are the points of shipment for grain and tallow and wool to the North, while Odessa, next in commercial importance to Riga, is the principal outlet to the South. As above Moscow, most of the business of the country is transacted at fairs, which are held at stated times in nearly all the towns. First of these fairs in importance is that of Nijni Novgorod on the Volga, where, in August and September of every year, several hundred thousand people assemble, representing Europe and Asia, and goods to the amount of seventy-

five millions of dollars are bought and sold. The trade of these fairs is of necessity conducted largely on the credit system—the seller waiting for his pay till the next meeting; but even when a year elapses, as at Nijni, it is rare that promise is broken or loss incurred.

The want of coal has been a hindrance to manufactures (all the iron of the Oural is smelted with charcoal), but the coal deposits now found along the Don and the Kama bid fair to supply the need. Tula, a hundred miles below Moscow, furnishes Russia and adjacent Asia with much of their cutlery and hardware. Near Kharkoff, and farther west, are more establishments for the making of beet-root sugar than elsewhere in the world. Tanneries abound, and “fabrics” of every sort are springing up to produce articles which heretofore have come only from abroad. Odessa is now connected with Moscow by two lines of railway, while a third, across Bessarabia, will soon meet the Austrian line in Galicia, and a fourth unite Moscow and Sevastopol. The Caspian Sea, lying low in hot, treeless plains, loses yearly more water by evaporation than it receives from the rivers which flow into it, so that there is danger of its ultimate disappearance. To save its valuable fisheries by replenishing its tide, and still more to open a direct channel to the Mediterranean, the Government entertains the project of constructing a canal across the Caucasus, which shall join it to the Black Sea. But as four hundred miles of country lie between, with a mountain chain five miles in breadth to be pierced, it must be years before the Atlantic thus feeds the Caspian. Another undertaking of almost equal magnitude is the contemplated railway from the eastern shore of the Caspian over the Turkoman deserts to “Bokhara and lone Khiva in the waste.” The only railway now, east of the Volga, is the line from Samara to Orenburg on the Kirghiz frontier—Orenburg, the rendezvous of the Tartar caravans, and the Kiachta of central Asia.

And who are the inhabitants of this vast realm?

In Moscow and the contiguous provinces they are the Great Russians, identical with the Russians of the North, and, through the Ukraine and the western frontier country, merging gradually into the Poles and the Slavic peoples of Austria and Turkey. As you go towards the Euxine, the fair skin and blond hair so universal in the North are exchanged for the dark eyes and complexion befitting



KALMUCK ENCAMPMENT.

a warmer zone. The blood of the old Greek colonists still tells here, and there is large intermixture with the races to the south.

On the Don and the steppes west of that river, by the Black Sea, and the lower courses of the Volga and the Ural, are the Cossacks, tribes mainly of Russian blood, but mingled with the races whom war or temporary occupation of the soil has made their neighbors—Poles, Tartars, Kalmucks and the clans of the Caucasus. They form a kind of military republic, where all are free and equal, and where the bravest are their chosen leaders under a headman, who in modern times is the Crown Prince of the Empire. They pay no taxes, but owe military service to the Government, and supply the army with fifty-eight regiments of cavalry and fourteen batteries of horse artillery. Numbering perhaps three millions, in time of war all between the ages of sixteen and sixty are liable to be called into the field: and thousands among them lead always a soldier's life in the garrisons and at the lonely posts on the frontiers—the Czar's scouts and pickets all along the line of Asia. Ammunition is furnished by the State, but each must provide his horse, his own dress and his arms—a lance, pistols and a saber, or perhaps bow and arrows. They pay little attention to agriculture or the mechanic arts, but in time of peace support themselves by their fisheries and the rearing of cattle

and horses, immense herds of which feed on the grassy plains that stretch away from the Don. In recent years, however, villages are springing up here and there on the steppe, more land is cultivated, and every patch of corn and inclosure of vines softens and civilizes the owner. In person they are well-made and muscular, with dark eyes, full beards, and an independent bearing, which comes from their free birth and their privileged, adventurous life. Proud of the name of Cossack, any brave fellow who desires it is made one of the community, and in their language and often in their features are traces of Tartar and Kalmuck affiliations. Daring and jovial, they delight in music and poetry, and in settlement or solitary fort they solace themselves with songs of love and war. Fondly attached to the National Church, the Cossack reveres the images of the Saints, and desires that in death the sacred cross may be planted above his grave and the passer-by breathe a prayer for the repose of his soul.

Of all the Asiatic races in Russia the Tartars, descendants of the tribes led thither by Genghis Khan and his successors, are the most numerous and important. They occupied the Crimea, the northern shores of the Black and Caspian Seas, the steppes of the Caucasus, and the regions along the Volga, and thence, for two hundred years, they ravaged Russia at will, and held her as their

vassal. In all these lands, and in the Kirghiz steppes to the east, are found remains of camps and towns which attest the strength and splendor of their rule. But while the Russians grew stronger the power of the Tartars declined, and in the middle of the sixteenth century they lost their supremacy. Their cities of Kazan and Astrakhan were taken by siege and made capitals of Russian governments. Multitudes of the inhabitants were slain; multitudes fled to Asia, and those who remained submitted with what grace they might to Christian rule. The five millions who still inhabit their ancient seats are devoted Mohammedans, and although the university of Kazan and the schools of Orenburg pay particular attention to Tartar and Arabic lore, yet it is upon native teachers that they depend for the instruction of their children, with which they take much pains, while their priests are taught in the schools of Bokhara. A subordinate race they are, and must henceforth be, but the effects of their two centuries of power over the country will not soon pass away. They have left their impress upon the character of its people; upon language, laws, customs, architecture. From the Imperial court to the peasant's cabin something Oriental, won from Tartar Khan or shepherd, blends with every form of Russian life. The domes and spires of Central Asia rise at Moscow and St. Petersburg. The *caftan* of Bokhara shields the Muscovite from the cold. The resignation of Islam helps him to bear the troubles of his lot.

Several tribes, as the Nogays of the Caucasus, still live a wandering life with their flocks and herds, but the larger number have fixed abodes, and in the towns occupy themselves with various trades and manufactures, especially that of leather, while in the country they are small farmers and keepers of bees. Perhaps the largest settled community is in their old city of Kazan. Glorifying in their race and firmly attached to their religion, it must be with bitter regret that they tread the streets once gay with the splendor of the Khans, and, as they ascend from the river to the town, see just below the crest of the hill the Russian monument commemorative of their defeat. In the Crimea they form the larger part of the population—nomads in the north; tillers of the soil in the south; and among the lovely valleys between the mountains and the sea leading a life of Arcadian ease and simplicity. They are of medium height, with fresh complexions, dark eyes and hair, and repose and dignity of mien. Both men and women wear the flowing robes of

the East, and in their dwellings, their food, and all their customs adhere as closely as possible to the ways of their ancestors, for whom they have unbounded veneration. In the cities rise their handsome mosques, from whose minarets the muezzin calls to prayer, and even the poorest village has its *medsched* or chapel where they assemble for their devotions. They scorn the Holy Pictures of the Russians, but in their houses the great name of Allah is conspicuously written, and towards it they turn when they offer their petitions. The days of the splendid mausoleum and the high tumulus for the dead have gone by, but they still bury their friends with religious care, and over the graves in their cemeteries heaps of stones, and posts and slabs graven with inscriptions attest their pious remembrance. The following—its years dating from the Hegira—was copied from an old monument near Kazan:—



YOUNG KALMUCK.



YOUTH OF CIRCASSIA.

"This Epitaph

IS PLACED FOR

MINKA ARTSOF,

IN THE

1112th Year.

Every man is mortal :
God only is eternal.

The Prophet saith,

He that worships God, and abstains from sin,
Hath Mohammed for his nearest kinsman."

The Kalmucks are found along the lower Volga and on the steppes to the east; remnants of the Torgot Horde that in the winter of 1771 fled to their old home on the confines of China, because they would neither embrace the religion of Russia, nor serve in her armies, nor till her soil. Some of them serve as Cossacks, but the larger number retain their nomadic habits and rove over the steppes,

and the oases of the deserts north and east of the Caspian. Persistent efforts have been made to convert them to Christianity and to a settled life. The Russians have treated their Khans with flattering attention and bestowed houses and titles and various decorations upon them, but they love liberty better than the honors of the West, and for the costliest palace would not exchange the tent and the plain. Some years since, the chief of one of their bands was arrested for a grave offense against Russian law and condemned to exile in Siberia. The thought of life-long imprisonment was worse than death to this man, who had been free as the wind of the desert. The morning came, when, chained and guarded, he was placed in the *telega* for his long journey. Hopeless, desperate, he sat with his head bowed during the moment of delay before starting, when up rode a faithful follower and asked him in his own tongue what he could do for him. "*You know what you can do,*" was the low, passionate reply. The questioner comprehended the significant words, and with swift, sure aim shot his master through the heart, and was away on his fleet steed before the astonished soldiers could give chase.

Like the Tartars, the Kalmucks are of medium height, but of squarer form and flatter features, with a reddish-brown skin, which in the women is often of great clearness, while a rosy red flushes their cheeks. They have white teeth and very prominent ears, and while the men commonly shave the head, although the beard is allowed to grow, the women wear their hair hanging in tiny braids. The dress of both is nearly the same—wide trowsers, boots of colored leather, a loose robe of silk or cotton or sheepskin, fastened at the waist by a girdle, in which the men carry their pipes and weapons, and a cloth cap, sometimes high and pointed, sometimes low and rimmed with fur. With the poor the sheepskin *shouba* is often the only garment, and in summer they throw it back and let it hang from the girdle as they ride; for all are skillful riders, accustomed to the exercise almost from infancy, and the men are so constantly in the saddle that on the ground their limbs seem bent and awkward. Yellow is their sacred and favorite color. The women

are always decorated with necklaces and earrings, and the latter are frequently worn by the men. Their tents or *yourts* have the circular wooden framework covered with felt; a curtain of felt serves for a door, and an opening at the top allows the smoke to escape and admits light and air. The furniture consists of a chest or two; an iron pot for boiling their meat; wooden bowls and spoons, and the leather bag for the *koumiss*—fermented mare's milk—which in summer is one of their principal articles of food. Rugs of felt suffice for bed and cover. In their wanderings these tents are set upon wheels and drawn from place to place. Thus their saying, quoted by Dixon: "We live on wheels. One man has a house on the ground; another man has a house on wheels. It is the will of God." Their wealth is in their flocks and herds. They despise agriculture, and subsist upon flesh and milk and the wild roots and herbs of the steppe.

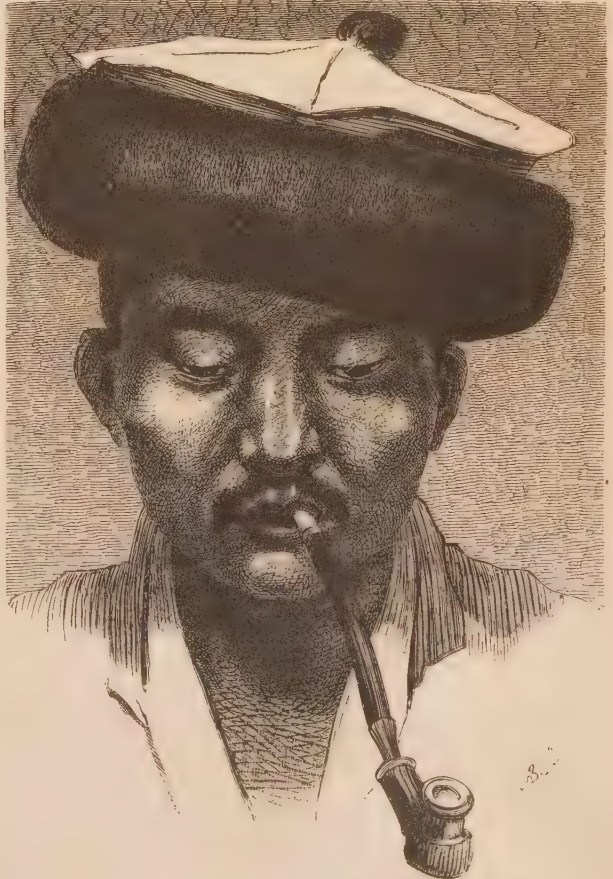
Buddhists and worshippers of the Dalai Lama, the Kalmucks have their priests and their sacred *yourts*, their school-masters and their written code of law. Their language is a Mongol dialect mixed with Tartar words, but their books are in the Thibetan tongue. They have their nobility as well as the settled States of the West—chiefs who claim descent from the great Genghis, and whose tents are distinguished by the white felt which covers them, and perhaps by the rich carpets and silken curtains of the interior. A cheerful, robust people, proud of their ancient valor, they are fond of music and wrestling and races, and one of their delights is to listen to the young girls as they play on their loud instruments and recite the loves and conquests of the heroes of the past. Their poetry breathes the spirit of their simple, pastoral life—artless and fervent, as shown in this snatch from one of their love-songs :—*

"Lo! hither thou ridest on thy beautiful foal!
Ah! the glance of thine eye is to me
like the beams of the morning
sun, thou that art mine!

"Thy beauty is like the flowers, thou, mine own!
I sat me down to indulge my grief,
And thou gallopest hither unexpectedly to be one with
me!"

Armenia, north of Mount Ararat, pertains to Russia, and the Armenians flocking thither are to the south what the Jews are to the Baltic Provinces. Handsome, shrewd, industrious, with a genius for traffic, they are found in every market and fair. The children begin with the lowest departments of business and gradually work their way to better positions. To become a banker is the height of Armenian ambition. Sagacious as the Jews (also here in considerable numbers) and more honest than the Greeks, they exchange the products of Russia for the silk and wine of the Caucasus and the commodities of the Levant.

Many German colonies are scattered here and there, abodes of thrift and intelligent labor. Near Berdiansk are the German



KALMUCK OF THE VOLGA.

* Tooke's *Russia*, Vol. IV.

Mennonites, over fifty thousand in number, a religious, hard-working people, who by patient toil have transformed the dry steppe into fruitful fields and planted it with orchards and forests. War is forbidden by their creed, and hitherto they have been exempt from military service, but lest it should be imposed upon them it is said they are considering the propriety of emigration, and have already addressed inquiries to our Government as to the terms upon which they would be received in the United States.

Greek merchants abound in the sea and river ports, and in some of these, as at Tcherkask, the old Cossack capital on the Don, trade is principally in their hands. Bands of gypsies stroll through the country, living as elsewhere by theft and petty trades; and the Caucasus has the same variety of races and tongues as in the days of Herodotus. The girls of Georgia and Circassia still supply the harems of Turkey, and the youths in their picturesque attire recall, by their noble grace, the Athenian Apollo.

The three most important and characteristic cities of Southern Russia are Kieff, Odessa, and Astrakhan. Kieff, the ancient metropolis, the home of Olga and Vladimir, the scene of the espousal of Christianity by the Russians, and of their baptism in the Dnieper, is the most sacred town in Russia. The four hundred churches it is said to have contained in the eleventh century are sadly reduced in number, but the most notable structures of this early date still remain:—the church of St. Basil, built by Vladimir on the site of the Temple of Perune; the magnificent Cathedral of St. Sophia reared by his son Yaroslav, and the Pecherskoi Monastery, the oldest in Russia, with its superb churches and towering belfry, within the fortress-inclosure on the heights above the river from whence Kieff (the mountain) takes its name. In these overhanging cliffs are hewn the catacombs where repose the early saints of the Church, mummied; wrapped in cloth of gold and silver; their skeleton hands crossed to receive pilgrim kisses; their virtues rehearsed to win pilgrim gifts to the shrine. For this is the Holy Place of Russia, and from the remotest parts of the empire multitudes of men and women come yearly, through frost and snow, through heat and burning sand, to worship on its consecrated hill; and those who can never hope to see it send devout offerings, that thus they may gain the favor of the Lord and his saints.

The railways now running north and south

have revived the business of Kieff, and every new road which penetrates the rich surrounding country will add to its wealth and importance. At present, however, its seventy thousand inhabitants depend upon the university and the pilgrims rather than upon trade or manufactures. Beautiful for situation, grand in story, Kieff should be the winter Capital of Russia, yielding the honor to Moscow for the months of summer.

Odessa was the creation of the Empress Catherine to promote the commerce of her southern domains. It occupies a high bank on the shore of the Black Sea, midway between the mouths of the Bug and the Dniester, and though not yet a century old, it has twice the size of Kieff. Use, not beauty, was considered when Odessa was founded. The steppe about it is dry and barren; water is brought to the town by a canal; and it is with difficulty that trees are grown in its streets; but its harbor is wide and deep and easy of access, and already its commercial importance in the empire is next to that of Riga, while only Chicago surpasses it in the export of grain. On the southern coast of the Crimea is another city called into life by the genius and will of the same Empress—Sevastopol, fortress of the Euxine. Its commanding position and genial climate, its quiet bay, unvexed by winds and free from shoals, with six fathoms of water close to the shore, have made it from the earliest times a favorite site; but when Russia took it, in 1783, it had dwindled to a Tartar village with neither fame nor trade, and the works which afterwards rendered it so strong were entirely of Russian construction. At the breaking out of the Crimean war it was a handsome city of eighty thousand inhabitants, with defenses which made it almost impregnable. When the war closed, forts and streets were alike in ruins, and only one-tenth of the population remained to mark its decay. Now it is slowly rising from the wreck. Monumental churches are building for the dead. The harbor has been cleared by American engineers. New houses and shops are going up, and eventually it will regain its old strength and beauty. For this is a spot dear to Russians. Here Vladimir, the Constantine of the Slavonians, erected a Christian church, something of which still remains. Here came Catherine to feast her eyes upon the infant city. Here is Russia's outpost on her southern sea. Here her soldiers, by thousands, gave their lives to repel the invaders, and she will not rest till its stones are laid again with fairer and more enduring proportions.

Thirty miles from the Caspian, upon a hilly island in the delta of the Volga, is the city of Astrakhan. Its eastern name was "The Star of the Desert," and until the capture of Constantinople by the Turks it was the center of Oriental commerce. After alternate wars and negotiations between the Russian princes and its Tartar khans, it was taken in 1554 by John the Terrible, conqueror of Kazan, and made the base of Russia's operations in the south-east.

The resort of traders from the coun-

The whole empire is largely supplied from this locality, and also with caviare, that important article of food to Russians, while immense quantities are exported. During the fishing season the city is crowded with the thousands engaged in taking and curing this harvest of the sea. The finest fish of the Volga, and one of the most delicate known to epicures, is the sterlet, a small sturgeon, prized even on royal tables, and often sent from its native stream to the distant cities of Europe. It is said that Potemkin, the Em-



SEVASTOPOL.

tries below the Caspian, Astrakhan is still an Eastern city; Tartars, Armenians, Persians, Indians, making up the larger proportion of its fifty thousand inhabitants. The Russians are officers and soldiers. They command, and their dwellings are official residences and barracks. The Armenians are the most prominent merchants, sending south the furs, the iron, and the tallow of Russia, and receiving in return the products of Persia and India—silks, cottons, drugs, carpets. From one to two thousand vessels sail the Caspian, and all are tributary to this city of the Volga. The Tartars have some traffic with their kindred in Central Asia, but they and the Kalmucks are principally laborers—menials where once they were lords. The great business of the place, however, grows out of the fisheries of the Volga and the Caspian. Perhaps no other river and adjacent sea in the world furnish such stores of fish, especially varieties of sturgeon, as these.

press Catherine's great minister, once dispatched a messenger from the Crimea to St. Petersburg to bring him a tureen of sterlet soup!

The winters of Astrakhan are severe, but the ice breaks up early, and a long, hot summer succeeds. Two hundred years ago the vine was introduced among the delta islands with marked success, and various fruits of superior quality are grown, especially by the Armenians, whose houses are often bowered in gardens, where their beautiful dark-eyed women walk at evening as in the valley of the Kur or the Araxes. The Tartar market, like those of Bokhara and Damascus, is open in the early morning; the Russian at night; the Armenian, that no buyer may escape, through the entire day. In the Russian quarter the houses are of stone and well built; in the others they are of wood, while the streets are crooked and mostly unpaved, and mud and dirt abound in the river sub-

urbs visited by the inundations. Remote, alone, encompassed by the Volga and set in the great basin of the Caspian, the city of fishermen and nomads and the northern mart of Persia, Astrakhan offers perpetually something strange and picturesque to the eye, and furnishes scenes and incidents which, through a thousand and one nights, Scheherazade might weave into story for the Sultan of the Indies.

Such, in brief outline, is Russia—a mighty power swaying the North, and advancing yearly in the great central region stretching to the Himmalayas and China.

Just after the emancipation of the serfs there was published at Moscow a poem called Peasant Russia, in which was related the legend of Ilya of Murom (an ancient town on the Oka)—Ilya, who for thirty-three years was silent and inactive, but who ate, drank, slept, and grew to a gigantic size.

"Why will you thus waste your life?" said

his parents. "Rouse yourself and hold the plough, or guide the boat, or hunt the bear and the wolf in the forest."

But, absorbed in great thoughts, he answered nothing until the day of his destiny dawned; then, done with slumber, he went forth like a god, and the earth trembled as he moved. "Thus," says the poet, "has Russia reposed, nourishing greatness, but almost unaware of her strength. Now the time of her waking has come, and she rises, glorious among the nations."

This is not the dream of an enthusiast; it is the poetry of fact. Under the Emperor Alexander II., him of the firm will and the tender, generous heart, Russia has begun a new existence, with sublime possibilities of greatness yet to be. Unsullied as her snows, broad and grand as the sweep of her plains, comprehensive and noble as the variety of her races, should be her rulers, her laws, her aims. God help the Czar and the people!

AN EMPEROR'S VACATION AT VICHY.

In the summer of 1862 I was sent as an envoy to France (let us say, from the Court of Pumpernickel), and wanted to see the Emperor.

On reaching Paris I was informed that the Emperor was at Vichy, passing his annual vacation of a month there, and dispensing with the Empress, the Court, and public affairs for that period in that rural retreat. I had frequently heard of Vichy before, and had quaffed its refreshing waters at the *pharmacies*, and read many marvelous accounts of the health-restoring qualities of its baths and drinking fountains. So the idea occurred to me, "Why not go there, and see royalty in vacation?"

Aided and abetted by my wife, who "thought the waters would do her good,"—although there was nothing the matter with her,—I proceeded to put my idea in execution.

The Orleans Railway took us down at a rapid rate, and we reached Vichy at sunset. Passing through the streets of what looked like an overgrown village, we reached its central point, a large, square park, filled with fine shade-trees, under a group of which, perched on a raised platform in the center, a band discoursed most excellent music to a crowd of well-dressed people congregated around the

stand; while numerous others, strolling through shady path-ways intersecting the grounds, presented a pleasing and animated picture to the eye of the new-comers.

The four sides of this park were compactly built in with large blocks of houses, chiefly hotels, and there was a general watering-place air diffused over the whole locality. A casino at one end of the grounds appeared to be a popular resort of the idlers, and from this there issued, as we slowly lumbered by in our omnibus, four gentlemen, walking two abreast, for whom the other loungers respectfully made way, touching their hats as they did so—a salutation punctiliously returned by one of the four, who seemed the special object of these demonstrations.

This was a short, ungraceful-looking man, with long body and short legs, who walked flat-footed, turning out his toes in a very peculiar manner. He appeared to walk with an effort, dragging his limbs, and supporting his spine with his left hand, as though his back were weak. His chest and shoulders were broad, and his body round as a barrel. As he dragged himself along he leaned heavily on the supporting arm of a large, stout man, whom we recognized as Prince Murat, once well known in Charleston as a jolly good fellow,

when as an exile he resided there and took to wife Miss Fraser, since his princess.

The head and face were unmistakable to all who had ever seen the Emperor's likeness—the heaviest mask which nature ever placed on human shoulders to conceal the genius which indubitably belonged to their possessor. For at that hour, in the hands of that heavy, dull-looking, shambling man, was placed more power, and on the breath of his lips there hung more destinies, than any other living man could boast of, and the perpetuation of that power then seemed to be a certainty.

Gravely, wearily, but courteously did the Emperor return the salutations of the passers-by; but no ray lit up the lifeless eye,—almost closed by the heavy over-hanging lids,—no smile relieved the somber face on which apathy and weariness seemed to have set their seal.

He and his companion were plainly dressed, with no external indication of rank, or uniform of any kind, and were preceded or followed by no attendants. But, as I afterwards learned, wherever the Emperor went, whether on foot or in carriage, not far off was to be seen the ferret-like face and restless eye of the chief of the secret police, ever following the footsteps of the Chief of State, who, in his careless fatalism, never took any precautions, or felt any fear himself. Plots against his life, from the murdering bombs of Orsini to the midnight plottings of conspirators, had been innumerable, but, if not born insensible to fear, he had schooled himself to a sullen stoicism in regard to it.

Here at Vichy, three times every day, any bold assassin might have slain him, access to his person as he walked out was so easy; and almost all day he sat exposed to public view, smoking cigarettes on the balcony of the *cottage-orné* which Strauss, the musician, had yielded up to his royal master—the latter having no cottage of his own in which to reside. At a later day a royal residence was erected at Vichy, and many other improvements made.

It so chanced that the hotel at which we took up our quarters adjoined and overlooked the Strauss villa, which the Emperor occupied that summer, the famous musician and his daughter, dispossessed by royalty, having secured apartments at our hotel. Strauss, whose waltzes have set so many feet flying, was a jovial, middle-aged man, seemingly well content with the world and himself, and often favored us in the evenings, when we became better acquainted, with original compositions of his own, his daughter ac-

companying his violin on her piano. The close vicinity in which we lived and the overlooking windows of our hotel "forced upon our eye" the routine of his daily walk and conversation in this his great vacation, and a lazier life, apparently, no mortal man might lead, be he gentle or simple, royal or republican. The consumption of innumerable cigarettes, smoked so closely down beneath his shaggy mustache as perpetually to threaten to set fire to that thatch over his long upper lip, seemed the most constant and arduous of the Imperial labors.

From "morn till dewy eve," the thin blue smoke was curling up under the exaggerated nose as though he were a vestal whose duty it was to prevent the sacred fire from ever being extinguished. The solemnity with which the rite was performed—no gleam of satisfaction ever illumining the saturnine countenance—increased the impression that he was doing it as a duty; for no wooden face adorning a tobacconist's shop ever was so expressionless as that of this stolid-looking man.

The tessellated pavement which led to the balcony of Strauss's villa, and the balcony itself, were strewn with the burnt-offerings of tissue-paper daily consumed, and the Emperor showed himself a man by making the most of this exemption from his usual marital responsibilities.

At Vichy, in the absence of the Empress and the formalities of court etiquette, Napoleon could indulge the bent of his Bohemian proclivities without let or hindrance. Bringing down with him only his private secretary, Prince Murat, and half a dozen other stanch courtiers, he passed his days in luxurious indolence, riding, driving, strolling in the grounds, where all the health and pleasure seekers coming to Vichy congregated, and took the waters and the baths of its health-restoring fountains with unflinching regularity.

The routine of the unexciting life of the place was adopted by him as well as by the other visitors, and he seemed to enjoy, in his own undemonstrative way, the immunity from the pleasures as well as the duties of his position. Here he was not bored with court balls nor formal receptions, nor plagued by visits from foreign ambassadors. Occasionally a courier booted and spurred would come riding at hot haste, with the dust of travel upon him, bringing dispatches from Paris; or one of his ministers would come up by the train, and then his *dolce far niente* would be disturbed, but not for any length of time, as he soon would be seen again sauntering, cigarette be-

tween lips, on the dusty road, or among the green alleys.

Walking or driving, however, no show of state was indulged in. The liveries were simple as those of any good citizen of Paris, and his attendants or companions wore no uniform of any kind. He himself sported a shooting-jacket or paletot and a slouch hat in his drives, wearing when he walked only the morning dress of a simple gentleman, made by Poole, of Saville Row, in London, who had never dunned the exile when, years before, he dressed him during his reluctant residence there.

The only entertainments he much affected were theatricals, and eminent members of the profession came down to Vichy to play occasionally there, when they were munificently rewarded, and the small theater in which they performed was crowded to suffocation. There were private or privileged performances also, which no one was entitled to attend without an invitation, and hence access to these was most desired, for to them the Emperor always went.

I remember one of these in which an octogenarian, but ever young actress, performed the rôle of a lively young rakish prince, dressing in male costume; and the spirit, vivacity and energy with which the very old woman personated a wild young man was really marvelous. But I remember this personation all the more vividly because it was the only occasion on which I ever saw the Emperor laugh heartily, actually shaking his sides with merriment at some of the evolutions of the old-young actress; before that time I had doubted whether that was a possibility with him. I imagine it was a most rare faculty of that saturnine nature and brooding soul,—secretive even to itself, and not given to outward manifestations of emotion; but to that one hearty laugh I can testify, for I sat near him, and saw him laugh until the tears ran down his face at some buffoonery of Dejaquet, which did not greatly amuse the rest of us.

Sometimes the Emperor would attend the balls given at the hotels, and capriciously select as his partner any pretty young girl who might strike his fancy. Whatever his morals may have been at Paris, the publicity of all his actions and movements at Vichy constrained him to the practice of the most rigid propriety. Any one looking upon his muddy complexion, his shambling gait, and heavy eye, could tell he was an unhealthy and an unsound man; but certain it is that I never saw him look as well as he did at Vichy,

where he daily and religiously followed the course prescribed for patients.

Nor did he neglect the arts for keeping up his popularity, which had become a second nature with him—since, unlike his uncle, he could not command it, nor magnetize men by the spell of his presence or his genius. In pursuance of his policy, while we were at Vichy the Emperor gave a grand *fête champêtre* to the population of the place and the surrounding country; and a most fairy-like scene it was.

Within a very large inclosure surrounded by canvas, like a huge tent, and guarded by *gendarmes*, the festivities were held on a raised platform, with reserved seats for invited guests, and a separate place for the dancers. The outer ring was appropriated for spectators, as the *fête* was free to all, and the surrounding trees with their bright-colored Chinese lamps suspended from them, with electric lights at intervals, gave the whole scene the brightness of day.

There was a private entrance reserved for the invited guests, protected from intrusion of the crowd by files of *gendarmes*, and this was the entrance intended for ladies. By some blunder, however, our party was shown the wrong entrance, and after alighting from our carriages we found ourselves still remote from the gate, and surrounded by a perfect mob of sturdy countrymen and countrywomen, who did not evince by any means the proverbial courtesy of France in their treatment of us. On the contrary we were elbowed, pushed, squeezed and jostled in a manner the reverse of agreeable, and the gymnastic feats we had to go through were very injurious to the frail fabrics composing the dresses of the ladies.

Whatever might be the lip-loyalty of the good people of Vichy and its neighborhood, its practical demonstration on this occasion towards a party they considered as guests of the Emperor was anything but convincing as to the sincerity of their devotion. In fact we observed here, as in Paris, that smothered hatred of the lower class towards their more fortunate or richer brethren, which culminated in the overturn of the Empire, and the return to *Egalité, Liberté et Fraternité*: I put the three in the order they occupy in the French mind.

When once in the charmed ring of the reserved seats, however, we were compensated for the rudeness of our reception outside; there no scowling faces were visible. The country girls were dancing merrily with their own beaux, or with the dainty gentlemen of

the Court, who seemed to think it fine fun, but the ladies only looked on.

It was a gay and festive scene, and the Emperor sat and looked as pleasant as he could for a couple of hours at the dancers, and went home to his cigarettes doubtless felicitating himself on the strong hold he was securing on the affections of his "fellow-citizens," of whom he was the elect. There are, however, few spots in France where his absence will be more sincerely deplored than at Vichy, whose sparkling waters his annual visit made Pactolian, and whose population lived during the remaining eleven months of the year on the profits of the single month he passed among them.

The routine of the life at Vichy was so invariable, that the description of a single day will suffice. Early rising to visit one of the "sources" and drink a glass of its sparkling waters before breakfast was the opening duty of the day, and then a brisk walk, and then, about 8 o'clock, breakfast at the *table d'hôte* of one of the large hotels—a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, with red wine as well as coffee and tea. After breakfast until mid-day, gossip or reading the papers at the casino or club rooms. At 12 the band in the park struck up and played for two hours. Chairs were placed in convenient spots all over the park, and crowds of people sat and listened to the music, which was very fine. At 3 o'clock dinner at the *table d'hôte*. At 5 P. M. the band struck up again and we had music for two hours, or drove out in carriages, which were always on

hand, and to be had at rates which would make our New York Jehus stare with contempt were they offered to them for the use of their rickety old rat-traps and spavined hacks.

We then took tea at 7 o'clock, and there was more music to be listened to in the park, or theatrical performances, or hotel hops, to while away the evening. People drank the waters or bathed at discretion, and a large proportion of the visitors troubled either waters or baths very little. The inducements to visit Vichy, quiet and even dull as it may seem from this description, were manifold. In fact it was frequented by a most respectable class of people, and the Emperor, while there, was certainly as decorous as the rest.

We know that a man may idle "all day" yet work *all night*! and the curious observer of the Strauss villa might have noted that a light was to be seen glimmering in the Emperor's chamber very late at night always, arguing one of two things—either that he slept with his light burning, or retired in the small hours.

The "Man in the Mask" imprisoned in the Bastille has long been a puzzle to the reader of French history, but the annals of France will now furnish another "Man in the Mask," who sat for eighteen years upon the throne, and whose real nature and identity will be as great a mystery to posterity as those of his imprisoned predecessor.

SONG.

I'M sitting alone at my window,
And watching the clouds that fly
Like snow-white doves o'er the azure
Of the calm, deep, passionless sky.

Could they feel but my heart's full beating,
Could they know how my pulses burn,—
Their coldness would warm to pity;
They would stay in their flight and turn,

And bring me one sweet, fond message
From my darling over the sea,
And my pulses should still their fever,
My heart beat softly and free.

But still as I sit at my window
They hover unheeding by.
Their glow is but cast by the sunset—
Their breath but the night-wind's sigh.

ARTHUR BONNICASTLE.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.



"STEPPING UP BEHIND HIM, I PUT MY HAND UPON HIS SHOULDER, AND SAID: 'WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?'"

CHAPTER VIII.

How shall I write the history of the few weeks that followed my new experience? I had risen, as on wings, from the depths of despair to the heights of hope. I had emerged from a valley of shadows, haunted by ten thousand forms of terror and shapes of anguish, and sat down upon the sunny hills of peace. The world, which had become either mocking or meaningless to me, was illuminated with loving expression in every feature. Far above the deep blue of the winter skies my imagination caught the sheen of winged forms and the far echoes of happy angel-voices.

I lifted my face to the sun, and, shutting my eyes, felt the smile of God upon me. Every wind that blew brought its ministry of blessing. Every cloud that swept the sky bore its message of good-will from heaven. I loved life, I loved the world, I loved every living thing I saw, and, more than all, I loved the Great Father who had bestowed upon me such gracious gifts of hope and healing.

Mrs. Sanderson, though she had said little and had received no confidences from me, had been troubled for many weeks. She had seen in my haggard eyes and weary look the evidences of a great trial and struggle; but without the power to enter into it, or to

help me out of it, she had never done more than to ask me if, for my health's sake, it would not be better for me to attend fewer meetings and take more sleep. The weeks that followed were only more satisfactory to her from the conviction that I was happier, for I gave myself with hearty zeal to the work which I felt had been imposed upon me.

My father was happy in my new happiness, never doubting that it had come to me through the Grace of Heaven. I was assured on every hand that I had passed through that change of regeneration which was the true basis in me, and in many at least, of the new life. Meeting Mr. Bradford, I spoke freely to him of my change, and he told me with a sigh that he was glad I was at peace. He evidently did not say all that he felt, but he said nothing to discourage me.

It soon became known to Mr. Grimshaw and the members of his church that I had become a convert, and I found abundant opportunities at once to exercise such gifts as I possessed to induce others to drink at the fountain from which I had drawn such draughts of peace and pleasure. I prayed in public; I exhorted; I went from one to another of my own age with personal persuasions. Nay, I was alluded to and held up, in public and private, as one of the most notable of the trophies which had been won in the great struggle with the powers of darkness through which the church had passed.

I look back now upon the public life that I lived in those youthful days with wonder. Audiences that I then faced and addressed without embarrassment would now send fever into my lips and tongue, or strike me dumb. I rejoiced then in a prominence from which I should now shrink with a sensitiveness of pain quite insupportable. I was the youthful marvel of the town; and people flocked again to the church where I was to be seen and heard as if a new Bedlow had come down to them from the skies.

This publicity did not please Mrs. Sanderson, but she saw farther, alas! than I did, and knew that such exaltation could not be perpetual. Could I have had a wise counsellor then, it would have saved me years of wandering and years of sorrow. The tendency of this public work was to make me vain, and induce a love of the sound of my own voice. Without experience, flattered by attention, stimulated by the assurance that I was doing a great deal of good, and urged on by my own delight in

action, I fairly took the bit in my teeth, and ran such a race as left me at last utterly exhausted. I went from meeting to meeting all over the city. There was hardly a church in which my voice was not heard. Everywhere I was thanked and congratulated. I did not realize then as I do now that I was moved by a thirst for praise, and that motives most human mingled strangely and strongly with the divine in urging me forward. O Heaven! to think that I, a poor child in life and experience, should have labored in Thy name to win a crown to my personal vanity!

I shudder now at the cruelty practiced upon the young nearly everywhere, in bringing them to the front and exposing them to such temptations as those which then had the power to poison all my motives, to brush away from my spirit the bloom of youthful modesty, and to expose me to a process which was certain to ultimate in spiritual torpor and doubt. I always tremble and sicken when I behold a child or youth delighting in the exercises of a public exhibition; and when I see, inside or outside of church-walls, children bred to boldness through the public show of themselves and their accomplishments, and realize what part of their natures is stimulated to predominance by the process, and what graces are extinguished by it, I do not wonder at the lack of reverence in American character, and that exhaustion of sensibility which makes our churches so faint and fitful in feeling.

Having given up all my earlier ideas of religion, and learned to regard them as wholly inadequate and unworthy, I could be in my new work little more than a parrot. I had passed through but a single phase of what I had learned to regard as a genuine religious experience, and my counsels were but the repetitions of what I had heard. If some wise man or woman could have told me of myself—of the proprieties that belong to the position of a neophyte—of the dangers of public labor, and of being publicly petted and exhibited, how well for me would it have been! But I had no such counselor. On the contrary, I was seized upon at once as a fresh instrumentality for carrying on a work already waning. I am shamed to think of the immodesty of some of my personal approaches to my elders whom I regarded as needing my ministry, and humiliated by the memory of the considerate forbearance with which I was treated for religion's and my motive's sake.

It was in labors and experiences like these that a few weeks passed away. Another ingathering of the great spiritual harvest approached. I, among others, was to make a public profession of my faith, and become a member of the church. Mr. Grimshaw put upon me the task of persuading the young of my own age to join me in this solemn self-dedication, and I had great success in my mission.

Among the considerable number whom I had selected as proper subjects of my counsels and persuasions, was my interesting friend Millie Bradford; but I knew she was quite too young to decide so momentous a question, and that her father would not permit her to decide it for herself. To tell the truth, I did not like to meet Mr. Bradford with my proposition, for I anticipated objections, and did not feel qualified to argue with him. I consulted with Mr. Grimshaw in regard to the case, and it was finally decided that we should visit Mr. Bradford together.

Accordingly we called upon him, and spent an evening in conversation, which, although it won no new members to my group, left a deep impression upon my mind and memory.

The conversation was begun by Mr. Grimshaw, who said: "We have called, Mr. Bradford, with the purpose of conferring with you in regard to your daughter Millie. I know but little of her, but I learn through Arthur that she is a sharer in the blessings of our great revival. Have you any objection to her union with our church, provided she shall choose to become a member?"

"Have you no invitation for any one else in the family?" inquired Mr. Bradford, with a smile.

"I was not aware that there were other converts in the family," responded the minister.

"I speak it with great humility, Mr. Grimshaw," said Mr. Bradford, "but I count myself a disciple. I am a learner at the feet of your Master and mine; and I have been a learner for years. I do not regard myself as having attained, or fully apprehended, but I follow on, and I should like society on the way, as well as any one."

"But your views do not accord with those professed by our church," said Grimshaw.

"I do not know what business the church may legitimately have with my private opinions. I learn from the New Testament that he who repents and believes on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved. A man

who does this belongs at least to the invisible church, and I do not recognize the right of a body of men calling themselves a church to shut out from their communion any man or woman who belongs to the church invisible, or any one whom the Master counts among his disciples."

"But we must have some standard of faith and belief," said Mr. Grimshaw.

"I suppose you must," responded Mr. Bradford, "but why should you construct it of non-essential materials? Why should you build a high fence around your church, and insist that every man shall climb every rail, when the first is all that the Master asks him to climb. I recognize repentance and trust as the basis of a Christian character and life, and I regard character as the one grand result at which the Author of Christianity aimed. He desired to make good men out of bad men; and repentance and trust form the basis of the process. When you go beyond this, with your dogmas and your creeds, you infringe upon the liberty of those whom repentance and trust have made free. Personally, I feel that I am suffering a great wrong, inflicted in ignorance and with good motives no doubt, but still a wrong, in that I am shut out from Christian sympathy and fellowship. I will not profess to believe any more than I do believe. It is simply impossible for me, a rational, honest, mature man, to accept that which you prescribe for me. I am perfectly willing that you should believe what seems to you to be true, touching all these points of doctrine. I only insist that you shall be a Christian in heart and life—an honest disciple. If you cannot give me the same liberty, under the same conditions, we can never get any nearer together."

"You seem to forget," responded the minister, "that our creed is the product of whole ages of Christian wisdom—that it has been framed by men of wide and profound experience, who have learned by that experience what is essential to the stability and purity of the church."

"And you seem to forget," said Mr. Bradford, "that the making and defense of creeds have rent the seamless garment of the Lord into ten thousand fragments,—that they have been the instruments for the destruction of the unity of the church in fact and feeling—that they have not only been the subjects of controversies that have disgraced the church before the world, and embittered the relations of large bodies of Christians, but have instigated the cruellest persecutions and

the most outrageous murders and martyrdoms. You are not so bigoted as to deny that there are Christians among all the sects, and you are liberal enough to give to the different sects the liberty of faith which they claim. The world is growing better in this thing, and is not so intolerant as it was. Now, why will you not give me the same liberty as a man that you give to churches founded on creeds at variance with yours? You invite the teachers of other sects into your pulpit. You invite their people to your communion table, while you shut me away by conditions that are just as impossible to me as they would be to them."

I could see that Mr. Grimshaw was not only overwhelmed in argument but deeply moved in feeling. He grasped Mr. Bradford's hand, and said: "My dear sir, it would give me one of the greatest pleasures of my life to receive you into our communion, for I believe in your sincerity, and in your character, but I could not if I would."

"I know it," responded Mr. Bradford; "your sympathies go beyond your creed, and your most earnest convictions stop short of it. Your hands are tied, and your tongue must be dumb. You and your church will go on in the old way. The young who do not think, and the mature who will not try to think, or do not dare to try, will accept what you prescribe for them. Women, more trustful and religious than men, will constitute the majority of your members. In the mean time, the thinking men—the strong, influential, practical men of society—the men of culture, enterprise, and executive power—will remain outside of the church—shut out by a creed which their reason refuses to accept."

"I am afraid the creed is not altogether to blame for their exclusion," said the minister. "'Not many wise'—you remember the quotation."

"When Christianity was an apostasy from a church to which all the wise and mighty were attached," replied Mr. Bradford, "your quotation was doubtless true as a statement of fact, but we belong to another nation and age. I hold myself a type and representative of a large class, who cannot enter the church without self-stultification, and a sacrifice of that liberty of thought and opinion which is their birthright. We cannot afford to do without you, and you cannot afford to do without us. It is your business to make a home for us, for we are all passing on to that stage and realm of being where

opinions will be of small account, and where character will decide everything."

"We have wandered very far from your daughter, Mr. Bradford, about whom we came to talk," said Mr. Grimshaw.

An expression of pain passed over Mr. Bradford's face. Then he rose, and walking to a door which closed another room, opened it, and called his daughter. Millie entered the room with a question in her eyes, and shaking hands with us, went to her father's side, where she stood with his arm around her during the remainder of the interview.

"Millie," said her father, "Mr. Grimshaw and Arthur have come here to invite you to join the church. Would you like to do so?"

"If you and mamma think I ought to," she replied.

At this moment, Mrs. Bradford, conjecturing, I suppose, the object of our visit, entered the room, and giving us a most friendly greeting, took a seat near her daughter. Mr. Bradford repeated our proposal to her, and Millie's reply to it.

"I should regard it as one of the sweetest satisfactions of my life to have my child with me in church communion," she said, looking down to hide the tears that she felt filling her eyes.

"And I sympathize with you entirely in your feeling," added Mr. Bradford.

"Then," said Mr. Grimshaw, "nothing will stand in the way, provided, upon examination, your daughter gives evidence of an intelligent entrance upon a Christian experience."

"Which means, I suppose," said Mr. Bradford, "that if she will accept your whole creed and scheme on trust, as well as give evidence of having determined upon a Christian life, you will endow her with the privileges of membership."

"We have but one condition for all, as you know," responded the minister.

"I suppose so; and it is my duty to tell you that it is a very cruel thing; for her intelligence reaches no further than the one essential thing which makes her a Christian child, viz., personal loyalty to the Master. Beyond this she knows absolutely nothing, and for her it is enough. To insist that she shall receive a whole body of divinity about which she is utterly ignorant, and which, at present, has no relation to her Christian character and life, is to do that which you have no right to do. When Jesus took little children in his arms and blessed them, and declared that of such was the kingdom

of heaven, he did not impose any conditions upon them. It was sufficient for him that they were in his arms, and had trust and confidence enough to nestle and be contented and happy there. You take the responsibility of going beyond him, and of making conditions which cannot be complied with without a surrender of all future liberty of thought and opinion. You have members in your church to-day who committed themselves to opinions when young, or under excitement, that they now hold most loosely, or with questionings that are a constant torture to them. I know it, for they have told me so; and I cannot consent that my child shall be denied the free and unrestrained formation of opinions when her maturer mind becomes able to form them. The reason that has no range but the bounds of a creed, constructed by human hands, will become dwarfed as certainly as the wings of a bird are weakened by the wires of a cage."

Mr. Grimshaw listened attentively to the speaker, and then said: "I fear that your ideas would form a very poor basis for a church. We should be deprived of any principle or power of cohesion without unity of belief. Such liberty as you desire, or seem to think desirable, would soon degenerate into license. The experience of the church has proved it, and the united wisdom of the church has declared it."

"My ideas of the true basis of a church are very simple," said Mr. Bradford. "I would make it an organization of Christian disciples—of Christian learners; you would make it a conservatory of those who have arrived at the last conclusions in dogmatic theology. I would make it a society of those who have accepted the Master, and pledged their hearts and lives to him, with everything to learn and the liberty to learn it with such means as they can command; you would frame it with limits to all progress. You would make it a school where all are professors; I would make it a school where all are learners. In short, you would make a sectarian church, and I would make a Christian church; and I cannot but believe that there is such a church awaiting us in the future—a church which will receive both me and my daughter, to give me the rest and fellowship I long for; and her the nurture, restraint and support which she will need among the world's great temptations."

I do not know what the minister thought of all this, for he said but little. He had been accustomed to these discussions with Mr. Bradford, and either deemed them un-

fruitful or good or found it difficult to maintain his position. He felt sure of me, and did not regard it of consequence to talk on my account. As Mr. Bradford closed, he sighed and said: "Well, Millie, I suppose you will do as your father wishes, and stay away from us."

Millie looked at her father and then at her mother, with a quick, earnest glance of inquiry.

Mrs. Bradford said: "Mr. Bradford and I never differ on anything relating to our child. So far as our creed is concerned I am entirely content with it; but I have no wish to commit my child to it, though I freely instruct her in it."

"Very well," said the minister, "perhaps it will be better to leave her with you for the present."

Then he advanced to Mr. Bradford for a private conference upon some other subject apparently, and Millie started quickly and walked to the window where I joined her.

"Aren't you sorry?" I inquired.

"No."

"I thought you would be," I said.

"No, it is all right. Father knows. Don't you think he's splendid?"

"I suppose he thinks he is right," I responded.

"Why, I know he's right," she said warmly. "He's always right; and isn't it sweet of him to let me hear him talk about everything?"

Here was the personal loyalty again. Beyond this the girl could not go. She could trust her father and her Master. She could obey both and love both, and it was all of religion that she was capable of. I supposed that the minister must know better than any of us, but I had no doubt of Millie's fitness for the church, and wondered why it was that a baptized child should be shut out of the fold by a creed which she was utterly incapable of comprehending. I confess, too, that I sympathized with Mr. Bradford's view of the church as it related to himself, yet I had given my trust to the minister, and it was only my personal loyalty to him that reconciled me to his opposing opinions. Then there flashed upon me the consciousness that I was to profess before God and men a belief in dogmas that I had not even examined, and was entirely without the power of explaining or defending to myself or others. The fact made me tremble, and I dismissed it as soon as possible.

I fear that I should weary my reader by dwelling upon the spiritual experiences that attended the assumption of my vows. Since

the memorable day on which I stood among twenty others, and publicly pledged my life to the Redeemer, and gave my unqualified assent to the doctrines of the creed, I have never been able to witness a similar scene without tears. With all the trust natural to youth I received that which was presented to me, and with all the confidence of youth in its own power to fulfill its promises, I entered into the most solemn covenant which man can make. There was no suspicion in me of a possible reaction. There was no anticipation of temptations before which I should tremble or fall. There was no cloud that portended darkness or storm. I regarded myself as entering a fold from which I should go out no more, save under the conduct and ward of a Shepherd who would lead me only through green pastures and beside still waters.

All my friends, including Mrs. Sanderson, were present. Mr. Bradford's family sat near me, and I saw that he had been deeply moved. He read the future better than I, and saw before my intense and volatile spirit that which I could not see. He knew the history of one human heart, and he interpreted the future of mine by his own. At the close of the services Mrs. Sanderson drove home alone with Jenks; and the Bradfords with Henry and my own family walked home together. As I left my father at his door with Henry and Claire, I found myself with Millie. We fell behind her father and mother, and after she had looked around to make sure that she was not observed, she unfolded her handkerchief and showed me a crumb of the sacramental bread.

"Where did you get it?" I inquired.

"I prayed that it might drop when it was handed to my mother, and it did," she replied.

"What are you going to do with it?" I said.

"I am going to my room when I get home, and have a communion all by myself."

"But do you think it will be right?" I inquired.

"I don't think *He* would care. *He* knows that I love him, and that it is the only chance I have. It is his bread, and came from his table, and Mr. Grimshaw has nothing to do with it."

I was dumb with astonishment, and could offer no remonstrance. Indeed I sympathized with her so much that I could not have deprived her of her anticipated enjoyment.

Then I asked her what she would do for wine.

"I shall kiss my mother's lips," she replied, and then added: "I wonder if she will know that anything is gone, as the Saviour did when the woman touched him?"

I think if I could have retired with Millie to her seclusion, and shared her crumb away from the eyes of a curious world, and the distractions of the public gaze, I should have come out stronger and purer for the feast. I left her at her door, and went slowly home, imagining the little girl at prayer, and tasting the crumb which had fallen from the Master's table. The thought of the reverent kiss which the mother was to receive that night, all unconscious of the draught of spiritual comfort which her child would quaff there, quite overcame me.

And it was this child, with her quick insight and implicit faith, that had been shut out of the fold because she had no opinions! It was her father, too, carefully seeking and prayerfully learning, who had been refused admittance, because he would not surrender his reason and his liberty of thought! Already I began to doubt the infallibility of my Pope. Already there had crept into my mind the suspicion that there was something wrong in a policy which made more of sound opinions than of sound character. Already I felt that there was something about these two persons that was higher in Christian experience than anything I could claim. Already I had become dimly conscious of a spiritual pride in myself, that I did not see in them, and convinced that they were better fitted to adorn a Christian profession than myself.

So the struggle was over, and I was called upon by the rapidly advancing spring to resume the studies which had long been interrupted. As I addressed myself with strong determination to my work, I was conscious of a greatly impaired power of application. The effect of the winter's excitement and absorption had been to dissipate my mental power, and destroy my habits of mental labor. It took me many weeks to get back upon my old track, and I was led through many discouragements. When I had fairly accomplished my purpose, and felt that I was making genuine progress, I discovered that it was impossible to keep up the public life I had been leading, and the zeal which had spurred me on in my Christian work. For weeks I faithfully continued my attendance on the meetings of the church, which, by becoming less frequent, had adapted themselves somewhat to my new circumstances, but to my great sorrow

I found my zest in their exercises gradually dying away. I prayed often and long that I might not become a backslider, and that the joy and comfort of the early days might abide with me. It was all in vain. The excitement of sympathetic crowds and the predominance of a single topic in the public mind had passed away, and, unsupported by those stimuli, I was left to stand alone—an uncertain, tottering, self-suspicious youth—with the great work of life all before me.

Gradually the old motives which had actuated me came back and presented themselves; and to my sad surprise they found that in me which responded to them. The wealth which had held before me its glittering promise still possessed its charming power, and suggested its worldly delights. The brilliant college career which I had determined to achieve for honor's and glory's sake came up to me among my suspended purposes, and shone with all its old attractions. The pride of dress and social position was not dead—it had only slept, and waited but a touch and a nod to spring into life again. The temptations which the world held for my sensuous nature found my appetites and passions still unsubdued.

Then there came upon me first the conviction and the consciousness that my life was to be one of warfare, if it was to be a Christian life at all—that I was really back upon my old ground, and that whatever of genuine progress I should make would be through prayerful, rigid, persistent culture. That there was something unspeakably discouraging in this, I need not affirm. It had the power to make the experiences through which I had so recently passed seem altogether hollow and unreal. I had only dreamed of regeneration, after all. The new birth had only been the birth of a purpose, which needed nursing and strengthening and educating like an infant.

Still I would not, could not, admit that I had not made the genuine beginning of a religious life. If I had done this, I should have grown callous or desperate at once.

And now I beg the privilege of saying to those who may be interested in this narrative, that I have not addressed myself to the task of writing down revivals. I am detailing the experiences of a human soul. That revivals are useful in communities where great excitements are necessary to attract the attention of the careless and the vicious, I can well believe. That multitudes begin a religious life through their influence there is no doubt. That they are dangerous passages for the

church to pass through would seem also to be well established, as by the laws of the human mind all great excitements and all extraordinary labors are followed by corresponding depressions and exhaustions. I seriously doubt whether Christian growth is greatly forwarded by these exceptional agencies. All true growth in the realm of nature is the result of a steady unfolding from a germ; and the realm of grace is ruled by the same Being who perfects the flower and builds the tree. I can afford to be misconstrued, misunderstood and misrepresented if I can do anything to direct the attention of the church to the fact that there are better methods of progress than those which are attended with such cost and such danger, and that in the Christian nurture of children and the wide opening of the Christian fold to them abides the hope of the church and the world. I shall be ten thousand times repaid for any suspicion of my motives, if I can bring a single pastor, or a single church, to the realization of the fact that true Christian beginnings are not necessarily conformed to any special dramatic experience; that a pastor can lead his flock better than a stranger whose voice they do not know, and that their creeds are longer and more elaborate than they have any right to make. If the labor expended upon revivals were spread evenly over greater space, and applied with never-flagging persistency to the shaping and the nurture of the plastic and docile minds of the young, I am sure that the Christian kingdom would increase in numbers and advance in power by a progress at once natural, healthy and irresistible. The fiery shower that pours its flood upon the earth in an hour, leaves the ground fresh for the day, but it also leaves it scarred and seamed, and the swollen torrents carry half its wealth into the sea, while the steady rain of days sinks into the earth to nourish the roots of all things, and make the springs perennial.

CHAPTER IX.

THE spring passed quickly away, and the fervors of the June sun were upon us. Mrs. Sanderson, whose health had been a marvel of uniformity, became ill, and showed signs of that failure of the vital power which comes at last to all. She was advised by her physician that she needed a change of air, and encouraged to believe that if she should get relief at once she might retain her hold upon life for some years longer. Arrangements were accordingly perfected to send her with a trusty maid to a watering-place a few leagues

distant. I have no doubt that she had come to look upon death as not far away from her, and that she had contemplated the possibility of its visitation while absent from home. I could see that her eye was troubled and anxious. Her lawyer was with her for two days before her departure.

On the morning before she left she called me into her little library, and delivering her keys into my keeping, said :

"I have nothing to tell you, Arthur, except that all my affairs are arranged, so that if I should never return you will find everything in order. You know my ways and wishes. Follow out your plans as regards yourself, and my lawyer will tell you of mine. Maintain the position and uphold the honor of this house. It will be yours. I cannot take it with me ; I have no one else to leave it to—and yet—"

She was more softened than I had ever seen her, and her sad and helpless look quite overwhelmed me. I had so long expected her munificence that this affected me much less than the change, physical and mental, which had passed over her.

"My dear, precious Aunt," I said, "you are not going to die. I cannot let you die. I am too young to spare you. You will go away and get well, and live a long time."

Then I kissed her, and thanked her for her persistent kindness and her splendid gifts, in words that seemed so poor and inadequate that I was quite distressed.

She was deeply moved. Her physical weakness was such that the iron rule of her will over her emotions was broken. I believe she would have been glad to have me take her in my arms, like a child, and comfort her. After sitting awhile in silence, I said : "Please tell me what you were thinking of when you said, 'And yet'?"

She gave me no direct reply, but said : "Do you remember the portrait of a boy which you saw when you first came to the house?"

"Perfectly," I replied.

"This key," said she, taking the bunch of keys from my hand which I still held, will open a door in the dining-room which you have never seen opened. You know where it is. After I am gone away, I wish you to open that closet, and take out the portrait, and hang it just where it was before. I wish to have it hang there as long as the house stands. You have learned not to ask any questions. If I ever come back, I shall find it there. If I do not, you will keep it there for my sake."

I promised to obey her will in every particular, and then the carriage drove up to bear her away. Our parting was very quiet, but full of feeling ; and I saw her turn and look back affectionately at the old house, as she passed slowly down the hill.

I was thus left alone—with the old servant Jenks—the master of the Mansion. It will be readily imagined that, still retaining my curiosity with regard to the picture, I lost no time in finding it. Sending Jenks away on some unimportant errand, I entered the dining-room, and locked myself in. Under a most fascinating excitement I inserted the key in the lock of the closet. The bolt was moved with difficulty, like one long unused. Throwing open the door, I looked in. First I saw an old trunk, the covering of rawhide, fastened by brass nails which had turned green with rust. I lifted the lid, and found it full of papers. I had already caught a glimpse of the picture, yet by a curious perversity of will I insisted on seeing it last. Next I came upon an old punch-bowl, a reminder of the days when there were men and revelry in the house. It was made of silver, and had the Bonnicastle arms upon its side. How old it was, I could not tell, but it was evidently an heirloom. A rusty musket stood in one corner, of the variety then known as "Queen's Arms." In another corner hung a military coat, trimmed with gold lace. The wreck of an ancient and costly clock stood upon a shelf, the pendulum of which was a swing, with a little child in it. I remember feeling a whimsical pity for the child that had waited for motion so long in the darkness, and so reached up and set him swinging, as he had done so many million times in the years that were dead and gone. I lingered long upon every article, and wondered how many centuries it would take of such seclusion to dissolve them all into dust.

I had no excuse for withholding my eyes from the picture any longer. I lifted it carefully from the nail where it hung, and set it down by the dining-room wall. Then I closed and locked the door. Not until I had carefully cleaned the painting, and dusted the frame, and hung it in its old place, did I venture to look at it with any thought of careful study ; and even this observation I determined to take first from the point where I sat when I originally discovered it. I arranged the light to strike it at the right angle, and then opening the passage into the library, went and sat down precisely where I had sat nearly six years before, under the

spell of Mrs. Sanderson's command. I had already, while handling it, found the date of the picture, and the name of the painter on the back of the canvas, and knew that the lad whom it represented had become a man considerably past middle life, or, what seemed more probable, remembering Mrs. Sanderson's strange actions in regard to it, a heap of dust and ashes.

With my first long look at the picture, came back the old days; and I was again a little boy, with all my original interest in the beautiful young face. I expected to see a likeness of Henry, but Henry had grown up and changed, and I found it quite impossible to take him back in my imagination to the point where his face answered, in any considerable degree, to the lineaments of this. Still there was a likeness, indefinable, far back in the depths of expression, and hovering around the contour of the face and head, that at first puzzled me, and at last convinced me that, if I could get at the secrets of my friend's life, I should find that he was a Bonnicastle. I had often while at school, in unexpected glimpses of Henry's features, been startled by the resemblance of his face to some of the members of my own family. The moment I studied his features, however, the likeness was gone. It was thus with the picture. Analysis spoiled it as the likeness of my friend, yet it had a subtle power to suggest him, and to convince me that he was a sharer of the family blood.

I cannot say, much as I loved Henry, that I was pleased with my discovery. Nor was I pleased with the reflections which it stirred in me; for I saw through them something of the mercenary meanness of my own character. I was glad that Mrs. Sanderson had never seen him. I was glad that he had declined her invitation, and that she had come to regard him with such dislike that she would not even hear his name mentioned. I knew that if he were an accepted visitor of the house I should be jealous of him, for I was conscious of his superiority to me in many points, and felt that Mrs. Sanderson would find much in him that would please her. His quiet bearing, his steadiness, his personal beauty, his steadfast integrity, would all be appreciated by her; and I was sure she could not fail to detect in him the family likeness.

Angry with myself for indulging such unworthy thoughts, I sprang to my feet, and went nearer to the picture—went where I could see it best. As I approached it, the likeness to Henry gradually faded, and what

was Bonnicastle in the distance became something of another name and blood. Another nature mingled strangely with that to which I was consciously kindred. Beneath the soft veil which gentle blood had thrown over the features, there couched something base and brutal. Somewhere in the family history of the person it represented the spaniel had given herself to the wolf. Sheathed within the foot of velvet was hidden a talon of steel. Under those beautiful features lay the capacity of cruelty and crime. It was a wonderful revelation, and it increased rather than lessened the fascination which the picture exerted upon me. Not until an hour had passed away, and I knew that Jenks had returned from his errand, did I silently unlock the doors of the dining-room and go to my chamber for study.

When the dinner-hour arrived, I was served alone. Jenks had set the table without discovering the returned picture, but in one of the pauses of his service he started and turned pale.

"What is the matter, Jenks?" I said.

"Nothing," he replied, "I thought it was burned. It ought to be."

It was the first intimation that I had ever received that he knew anything about the subject of the picture; but I asked him no questions, first because I thought it would virtually be a breach of the confidence which its owner had reposed in me, and second because I was so sure of Jenks' reticence that I knew I had nothing to gain by asking. He had kept his place because he could hold his tongue. Still, the fact that he could tell me all I wanted to know had the power to heighten my curiosity, and to fill me with a discomfort of which I was ashamed.

A few days of lonely life passed away, in which, for a defense against my loneliness, I devoted myself with unusual diligence to study. The first letter I received from Mrs. Sanderson contained the good news that her strong and elastic constitution had responded favorably to the change of air and place. Indeed, she was doing so well that she had concluded to stay by the sea during the summer, if she should continue to find herself improving in strength. I was very much relieved, for in truth I had no wish to assume the cares of the wealth she would leave me. I was grateful, too, to find that I had a genuine affection for her, and that my solicitude was not altogether selfish.

One warm evening, just before sunset, I took a chair from the hall and placed it upon the landing of the steps that led from the

garden to the door, between the sleeping lions, and sat down to enjoy the fresh air of the coming twilight. I had a book in my hand, but I was weary and listless, and sat looking off upon the town. Presently I heard the sound of voices and laughter from the hill below me; and soon there came in sight a little group whose approach made my heart leap with delight. Henry, Claire and Millie were coming to make a call upon their lonely friend.

I greeted them heartily at a distance, and Henry, with his hat in his hand, walking between the two girls, sauntered up to the house, looking it over, as it seemed to me, very carefully. Suddenly, Millie sprang to the side of the road, and plucked a flower which she insisted upon placing in the button-hole of his coat. He bent to her while she fastened it. It was the work of an instant, yet there was in it that which showed me that the girl was fond of him, and that, young as she was, she pleased him. I was in a mood to be jealous. The thoughts I had indulged in while looking at the picture, and the belief that Henry had Claire's heart in full possession, to say nothing of certain plans of my own with regard to Millie, reaching far into the future—plans very vague and shadowy, but covering sweet possibilities—awoke a feeling in my heart towards Henry which I am sure made my courtesies seem strangely constrained.

I invited the group into the house, and Claire and Millie accepted the invitation at once. Henry hesitated, and finally said that he did not care to go in. The evening was so pleasant that he would sit upon the steps until we returned. Remembering his repeated refusals to go home with me from school, and thinking, for a reason which I could not have shaped into words, that I did not wish to have him see the picture in the dining-room, I did not urge him. So the two girls and myself went in, and walked over the house. Millie had been there before with her mother, but it was the first time that Claire's maidenly figure had ever entered the door. The dining-room had already been darkened for the night, and we only looked in and took a hurried glimpse of its shadowy furniture, and left it. Both the girls were curious to see my room, and to that we ascended. The outlook was so pleasant and the chairs were so inviting that, after looking at the pictures and the various tasteful appointments with which the room had been furnished, we all sat down, and in our merry conversation quite forgot Henry, and the

fact that he was waiting for us to rejoin him.

Near the close of our pleasant session I was conscious that feet were moving in the room below. Then I heard the sound of opening or closing shutters. My first thought was that Jenks had come in on some errand. Interrupted in this thought by the conversation in progress, the matter was put out of my mind for a moment. Then it returned, and as I reflected that Jenks had no business in that part of the house at that hour, I became uneasy.

"We have quite forgotten Henry," I said; and we all rose to our feet and walked down stairs.

Millie was at the foot in a twinkling, and exclaimed: "Why, he isn't here! He is gone!"

I said not a word, but went straight to the dining-room. Every shutter was open, and there stood Henry before the picture. He appeared to be entirely unconscious of my entrance; so, stepping up behind him, I put my hand upon his shoulder, and said: "Well, how do you like it?"

He started as if I had struck him, trembled, and turned pale.

"The fact is, I got tired with waiting, my boy," he said, "and so came in to explore, you know, ha! ha! ha! Quite an old curiosity-shop, isn't it? Oh! 'How do I like it?' Yes, quite a picture—quite a picture, ha! ha! ha!"

There certainly was no likeness in the picture to the Henry who stood before it then. Haggard, vacant, convulsed with feeling which it was impossible for him to conceal, he stood before it as if fastened to the spot by a relentless spell. I took him by the arm and led him into the open air, with his hollow-sounding voice and his forced, mechanical laugh still ringing in my ears. The girls were alarmed, and asked him if he were ill.

"Not in the least," he replied, with another attempt at a laugh which made me shiver. The quick instinct of his companions recognized the fact that something unpleasant had happened, and so, overcoming the chill which his voice and manner had thrown upon them, they thanked me for showing them the old house, and declared that it was time for them to go home. Bidding me a hearty good-night, they started and went out of the gate. Henry lingered, holding my hand for a moment, and then, finding it impossible to shape the apology he had evidently intended to make, abruptly left me, and joined the

girls. They quickly passed out of sight, Claire tossing me a kiss as she disappeared, and I was left alone.

I was, of course, more mystified than ever. I did not think it strange or ill-mannered for Henry to enter the dining-room unattended, for I had invited him in, I had kept him long waiting, and there was no one to be disturbed by his entrance, as he knew; but I was more convinced than ever that there was some strange connection between that picture and his destiny and mine. I was convinced, too, that by some means he had recognized the fact as well as I. I tossed upon my bed until midnight in nervous wakefulness, thinking it over, permitting my imagination to construct a thousand improbable possibilities, and chafing under the pledge that forbade me to ask a question of friend or servant.

It was a week before I saw him again, and then I found him quite self-possessed, though there was a shadow of restraint upon him. No allusion was made to the incident in the dining-room, and it gradually fell back into a memory, among the things that were, to be recalled years afterward in the grand crisis of my personal history.

Not a day passed away in which Jenks did not inquire for the health of "the mistress." He seemed to be lost without her, and to feel even more anxious for her health than I did. "How is she now?" and "When does she say she is coming back?" were always the inquiries, after he had brought me a letter.

One day I said to him: "I thought you did not like my Aunt. You were always wanting to get away from her."

"I don't say that I do like her," said Jenks, with a quizzical expression of countenance, as if he were puzzled to know exactly what his feelings were, "but the fact is she's a good woman to get away from, and that's half the fun of living. When she's here I'm always thinking of leaving her, and that takes up the time and sets me contriving, you know."

"You can't sail quite as much as you used to," I said, laughing.

"No," said he, "I'm getting rather old for the sea, and I don't know but thinking of the salt water so much has given me the rheumatism. I'm as stiff as an old horse. Any way, I can't get away until she comes back, if I want to ever so much. I've nothing to get away from."

"Yes, Jenks," I said, "you and your mistress are both getting old. In a few years

you'll both get away, and you will not return. Do you ever think of what will come after?"

"That's so," he responded, "and the thing that bothers me is that I can't get away from the place I go to, whether it's good or bad. How a man is going to kill time without some sort of contriving to get into a better place, I don't know. Do you think there's really such a place as heaven?"

"Of course I do."

"No offense, sir," said Jenks, "but it seems to me sometimes as if it was only a sort of make-believe place, that people dream about just to pass away the time. They go to meeting and pray and sing, and take the sacrament and talk about heaven and hell, and then they come home and laugh and carry on and work just the same as ever. It makes a nice way to pass Sunday, and it seems to me just about the same thing as sailing on an atlas. One day they make believe very hard, and the next it's all over with. Everybody must have his fun, and everybody has his own way of getting it. Now here's this Miss Lester down at Mr. Bradford's. She's got no end of a constitution, and takes it out in work. She goes to all the prayer-meetings, and knits piles of stockings for poor people; but, dear me! she has to do something, or else she couldn't live. So she tramps out in all sorts of weather, and takes solid comfort in getting wet and muddy, and amuses herself thinking she's doing good. It's just so with the stockings. She must knit 'em, any way, and so she plays charity with 'em. I reckon we're all a good deal alike."

"No, Jenks," I said, "there's really and truly such a place as heaven."

"I s'pose there is," he responded, "but I don't see what I can do there. I can't sing."

"And there's another place."

"I s'pose there is—that's what they say, and I don't see what I am going to do there, for I don't like the sort of people that live there. I never had anything to do with 'em here, and I won't have anything to do with 'em anywhere. I've always kept my own counsel and picked my own company, which has been mighty small, and I always expect to."

These last remarks of Jenks were a puzzle to me. I really did not know what to say, at first, but there came back to me the memory of one of our early conversations, and I said: "What if she were to go to one place and you to the other?"

"Well," he replied, his thin lips twitching and quivering, "I shouldn't be any worse off than I am now. She went to one place and

I went to another a good while ago ; but do you really think people know one another there ? ”

“ I have no doubt of it,” I replied.

“ Well, I shouldn't care where I was, if I could be with her, and everything was agreeable,” said Jenks.

“ So you still remember her.”

“ How do you s'pose I could live if I didn't ? ”

At this he excitedly unbuttoned the wristband of his left arm, and pulled up his sleeve, and there, pricked patiently into the skin, after the manner of sailors, were the two names in rude letters : “ THEOPHILUS JENKS AND JANE WHITTLESEY.”

“ I did it myself,” said Jenks. “ Every prick of the needle hurt me, but the more it hurt the happier I was, just to see the two names together where no man could rub 'em out ; and I think I could stand most anything else for the sake of being with her.”

I was much impressed by this revelation of the inner life of the simple old man, and the frankness with which he had given me his confidence. Laboring from day to day, year after year, in a position from which he had no hope of rising, he had his separate life of the affections and the imagination, and in this he held all his satisfactions, and won all his modest mental and spiritual growth. At the close of our conversation I took out my watch, and, seeing that it was time for the mail, I sent him off to obtain it. When he returned, he brought me among other letters one from Mrs. Sanderson. He had placed it upon the top of the package, and, when he had handed it to me, he waited, as had become his custom, to learn the news from his mistress.

When I had opened the letter and read a few lines, I exclaimed : “ Oh, Jenks ! here's some great news for you.” And then I read from the letter :

“ My physician says that I must have a daily drive upon the beach, but I really do not feel as if I should take a moment of comfort without my old horse and carriage and my old driver. If you can manage to get along for two or three weeks with the cook, who is entirely able to take all the service of the house upon her hands, you may send Jenks to me with the horse and carriage. The road is very heavy, however, and it is best for him to put everything on the *Belle of Bradford*, and come with it himself. The *Belle* touches every day at our wharf, and the horse will be ready for service as soon as he lands.”

I read this without looking at Jenks' face, but when I finished I glanced at him, expecting to see him radiant with delight. I was

therefore surprised to find him pale and trembling in every fiber of his frame.

“ That's just like an old woman,” said Jenks. “ How does she s'pose a horse is going to sea ? What's he to do when the steamer rolls ? ”

“ Oh, horses are very fond of rolling,” I said, laughing. “ All he will have to do will be to lie down and roll all the way, without straining himself for it.”

“ And how does she s'pose a carriage is going to keep right side up ? ”

“ Well, you can sit in it and hold it down.”

Jenks looked down upon his thin frame and slender legs, and shook his head. “ If there's anything that I hate,” said he, “ it's a steamboat. I think it will scare the old horse to death. They whistle and toot, and blow up and burn up. Now, don't you really think—candid, now—that I'd better drive the old horse down ? Don't you think the property'll be safer ? She never can get another horse like him. She never'll get a carriage that suits her half as well as that. It don't seem to me as if I could take the responsibility of risking that property. She left it in my hands. ‘ Take good care of the old horse, Jenks,’ was the last words she said to me ; and now because she's an old woman, and doesn't know any better, she tells me to put him on a steamboat, where he's just as likely to be banged about and have his ribs broke in, or be burned up or blowed up, as he is to get through alive. It seems to me the old woman is out of her head, and that I ought to do just as she told me to do when she was all right. ‘ Take good care of the old horse, Jenks,’ was the last words she said.”

The old man was excited but still pale, and he stood waiting before me with a pitiful, pleading expression upon his wizen features.

I shook my head. “ I'm afraid we shall be obliged to risk the property, Jenks,” I said. “ Mrs. Sanderson is very particular, you know, about having all her orders obeyed to the letter. She will have no one to blame but herself if the whole establishment goes overboard, and if I were you I wouldn't miss this chance of going to sea at her expense for anything.”

Then Jenks resolutely undertook to bring his mind to it. “ How long will it take ? ” he inquired.

“ Oh, three hours or so,” I replied carelessly.

“ Do we go out of sight of land ? ”

“ No, you sail down the river a few miles, then you strike the ocean, and just hug the shore until you get there,” I replied.

“ Yes ; strike the ocean—hug the shore—”

he mumbled to himself, looking down and rubbing the bald spot on the top of his head. "Strike the ocean—hug the shore. Three hours—oh! do you know whether they have life-preservers on that steamboat?"

"Stacks of them," I replied. "I've seen them often."

"Wouldn't it be a good plan to slip one on to the horse's neck when they start? He'll think it's a collar, and won't be scared, you know; and if there should happen to be any trouble it would help to keep his nose up."

"Capital plan," I responded.

"What time do we start?"

"At eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

Jenks retired with the look and bearing of a man who had been sentenced to be hanged. He went first to the stable, and made all the necessary arrangements there, and late into the night I heard him moving about his room. I presume he did not once close his eyes in sleep that night. I was exceedingly amused by his nervousness, though I would not have intimated to him that I had any doubt of his courage for the world. He was astir at an early hour in the morning; and breakfast was upon the table while yet the early birds were singing.

"You will have a lovely day, Jenks," I said as he handed me my coffee.

As he bent to set the cup beside my plate, there came close to my ear a curious crepitant rustle. "What have you got about you, Jenks?" I said.

He made a sickly attempt to smile, and then pulling open the bosom of his shirt, displayed a collapsed dry bladder, with a goose-quill in the neck ready for its inflation.

"That's a capital idea, Jenks," I said.

"Do you think so? What do you think of that?" and he showed me the breast pockets of his coat full of corks.

It was impossible for me to restrain my laughter any longer.

"Number one, you know," said Jenks, buttoning up his coat. "Number one, and a stiff upper lip."

"You're a brave old fellow, any way,

Jenks, and you're going to have the best time you ever had. I envy you."

I rode down to the boat with him, to make the arrangements for the shipment, and saw him and the establishment safely on board. The bottom of the carriage was loaded with appliances for securing his personal safety in case of an accident, including a billet of wood, which he assured me was to be used for blocking the wheels of the carriage in case of a storm.

I bade him good-by at last, and went on shore, where I waited to see the steamer wheel into the stream. The last view I had of the old man, showed that he had relieved himself of hat and boots, and placed himself in light swimming order. In the place of the former he had tied a red bandana handkerchief around his head, and for the latter he had substituted slippers. He had entirely forgotten me and the existence of such a town as Bradford. Looking dreamily down the river, out toward that mysterious sea, on which his childish imagination had dwelt so long, and of which he stood in such mortal fear, he passed out of sight.

The next evening I heard from him in a characteristic letter. It was dated at "The Gladds," and read thus:—

"The Bell is a noble vessel.

"The horse and carriage is saif.

"She welcomed me from the see.

"It seems to me I am in the moon.

"Once or twice she roaled ferefully.

"But she rited and drove on.

"I count nineteen distant sales.

"If you will be so kind as to not menshun the blader.

"The waves roll in and rore all night.

"The see is a tremendous thing, and the atlas is nowhare.

"From an old Tarr

"THEOPHILUS JENKS."

A few days afterwards, Henry and I made a flying trip to New Haven, passed our examination for admission to the freshman class, and in the weeks that followed gave ourselves up to recreations which a debilitating summer and debilitating labor had made necessary.

(To be continued.)

MARTIN LEA'S STORY.

It seemed a mere chance by which I met Anna Marston, yet in every phase of our later life, destiny seems so to have prepared our characters, one for the other, that I remain under the impression of a fatality which still controls me and moulds my nature to hers, even though that process of life which we call death has temporarily separated us.

We met in one of the Swiss valleys, where I, a landscape-painter, was pursuing a course of summer study. She was there as a mere pleasure-seeker, and tired of those pleasures which alone society permits to the young, wealthy, and beautiful, when to wealth and beauty is added strong individuality and that mental intensity which abhors common-places, and especially common-place deference and adoration.

I was returning from a day's painting, my painting materials on my back, when I saw her vainly endeavoring to climb to an Alpine flower which grew amongst the rocks overhanging the pathway which led from the village to the glacier above. I saw a portfolio and water-colors lying on the ground, and in the meadow beyond were some of her companions gathering the flowers with which Alpine fields blaze during the brief summer. I of course climbed to the flower and brought it to her, an act which any man would have done—I even looked at her twice and saw that she was very beautiful and spirited, and evidently “a great lady,” as I heard her afterwards called; so with the briefest disclaimer of her profuse thanks I passed on, not even turning back to get a third look.

At the *table d'hôte* dinner I saw her again with her set, a gay, frivolous company, with that deportment and garb that made her seem like a thrush in a flock of jays—at least such was the simile which came to my out-of-door bred fancy. I had always been in the habit at the hotel of dropping my professional guise and coming to the table as other gentlemen do, rather than, as my fellow-painters generally did, of keeping on my velvet sketching-coat and affecting the artistic. I have found that, for the most part, well-to-do people look down on an artist as at least suspicious socially, and not to be admitted to friendly intercourse except with a definite show of condescension, which, by coming down, implies an admitted superiority. An artist interests them as a phenomenon—they trot him out and study him, are friendly and interested, but only when he has proved that he is something beside the artist

—a good business man—do they admit him to social equality with prosperous people. I merely note the fact, without attempting to explain it. As my own notions of social equality are very radical, I was more careful to avoid than profit by such condescension.

Miss Marston greeted me pleasantly at dinner, her companions seeing in me only one of those commonplace additions to their company, a gentleman in black, whom by chance she had met somewhere, and so we talked, and they opened the fold of their formal courtesies to me. We talked of the glacier and the valley. I was an *habitué*, and they were new and wanted a guide. So next day I abandoned palette and brushes and led the way to the loveliest view I knew of—a close-shut gorge with two plummy cascades plunging from the cliffs into a woody plain through which wound the river. Bare and rugged peaks rose on each side, and between the two ranges was a far-off glimpse of the blue and level Pays-de-Vaud. It was a climb of full three thousand feet, and Miss Marston, strong a-foot and self-reliant, went alone. I had my chief occupation in aiding the weakness of two chattering vapidities, mother and daughter, and the service which I was compelled to give in ascending was called for equally in returning, so that the better part of the day was spent in these inanities, which, however, I hardly regretted, as the day had been given to an unwished-for service, and so I was all the while simply courteous for courtesy's sake; attentive because I liked to do well what I did at all; and helpful because it was my habit to be so without momentary consideration of my own convenience.

We dined together later than usual, not at *table d'hôte*, and all the strangers were as affable as if I were really one of them. I was as reserved as civility allowed, and was monopolized by my charges of the day. Miss Marston was besieged by a chattering pretendant to her regards, whom she treated with a certain contemptuous freedom which pleased me more because I had conceived a strong antipathy to him, than because I had any interest in her.

In fact, Miss Marston impressed me as one of those children of fortune who are spoiled for all positions in life excepting that which their sad prosperity has moulded them in, and whose characters are made utterly effectless in the world from having none of the trials which widen their sympathies and deepen their

hold on their own natures. As an artist her beauty impressed me, and I saw that her taste was decided and large; but what surprised me in all that she said during the evening was that she made no allusion to my profession. As we separated in the evening, my elder *protégée* expressed a cheerful hope of enjoying my guidance in many more rambles, etc., etc., to which I made no other than an evasive reply.

Of course I was up and away at work next morning long before they were awake, and when I came back to the mid-day breakfast they were all on the veranda of the inn, lounging, chatting, or making memoranda of the mountain peaks; and when I entered on the scene, in working dress, with sketching apparatus enough, apparently, to load a porter, a look of blank amazement came over the faces of the whole party except that of Miss Marston, whose mischievous smile and hearty good morning, with the hope that I had had a good day's work, completed my information of the social complexion of her friends, and of herself as well. Not one of them replied save by a very distant bow, and all did not even give that, while as I disappeared through the doorway into the dark hall I heard Mrs. — say, loudly enough to show that she didn't care not to be heard—“Why, I thought he was a gentleman!” to which Miss Marston replied, evidently wishing the retort to go as far as the cut, “And you were never so near right in your life as when you thought *him* a gentleman!” More I did not stop to hear, or care to. It was not the first time I had been made to feel the innocuous stings of those animalcular contempts which breed in idle and profitless souls. Her word outweighed theirs, and I was, on the whole, more than paid for the insult.

We met at breakfast, and she was more than ever gracious—begged to see my sketches, and with a malice and enjoyment of the annoyance of her friends thoroughly felt, assumed the tone and manner of my maturer friend of the day before, and repeated the encomiums which had been passed on my conduct *chez eux* the night before, after I left them. I was gratified and roused to an unwonted enthusiasm, and expatiated on the subjects I had found, on the beauty of the mountains, and on other things which art led to, and when breakfast was over I brought my studies down to the veranda for her seeing. The others went to their rooms, and we looked at the sketches and talked of the art without formality and in the most unconstrained manner. I was not much of an artist (I have given it up now),

and I knew it, but I had been well trained in a French atelier and knew how to draw, and painted carefully and exactly what I saw before me; my taste had been cultivated by a long study of art, and I remembered the treatment of greater painters without attempting to follow their manner. In this way, without being a genius, one may do good work so long as he knows he is no genius; but if he forgets this and tries to fly when he can only walk, he shares the fate of Phaethon or Icarus. I was not proud of my studies, for I saw how far they were from what they ought to be—I was more ready than any one to disparage them, while people who knew less of art than of the dry bones of nature praised them, enjoyed them, and sometimes really bought them. She, however, showed neither enthusiasm nor want of appreciation; her eye was good, and she acknowledged the correctness of representation of my studies, wondered even, in passages, at their fidelity, but said little about anything more. This rather raised my opinion of her than otherwise, for I always felt a certain interest for people who grew enthusiastic about literal fidelity to nature. When we had looked over the studies she said, in place of conventional and matter-of-fact commendation, “You should paint portraits; the fidelity you give to a mountain would be more worthily bestowed on humanity, and after all, with all the breadth and depth of nature, there is a meaning and value in any human face which makes it better worth one's realization, even were it in Denner's manner, than anything in the inanimate world.”

“In winter,” I replied, “I paint who will come to me to be painted, but in general I find that people admire as little fidelity of representation of their own faces as they enjoy it much in accessory and commonplace things. I see with more than average clearness and draw with a tolerable accuracy and great readiness either portrait or landscape, but very few people care to be painted in that way since Holbein, or if they do, the photograph satisfies the sentiment.”

“No,” she rejoined, “I think that there is more fashion in it than anything else. People in general like the painters who tell the truth of every one except themselves, but painters of your way of looking at things won't take the pains to get popularity by the only means it can be got by nowadays, and so the unconscious painters are the successful portrait-painters.”

“That very exception,” I replied, “makes all the difference between an epoch of earnest portraiture and of careless, for nowa-

days the people who want the truth, or anything else, told about anybody but themselves are very rare, and those who want their own portraits are the general public who pay. The portraiture of record is now the photograph; all other, with rare and erratic exception, is the work of vanity."

As she seemed indisposed to push the subject to further discussion, I asked if she would not reciprocate by showing me her sketches.

"They are trashy, fragmentary things," she said, "but I will make no affectation of shyness about showing them, because I am not proud of them." She brought from her room a folio of sketches, studies which certainly surprised me. They were as weak and helter-skelter in style as could be, feeble in drawing, the work of an uncertain and untrained hand, but so vigorous in conception, and so profound in sentiment, with passages of color such as one rarely finds in any modern work, and I never saw in any woman's before; full of that instinct and passion of color which make the great painter, and without which all painting is cold and weak or dry and intellectual; the gift which cannot be acquired, and which in any artist condones a thousand shortcomings. "Pardon me," I said, "but you should have been a painter: if I had such a power as yours, nothing should ever divide my mind with my art."

"So many friends have said, but I amuse myself just as well so," she replied, "and then I draw so badly that I have no patience with anything that approaches finishing. And when I had drawing-masters they always treated me as a spoiled child—or a woman; for they knew that it never would be to me anything but a distraction, and why should I learn to draw? I have no need of an occupation, and I am not sure that I should be the happier for it; artists are not happy people, I find, and though I have no prejudices in the matter, I have no desire for a professional position."

"But have you no sense of obligation to be all that nature intended you to be, to develop the faculties given you to their full fruition? Is there no duty to be something more than what you profess to be, a woman who seeks her own pleasure?"

"Ah! now you talk like a pre-Raphaelite friend I once had, who was always preaching to me about the duty in art and the mission of artists. I never saw any of either, except that of making as much money as they could, and I always found that those who were the most devoted to the moral side of art were

the driest and least interesting artists. To me art is like the birds singing or the flowers blossoming, and anything like an obligation to it only makes it a bore."

"But," I replied, "the birds and the flowers come complete; a great songstress or a great painter is trained from childhood, and makes us a new revelation of the beauty of the ideal world. You are like the human creature in your gifts, and the bird that perishes in your will to use them;" and feeling not a little the sarcasm in her allusion to the preaching painters, and not caring much if I gave her an unpalatable rebuke, I added, "One sees that this world has been so favorable to you that you have little to hope for from another, so you may as well remain the creature that you are—one to be flattered and admired, and wasted in the end like the bird and flower which you make your examples; you would have been much happier poor, and a hard worker."

She looked at me curiously and keenly, for I felt and showed a little distaste for the morality she advocated, and then rejoined: "Well, perhaps you are right, but you will tell me something more about it some time."

"I am," I said, "one of those dry and uninteresting artists whose preaching offends you. Your self-indulgence would find little encouragement from me, and I fear little sympathy."

"But at least," she said, "you will allow me to come and see you work some day, if it does not annoy you to have any one look on while you draw?"

I assented, and in fact had a weakness to let people see how readily and carelessly I drew, for I was in that vernal state of human wisdom in which we value most that which costs us the most effort to do, and of which the Nemesis is that those who come after us invert our judgment of ourselves, and esteem us most for that which we did unconsciously and because we couldn't help it.

Two or three days passed; we met at table, but rarely elsewhere; a word on the balcony after breakfast, or before dinner, on the sunset—commonplace nothings, but Miss Marston did not attract me; her self-indulgence wounded my puritanical tendencies, and I judged her harshly, perhaps, yet, for a woman who had had for many years no parent's care, but only the buzz of flattery and congratulation which an heiress hears, and the relaxing influences of the gratification of every wish which money could gratify, she was a wonderful example of how gifted souls may keep their stature and nobility

in spite of every hostile influence. The party was still divided as to me, the majority treating me with the studied contempt due to an inferior whom circumstances have forced into the honor of their society. Miss Marston and a middle-aged lady, who was, I found, her companion and duenna, and whose sense of propriety at first sided against the bohemian, but who, on finding Miss Marston resolute to recognize the humanity in me, dropped her coolness and became amusingly patronizing and critical, made up my party, with the husband of my matronly antipathy, a Mr. Ascott, who had been in trade, but having made a fortune by various adroit operations, had retired with an estate, and now finding me amusing, in fault of any one more so, allowed himself the diversion of conversation with me. Mrs. A. was a distant relative of Miss Marston, and so they were in a feeble sense bound together.

One day Miss Marston's suitor disappeared without a word. I afterward found out that he had ventured to accuse her, jokingly it must have been, of a partiality for me, to which she replied in such terms that she was relieved of his presence; and as she had perhaps warmed herself in defending me, she showed it in her manner to me, and asked if she and her companion might not accompany me and take a lesson in drawing. I found no flattery in this attention; it was clearly the defiance of what she felt to be the snobbery of her friends which made her notice me at all, and any new evidence of her condescension only made me more irritable and captious. I therefore permitted her with less pleasure than I should once have had, to sit and overlook my work while I began a new drawing, and only half accepted her laudation for my skill. "It seems so easy," she said as we walked homeward, "that I think I could learn. Will you give me lessons while we are here together?" To this purely professional proposal I had of course no objection which could be urged. I came there to make money, and that was as good a way as any.

It lasted two weeks; we drew together, and poor Miss Peterman, who scarcely enjoyed these mountain walks as well as the veranda of the inn, read one by one the few books which circumstances gave her. Then Mrs. Ascott tried a *coup d'état* and announced to Miss Marston that they must go on to Limmat: they had exhausted our valley and were tired of the inn. Miss M. made no objection or reply, and, when the day of departure came, made no preparation, so that

Mrs. Ascott found herself, to her surprise, preparing to go without her *protégée*. Of course there were expostulation and sharp words, and I saw Miss Marston looking pale, and angry, and very determined. We heard no debate, only Mrs. Ascott surrendered and stayed. Our lessons went on and nothing was changed. They evidently believed that an attachment was springing up between us, but as I knew that her manner to me had nothing more than the interest of curiosity and opposition in it, and I recognized no attraction towards her, I gave myself no thought on the matter. Miss Marston devoted herself with all her energy to her drawing, and the interest in it, with perhaps the healthy tonic of my merciless criticism and plainness of manner approaching rudeness, gave her concentration and interest in her work, and in her daily life, which changed the expression of her face and manner utterly.

Every day she seemed more and more to submit to my authority; while on my part I felt every day an increase of an irritable and domineering tendency which I compressed in an increasing deference and coolness of manner. To me her condescension and greater friendliness were simply evidences of the superiority she felt, and recognition of my utility to her. I almost hated her at times.

Nearly a month had passed since I first saw her, when one day Miss Peterman, with the thick-skinned temerity with which blunt and stupid people sometimes provoke the wrath of a volcanic nature, made a remark in my hearing of its being a good job for me that I had fallen in with such a pupil, to which Miss Marston replied in a quick anger which startled more than it shocked me, and made the poor dependent retreat into her shell like a snail, and cower till the outburst had gone by, which was but a minute, when, still pale, and with quiet, compressed lips, the young lady walked toward the inn, Miss Peterman following, while I waited, not knowing well how to take it. Here was no conventional condescension, but a resentment for the slight to me, keener and stronger than I had felt, genuine beyond any power of doubt, and generous. It was like the lifting of a veil from her character, and I knew in an instant that I had not in the least comprehended her; that maybe this careless, self-indulgent woman I had believed in was only the mask to a nature which was kept from the butterfly swarms about her. After a time I returned, but that day saw her no more.

The next morning at the usual hour I was in waiting to go out for the lesson, when she appeared alone, and while we waited for her companion she made a hasty apology, with a certain constraint as of one not used to do so, and with an air of humility which was very unlike anything I had seen in her before : when Miss Peterman came down she was as impassive and haughty as ever. But from that day the change in her manner towards me was most marked. She talked less and listened more, and if possible gave more attention to her drawing. She seemed to be seeking for all the occasions in which a woman's tact and intuitions find out and flatter a man's *amour propre*, and defer to his self-assumed superiority. I took this to be a studied compensation for what she felt to be the offensive depreciation in the tone of her friends, and I responded by a still greater courtesy and ceremoniousness and a more magisterial manner, to give her clearly to understand that I did not accept her condescension, and that I was on my side the social paling her equal, and in self-respect as well. In fact I treated her *en maître* and she responded by increasing deference. I thought that I was getting to dislike her more and more, but when one day, soon after the last recorded incidents, she said to me—"We shall leave soon for a run in Italy and back to London. I hope I shall see you there next winter," I found my heart sinking and my interest in my work gone, but replied as coldly as ever, "I hope so, if you wish it."

"If I wish it," she repeated after me, "and why should I say it if I did not wish it? Have you then had reason to believe me a hypocrite, and do I pay idle compliments?—Ah! you men are all alike in one respect, uncharitable and bitter to a woman who respects herself, but full of courtesy for weak and silly ones who are ready to say anything to please you," and she turned and walked away a little, but presently came back and we went on to the end of the lesson.

That night I thought much and slept little. I was angry with myself for the discomfort I found in the knowledge of her intended departure. I did not think I loved her, but to find myself in the least dependent on her for the daily interest of my life was vexatious, and I drew her to myself in exaggerated proportions of pride and condescension and railed at the image I had made. But in spite of myself the memory, pitiful and touching, came up of that day after the outbreak with Miss Peterman, and the tender humility which sprang up on her broken pride and hauteur

was the one thing I could least forget, and which made her utterly lovely in my eyes. I did finally sleep and woke late. That day nothing was said of departure or renewal of acquaintance; we both worked hard and were very taciturn. In the two or three days which were left me I found out, what I had not appreciated, how much the intellectual intercourse with Miss Marston had grown necessary to me and how blank and uninteresting my life would be after she was gone; and constantly the lovelier qualities in her character overgrew the traits of the woman of the world.

Once turned in this way of thinking, I found out many noble things in her, and recalled and explained many incidents in a far different manner from that in which I had accounted for them at first. And the certainly remarkable intellectual correspondences in our minds suggested to me in infinite ways the elective affinities. We loved the same things almost without exception, the same pictures, the same music, the same books; but from opposite sides.

The day before she was going she was of course occupied in packing, etc., and the lessons were ended, and I went out early for a long walk. There was a fever in my blood, for I had lain awake all night. I climbed a peak where I could look off and see the whole range of the Oberland; but the silent fields of snow, the solemn pine forests, which at other times lulled and harmonized me, had no influence now. I could not be still, and hurried down again to be back in time for breakfast. The day passed miserably. When I saw her I looked carefully at her face, to see if she too showed any sign of feeling like mine, and then I mocked myself by the folly of dreaming that she could have any such weakness as I could no longer deny the existence of; that I, with my tastes and habits, grown up in comparative poverty, could be in her eyes anything but a useful friend for a day. I was in love, and therefore a fool, or I could have comprehended that that would be no objection in the eyes of a woman who had preferences and the wealth to gratify them,—that a woman when she gives herself likes to give much, the more the happier she. She may recall or make it worthless afterward, but in the day of giving she makes no measure of much or little. But being in love I comprehended nothing.

I saw her go without a word, without even a question of the eyes; my very coldness and speechlessness must have betrayed me, but in my own mind my love was a madness and I could not give it breath or hope. As

the carriage drove up I dared help her in, and at that moment she handed me an envelope containing, I well knew, the pay for my lessons. How I hated the money! An almost irresistible temptation urged me to throw it back into the carriage, but this would have been at once insulting her and betraying myself; for, having consented to give lessons, to refuse to receive compensation was the act of a Quixote or a lover; so I kept it, abhorring it. She drove away with all her smiles, and all my sunshine, and I hastened to read her note which accompanied a check of more than I would have accepted if I had seen it before. If she had given Bank of England notes I should have returned the surplus, but I could not break the check till I went to London, for I had no banker, and no bank connections, so I only determined to repay it when I saw her or send it to her if I never did. Her note thanked me not only for my lessons in drawing "but for something more valuable by far—a lesson in the value of plain and upright manhood which had given her a better opinion of her species." She hoped to see me when I got back to London, and begged me to let her know if I would make her a drawing of the place where we first met. 'That was all, but that left me with unknown agitations of hope and surprise.'

I was thirty-five—not handsome, by any means; not, that I could judge, possessed of any attraction for women. I had accustomed myself to believe that no woman worth loving was likely to love *me*, and to feel that Miss Marston meant what she said of me lifted me so far from my footing with myself that I lost my head. I did not then even suspect that she loved me, or understand how she could, for I had never been with any woman so severe, and cold, and magisterial. I was always ready to defend myself against her contempt or pity; but against her esteem I had provided myself with no shield. To believe that she really liked me more than the men she had known was something that turned my head, and overcame my last reserves.

I set at once about the drawing she wished, and finished it to my content. I was happy to rapture, happy simply in loving, for I only looked at her as a friend, vowing with all my will that I would be to her the truest, most disinterested friend woman ever had. In my enthusiasm I thought even that I had conquered love by friendship, and that her nobility had conquered what seemed a selfish passion. I comprehended no more of myself than I had of her.

I received from her a note dated at Florence, saying that she had left some books which she begged that I would read if they interested me, and bring back to England with me, as some had notes which made them of value to her. I got them and read the notes, not the books. In one—*Consuelo*—I found this note in a margin: "What fools men are not to know that a true woman wants nothing so much as a true master." That plunged me into despair, for I wondered what man he must be who was fit to be her master, and all my enthusiastic deep consecration began to grow leaden—she would find her master, and, with the suggestion of her belonging to another, I found the shallowness of the deceit my own heart was practicing on me. Wretched days followed, and as her note said that she would be for a month at Rome, I sent the drawing on to her there—for she gave me even her address—my only object being to make an excuse for a letter, but why the letter I could not even explain to myself.

Her acknowledgment of the receipt of the drawing was full of praise. "It was so true—so masterly in handling"—nothing about higher qualities, but I knew now that she paid no idle compliments. 'Why would I not come to Rome, and paint some of the wonderful pictures made to the artist's hand there?' 'There were two views especially that she wished I would draw for her as I had our valley.'

I called myself a fool, but I went. She was more beautiful and more gracious than ever, but now we lodged in different quarters. She took me in a carriage to the views she wanted, and I set to work, but I saw her comparatively very little, and she had many other friends. I made myself very unhappy. I grew jealous, wretched, and avoided her almost ostentatiously. Then when she met me her great grave eyes asked me questions about it, and seemed hurt, but I said to myself, if she knew all she would only laugh at me, and then would leave me to my folly.

I used to think that that was the depth of misery; now it seems to me light and happiness compared with what has come to me since.

I finished my drawings,—one on the Tiber, with the sun setting and lighting up the Aventine at my left; and the other the gray crumbling line of aqueduct on the Campagna, the Alban hills in the distance, and the boundless agro Romano stretching away in the impressiveness of desolation.

But the autumn rains had fallen, and the turf was rich in flowers and knee-deep in herbage

before I finished. I wished that I might catch the Roman fever and die there. But this work done, my feelings came to their utmost tension, and I determined to break with the enchantment, and get back to my lodgings and studio at Kensington. I packed her drawings and left them to be sent the morning after I had left, with a note to explain. But I could not leave her without a sufficient explanation; her good opinion of me should not suffer by insincerity, so I told her frankly that I had been foolish enough to love her too much for my own quiet, and I was going to leave her, hoping never to see her again, as she never would me if I could help it. Much else I could not say. I left the note and drawings with the keeper of my lodgings and started early the morning after to Civita Vecchia.

Once away, and the story told, I felt better, for I had broken with my folly—I hoped broken it. I waited in a kind of stupor for the steamer at Civita, but I felt freer than for a long time, only very heavy and without *raison d'être*, as if I had touched bottom and was glad because I could go no lower. A week after my arrival in London I received the following letter:—

“My dear Friend: Your note has affected me more than I can tell you. That I should have given you pain when I hoped to have given you, if not pleasure, at least the satisfaction of having helped one who needs help and friends more than those will understand who regard prosperity as a certain avenue to happiness, hurts me inexpressibly. I feel pained, humiliated, by the way in which you have turned your back on me. I feel the loss of you as a friend, for I know that you are honest and unselfish in your regard for me, which I have felt of very few men. I cannot well think it all out now, but I cannot willingly give up your friendship. You will think better of it, will you not, and let me see you when I return?
A. M.”

When a man loves a woman as I loved her he is willing, he thinks, to sacrifice even his love to her happiness, and he will perhaps, no more than I did, perceive that a true woman who under such circumstances writes such a letter to him, invites him to love her as strongly as a woman's reserve will let her. Her letter touched me—kindled again in me the enthusiasm I had on my journey to Rome, and I forgot all the prudential considerations with which I had been intrenching myself against my passion. I flattered myself that the self-denial would exalt my friendship, and that I might

become a devoted, calm, profitable friend without any of the perturbations of my (as I hoped) past passion. I stimulated my fancy with the images of my enthusiasm, and replied to her that I was her knight-errant at all hazards, and that no word of the past or of love should ever again pass my lips. I accepted my place such as she made it.

With most women, I am now disposed to believe, nothing could have been more irritating or likely to produce a diminution of regard than such a willing relinquishment of an affection desired; but she had grown weary of men who insisted, and of suitors who would not be denied, and now, looking back through the silence and cold of my later years, and understanding her, I can see that as she understood the genuine, self-denying character of my love, and that it was not weakness but enthusiasm, and a certain moral exaltation above myself, new to her, which determined me to accept renunciation as a solution of my disappointment, so she enhanced in her own mind the value of what she believed me about to withdraw from her.

And so a few days before she should have arrived I received another letter in which she said, amongst other things:—“I have been wondering whether it is not dreadfully selfish of me to accept your friendship and devotion, which I prize above everything, and give you in return only mine, which is so worthless. For a man never has need of a woman as a friend, however much she may need him, and I would rather you never saw my face again than cause you any more pain. Do not think of me as an ideal, but only as a weak woman with a passionate soul always struggling for the light. You must not think me better than I am, but try to make me so. I cannot understand how we have become friends so quickly, and I to trust you so utterly, who have always been considered so hard and cold. I feel the truth and singleness of your nature, and knowing you even this short time has been an inestimable benefit to me.” This, while it augmented my enthusiasm, humiliated me, for I knew how far from the conception she had of me, my narrow, bitter, and proscriptive nature was; but I took the comfort that I would change and widen with such a friend. I wrote to her a letter, to meet her on her arrival, full of the sentiments which animated me. I signed myself “more than brother or lover,” and in deceiving myself, supposed I should convince her that all danger to me had passed.

It is long to remember heart-beats as I

remember those I felt the morning I knew she was in London. At length came the note—no longer the Platonic proprieties, but what took my breath and left me in a tumult of emotion utterly indescribable. It said: "Come! I am longing for your coming with my whole soul; come not as my friend, but my master. I shall kneel and kiss your hands, begging you to forgive all the needless pain I gave you of feeling I could never love you, and I love you now so intensely that nothing but death shall control my heart from yours."

Of the few days which followed I have neither the wish nor the power to tell. Nothing is so dreary as, sitting in hopeless darkness, to recall a perfect light. I revive the days of my earlier unhappiness with greater pleasure than those later days of unquestioning delight, or those cruel doubts and fears which, still later, left me standing alone outside the gate of my Paradise. To me Anna, proud and imperious as she was to all others, was perfect sweetness and docility. She made me her master indeed, and in the absence of any objection to our marriage, she permitted me to dictate every condition and abbreviate delay to the limit of my own reasoning. Yet even this had not passed when the reaction of a too great and, as it seemed, too easy triumph brought about a revulsion of feeling—a miserable, pitiful doubt which opened the door, I now see, to my tempter and enemy. If she had waited like little women to be won by long supplication, and finally only half given me her heart, I should still have implored, and longed, and believed; but she was of that larger type which overlooks the little wiles that flatter men's pride, and cast herself in utter faith and love on what she thought was my nobility, and I paid her by doubting after doubt was too late for anything but misery. Yet a sight of her, a word from her, in an instant dispelled it all and made me perfectly content again. And yet it came back, this doubt, in endless change of form; exorcised from one it took another, and there was one which, from its nature, I could not utterly drive it out of—the feeling that between the habits of her past life and mine there were dissonances which made complete sympathy impossible, and left a way for contempt and derision on her part. I was irritably suspicious of her fashionable friends—she cut them all; morbidly sensitive to the difference in our fortunes—she put away all her jewels, gave up her carriage, and wore only the simplest dresses. Every concession, while it

mocked the present doubt, planted the seed of another.

We were married as we appointed, because I could find no pretext in my own mind to base a postponement on, and as we drove away from the church, an entire and appalling revulsion came over me, and I gave myself up to the conviction that I was doomed to a life of captivity and dissympathy. But I determined to do my duty, and not only try to make her happy, but convince her that I was happy, as she seemed. And she had no misgivings, no suspicion that the strength of will and power of command she leaned on and looked up to were merely the obstinacy and dogmativeness of a narrow and dry intellectual nature, accustomed to maintain its self-respect by giving full rein to its pride and exclusiveness. She made no question that she was the happiest and most beloved bride of the year; she had no coquetties, no arts, no reserve, but poured her whole soul out on me in a vehemence of passion and entire self-abandon, which, with a larger and nobler man than I, would have banished every shadow from life. That I was jealous only delighted her, yet she never provoked my jealousy for her own delight or to strengthen her hold on me; nothing sweeter, more angelic than her faith and devotion could have been in human heart.

This doubting mood wore away at length, and left me really as happy as I tried to persuade her I was; happier still not to feign and caress where no will was, and for a few months no ripple broke the surface of our summer life. Anna wanted her old companion Miss Peterman to come and live with us, to which I objected without any other reason than that I did not like her; she had in our first acquaintance shown too much of the feeling of Mrs. Ascott to please me now, but I only said that I did not wish to be disturbed by superfluous outsiders. But Miss Peterman came, and came often, and being of that indurate nature that never knows when it is *de trop*, she irritated me more and more. She was the cause of our first difference, as she was of our last. She was sincerely and always attached to Anna, who was grateful for a long devotion, whose disinterestedness she had proved, and which should have given me patience under the infliction of her society; but when, after visitations which grew more and more frequent, I made a complaint against their continuance, and in my blind, unjust way declaimed against her, Anna stood by her friend quietly, but firmly. It was the first time that she had shown any disposition

to question my will, and all the old doubts gathered anew. I knew that her friend was from the beginning opposed to our marriage as an injustice to Anna, and knowing this, Anna's defense of her made her in my jealous mind an accomplice in all Miss Peterman's offensiveness. I replied angrily, arrogating to myself an authority no woman of her position could with dignity submit to, and found in a moment that I had drawn the bow too far. I saw the white passion rise in her face as I had once before seen it rise in my defense, and with a voice quite unmoved, she said, as she swept in her stateliest manner out of the room, "You forget yourself, Martin," and I heard her footsteps on the stairs and in the chamber over-head. I knew that I should have gone after her and begged her pardon on my knees, and I know that she would have forgotten all in an instant, but my devil had fairly got his hold of me, and I obstinately defied my own conscience and declared she should come to me, and so an end. All human justice and manly pity had gone out of me under that malignant passion.

I waited half an hour, an hour, and heard no stir above, then threw myself on a sofa to sleep, obstinate till the day. I finally did sleep, and when the dawn was mingling with the red gaslight, I awoke with something clasping my feet, and saw Anna, pale and haggard as if a week's illness had left its marks on her, kissing my feet and moaning broken excuses for her "wicked temper," as she called it, begging my forgiveness. She had swooned alone in the reaction of her passion, and had lain senseless until then, or she would not have kept me waiting so long, she said. Even I was conquered and made confession—no human heart ever so hard could have resisted that condescension of a divine nature, and for weeks again all was unbrokenly serene in our life; Anna was even more devoted and more humble. I felt a certain humiliation, however, and putting my misconduct up before my eyes, imagined that she too always saw it, and as my innate suspiciousness and pride slowly resumed their dominion, as is their habit with such men, I felt that she must have lost faith in and affection for me, and that she kept up a show as I had done in the beginning, all the more tender from being the result of duty rather than love.

There is no pride so obstinate and bitter as that of a proud poor man, and now I felt what had always suggested itself at times, that between her past and mine there was so wide a difference, that no life possible to me could

ever weave their ways into one; that do what we would, I should always be poor and proud, irritable to condescension and suspicious, while she, the spoiled child of fortune, unable to comprehend these foibles, would maintain her frank, gracious life in spite of all my exactions, and, if necessary, would have descended cheerfully to my poverty with me and accepted its trials with equanimity far greater than mine.

Her soul was greater than any possible sacrifice; mine so small that I could not comprehend a sacrifice without some bitterness. But what was worse was the memory of that wrong I had done her, which humiliated me at all times, and which I could not believe that she had forgotten or forgiven. The charm of our perfect unity had been broken, and I always awaited a new outbreak.

So looked for, of course it came. The trivial irritations of daily life found words, and chilled her without inducing an outbreak or explanation. Then I was sure that I had lost my hold on her, and, day by day, fell back in morbid distrust on my pride, which built up a wall between us. I should have gone away for a time and cleared my eyes of their false color; the wrong was in me, not in her, who, in constant pain at my coldness, yet watched the hours of my absence with a love so utter and so forgiving that I mistook it for hypocrisy. The only palliation which I can now shape for my conduct is a theory that I must have been mad—a moral insanity had perverted my vision, my reason, even my sense of manhood. Yet I am punished as if I had been the worst of murderers, and that assures me that I am responsible for my crime.

In this state of tension came the critical incident—if it had not been this it would have been something else soon. Miss Peterman called to ask Anna to go for the day somewhere out of London, I don't know where, but my mood and my sudden and raging jealousy made me determined to break with the situation then and there. To tell the least possible of a wretched tale—I forbade Anna to go, and this in the presence of my enemy. You see I *was* mad.

There was no mark of emotion on Anna's face, but the now understood white calm. She turned to Miss Peterman, as quietly as though she escaped from a disagreeable invitation, and playfully begged her to excuse her for the time—she had important business with her husband. Alone, she addressed herself to me as I had seen her

speak to her man of business when he recommended something disagreeable to her: "Mr. Lea," she said, "little impertinences and disagreeable exercise of authority one submits to from one's husband, because they are in the way of the world; but in ceasing to be a gentleman you have ceased to exercise any authority over me—take your way and I will take mine—Good morning, sir." While speaking the word she slipped the wedding-ring off her finger and with the slightest of smiles dropped it into a vase which stood on the mantel. Her face, lips and hands were bloodless; hard lines of resolution such as I had never seen the semblance of were about her mouth, and a cold glint was in her eyes; nothing womanly, but a look such as a beautiful fury might have worn. She swept out of the room and up-stairs. In these long years since then, years whose ending I wait and pray for, that face has been my Tisiphone; has haunted my gloom—joy I have had none; has waked me from my sleep and made my dreams terrible; has found me in my solitude and driven me out from amongst men. For this as well as for my sin I loathe life.

I felt that all was over to me—she was no more even a friend. Frightened and brought to my senses again, I put on my hat and walked out. I wandered aimlessly about all day and dined at the club. Dinner over, I could no longer refrain from going home. The servant told me that Anna had been out for a short time in the afternoon, but had eaten nothing at home, and had passed the day in her room, where she still was. I turned the gas down a little and lay on the sofa, in a state of numbness of heart like what I imagine the approach of death to be. I longed yet dreaded to hear some word from her, and I began by hoping that she would come; I finally grew angry and frenzied that she did not, and then at length she came; she entered the room and I rose. She was pale, haggard, her hair disarranged, and in the dim light looked like a ghost. She looked me in the eyes for some seconds but without a word. I was almost wild to hear some word which would call me to her, but my devil of pride came to my destruction and I did not speak. "It is for her to make the confession," I said to myself, and I waited, and my face grew cold and stern again, I knew. She waited and watched a little, and then with an expression of unutterable, unendurable woe, which with that one told, and another yet to be told of, alternated in the scourging of my soul, she turned back and passed out again. I knew then that she regretted, I felt my

power once more. I was not happier, but less wretched; but I grew hard again and determined that she should bend—to yield now was to lose all. I waited another hour, and went out again to pass the night at a hotel.

I cannot say I slept—I dozed to wake from frightful dreams—I wished that I had yielded, that last look so haunted me. A terrible dread beset me as I rose with the dawn and walked the streets till the traffic began, and then went back to the house determined to ask Anna's pardon for my brutality. Her maid told me that she had been down two or three times in the course of the night, as if to see if I had come in, but she must be sleeping now. I went to our room, and with profound humiliation prepared to do penance for my wrong. My heart stopped beating almost, as I found on my dressing-table a note in her hand-writing addressed to me. It was as follows:—

"It cannot endure longer, my darling. It has happened as I felt it must from long ago—my demoniac temper has lost me what alone made life so dear, without which I do not care to live,—or if by chance I might still win you back it would be for a more complete alienation. I cannot live so, and my only hope is that in dying now I may have still left some roots of your love which my death may quicken to life again, and in that future which would be empty without you, I may be able to hold you again. In that life, if there be life there, I shall have learned to conquer this wicked, wild nature of mine; and your generous heart will be touched with pity and tenderness, knowing that I gave up life and the happiness of seeing you for the chance of keeping you in eternity, if there is eternity, and if not then there is nothing for me. It is cold, dreadful, to go into the darkness so alone, but colder, more dreadful, to live here without you. Three times I have been down to see if you had come in, wishing to ask your forgiveness and kiss you but once more; but you are cold, unforgiving, and I must go. Come and see me once more—love me if you can, and remember me, and that I loved you more than life. YOUR ANNA."

I did not wait to read the whole, but flew to her little working room. The gas was burning brightly, and she lay on the low couch by the window—an empty glass on the floor—dead—the beautiful eyes wide open, glassy, lips parted, her left hand, on which was the wedding-ring again, laid over her breast, but cold; the calm unrecognizing look, in-

different to me forever more, was more than I could endure. A sense of frightful cold and darkness came over me, and what I next remember was a murmur of many voices and tread of many feet, and one was trying to extricate the letter from my hand. As I slowly became conscious and my calamity came back to me, I cursed myself, my life, the race, everything but God, and I should have dashed my brains out against the wall but for a sudden feeling that I must expiate her death in my own life. I remem-

ber only little of what happened then and for a long time—the funeral and some other incidents, and now I live hating life because I must so work out my punishment and conquer myself. I try to recall our early happy days, but when I begin to paint them, there come one after the other those terrible faces—the white trial of Wrath, and Woe, and Death, and in every solitary moment one or the other is before me. Death only will put them and me to rest.

THE AUTOMATON-EAR.

THE day was hardly different from many another day, though I will likely recall it even when the mist of years has shrouded the past in an undefined hueless cloud. The sunshine came in at my open window. Out of doors it flooded all the land in its warm summer light—the spires of the town and the bare college campus, farther the tall bearded barley and rustling oats, farther still the wild grass and the forest, where the river ran and the blue haze dipped from the sky.

The temptation was greater than I could stand, and taking my book I shut up the "study," as the students called my small apartment, leaving it for one bounded by no walls or ceiling.

The woods rang with the hum and chirp of insects and birds. I threw myself down beneath a tall, broad-spreading tree. Against its moss-covered trunk I could hear the loud tap of the wood-pecker secreted high up among its leaves, and off at the end of a tender young twig a robin trilled, swinging himself to and fro through the checkered sunlight. I never grew weary listening to the changeful voice of the forest and the river, and was hardly conscious of reading until I came upon this paragraph:—

"As a particle of the atmosphere is never lost, so sound is never lost. A strain of music or a simple tone will vibrate in the air forever and ever, decreasing according to a fixed ratio. The diffusion of the agitation extends in all directions, like the waves in a pool, but the ear is unable to detect it beyond a certain point. It is well known that some individuals can distinguish sounds which to others under precisely similar circumstances are wholly lost. Thus the fault is not in the sound itself, but in our organ of hearing, and a tone once in existence is always in existence."

This was nothing new to me. I had read it before, though I had never thought of it particularly; but while I listened to the robin, it seemed singular to know that all the sounds ever uttered, ever born, were floating in the air *now*—all music, every tone, every bird-song—and we, alas! could not hear them.

Suddenly a strange idea shot through my brain—Why not? Ay, *why not hear?* Men had constructed instruments which could magnify to the eye, and—was it possible?—Why not?

I looked up and down the river, but saw neither it nor the sky nor the moss that I touched. Did the woodpecker still tap secreted among the leaves, and the robin sing, and the hum of insects run along the bank as before? I cannot recollect, I cannot recollect anything, only Mother Flinse, the deaf and dumb old crone that occasionally came to beg and sell nuts to the students, was standing in the gateway. I nodded to her as I passed, and walked up her long, slim shadow that lay on the path. It was a strange idea that had come so suddenly into my head and startled me. I hardly dared to think of it, but I could think of nothing else. It could not be possible, and yet—why not?

Over and over in the restless hours of the night I asked myself, I said aloud, Why not? Then I laughed at my folly, and wondered what I was thinking of, and tried to sleep—but if it *could* be done?

The idea clung to me. It forced itself up in class hours and made confusion in the lessons. Some said the professor was ill those two or three days before the vacation; perhaps I was. I scarcely slept; only the one thought grew stronger—Men had done more wonderful things; it certainly was possible and I would accomplish this grand invention

I would construct the king of all instruments—I would construct an instrument which could catch these faint tones vibrating in the air and render them audible. Yes, and I would labor quietly until it was perfected, or the world might laugh.

The session closed and the college was deserted, save by the few musty students which, even in imagination, one could hardly separate or distinguish from the old books on the library shelves. I could wish for no better opportunity to begin my great work. The first thing would be to prepare for it by a careful study of acoustics, and I buried myself among volumes on the philosophy of sound.

I went down to London and purchased a common ear-trumpet. My own ear was exceedingly acute, and to my great delight I found that, with the aid of the trumpet just as it was, I could distinguish sounds at a much greater distance, and those nearer were magnified in power. I had only to improve upon this instrument; careful study, careful work, careful experiment, and my hopes would undoubtedly be realized.

Back to my old room in the college I went with a complete set of tools. So days and weeks I shut myself in, and every day and every week brought nothing but disappointment. The instrument seemed only to diminish sound rather than increase it, yet still I worked on and vowed I would not grow discouraged.

Hour after hour I sat looking out of my narrow window. The fields of barley and waving oats had been reaped, the wheat too had ripened and gone, but I did not notice. I sprang up with a joyful exclamation—Strange never to have thought of it before! Perhaps I had not spent my time in vain, after all. How could I expect to test my instrument in this close room with only that little window? It should be removed from immediate noises, high up in the open air, where there would be no obstructions. I would never succeed here—but where should I go? It must be some place in which I would never be liable to interruption, for my first object was to be shielded and work in secret.

I scoured the neighborhood for an appropriate spot without success, when it occurred to me that I had heard some one say the old gray church was shut up. This church was situated just beyond the suburbs of the town. It was built of rough stone, mottled and stained by unknown years. The high square tower, covered by thick vines that clung and

crept round its base, was the most venerable monument among all the slabs and tombs where it stood sentinel. Only graves deserted and uncared for by the living kept it company. People said the place was too damp for use, and talked of rebuilding, but it had never been done. Now if I could gain access to the tower, that was the very place for my purpose.

I found the doors securely fastened, and walked round and round without discovering any way of entrance; but I made up my mind, if it were possible to get inside of that church I would do it, and without the help of keys. The high windows were not to be thought of; but in the rear of the building, lower down, where the fuel had probably been kept, there was a narrow opening which was boarded across. With very little difficulty I knocked out the planks and crept through. It was a cellar, and, as I had anticipated, the coal receptacle. After feeling around, I found a few rough steps which led to a door that was unlocked and communicated with the passage back of the vestry-room. The tower I wished to explore was situated in the remote corner of the building. I passed on to the church. Its walls were discolored by green mould and blackened where the water had dripped through. The sun, low down in the sky, lit the tall arched windows on the west, and made yellow strips across the long aisles, over the faded pews with their stiff, straight backs, over the chancel rail, over the altar with its somber wood-work; but there was no warmth; only the cheerless glare seemed to penetrate the cold dead atmosphere,—only the cheerless glare without sparkle, without life, came into that voiceless sanctuary where the organ slept. At the right of the vestibule a staircase led to the tower; it ascended to a platform laid on a level with the four windows and a little above the point of the church roof. These four windows were situated one on each side of the tower, running high up, and the lower casement folding inward.

Here was my place. Above the tree-tops, in the free open air, with no obstacle to obstruct the wind, I could work unmolested by people or noise. The fresh breeze that fanned my face was cool and pleasant. An hour ago I had been tired, disappointed, and depressed; but now, buoyant with hope, I was ready to begin work again—work that I was determined to accomplish.

The sun had gone. I did not see the broken slabs and urns in the shadow down below; I did not see the sunken graves and

the rank grass and the briers. I looked over them and saw the gorgeous fringes along the horizon, scarlet and gold and pearl; saw them quiver and brighten to flame, and the white wings of pigeons whirl and circle in the deepening glow.

I closed the windows, and when I had crawled out at the narrow hole, carefully reset the boards just as I had found them. In another day all the tools and books that I considered necessary were safely deposited in the tower. I only intended to make this my workshop, still, of course, occupying my old room in the college.

Here I matured plan after plan. I studied, read, worked, knowing, *feeling* that at last I must succeed; but failure followed failure, and I sank into despondency only to begin again with a kind of desperation. When I went down to London and wandered about, hunting up different metals and hard woods, I never entered a concert-room or an opera-house. Was there not music in store for me, such as no mortal ear had ever heard? *All* the music, every strain that had sounded in the past ages? Ah, I could wait; I would work patiently and wait.

I was laboring now upon a theory that I had not tried heretofore. It was my last resource; if this failed, then—but it would not fail. I resolved not to make any test, not to put it near my ear until it was completed. I discarded all woods and used only the metals which best transmitted sound. Finally it was finished, even to the ivory ear-piece. I held the instrument all ready—I held it and looked eastward and westward and back again. Suddenly all control over the muscles of my hand was gone, it felt like stone; then the strange sensation passed away. I stood up and lifted the trumpet to my ear—What! Silence? No, no—I was faint, my brain was confused, whirling. I would not believe it; I would wait a moment until this dizziness was gone, and then—then I would be able to hear. I was deaf now. I still held the instrument; in my agitation the ivory tip shook off and rolled down rattling on the floor. I gazed at it mechanically as if it had been a pebble; I never thought of replacing it, and mechanically I raised the trumpet a second time to my ear. A clash of discordant sounds, a confused jarring noise broke upon me and I drew back trembling, dismayed. Fool! O fool of fools, never to have thought of this, which a child, a dunce would not have overlooked! My great invention was nothing, was worse than nothing, was worse than a failure. I might have known that my instru-

ment would magnify present sounds in the air to such a degree as to make them utterly drown all others, and, clashing together, produce this noise like the heavy rumble of thunder.

The college reopened and I took up my old line of duties, or at least attempted them, for the school had grown distasteful to me. I was restless, moody, and discontented. I tried to forget my disappointment, but the effort was vain.

The spires of the town and the college campus glittered white, the fields of barley and oats were fields of snow, the forest leaves had withered and fallen, and the river slumbered, wrapped in a sheeting of ice. Still I brooded over my failure, and when again the wild grass turned green I no longer cared. I was not the same man that had looked out at the waving grain and the blue haze only a year before. A gloomy despondency had settled upon me, and I grew to hate the students, to hate the college, to hate society. In the first shock of discovered failure I had given up all hope, and the winter passed I knew not how. I never wondered if the trouble could be remedied. Now it suddenly occurred to me, perhaps it was no failure after all. The instrument might be made adjustable, so as to be sensible to faint or severe vibrations at pleasure of the operator, and thus separate the sounds. I remembered how but for the accidental removal of the ivory my instrument perhaps would not have reflected any sound. I would work again and persevere.

I would have resigned my professorship, only it might create suspicion. I knew not that already they viewed me with curious eyes and sober faces. When the session finally closed, they tried to persuade me to leave the college during vacation and travel on the continent. I would feel much fresher, they told me, in the fall. In the fall? Ay, perhaps I might, perhaps I might, and I would not go abroad.

Once more the reapers came unnoticed. My work progressed slowly. Day by day I toiled up in the old church-tower, and night by night I dreamed. In my sleep it often seemed that the instrument was suddenly completed, but before I could raise it to my ear I would always waken with a nervous start. So the feverish time went by, and at last I held it ready for a second trial. Now the instrument was adjustable, and I had also improved it so far as to be able to set it very accurately for any particular period, thus rendering it sensible only to sounds of that

time, all heavier and fainter vibrations being excluded.

I drew it out almost to its limits.

All the maddening doubts that had haunted me like grinning specters died. I felt no tremor, my hand was steady, my pulse-beat regular.

The soft breeze had fallen away. No leaf stirred in the quiet that seemed to await my triumph. Again the crimson splendor of sunset illumined the western sky and made a glory overhead—and the dusk was thickening down below among the mouldering slabs. But that mattered not.

I raised the trumpet to my ear.

Hark!—The hum of mighty hosts! It rose and fell, fainter and more faint; then the murmur of water was heard and lost again, as it swelled and gathered and burst in one grand volume of sound like a hallelujah from myriad lips. Out of the resounding echo, out of the dying cadence a single female voice arose. Clear, pure, rich, it soared above the tumult of the host that hushed itself, a living thing. Higher, sweeter, it seemed to break the fetters of mortality and tremble in sublime adoration before the Infinite. My breath stilled with awe. Was it a spirit-voice—one of the glittering host in the jasper city “that had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it?” And the water, was it the river clear as crystal flowing from the great white throne? But no! The tone now floated out soft, sad, human. There was no sorrowful strain in that nightless land where the leaves of the trees were for the healing of the nations. The beautiful voice was of the earth and sin-stricken. From the sobbing that mingled with the faint ripple of water it went up once more, ringing gladly, joyfully; it went up inspired with praise to the sky, and—hark! the Hebrew tongue:—

“The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.”

Then the noise of the multitude swelled again and a clash of music broke forth from innumerable timbrels. I raised my head quickly—it was the song of Miriam after the passage of the Red Sea.

I knew not whether I lived.

I bent my ear eagerly to the instrument again and heard—the soft rustle, the breathing as of a sleeping forest. A plaintive note stole gently out, more solemn and quiet than the chant of the leaves. The mournful lay, forlorn, frightened, trembled on the air like the piteous wail of some wounded creature. Then it grew stronger. Clear, brilliant, it

burst in a shower of silver sounds like a whole choir of birds in the glitter of the tropical sunlight. But the mournful wail crept back, and the lonely heart-broken strain was lost, while the leaves still whispered to one another in the midnight.

Like the light of a distant star came to me this song of some nightingale, thousands of years after the bird had mouldered to nothing.

At last my labor had been rewarded. As sound travels in waves and these waves are continually advancing they go round and round the world, therefore I would never hear the same sound over again at the same time, but it passed beyond and another came in its stead.

All night I listened with my ear pressed to the instrument. I heard the polished, well-studied compliments, the rustle of silks, and the quick music of the dance at some banquet. I could almost see the brilliant robes and glittering jewels of the waltzers, and the sheen of light, and the mirrors. But hush! a cry, a stifled moan. Was that at the—No, the music and the rustle of silk were gone.

“Mother, put your hand here,—I am tired, and my head feels hot and strange. Is it night, already, that it has grown so dark? I am resting now, for my book is almost done, and then, mother, we can go back to the dear old home where the sun shines so bright and the honeysuckles are heavy with perfume. And, mother, we will never be poor any more. I know you are weary, for your cheeks are pale and your fingers are thin; but they shall not touch a needle then, and you will grow better, mother, and we will forget these long, long, bitter years. I will not write in the evenings then, but sit with you and watch the twilight fade as we used to do, and listen to the murmur of the frogs. I described the little stream, our little stream, mother, in my book.—Hark! I hear the splash of its waves now. Hold me by the hand tight, mother. I am tired, but we are almost there. See! the house glimmers white through the trees, and the red bird has built its nest again in the cedar. Put your arm around me, mother, mother—”

Then single, echoless, the mother's piercing cry went up—“O my God!”

Great Heaven! It would not always be music that I should hear. Into this ear, where all the world poured its tales, sorrow and suffering and death would come in turn with mirth and gladness.

I listened again. The long-drawn ahoy—

ahoy—of the sailor rang out in slumbrous musical monotone, now free, now muffled—gone. The gleeful laugh of children at play, then the drunken boisterous shout of the midnight reveler—What was that? A chime of bells, strange, sublime, swimming in the air they made a cold, solemn harmony. But even over them dashed the storm-blast of passion that sweeps continually up and down the earth, and the harmony that bound them in peace broke up in a wild, angry clamor, that set loose shrill screams which were swallowed up in a savage tumult of discord, like a mad carnival of yelling demons. Then, as if terrified by their own fiendish rage, they retreated shivering, remorseful, and hushed themselves in hoarse whispers about the gray belfry. It was the Carillonneur, Matthias Vander Gheyn, playing at Louvain on the first of July, 1745.

Yes, my invention had proved a grand success. I had worked and worked in order to give this instrument to the world; but now when it was finished, strange to say, all my ambition, all my desire for fame left me, and I was anxious only to guard it from discovery, to keep it secret, to keep it more jealously than a miser hoards his gold. An undefinable delight filled my soul that I alone out of all humanity possessed this treasure, this great Ear of the World, for which kings might have given up their thrones. Ah! they dreamed not of the wonders I could relate. It was a keen, intense pleasure to see the public for which I had toiled live on, deaf forever save to the few transient sounds of the moment, while I, their slave, reveled in another world above, beyond theirs. But they should never have this instrument; no, not for kingdoms would I give it up, not for life itself.

It exerted a strange fascination over me, and in my eager desire to preserve my secret a tormenting fear suddenly took possession of me that some one might track me to the tower and discover all. It seemed as if the people looked after me with curious faces as I passed. I went no longer on the main road that led to the church, but, when I left my room, took an opposite direction until out of sight, and then made a circuit across the fields. I lived in a continual fear of betraying myself, so that at night I closed my window and door lest I might talk aloud in my sleep. I could never again bear the irksome duties of my office, and when the college reopened I gave up my situation and took lodgings in town. Still the dread of detection haunted me. Every day I varied my route to the church, and every day the people seemed to

stare at me with a more curious gaze. Occasionally some of my old pupils came to visit me, but they appeared constrained in my presence and were soon gone. However, no one seemed to suspect my secret; perhaps all this was merely the work of my imagination, for I had grown watchful and reticent.

I hardly ate or slept. I lived perpetually in the past listening to the echoing song of the Alpine shepherd; the rich, uncultivated soprano of the Southern slave making strange wild melody. I heard grand organ fugues rolling, sweeping over multitudes that kneeled in awe, while a choir of voices broke into a gloria that seemed to sway the great cathedral. The thrilling artistic voices of the far past rang again, making my listening soul tremble in their magnificent harmony. It was music of which we could not dream.

Then suddenly I determined to try the opera once more; perhaps I was prejudiced: I had not been inside of a concert-room for more than a year.

I went down to London. It was just at the opening of the fall season. I could hardly wait that evening until the curtain rose; the orchestra was harsh and discordant, the house hot and disagreeable, the gas painfully bright. My restlessness had acquired a feverish pitch before the prima donna made her appearance. Surely that voice was not the one before which the world bowed! Ma libran's song stood out in my memory clearly defined and complete, like a magnificent cathedral of pure marble, with faultless arches and skillfully chiseled carvings, where the minarets rose from wreaths of lilies and vine-leaves cut in bas-relief, and the slender spire shot high, glittering yellow in the upper sunlight, its golden arrow, burning like flame, pointing towards the East. But this prima donna built only a flat, clumsy structure of wood ornamented by gaudily painted lattice. I left the opera amid the deafening applause of the audience with a smile of scorn upon my lips. Poor deluded creatures! they knew nothing of music, they knew not what they were doing.

I went to St. Paul's on the Sabbath. There was no worship in the operatic voluntary sung by hired voices; it did not stir my soul, and their cold hymns did not warm with praise to the Divine Creator, or sway the vast pulseless congregation that came and went without one quickened breath.

All this time I felt a singular, inexpressible pleasure in the consciousness of my great secret, and I hurried back with eager haste. In London I had accidentally met two or

three of my old acquaintances. I was not over glad to see them myself: as I have said, I had grown utterly indifferent to society; but I almost felt ashamed when they offered me every attention within their power, for I had not anticipated it, nor was it deserved on my part. Now, when I returned, everybody in the street stopped to shake hands with me and inquire for my health. At first, although I was surprised at the interest they manifested, I took it merely as the common civility on meeting, but when the question was repeated so particularly by each one, I thought it appeared strange, and asked if they had ever heard to the contrary; no, oh no, they said, but still I was astonished at the unusual care with which they all made the same inquiry. I went up to my room and walked directly to the glass. It was the first time I had consciously looked into a mirror for many weeks. Good Heavens! The mystery was explained now. *I could hardly recognize myself.* At first the shock was so great that I stood gazing, almost petrified. The demon of typhus fever could not have wrought a more terrific change in my face if he had held it in his clutches for months. My hair hung in long straggling locks around my neck. I was thin and fearfully haggard. My eyes, sunken far back in my head, looked out from dark deep hollows; my heavy black eyebrows were knit together by wrinkles that made seams over my forehead; my fleshless cheeks clung tight to the bone, and a bright red spot on either one was half covered by thick beard. I had thought so little about my personal appearance lately that I had utterly neglected my hair, and I wondered now that it had given me no annoyance. I smiled while I still looked at myself. This was the effect of the severe study and loss of sleep, and the excitement under which I had labored for months, yes, for more than a year. I had not been conscious of fatigue, but my work was done now and I would soon regain my usual weight. I submitted myself immediately to the hands of a barber, dressed with considerable care, and took another look in the glass. My face appeared pinched and small since it had been freed from beard. The caverns around my eyes seemed even larger, and the bright color in my cheeks contrasted strangely with the extremely sallow tint of my complexion. I turned away with an uncomfortable feeling, and started on a circuitous route to the church, for I never trusted my instrument in any other place.

It was a sober fall day. Everything looked dreary with that cold, gray, sunless sky

stretched overhead. The half-naked trees shivered a little in their seared garments of ragged leaves. Occasionally a cat walked along the fence-top, or stood trembling on three legs. Sometimes a depressed bird suddenly tried to cheer its drooping spirits and uttered a few sharp, discontented chirps. Just in front of me two boys were playing ball on the road-side. As I passed I accidentally caught this sentence:

"They say the professor ain't just right in his head."

For a moment I stood rooted to the ground; then wheeled round and cried out fiercely,

"What did you say?"

"Sir?"

"What was that you said just now?" I repeated still more fiercely.

The terrified boys looked at me an instant, then without answering turned and ran as fast as fright could carry them.

So the mystery now was really explained! It was not sick the people thought me, but crazy. I walked on with a queer feeling and began vaguely to wonder why I had been so savage to those boys. The fact which I had learned so suddenly certainly gave me a shock, but it was nothing to me. What did I care, even if the people did think me crazy? Ah! perhaps if I told my secret they would consider it a desperate case of insanity. But the child's words kept ringing in my ears until an idea flashed upon me more terrifying than death itself. How did I know that I was *not* insane? How did I know but that my great invention might be only an hallucination of my brain? Instantly a whole army of thoughts crowded up like ghostly witnesses to affright me. I had studied myself to a shadow; my pallid face, with the red spots on the cheeks and the blue hollows around the eyes, came before my mental vision afresh. The fever in my veins told me I was unnaturally excited. I had not slept a sound, dreamless sleep for weeks. Perhaps in the long, long days and nights my brain, like my body, had been over-wrought; perhaps in my eager desire to succeed, in my desperate determination, the power of my will had disordered my mind, and it was all deception: the sounds, the music I had heard, merely the creation of my diseased fancy, and the instrument I had handled useless metal. The very idea was inexpressible torture to me. I could not bear that a single doubt of its reality should exist; but, after once entering my head, how would I ever be able to free myself from distrust? I could not do it; I would be obliged to live

always in uncertainty. It was maddening: now I felt as if I might have struck the child in my rage if I could have found him. Then suddenly it occurred to me for the first time that my invention could easily be tested by some other person. Almost instantly I rejected the thought, for it would compel me to betray my secret, and in my strange infatuation I would rather have destroyed the instrument. But the doubts of my sanity on this subject returned upon me with tenfold strength, and again I thought in despair of the only method left me by which they could ever be settled.

In the first shock, when the unlucky sentence fell upon my ear, I had turned after the boys, and then walked on mechanically towards the town. Now, when I looked up I found myself almost at the college gate. No one was to be seen, only Mother Flinse with her basket on her arm was just raising the latch. Half bewildered, I turned hastily round and bent my steps in the direction of my lodgings, while I absently wondered whether that old woman had stood there ever since, since—when? I did not recollect, but her shadow was long and slim—no, there were no shadows this afternoon; it was sunless. As I reached the stairs leading to my room, my trouble, which I had forgotten for the moment, broke upon me anew. I dragged myself up and sat down utterly overwhelmed. As I have said, I would sooner destroy the instrument than give it to a thankless world; but to endure the torturing doubt of its reality was impossible. Suddenly it occurred to me that Mother Flinse was mute. I might get her to test my invention without fear of betrayal, for she could neither speak nor write, and her signs on this subject, if she attempted to explain, would be altogether unintelligible to others. I sprang up in wild delight, then immediately fell back in my chair with a hoarse laugh—Mother Flinse was *deaf* as well as dumb. I had not remembered that. I sat quietly a moment trying to calm myself and think. Why need this make any difference? The instrument ought to, at least it was possible that it might, remedy loss of hearing. I too was deaf to these sounds in the air that it made audible. They would have to be magnified to a greater degree for her. I might set it for the present and use the full power of the instrument: there certainly would be no harm in trying, at any rate, and if it failed it would prove nothing, if it did not fail it would prove everything. Then a new difficulty presented itself. How could I entice the old woman into the church?

I went back towards the college expecting

to find her, but she was nowhere to be seen, and I smiled that only a few moments ago I had wondered if she did not always stand in the gateway. Once, I could not exactly recall the time, I had passed her hut. I remembered distinctly that there was a line full of old ragged clothes stretched across from the fence to a decayed tree, and a bright red flannel petticoat blew and flapped among the blackened branches. It was a miserable frame shanty, set back from the Spring road, about half a mile out of town. There I went in search of her.

The blasted tree stood out in bold relief against the drab sky. There appeared no living thing about the dirty, besmoked hovel except one lean rat, that squatted with quivering nose and stared a moment, then retreated under the loose plank before the door, leaving its smell visible until I stepped upon the board. I knocked loudly without receiving any reply; then, smiling at the useless ceremony I had performed, pushed it open. The old woman, dressed in her red petticoat and a torn calico frock, with a faded shawl drawn over her head, was standing with her back towards me, picking over a pile of rags. She did not move. I hesitated an instant, then walked in. The moment I put my foot upon the floor she sprang quickly round. At first she remained motionless, with her small, piercing gray eyes fixed upon me, holding a piece of orange-and-black spotted muslin; evidently she recognized me, for, suddenly dropping it, she began a series of wild gestures, grinning until all the wrinkles of her skinny face converged in the region of her mouth, where a few scattered teeth, long and sharp, gleamed strangely white. A rim of grizzled hair stood out round the edge of the turbaned shawl and set off the withered and watchful countenance of the speechless old crone. The yellow, shriveled skin hung loosely about her slim neck like leather, and her knotted hands were brown and dry as the claws of an eagle.

I went through the motion of sweeping and pointed over my shoulder, making her understand that I wished her to do some cleaning. She drew the seams of her face into a new grimace by way of assent, and, putting the piece of orange-and-black spotted muslin around her shoulders in lieu of a cloak, preceded me out of the door. She started immediately in the direction of the college, and I was obliged to take hold of her before I could attract her attention; then, when I shook my head, she regarded me in surprise, and fell once more into a series of

frantic gesticulations. With considerable trouble I made her comprehend that she was merely to follow me. The old woman was by no means dull, and her small, steel-gray eyes had a singular sharpness about them that is only found in the deaf-mute, where they perform the part of the ear and tongue. As soon as we came in sight of the church she was perfectly satisfied. I walked up to the main entrance, turned the knob and shook it, then suddenly felt in all my pockets, shook the door over, and felt through all my pockets again. This hypocritical pantomime had the desired effect. The old beldam slapped her hands together and poked her lean finger at the hole of the lock, apparently amused that I had forgotten the key. Then of her own accord she went round and tried the other doors, but without success. As we passed the narrow window in the rear I made a violent effort in knocking out the loose boards. The old woman seemed greatly delighted, and when I crawled through willingly followed. I gave her a brush, which fortunately one day I had discovered lying in the vestibule, and left her in the church to dust, while I went up in the tower to prepare and remove from sight all the tools which were scattered about. I put them in a recess and screened it from view by a map of the Holy Land. Then I took my instrument and carefully adjusted it, putting on its utmost power.

In about an hour I went down and motioned to Mother Flinse that I wanted her up stairs. She came directly after me without hesitation, and I felt greatly relieved, for I saw that I would likely have no trouble with the old woman. When we got into the tower she pointed down to the trees and then upward, meaning, I presume, that it was high. I nodded, and taking the instrument placed my ear to it for a moment. A loud blast of music, like a dozen bands playing in concert, almost stunned me. She watched me very attentively, but when I made signs for her to come and try she drew back. I held up the instrument and went through all manner of motions indicating that it would not hurt her, but she only shook her head. I persevered in my endeavor to coax her until she seemed to gain courage and walked up within a few feet of me, then suddenly stopped and stretched out her hands for the instrument. As she did not seem afraid, provided she had it herself, I saw that she took firm hold. In my impatience to know the result of this experiment, I was obliged to repeat my signs again and again before I could prevail upon her to raise it to her ear.

Then breathlessly I watched her face, a face I thought which looked as if it might belong to some mummy that had been withering for a thousand years. Suddenly it was convulsed as if by a galvanic shock, then the shriveled features seemed to dilate, and a great light flashed through them, transforming them almost into the radiance of youth; a strange light as of some seraph had taken possession of the wrinkled old frame and looked out at the gray eyes, making them shine with unnatural beauty. No wonder the dumb countenance reflected a brightness inexpressible, for the Spirit of Sound had just alighted with silvery wings upon a silence of seventy years.

A heavy weight fell unconsciously from my breast while I stood almost awed before this face, which was transfigured, as if it might have caught a glimmer of that mystical morn when in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, we shall all be changed.

My instrument had stood the test; it was proved forever. I could no longer cherish any doubts of its reality, and an indescribable peace came into my soul, like a sudden awakening from some frightful dream. I had not noticed the flight of time. A pale shadow hung already over the trees—yes, and under them on the slime-covered stones.—Ay! and a heavier shadow than the coming night was even then gathering unseen its rayless folds. The drab sky had blanched and broken, and the sinking sun poured a fading light through its ragged fissures.

The old woman, as if wrapped in an enchantment, had hardly moved. I tried vainly to catch her attention; she did not even appear conscious of my presence. I walked up and shook her gently by the shoulder, and, pointing to the setting sun, held out my hand for the instrument. She looked at me a moment, with the singular unearthly beauty shining through every feature; then suddenly clutching the trumpet tight between her skinny claws, sprang backward towards the stairs, uttering a sound that was neither human nor animal, that was not a wail or a scream, but it fell upon my ears like some palpable horror. Merciful Heaven! Was that thing yonder a woman? The shriveled, fleshless lips gaped apart, and a small pointed tongue lurked behind five glittering, fang-like teeth. The wild beast had suddenly been developed in the hag. I like a hungry tigress defending its prey, she stood hugging the trumpet to her, glaring at me with stretched neck and green eyes.

A savage fierceness roused within me when I found she would not give up the instrument.

and I rushed at her with hands ready to snatch back the prize I valued more than my life—or hers; but, quicker than a hunted animal, she turned and fled with it down the stairs, making the tower ring with the hideous cries of her wordless voice. Swiftly—it seemed as if the danger of losing the trumpet gave me wings to fly in pursuit—I crossed the vestibule. She was not there. Everything was silent, and I darted with fleet steps down the dusky aisle of the church, when suddenly the jarring idiotic sounds broke loose again, echoing up in the organ-pipes and rattling along the galleries. The fiend sprang from behind the altar, faced about an instant with flashing eyes and gleaming teeth, then fled through the vestry-room into the passage. The sight of her was fresh fuel to my rage, and it flamed into a frenzy that seemed to burn the human element out of my soul. When I gained the steps leading into the coal-room she was already in the window, but I cleared the distance at a single bound and caught hold of her clothes as she leaped down. I crawled through, but she clutched the instrument tighter. I could not prize it out of her grasp; and in her ineffectual efforts to free herself from my hold she made loud, grating cries, that seemed to me rang and reverberated all through the forest; but presently they grew smothered, gurgled, then ceased. Her clasp relaxed in a convulsive struggle, and the trumpet was in my possession. It was easily done, for her neck was small and lean, and my hands made a circle strong as a steel band.

The tremor died out of her frame and left it perfectly still. Through the silence I could hear the hiss of a snake in the nettle-weeds, and the flapping wings of some night bird fanned my face as it rushed swiftly through the air in its low flight. The gray twilight had deepened to gloom and the graves seemed to have given up their tenants. The pale monuments stood out like shrouded specters. But all the dead in that churchyard were not under ground, for on the wet grass at my feet there was something stark and stiff, more frightful than any phantom of imagination—something that the daylight would not rob of its ghastly features. It must be put out of sight, yes, it must be hid, to save my invention from discovery. The old hag might be missed, and if she was found here it would ruin me and expose my secret. I placed the trumpet on the window-ledge, and, carrying the grim burden in my arms, plunged into the damp tangle of weeds and grass.

In a lonesome corner far back from the

church, in the dense shade of thorn-trees, among the wild brambles where poisonous vines grew, slippery with the mould of forgotten years, unsought, uncared for by any human hand, was a tomb. Its sides were half buried in the tall under-brush, and the long slab had been broken once, for a black fissure ran zigzag across the middle. In my muscles that night there was the strength of two men. I lifted off one-half of the stone and heard the lizards dart startled from their haunt, and felt the spiders crawl. When the stone was replaced it covered more than the lizards or the spiders in the dark space between the narrow walls.

As I have said, the instrument possessed a singular fascination over me. I had grown to love it, not alone as a piece of mechanism for the transmission of sound, but like a *living* thing, and I replaced it in the tower with the same pleasure one feels who has rescued a friend from death. My listening ear never grew weary, but now I drew quickly away. It was not music I heard, or the ripple of water, or the prattle of merry tongues, but the harsh grating cries that had echoed in the church, that had rattled and died out in the forest—that voice which was not a voice. I shivered while I readjusted the instrument; perhaps it was the night wind which chilled me, but the rasping sounds were louder than before. *I could not exclude them.* There was no element of superstition in my nature, and I tried it over again: still I heard them—sometimes sharp, sometimes only a faint rumbling. Had the soul of the deaf-mute come in retribution to haunt me and cry eternally in my instrument? Perhaps on the morrow it would not disturb me, but there was no difference. I could hear only it, though I drew out the trumpet for vibrations hundreds of years old. I had rid myself of the withered wretch who would have stolen my treasure, but now I could not rid myself of her invisible ghost. She had conquered, even through death, and come from the spirit world to gain possession of the prize for which she had given up her life. The instrument was no longer of any value to me, though cherishing a vague hope I compelled myself to listen, even with chattering teeth; for it was a terrible thing to hear these hoarse, haunting cries of the dumb soul—of the soul I had strangled from its body, a soul which I would have killed itself if it were possible. But my hope was vain, and the trumpet had become not only worthless to me, but an absolute horror. Suddenly I determined to destroy it. I turned it over ready to dash it in pieces, but

it cost me a struggle to crush this work of my life, and while I stood irresolute a small green and gold beetle crawled out of it and dropped like a stone to the floor. The insect was an electric flash to me, that dispelled the black gloom through which I had been battling. It had likely fallen into the instrument down in the church-yard, or when I laid it upon the window-sill, and the rasping of its wings, magnified, had produced the sounds which resembled the strange grating noise uttered by the deaf-mute.

Instantly I put the trumpet to my ear. Once more the music of the past surged in. Voices, leaves, water, all murmured to me their changeful melody; every zephyr wafting by was filled with broken but melodious whis-pers.

Relieved from doubts, relieved from fears and threatening dangers, I slept peacefully, dreamlessly as a child. With a feeling of rest to which I had long been unused, I walked out in the soft clear morning. Everything seemed to have put on new life, for the sky was not gray or sober, and the leaves, if they were brown, trimmed their edges in scar-let, and if many had fallen, the squirrels played among them on the ground. But suddenly the sky and the leaves and the squirrels might have been blotted from existence. I did not see them, but I saw—I saw *Mother Flinse come through the college gateway and walk slowly down the road!*

The large faded shawl pinned across her shoulders nearly covered the red flannel pet-

ticoat, and the orange-and-black spotted muslin was wrapped into a turban on her head. Without breathing, almost without feeling, I watched the figure until at the corner it turned out of sight, and a long dark outline on the grass behind it ran into the fence. The shadow! Then it was not a ghost. Had the grave given up its dead? I would see.

At the churchyard the briars tore my face and clothes, but I plunged deeper when the shade thickened under the thorn-trees. There in the corner I stooped to lift the broken slab of a tomb, but all my strength would not move it. As I leaned over, bruising my hands in a vain endeavor to raise it, my eyes fell for an instant on the stone, and with a start I turned quickly and ran to the church; then I stopped—the narrow fissure that cut zigzag across the slab on the tomb was filled with green moss, and this window was nailed up, and hung full of heavy cobwebs.

And my instrument?

Suddenly, while I stood there, some substance in my brain seemed to break up—it was the fetters of monomania which had bound me since that evening long ago, when, by the river in the oak-forest, I had heard the robin trill.

No murder stained my soul: and there, beside the black waves of insanity through which I had passed unharmed, I gave praise to the great Creator—praise silent, but intense as Miriam's song by the sea.

UNATTAINED.

If I could only know—
I, sitting here this weary winter morning,
And watching aimlessly the flakes of snow
That wander through the air in vague forewarning,—

If I were only sure
That you would weep with any real sorrow,
If in their gathered whiteness cold and pure
These flakes should lie upon my grave to-morrow,—

I would not count, it sad
To loose my little hold upon you living,
And win in dying what I never had,
And what, alas! you have not for the giving.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.



WHEN, in 1860, a pale and frightened girl came before a New York audience at the Academy of Music, and sang for them the rôle of *Gilda* in Verdi's "Rigoletto," she was met by that most awful of all formalities—respectful attention. Like so many opera audiences before and since, it had come to be astonished and thrilled; and, disappointed because it had not been, it was sternly critical. It wanted a phenomenon: it had been given a fact. The *Gilda*, like hundreds of other first attempts, was just far enough removed from a positive failure to be tiresome to the people who desired a sensation. The pale and frightened girl struggled with the passionate duties of the rôle with very little human aid, and when the curtain fell upon the last act she staggered to her dressing-room and fell fainting among her friends.

Nature, at that moment, protested against the severity of the ordeal, and was kindlier than her audience. Indeed, the applause of her friends had a suspicious sympathy in it. Still, some kind of a victory had been gained, though the world did not know it. The girl knew it. That was something. In all such cases, the artist's knowledge of herself is more essential than her knowledge of others. This girl, coldly received, and fainting at the threshold of the profession,—with her own and others' natures to overcome,—dropped her first tear there in the half-closed doorway of success, and announced her determination to succeed. It was the last tear that was shed.

There was not strength enough, said the critics, and, above all, culture was lacking. It was doubtful if she could succeed at any

time. The very evidences of the true artist organization, the keen susceptibility, the over-wrought senses, as well as the trepidation of inexperience, the blush of youth and modesty, the maidenly reserve, were upheld against her. But they were in part the elements out of which she was to build her future success.

With this ordeal entered Clara Louise Kellogg upon her artistic career. There was not a single prediction made of her ultimate eminence. But when we reflect how many aspirants have appeared in the same way, and after the same results have disappeared, never again to be heard of; when we consider that at this time Miss Kellogg is in possession of an assured and honorable position among the world's greatest singers, we can be sure of the ability and determination that were hidden from the wonder-seeking spectators in the pale and frightened débutante in the rôle of *Gilda*.

In 1864 Miss Kellogg again appeared at the Academy of Music, and a marked development was even then noticeable in her talents and her art. The opera was Gounod's "Faust," until then unheard by the Americans. It is interesting now to recall the circumstances of that creation,—for creation it certainly was. It had been produced in London only the season before, with the ponderous Tietiens in the rôle of *Marguerita*. Without a tradition or an example, destitute even of the professional advice and counsel which usually accompany the assumption of a new part, Miss Kellogg set herself to work. Goethe and the score of Gounod were the only sources of information—we will not say of inspiration—accessible, and there was but one person, and that person a ballet-girl, in the company when the first rehearsal took place, who had seen "Faust" performed upon the dramatic stage in Germany, and who could offer in the vaguest way recollections of the stage business. With these advantages the young prima donna came to the impersonation of Gretchen, depending absolutely upon her own intelligence and intuition, and winning a triumph at once emphatic and enduring. The portrayal had the instant cogency of a homogeneous work, artistically conceived and poetically colored. The music exhibited for the first time the quality, fluency, compass, and culture of an exceptional voice. The critics, who had desired the sensuous mellifluence of Grisi, the power of Catalani, and the execution of Persiani in the débutante, were willing to acknowledge in Gretchen a vocal excellence distinct and

even new. What Miss Kellogg's voice at this time lacked in color and breadth, it made up in fineness and purity. What her impersonation wanted in organic ardor, it supplied in accuracy, delicacy, and *finesse*. She may not have shown in Gretchen the force of an impulsive mimetic nature, but she evinced the possession of a chaste creative imagination and a subordinating intelligence. There was reason no less than sentiment in her work; and it is worth noting that no artist who has since essayed this same part for us, has so succeeded in delicately conveying what seems to be the poet's ideal. Mlle. Nilsson and Mme. Lucca both brought to the impersonation strong individualizing talents. In Mme. Lucca's portrayal, the roundness and fullness of the artist's vital individuality was the sole charm. It was a peasant girl in love, acting and suffering with a fidelity that was remarkable. With Miss Kellogg there was throughout the performance an exquisite reference to the supernatural character of the influences that were surrounding her. This spirituality lifted the rôle at once out of the purely objective domain of melo-drama into the region of poetry, where individual facts are of less import than general truths.

"I have seen," wrote to Berlioz a celebrated virtuoso who was here at the time, "a young girl, who is little better than an amateur, enact the part of *Marguerita* in M. Gounod's recent setting of 'Faust,' and I have been both surprised and charmed by the delicious skill with which she has apprehended and made obvious those subtler *nuances* of the poet, which I believed were beyond the reach of lyric or mimetic art."

Marguerita was Miss Kellogg's first public success, and it paved the way for her after successes. There were not wanting critics who were willing to see in her now a representative singer. The plaudits of the multitude attract the attention of the critics. Where there is popular success there will the judges be gathered together. Various discoveries were made in rapid succession after this. The most important was, that Miss Kellogg possessed one of the purest high soprano voices that America had yet given to the stage. Another truth leaked out presently. She had a marvelously correct ear. It was as infallible as the tuning-fork. Finally, it was agreed that she was inspired by a true love of her art, and was thoroughly and unswervingly conscientious in all her endeavors. So, from admiring her they came to respect her, and

before she knew it she was called distinctively "The American Prima Donna."

"American," not because American art that is so much inferior in fact can be superior in fancy to all other, but because it was such a rarity to have an American singer at all. Voices, we grant you, as plentiful as the summer birds. But let us not confound mere material with motive and method. "American," because she demonstrated that culture was attainable in America; because, born at one extreme of the country and reared at the other, she had filled the wide interval with the lesson and the loveliness of her song. American, because when she visited London in 1867 and entered the operatic lists she was surrounded by the representative singers of the world, and, despite the attractiveness of rivals, the reputation of favorites, and the policy of managers, England acknowledged that in all the higher essentials of lyric art she had won for her country an honorable distinction. There was something surprising in the reception accorded to Miss Kellogg during this professional visit to London. Patti, Nilsson, Lucca, Tietiens, Ilma di Murska, and Sessi were there, forming a galaxy of lyric stars that no other metropolis in the world could secure at one time. Into this charmed circle stepped the American girl, unaccompanied by any of the agencies which, time out of mind, have pioneered and paved the way of public favorites. She appeared in "*La Gazza Ladrà*," "*Le Nozze di Figaro*," "*La Fille du Régiment*," and "*Martha*" in rapid succession. She sang at Buckingham Palace, at the Crystal Palace concerts, and at the Handel and Haydn festival. In the wide range of music thus offered, the vocalism of the artist won a singularly unanimous verdict of approval. Indeed, so general was the recognition of her ability that the doubt was raised on this side, by those who were well aware of the English distrust of American art, that the singer had depended upon her talents solely. It was hinted in certain quarters that powerful influence had been exerted in her behalf. Nothing was ever more gratuitously unjust. And, as if to prove it, Miss Kellogg made another visit to England last spring, unaccompanied by any one but her mother, and unassisted by even the usual exertions of the business agent. Again she was received with open favor by a public sated with the best music and the greatest artists that money could secure.

It may be well to dwell a moment upon the quality of these successes, marking as they do a career distinctive at this time in lyric art. The mistake of most eulogists is

in classing Miss Kellogg, historically and personally, with the eminent songstresses who have come to us with the acclaim of European capitals. This is manifestly an error. As has been well said, Miss Kellogg is less a lyric queen than a lyric priestess. Her domain is properly the boundless one of pure music. Theirs is limited by the conventional bounds of theatrical popularity. There are conspicuous instances of European prime donne, well known in America, who grew into the profession not entirely by the force of natural desire or predisposition of talents. They were selected and trained by shrewd watchers of the market, who recognized first of all the power of these women to please the popular eye and ear, and who afterwards sought to add the requisite graces of culture. Natural sumptuousness in voice and allurements of manner, it was long ago found, were more potent in moving the public than purity of style or splendor of attainments. It is the abiding glory of the American singer that she has from the first rested her claim to recognition upon the thoroughness of her art. Whenever admiration has been elicited by her endeavors, it has been paid to the completeness, the conscientiousness, and the purity of the work, and not to the momentary fascination of the worker.

It will readily be understood that success based upon this enduring excellence is scarcely that which we look for in the excitement of a new season. It is the slow growth of years, but it is the only success which art allows, and which has distinguished the few great musicians from the many popular singers.

Miss Kellogg's character as a prima donna is pleasantly identified with her reputation as a woman. Her professional life is not an extrinsic part of her experience. It has grown out of her nature and is a part of it. As the singer, she has undoubtedly done more than any other that our country has produced to raise the standard of lyric excellence among our people. As a woman, she has shown that the artist can preserve all the attributes, the graces, and the sacredness that belong to her sex, and in doing so confers upon the stage, in return for its culture, the adornment which a pure life and a lofty womanliness can alone contribute.

Her last season in New York has happily exemplified all that we have said of her. It was primarily an artistic, but not a popular success. It presented none of the elements of novelty to catch the public, but depended upon the fidelity, the perfection, and the

purity of the work done to satisfy the better judges. That season was not devoid of opposing and distracting incidents. The rivalries of managers, the squabbles and defamation of editors, the favoritism of friends, the mismanagement of the impresario, were all made to tell against the prima donna who was most familiar to the American public. But the artist herself, unembarrassed and undeterred, accomplished her multifarious duties with even more than her usual conscientiousness. After the din and dust of the battle had subsided, there was a record imperishably made of new musical triumphs. It was found that the American singer, who had been given the music of *Donna Anna* and that of *Filina*, had compassed the prodigious space between Mozart and Ambroise Thomas with an all-sufficient art. In the one rôle it was acknowledged that the recitatives, no less than the operose "letter aria," had been ex-

ecuted with a breadth, a finish, and a fastidiousness that were new to our operatic boards. In the other, the light and brilliant roulades of Thomas were thrown off with a facility, a fluency, and a sparkle that astonished even her friends. The result of the season, otherwise a disappointing one, was, that it became apparent that a singer was not without honor in her own country.

Miss Kellogg, it should be said, enjoys a broad and in some respects an exceptional popularity with the entire country. Her voice is familiar in every State of the Union, and is always welcome. If there are any who imagine that her career is bounded by the operatic stage, they are mistaken. Music ranges in our day far beyond that conventional pedestal, and wherever it is cultivated or loved, there Miss Kellogg, both as artist and as woman, is loved and respected.

AN ANCIENT AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

RECORDS of the past are always interesting, whether they sketch the deeds or the doom of individuals, tribes, or nations. Like the successive views in a panorama as its hidden machinery rolls them out of sight, generations and races in the history of the world disappear, together with the greater part of what they have done to exalt or to degrade humanity. The great processes of nature claim for new purposes and new creations all that was material in man, and the most gigantic labors of his hands—labors in which the sweat and blood and toil and life of thousands upon thousands were expended—stand with stony lips, forever silent as to their origin and epoch, or crumble down into mysterious dust before our eyes, "upon whom the ends of the earth have come."

In many cases, all we can know of the origin of ancient ruins and their story comes through the uncertain murmurs of tradition—not a note from the clarion of history. And yet we are fascinated with tradition, and find a charm in comparing or contrasting its vague shadows with those memorials of a past, buried under the dust of centuries or outlined in crumbling stone, which reward the enterprise or the ardor of traveler, explorer, and antiquary.

We need not go to Nineveh, and Babylon, and "Tadmor in the Wilderness," for a field

of interest in this department of research. There is ample room under the mounds which inclose the mouldering records of the races which once dwelt in our own land, and in the monuments of Mexico and Peru, which attest intelligence and civilization long before the historic period.

The story of the Peruvian Indians, antedating the time when the harsh clutch of European cupidity and cruelty under the sacred guise of Christianity crushed and heathenized them, must have been a story of wonderful interest. Antiquary and ethnologist revolve the problem of their origin and development under the light of science and probability, but no aperture is yet opened to let in light upon any theory back of the romantic legend which narrates the foundation of the empire of the Incas.

In the intelligent and vivacious narrative of his travels and explorations recently given by Dr. Augustus Le Plongeon, in a manuscript still unpublished, we have the results of the latest scientific investigation of this subject.

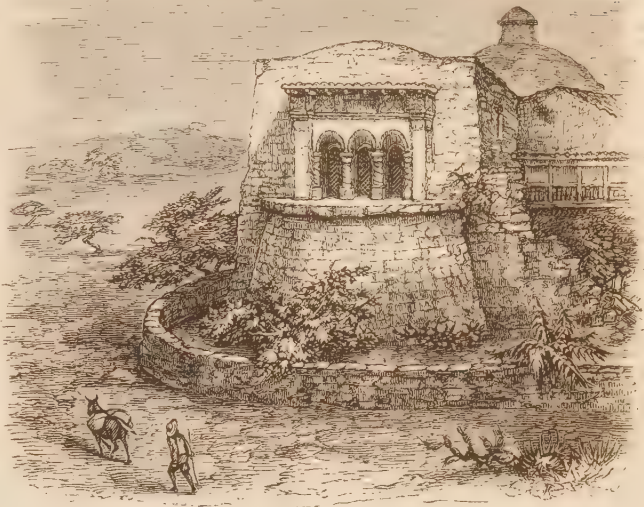
The darkness that hangs over the story of the first inhabitants of Peru and their era is utterly impenetrable. There is, however, sufficient evidence to force conviction upon the honest mind that a race, far advanced in civilization, existed here long before the advent of Manco Capac, the founder of the

Inca dynasty, a political event that took place four or five hundred years before the conquest of the country by Pizarro and the cruel horde under his leadership. Curious manufactures and beautiful monuments attest this. There are articles of inimitable workmanship, wrought in silver and gold, so light that a zephyr might almost waft them from your fingers. There are superb ruins still to be seen on the borders of Bolivia, whose carved walls and engraved doors, formed of a single huge monolith, awaken the admiration and amazement of the observer. On the shores and islands of Lake Titicaca there are remains of immense palaces which once must have echoed to human footfall and human voice. There are the lofty ruins of the once gorgeous temple of Pachacamac, with its gigantic terraces, defying winds and waves from immemorial years.

But we must overleap those ages, and glance a moment at the legend of the foundation of that dynasty which ruled Peru at the time of its invasion by Spanish adventurers.

One sunny day, says the legend, a man accompanied by a woman, who was at once his sister and his wife, appeared in a beautiful valley in the central part of Peru. They claimed to have emerged from the waters of the Lake Titicaca and to be children of the Sun.

The degraded condition of the race, they said, had moved the compassion of their father, who had sent them to teach men the arts of civilization, and to lead them in paths of virtue and happiness. They called themselves Manco Capac and Mama Oella Huaca. They carried a golden wedge or staff, which by sinking into the ground of its own accord, was to designate the spot where should be laid the foundation of a great city, the future seat of empire. The staff finally sank upon the spot where the city of Cuzco now stands, and here arose the City of the Sun, the capital of the Incas' territory, which at length extended over thirty-seven degrees of latitude, and from the eastern base of the Andes to where the Pacific beats against the feet of the Cordilleras.



REMAINS OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN, CUZCO; NOW CONVENT OF ST. DOMINGO.

The mildness, wisdom, and benevolence of Manco and his sister-wife attracted the people, who gladly submitted to such benign authority. Manco dedicated himself to the instruction of his male subjects, while Mama Oella taught to those of her own sex the arts of weaving and spinning.

This legend represents the inhabitants of Peru as in a state of revolting barbarism at the time of Manco's advent. Many suppose that the tale was invented to please the vanity of the Peruvian monarch, who without the shadow of a doubt, says Le Plongeon, had overrun and destroyed the advanced race which inhabited the country, whose history has been swept away by the great surges of time.

However this may be, in some manner the monarchy of the Incas was founded, and in the days of its highest prosperity the magnificence of the sacred city of Cuzco was all that could be desired for the residence of mighty sovereigns. The streets were long and narrow, and well paved with small pebbles; the



QUIPPUS, OR RECORDS OF THE INCAS.

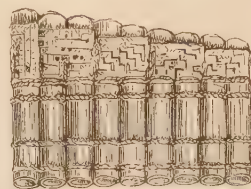
houses were built of stones of different shapes and sizes—stones so firmly cemented together that they have withstood the abrasions of time and the violence of earthquake shocks. To this abode of the gods pilgrims resorted from every part of the empire to worship the Sun in his great temple, the most magnificent edifice in the New World, and unsurpassed in its wealth and decoration by any in the Old.

Of that renowned pile only a few walls of singular construction remain, as silent witnesses of its former grandeur.

On these walls the beautiful convent of Santo Domingo has been erected, while the dwellings once sacred to the Virgins of the Sun are inhabited by Dominican friars! The artificial gardens where, according to Garcilasso de la Vega, every known plant, shrub, tree, fruit and flower, with animals and even pebbles, were represented in natural size in gold, silver, and precious stones, are now sown with *alfalfa* [lucern] and wheat.

On or near the site of the first intrenched camp of the Spaniards the Cathedral was built as it now exists. It contains a chapel of Nuestra Señora de Triunfo, in commemoration of an alleged miracle wrought in favor of the conqueror by the Blessed Virgin, who came down from heaven, if we may credit the legend, to extinguish the flames which threatened to destroy the camp of these "pious" propagators of the holy Catholic faith, and gave them the victory.

Within the Temple of the Sun was a colossal representation of its deity in massive gold, inlaid with precious stones. In the distribution of the spoils among Christians after the capture of the sacred city, this gorgeous image fell to the lot of Señor Don Mancio Sierra de Leguizano, a valiant adventurer and gambler, who staked it at play one night and lost it before sunrise; whence comes the well-



HUAYRA-PUHURA, PANDEAN PIPE.
MADE OF REEDS.

known Peruvian proverb, "They gamble away the sun before he rises."

We cannot follow our enterprising traveler through the evidences he offers

of the remarkable civilization of these Indians, as found in their temples and in their massive and wonderful system of fortifications. A Spanish chronicler asserts that twenty thousand men were employed fifty years in the construction of the fortress of Cuzco alone, and that the immense stones used for it were brought across rivers, and over ravines and hills, from quarries fifteen leagues distant. This was done entirely by human strength, skill, and patience, the Peruvians not having any beast of burden larger than the delicate llama.

The city was supplied with water by means of pipes and subterranean aqueducts, from springs afar in the mountains, the pipes sometimes being laid under the beds of rivers. The Indians destroyed many of these works in order to cut off the water from the Spaniards, and the cupidity of the Spaniards themselves nearly finished the destruction, as some of the pipes were of gold. There are, however, fountains still fed by these works, particularly that of the Convent of Santo Domingo. The canals and high roads were also marvels of engineering.

The religion of the Peruvians in the time of the Incas was apparently an enlightened and systematized idolatry. From time immemorial they seem to have arrived at the sublime conception of a Supreme Being, Pachacamac, the Life-giver of the universe, for whose worship they erected a magnificent temple, now an almost shapeless pile of ruins. It was destroyed by Hernando Pizarro,

whose avarice led him to tear down the golden doors, strip off the golden plates which adorned the walls, and demolish one of the most superb edifices in the world, in obedience to his greed for gold. He even committed the sacrilege of penetrating to the sanctuary, in his unholy search for treasure, but found it empty.

It may safely be asserted, says Le Plongeon, that the worship of Pachacamac was the most widely extended, popular and respected



CABALLITO, OR BOAT OF REEDS."

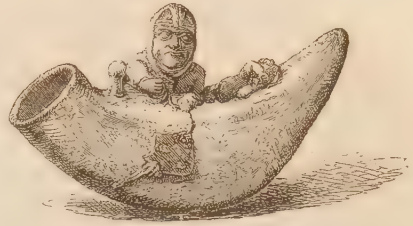
religion among the ancient Peruvians, while the adoration of the sun was peculiarly the religion of the Incas, who gradually forced it upon the provinces they conquered, till at last the two were cunningly amalgamated. But Pachacamac, being the intangible, invisible god, was never represented in any image of gold, silver or stone. He was the *Deus ignotus*. The Sun and the god Rimas were figured, the first as a golden disk, with rays emerging from its circumference; the second they represented by a clay statue, having the appearance and dress of the Moanes (priest). It was hollow, and a priest could easily introduce himself within.

Thus the Incas made religion the foundation of their authority, and theocracy the form of their government, the Inca himself being high-priest as well as monarch; and finally he came to be venerated as a divinity.

We have not space even to summarize the complex and rigorous ritual which prescribed the ceremonies of the religion of the Incas, nor to present the curious parallel which our author draws between the rites, orders of priesthood, etc., of this system and Brahminism, Confucianism, and especially Roman Catholicism, nor his indignation that a people practicing Baptism, confirmation, confession, who believed in a future state, in the immortality of the soul, and in the doctrine of rewards and punishments, should have been characterized as pagans, and extirpated by religionists insisting upon similar ceremonies and beliefs.

Entrance to the seminaries, the sanctuaries of knowledge, was sacredly reserved for the family of the Inca and the sons of the nobility; hence the masses were kept in that state of ignorance which is one of the strongholds of tyranny. This matter is unfortunately regarded in the same light by the Christian government which oppresses and degrades the descendants of these people in the noontide of the nineteenth century. "Let the Indians alone—it is better for everybody that they should remain as they are," is the cardinal article of faith of both ancient and modern Jesuitism.

Pupils were carefully instructed in the knowledge and science possessed by their teachers, and especially in whatever bore upon the calling to which they were destined. Those who were to enter the ranks of the priesthood were initiated into the rites of religion. Those who were to administer the government were taught the laws and principles of the art of governing, while to all were



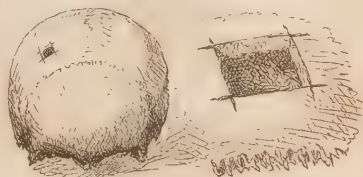
IMITATION OF THE CABALLITO—RED CLAY—FOUND IN A TOMB AT GUADALUPE.

disclosed the mysteries of arithmetic, astronomy, and the art of deciphering the *Quippu*, which supplied the Peruvian with the means of transmitting his ideas and the records of the history of the country to future generations.

All records, public and private, under the dynasty of the Incas were kept by the Quippus. Many of these curious documents found in graves would no doubt shed light upon early Peruvian history, but, unhappily, nobody can interpret them. Urged by their fanatical and vandalic rage of destruction, the ignorant Spaniards have annihilated everything pertaining to the history of the vanquished, and thus the art of reading these precious records is lost.

They consisted of a series of knots made in different shapes on woolen threads of various colors. There is one large cord which may be considered the base of the writing. On this are tied threads of divers colors intertwined and knotted with simple and complex knots, so as to express a single thought, or a series of ideas. The cord forming the base of the document, as also the knotted threads which are its body or contents, was sometimes very long—several yards perhaps—and sometimes not more than one or two feet.

These Quippus served as public registers, where the laws and decrees and memorable events were recorded, with the list of the armies, inventories of public property, the date of the birth and death of every subject, etc. They were kept with great exactness in every city by the *Quippu-camayoc*, whose business it was to compose and decipher



A CASE OF TREPAN, PERFORMED IN THE TIME OF THE INCAS.



GRAVES IN THE VALLEY OF ESPIRITU SANTO.

these documents. Such perfection in their science did these men attain, that they could read the Quippus as correctly as we can read writing or printing. To mark the events or matter of which he treated, the Quippu-camayoc made certain signs at the beginning of the main cord, as we inscribe the title-page of a book, or an epitome of subjects at the head of a chapter.

Quippus relating to different subjects, as revenue, military affairs, etc., were kept apart, and those relating to the same matter were arranged in order, and each was intrusted to the care of a special officer who was bound to report annually to the government at the capital.

The pupils of the seminaries and the inhabitants of conquered territories were obliged to learn the *Quichua* language, which was the language of fashion, and was the most elegant of the South American dialects. At court, however, the nobles spoke an idiom known only to themselves, which the common people did not understand. This community of language contributed to strengthen the ties of friendship among the subjects of the Incas, who, previous to this wise innovation, had been inveterate enemies, and waged bloody and destructive



A TOMB AND ITS INMATE.

wars against each other. Another method among the Peruvians, of transmitting their thoughts—a method which antedated the Quippu, and even the advent of Manco Capac—consisted of a species of hieroglyphics painted on cloth. Dr. Le Plongeon has presented to the California Academy of Science many specimens which he dug from graves in a very ancient Indian cemetery at Ancon, about

twenty miles north of Lima. They are the first hieroglyphics on cloth ever discovered in Peru.

Indians are naturally fond of musical sounds. All the poetry and literary compositions of the Peruvians, excepting only the dramatic, were intended to be sung. It is not unlikely that the poets themselves were the composers of the music, as each poem had its appropriate tune. Some of them were very melancholy and impressive. A few have reached our times, and are sung by the humble descendants of the once proud children of the Sun.

The musical instruments of the Peruvian Indians, found now and then in the *huacas* or burial mounds, were few and simple. Some were noisy, others exceedingly sweet and pensive. They had timbrels, bells, and drums. Only a single stringed instrument has been discovered, and that is a kind of guitar with five or six strings, called a *tinya*. Wind instruments were the most numerous, such as the trumpet, a whistler which produced five sounds, a flute, a flageolet, and the lugubrious but melodious *quena*, a species of flute made of the tibia of a human being. This is still the favorite instrument of the poor dejected Peruvian Indian of our own day.

But the instrument on which they had attained the greatest perfection was the *Huayra-puhura*, a kind of pandean flute made of reeds, and sometimes of stone tubes attached by threads. Each tube produced a higher note than the next preceding. Often they were adorned with needle-work of different colors.

Owing to their scanty knowledge of astronomy and their ignorance of any geography but that of their own country, the ancient Peruvians had made little progress in the science of navigation. They coasted along

their bare shores, but never ventured out of sight of land in the open sea, as they did not possess any vessels fitted for that purpose. The only craft adapted to navigation was a kind of raft called the *balsa*, constructed of huge timbers of a light and porous wood lashed together, and covered by a layer of reeds, which answered for a deck. In the middle of the raft were erected two poles that sustained a square sail of cotton cloth; a large board inserted between the logs, and another movable one used as a rudder, served to give direction to the vessel. Similar contrivances are still resorted to by the natives along the coast, while on Lake Titicaca reed rafts are used for fishing, and transporting vegetables and other delicacies to market in the towns on its borders.

On the northern portion of the Peruvian coast, as of old, they still make use of a singular arrangement for the purpose of fishing. It is called the *caballito*, and consists of a small boat or raft, about ten feet long, made of rushes tied in a conical bundle. The apex of the cone forming the prow is somewhat curved upward, and the man sitting on his heels or kneeling on the wider part, or stern (which is about two feet wide), propels with a paddle his little vessel, that can stand heavy seas where a much larger and better boat would be overwhelmed.

It is manifest that this ancient people had made considerable attainments in the arts of healing and of surgery, as from time to time mummies and skeletons are found in the tombs which bear evidences that surgical operations have been performed upon them. Like all their other attainments, this knowledge must have originated among themselves, from long and patient observation of the diseases to which the human body is subject, and practical inquiries as to the means of combating them. Garcilasso de la Vega, descendant of the Incas, is our principal authority on this subject. From him we learn that like the



PERUVIAN MUMMY DIVESTED OF ITS SHROUDS.

physicians of to-day, they formed their diagnosis of maladies by the inspection of the tongue and the alterations of the pulse. It is doubtful how much they knew of the internal structure of the human body; but it seems that they were acquainted with the venous and arterial systems, for in certain cases they practiced bleeding in the vicinity of the part diseased. This operation was performed by means of a small sharp silex, cut of a proper shape and firmly fastened to a stick. A slight blow on this lancet made the desired incision.

By the state of the mucous membrane of the tongue they knew of the existence of gastric difficulties, and relieved them by means of an *emeto-cathartic* obtained from the root of a plant called *Huachancana*; the *Huaritura*, a species of valerian, was employed as an antispasmodic; the *quinaquina* (*Cortex Peruvianus of Linnæus*) for intermittent fevers. Of their practical surgery we know still less than of their Pharmacology. Wounds, bruises, and external hurts were treated with medicinal herbs, and fractures by wrapping the broken limb in several species of plants till consolidation of the bones took place. A gentleman of New York had in his possession a parietal bone, formerly a part of the private collection of Peruvian antiquities belonging to a lady of Cuzco, which exhibits the operation of trepanning, and by the neatness with which it was performed, it is manifest that no unskilled hand had been at work.

It is not uncommon to meet with heads in which the palates, having been destroyed by disease, are replaced with gold ones, beautifully executed.

The question has been vigorously debated among historians of Peruvian antiquities and archaeologists, whether the ancient Peruvians were acquainted with a method of embalming



COPPER TOOLS AND CLAY MOULDS.



PERUVIAN STONE
WAR-CLUB.

corpses, or whether mummification with them was the natural result of climatic influences and the salts contained in the soil in which they are inhumed. Dr. Le Plongeon believes that the preservation of the bodies is a consequence of both causes. He says it is evident that the Peruvians were in possession of a process of embalming; but they employed it to preserve only the bodies of monarchs and persons of rank. It is no less certain that the climate and the salts of potash (generally nitrate) which abound in the coast soil of Peru, and also the cold, dry, and rarefied air of the high mountains, of themselves have been sufficient to mummify and preserve the vast numbers of bodies that are strewn everywhere in that country, without any more preparation than the common shrouding in use among the inhabitants.

The bodies of the Incas after death were placed in the great Temple of the Sun at Cuzco, and their bowels, deposited in golden vases, were preserved in the magnificent temple of Tambo, four leagues from the capital. These bodies were prepared with consummate skill, for without any other protection from atmospheric influences than the oily ointment with which they were smeared, they remained for centuries in so perfect a state, that any one entering the temple and seeing them as they sat in their golden seats on each side of the image of their deity, the men to the right, the queens or *coyas* to the left, might have taken them for living worshipers, performing their devotions and adoring their father—the Sun!

Mummification by climatic and chemical effects is proved by examining bodies found abundantly in the sepulchral mounds. These bodies show that the parts most readily suffering decomposition have not been removed, to facilitate any artificial process of embalming. The brown or blackish mass in the crania of these bodies is shown by



SILVER LAMP—HALF NATURAL
SIZE.

chemical and microscopic analysis to be the cerebral fat and the red globules of dried blood. In numerous instances mummies are found in which the viscera and intestines may yet be seen, as also the heart, surrounded by the pericardium, the shriveled lungs, the diaphragm, etc. As additional proof of the preservative power possessed by the soil of certain portions of the Peruvian coast, Dr. Le Plongeon refers to the story of the body of Dean Saavedra, interred a hundred years ago in a vault of a church near Trujillo. When discovered it was in as perfect condition as when it was first inhumed, the flesh being plump and fresh, and the joints as supple as if the Dean had just breathed his last breath. Le Plongeon relates this wonderful "fact" on the authority of General Carvaedo, who in person investigated the matter in 1829. The church stands on a high bluff on the site of an ancient Indian mound, formed by the pulverized bones of thousands upon thousands of the inhabitants of the city of Chimu-canchu. The incredulous Doctor no doubt took pleasure in accounting for a Roman Catholic *miracle* on natural principles.

When an Indian grave is opened, the first thing that presents itself is a bundle wrapped in a coarse mat of rushes. Removing this, nothing is seen but a roll of cloth about two and a half feet high by two in diameter, in appearance something like a rough-wrought statue, in a squatting position. A round knot forms the head, two round protuberances mark the place of the knees, while two other bunches indicate the feet. The whole is snugly tied up in a net with wide meshes, made of rope of rushes. Untying the net and unsewing the interior cloth, which is commonly woolen, painted in brilliant colors, the red predominating, one or two pieces of cloth are found firmly sewed around the body. Between these two cotton pieces the worldly goods of the deceased are placed, such as small utensils and the personal ornaments he was fond of—the *hualqui* or pouch, which contains his stock of *coca*, and suspended around his neck is his *canopa* or personal deity.



HUARACA — SLING
MADE OF LEATH-
ER.

Removing the inner of these cloths, another shroud of cotton fabric, very fine in texture, is discovered, no doubt originally white, but discolored to a yellowish hue by time. Immediately within this is the mummified body, in a greater or less degree of preservation. The flesh is dried up and shrivelled, the skin looks like old parchment drawn tight over the bones, and the features are greatly disfigured. The head is always enveloped in two or three rolls of cotton cloth; the outer, of a most delicate texture, is adorned with variegated colors; the inner, of much coarser material, sustains the pads of yellow cotton wool with which it is generally wrapped.

The bodies are almost invariably inhumed in a squatting posture. The hands are placed against the jaws; the arms, folded close to the breast, are retained in this position by means of a rope passed round the neck and wrists, serving also to keep the head upright. The thighs forced against the abdomen and breast, the legs doubled down against the thighs, bringing the knees to a level with the chin, help to support the head, while the feet are crossed inwardly, the toes facing each other. The whole was bound with ropes to keep every part in place.

The hair is generally best preserved, and in many instances of mummied women it is artistically dressed and braided. The microscope discloses that the hair is *flat* instead of cylindrical like that of the Caucasian race. Whether it has become so by drying, or whether it is a peculiarity of this extinct race, is a question yet to be solved.

A few miles from the village of Sisicaya, in the valley of Espiritu Santo, can be seen among the rocks which cover the rough slope of a hill, a strange sepulchral monument, which seems the handiwork of a people little acquainted with the arts of civilization, and to belong to an epoch much more remote than that to which belong the ruins that cover the hillsides everywhere in this populous valley. It bears a striking resemblance to a Druidical temple in the Isle of Jersey. It consists of a few flat unhewn stones, about four feet high, set firmly in the ground, and forming an oval, or an irregular circle, with an opening toward the east. This aperture is only a space of eighteen inches be-



JAR—MADE OF BLACK CLAY
FOUND NEAR TUMBEZ.

again others project, so as to form an apex, the upper ones being thinner than those below. Another stone rests on the top of all, completely closing the aperture, and forming within a kind of dome of the rudest and most primitive construction.

The slopes of the hills on both sides of this valley abound in the ruins of deserted villages. Conspicuous among their tumbling-down walls and roofless houses are some singular structures, built of adobe, without openings, and resembling small ovens about four feet high. As they are without opening, the puzzle what may have been their use is solved by demolishing the top and looking down into the interior, where human bones together with the fragments of domestic utensils leave no doubt as to their purpose. Dr. Le Plongeon invariably found human remains in those which he broke open. One of the largest he examined contained two mummies, a man and a woman. They stood opposite each other, their backs resting against the walls, and they were surrounded by various articles which had probably belonged to them during their lives.

Near the woman stood a pretty basket with a cover, made of rushes. In the basket were spindles loaded with thread, cotton-wool, thread-balls of different colors, a few silver ornaments and other little trinkets such as women are wont to keep in their work-boxes. There were also earthen pots, some new and some bearing evidence of use.

On the seacoasts the sepulchral monuments built of adobe were generally square, but occasionally oval. It seems to be a singular fact that the ancient Peruvians seldom occupied arable lands, or places that could be irrigated, for burial-purposes. When that became a necessity, however, the monuments exhibit a series of small chambers adjoining each other, about three feet square and four high, so arranged that one wall would answer for two graves at once. The ground plan



SUPAY—THE DEVIL — MADE
OF BLACK GLOSSY CLAY.



JAR OF BLACK CLAY,
FROM TOMB OF THE
CHINUS.

resembled a chessboard. The bodies, shrouded and in the squatting posture, were placed each one in his compartment, with all his worldly riches. The chamber was then filled nearly full with sand or earth, and a layer of adobes, cemented, sealed the tomb, and at the same time formed a floor for another series built above the first and in a similar manner. It is the accumulation during ages of the earthly remains of countless generations, which forms the *huacas* or artificial mounds which are such a prominent feature of the Peruvian coast, everywhere along the shores and in the interior, from the mouth of the Guayaquil river to the northern boundaries of the Desert of Atacama.

On the eastern slopes of the Cordilleras, from the brow of the mountains to the shores of Lake Titicaca, the graves were all built of stones, some in a very rude shape, consisting merely of unhewn stones placed upon each other, without cement or even clay to hold them together. These were filled with squatting corpses, and the vacant spaces with stones, until the whole looked like a square heap. Near the shores of the Lake Titicaca, however, considerable architectural skill is evinced on the part of the builder. These funeral monuments or *chulpas* abound particularly in the department of Puno, in the modern political division of Peru. They are circular towers, varying from ten to thirty feet in height, their diameter increasing in proportion to their elevation, and the walls diverging in a graceful outer curve toward the top. The whole, surmounted with a dome-shaped roof, presents an elegant appearance.

In some of these *chulpas* the interior is formed of upright stones, over which are placed horizontal ones separating the monument into two stories. In all are niches for the squatting corpses, plastered and stuccoed with care, facing each other in single or



MACAS—OR VASE MADE OF
SILVER.

double rows at right angles. The openings are so small that a man can enter only by creeping in on hands and knees, when he finds himself confronted with the grinning skeletons that have held silent reign for rolling centuries.

In the dominions of the chieftain Chimucancho, in the northern part of Peru, the nobles and distinguished persons were buried in tombs carefully built and adorned, into which, with the deceased, were put his treasures, his wives, servants, plenty of provisions and large supplies of *chicha*. Explorations of these mounds often reward the explorer by the discovery of curious articles of gold and silver, sometimes of copper, which may be seen in the collections of various antiquaries who have interested themselves in these researches.

The proficiency which this ancient people had attained in the arts of spinning, weaving, and dyeing, was truly admirable. This is abundantly proved by the remains of most beautiful fabrics artistically interwoven with intricate designs and ornaments of gold, silver, and feathers, all made by hand, without loom or any but the most primitive machinery. Judging by the spindles, threads, and other materials found in the graves, the Peruvian Indians of the present day employ nearly the same processes for spinning and weaving that their ancestors did in the time of the Conquest, and for how long before, who shall inform us?

Though they knew how to extract the most permanent and exquisite dyes from plants and woods, their knowledge of the art of painting was manifestly in a very crude condition. Judging by the pictures on their sacred vases and domestic earthenwares, their attainment in this art must have been quite in its infancy.

We find also that their wooden handiwork is of the coarsest and most unfinished character; and it is truly singular that while they invented tools which enabled them to master the difficulties of cutting stone, they had none which enabled them to overcome the tenacity of ligneous fibre.

Though the country abounds everywhere in iron, they were unacquainted with its use, and their copper tools were inadequate to working the hard woods of their forests. At the same time they worked mines of gold,



EARTHEN WATER-JAR.

silver, tin, and quick-silver, and knew how to smelt and refine the ores. Copper must have been held by these old inhabitants of Peru as a vile metal, for it was mostly employed in the fabrication of weapons, tools, etc., while silver and gold were used for personal ornaments, decoration of temples and palaces, and even for domestic utensils.



ROUND CHULPAS, OR BURIAL TOWERS

The plastic art among the Peruvians presents one most singular feature. The figures, whether of animals or human beings, are all short and bulky, with an utter disproportion between the parts. It is always on the head that the artist lavishes his skill, paying very little attention to body or limbs. Even in the heads, the nose and ears are out of all proportion with the whole, and are always larger than nature.

These Peruvian artists seem to have employed all their talent in the fabrication of *huacas*, *canopas*, and the vases which were to be placed in the sepulchers. Articles of domestic use were of the coarsest and simplest manufacture. The materials were a colored clay and a blackish sort of earth, mixed in such a manner as not to absorb liquids. The secret is lost to us. Though a few specimens appear to have been exposed to the action of fire, a vast majority were manifestly baked or hardened by exposure to the heat of the sun.

A striking feature of Peruvian pottery is the long slim neck through which to pour liquids, placed on the handle, even forming a part of it in every vessel. In almost all these vessels there was a small orifice through which the air, escaping when the vessel was filled, made a sound like the noise of the animal represented. The monkeys shrieked, the cats mewed, birds sang, serpents hissed, etc.

On some of these vessels the faces are undoubtedly portraits of the persons in whose sepulchers they are found. They bear striking resemblance to the present Indian inhabitants of the interior of Peru. The Peruvians seem to have been entirely unacquainted with the use of explosive compounds, although the country abounds in saltpeter and sulphur. In war they wore a defensive armor, which consisted of a close, heavy tunic quilted with cotton, with a shield covered with raw-hide, and a casque for the protection of the head.

These, made of wood or skins, represent the head of some wild animal with the mouth open, exposing the grinning teeth. It was stated by the Spanish invaders that the Peruvians used bows, and arrows tipped with bones, sometimes with copper. These weapons are however seldom if ever found in the graves. Their weapons were generally made of *chonta*, a very hard species of wood, but they preferred the *huayacan*, which was much harder, so hard, in fact, that they could not work it with their copper tools, and were obliged to employ those of stone. They used the lance, the spear, the javelin, and the long and short sword, made of wood and of copper. The *huactana*, or war-club, seems to have been a common and favorite arm, as it is often found in the tombs. These clubs are usually made of stone in the shape of a star, with six or eight radiations, and a hole in the center for a handle.

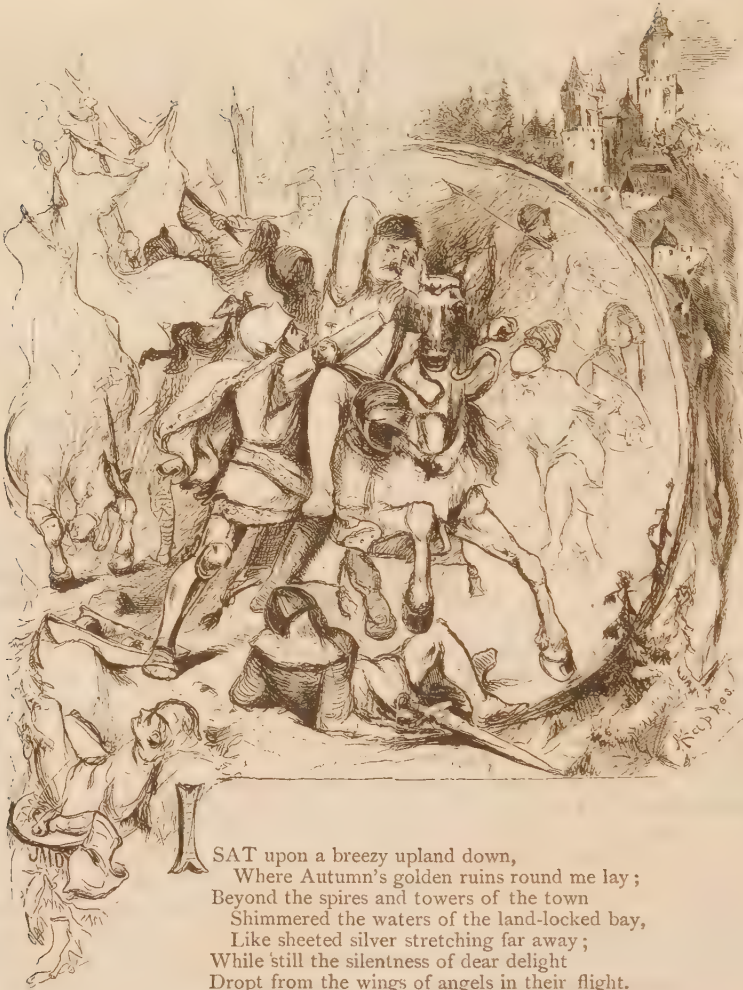
Slings, with which they were very expert, are found in large quantities. Indeed, every man appears to have possessed one. They were made of raw-hide beautifully braided. The hair was preserved on the wide place which was to receive the stone, and on the loop through which they passed the finger, in order to hold the instrument in the hand. Dr. Le Plongeon discovered many wrapped

round the heads of mummies, even those of infants.

Space forbids further detail of the curious matter contained in Le Plongeon's manuscript. It all serves to intensify the interest which has been already awakened in Peruvian Antiquities.

STATUE OF AN INCA CHIEF—
MADE OF RED CLAY.

THE CRUEL LORD.



I SAT upon a breezy upland down,
Where Autumn's golden ruins round me lay;
Beyond the spires and towers of the town
Shimmered the waters of the land-locked bay,
Like sheeted silver stretching far away;
While still the silentness of dear delight
Dropt from the wings of angels in their flight.

There, in the dreamful drowsiness that rose,
Blent with the busy humming of the bee
Which lulled me, lapped in Autumn's soft repose,
Till thought was hushed to reverie in me—
Above the shining mirror of the sea
I read, as one who dreams at mid-day time,
This ancient legend writ in golden rhyme:—

In the far eld, when chivalry shone bright
With deeds of arms and knighthood, it befell
That in a castle on a rocky height
A potent Lord and powerful did dwell—
His wealth and honors were a tale to tell.
On his broad lands his serfs and vassals all
By thousands ate the bitter bread of thrall;

For proud was he and cruel, fierce of heart,
He took small heed of others' life or limb,
And held his bondsmen as the baser part
Of the great world God made alone for him
In sooth it seemed his cup did overbrim

With all good things, where in the pride of birth
He sat amongst the great ones of the earth.

Drunk with his pride and power, he used to trace
His lofty lineage, which he said did spring,
Long ages back, from Roderick's mighty race,
Shaming the birth of Kaiser and of King:
To all men was he wont his gage to fling,
Saying no knightly power, or king's command,
Could pluck him from his proud place in the land.

Beneath his iron rule the land waxed faint;
Foul weeds o'ererran the rank unwholesome ground,
Which no man tilled, and bitterest complaint
Went up to God from all the country round,
Where naught was heard except the direful sound
Of feud and rapine, when this cruel lord
Smote all his knightly neighbors with the sword.

Yet was there one that loved him fast and well,
A lovely dame, the lady Ernengarde,

Whose broad lands swept from where the long sea
swell

Beneath her smiling fields kept watch and ward :—
Her gentle heart held all fierce deeds abhorred,
And grieved to see the base and bitter way
In which he ruled his folk from day to day.

Beneath her brow, so pure and soft and white—
Blue-veined as marble from the quarry ta'en—
Shone her sweet eyes, in whose most loving light
All tender thoughts and holy did remain ;
Her modest mouth did evermore retain
The solemn smile which saints are wont to wear
When unseen angels haunt the upper air.

Her billowy hair, blown by the fresh sea-breeze,
Shone like a golden glory round her head ;
In her right hand dwelt gentle charities ;
Ever on loving ways her feet were sped :
So this proud Lord would this sweet Lady wed ;
While, whispering low, men wondered in their
talk,
The gentle dove should mate the cruel hawk.

Now he had given her for her body's thrall
His foster-brother, born to service true ;
A proper youth and lissome, fair and tall,
Who in her blithesome presence breathed anew,
Drinking her smiles as flowers drink in the dew ;
Till the foul fiend his stern Lord entered in,
And wrought in that dark soul a worse sin

For now he deemed his follower loved the maid,
And in the fierceness of his jealous ire,
Being of no wrong nor wretchedness afraid,
To slay him ruthlessly he'd did desire.
His proud heart burned like a consuming fire—
Wherefore he bade them slay him one black night,
And cast his base-born body to the kite.

But she, who heard of this most dark design,
Hid him away in safety, and bade tell
Her lover they had done that deed malign ;
Ev'n as she said was all done wise and well ;
So all men loved the saintly damsel,
Whose pride it was to stay the cruel hand
That lay so heavily upon the land.

It chanced that in a fair realm o'er the sea,
Whose armies held the lesser lands in awe,
A great king, mightier than kings mostly be,
To Christendom proclaimed this knightly law :
That to a tournament his lords should draw,

And sent fair heralds clad in cloth of gold
To distant lands whose knights should be enrolled.

Then, at the summons of that courtly king,
Lured by the fame of mimic war's alarms,
Went this great Lord, with princely following
Of lesser knights, and squires, and men-at-arms ;
Taking a last look at his lady's charms,
He bade her bide, till he came home to set
On her fair front his costliest coronet.

There—in that lovely land of cloudless skies—
He bore himself so bravely in the fray,
Beneath the great court ladies' glorious eyes,
He was adjudged the meed of might alway ;
Proud Peers and Princes of his deeds did say
That he was mightiest of that dauntless crew—
Thus evermore his greatness grew and grew.

At length, with plenitude of pomp and pride,
'Mid flash of gold and gems and all things fair,
While all the knights in glittering arms did ride,
And martial music shook the summer air,
Clad in his royal robes the King stood there,
And with a crown that flashed a blinding flame
Crowned him the victor by his knightly name.

So, for his distant home, right well content
With all his train, and flushed with lordly pride,
From the great glory of the tournament
Through toilsome ways and devious he did ride ;
Till, in a rocky pass on every side,
Hemmed in by hills, a spiteful petty knight
Fell on his train and slew them in foul fight.

By vantage ta'en, when darkness and fierce storm
Shut out all hope of rescue or defense,
Down from his sell they tore that princely form,
Sore wounded, shorn of his omnipotence,
And in a petty fortress far from thence
Flung him into a dungeon dark and deep,
Within the four walls of the frowning keep.

Long months thereafter came the strange news
home

That the fierce Lord was slain in unfair fight,
While in far distant countries he did roam.
Thereat his old nurse fell in sore affright,
And 'neath the sheltering shadows of the night,
Right painfully, the old and wrinkled crone
To the King's palace went her way alone.

There did she tell to the astonished King
With many moans, and piteous prayers for grace,



How years long gone she did a shameful thing,
And, seeking for her babe a princely place,
Had changed him for the heir of that proud race ;
So now, the lovely lady Ermengarde
Held as her thrall the true and rightful Lord.

Uprose the angry king with righteous wrath,
And said—"God wot, I wist not of all this !—
Nay, surely all tread not the beaten path !—
Yet now, perchance, some little ray of bliss
May dawn for these poor folk, who will not miss
The dead.—But thou !—hence !—hie thee far away !
Lest I should slay thee in mine ire this day."—

That gallant youth, with front so brave and fair,
The King enfeoffed with the usurper's lands ;
Before the people, on the palace stair,
He knighted him with his own royal hands,
And laid upon him his most straight commands,
That he should rule in righteousness and peace
The serfs whom this strange chance brought glad
release.

At length they loosed him thence, and let him go
Forth where he listed, haggard, old and worn,
His stately form now bent into a bow.
With grizzled locks and matted beard unshorn,
And leaning on his staff, he sought forlorn—
Ragged and sore—the long and dreary road
To his old honors and his lost abode.

At last, through dismal days of want and toil,
He stood beneath his castle strong and high ;
Yet knew he not the well-remembered soil,
So many changes had been wrought thereby
By the wise Lord, who ruled it mightily :
But now, being come within the barbian,
He was accosted by a serving-man.

"What dost thou here, base beggar !"—cried the
churl ;
"How darest thou come within the castle
gate ?"—
Then he about his head his staff 'gan whirl,
Telling the base thrall of his high estate.



Meantime the prisoner in the dungeon lay,
His body festered to one cruel sore,
Nor knowing any change of night nor day,
Chained firm and fast upon the noisome floor,
All bruised and naked, while the iron door
Shut him from hope within that horrid hell,
Where he in darkness and despair must dwell.

Fell vengeance swore he on his evil foe
Who thus had robbed him of his high estate,
And brought him there such weariness to know.
Sore he bemoaned him of his bitter fate—
"O God !"—he cried—"Am I left desolate ?
What have I done, that of all men alone
I should be shut within these walls of stone !"

His only ease was watching night and day
A spider fierce upon the rough stones crawl ;
Or seeing him spring upon his hapless prey
From a dark cranny in the blackened wall.
Nor yet repentance on his soul did fall ;
Five years he lay in that most wretched place,
While suffering ploughed deep furrows in his face.

"Ah !—Art thou he ?—Then bitter be thy fate !"
So spake the serfs, who straightway beat him sore,
And thrust him with foul curses from the door.

So for the first time did this poor man learn
All that had chanced while he in durance pined ;
Whereat into the highway he did turn,
With one fierce look of menace flung behind ;
Yet being to his lot no way resigned,
He felt the very bitterness of gall
Burn in his heart while pondering on it all.

He said—"My love hath ta'en some happier Lord ;
My name must doubtless long forgotten be
Who am no longer powerful but abhorred ;
Yet will I crawl once more her face to see
Whose smallest part is worth the world to me.
And, standing in her presence sweet and fair,
Lo ! I will slay my bleeding body there."

And now he stood within her castle hall,
Where great stained windows made the daylight
dim,

While silken banners decked the lofty wall;
Yet naught seemed strange or altered there to him.

There on a lofty dais, lithe of limb,
All clothed in somber weeds the lady stood,
With look distraught as one in widowhood.

So greatly changed was she—far fairer grown—
And sanctified by sorrow's tender touch;
"Her lord is dead"—thought he—"she sits alone
And mourns for his lost memory overmuch."
So, leaning on his staff as on a crutch,
He stood aloof, while henchmen on him bent
Their wondering looks, and made great merriment.

Then she, uprising, cast her queenly eye
Adown the hall, and from the dais stepped,
When, seeing him there, she gave one bitter cry,
As to his side with sudden spring she leapt;
Flinging her white arms round his neck, she wept—

"Ah, God!"—she cried—"my prayers have not
been vain,
Since thou mine own dear Lord art come again!

"Nay, wert thou old and crippled, I would love
The very ground thy poor feet walked upon;
Here, in my seat, sit thou my folk above;
Of lands and lordships thou shalt lack no one,
But share all with me underneath the sun;
And yet not share!—keep all!—for I, dear heart!
For mine own self will take the humbler part."

Then in the breast of that most sinful man
The heart of stone was stricken to the core;
His bitter life seemed dwindled to a span:—
In her sweet presence on the rood he swore
To worship God, and so to sin no more.
How afterward they fared 'twere long to tell;
But this I know—the legend liked me well.

NEEDED MODIFICATIONS OF OUR CURRENCY AND BANKING SYSTEM.

THE frequent sudden and severe twinges in our loan and gold market, so hurtful to sound business, honest and solvent traders, and ultimately to the entire community, have forced an earnest discussion of our present currency and banking system. Many suggestions have been elicited and plans of relief proposed which deserve examination, even though it should prove them fragmentary or inadequate. As legislation is now loudly demanded to remedy our present difficulties, it ought to be guided by a comprehensive view of the whole subject. Here, as elsewhere, half-truths and one-sided views are little better than the worst form of error. The following thoughts are presented in the hope of calling attention to some sides and aspects of the subject that are in danger of being overlooked. We begin with that feature of our National Bank system which is now most sorely felt, and is the immediate occasion of this entire discussion,—the law requiring a

LEGAL-TENDER RESERVE

of 25 per cent. in New York City banks, and 15 per cent. in country banks, on all their immediate liabilities, whether for bills or deposits. This law clearly needs modification—not however, as we shall soon see, what so many fiercely demand, absolute repeal. Properly modified it is what it was designed to be, a highly conservative measure. It is fitted to prevent or greatly mitigate the extreme inflation and the proportionably violent contraction of our monetary and credit sys-

tem. But, as now restricted, its operation is simply to promote and aggravate panics. For when the bank deposits are drawn down towards the verge of the required reserve, the banks are compelled to decline all further discounts even to their most solvent customers, for fear of transgressing their legal limit. All this begets anxiety in these and other borrowers and depositors, who are largely the same persons. They become eager even for loans beyond their wants, to make sure against threatened contingencies. Failing of this, they draw down or tie up their deposits to the lowest, thus still further curtailing the means of the bank for loan purposes.

Once brought below the inexorable standard, the bank, if required to keep a 25 per cent. reserve, must contract its discounts 4 dollars for every dollar's deficiency in its reserve till the latter is made good. If the reserve must be 15 per cent., then for every dollar of deficiency the contraction must be much greater, till the legal standard is regained. This tightens the stricture in the money market to the very quick. Borrowers are driven to private capitalists, whose ready money is likewise deposited in banks. These in turn are tempted by high rates of interest to withdraw and loan these deposits, and thus increase the evil. So this, like all panics, grows by what it feeds on. The working of the present unbending requirements as to bank reserves is portrayed with great accuracy and force in a late vigorous pamphlet, entitled, *Our Monetary Evils; some Sug-*

gestions for their Remedy, by Henry Clews, Esq.

Now from whatever causes, legitimate or illegitimate, a reduction of bank reserves to near the legal limit is induced, it tends, in the manner already set forth, to precipitate a stricture in the loan market which, unless arrested, may culminate in a commercial panic. Especially does it enable that new order of piratical speculators, who can wield for the purpose the vast spoils they have plundered from cities, States, banks, railways, and by nefarious forms of stock-gambling, to bring the loan-market to a dead-lock whenever it suits their interest to force down stocks, or hamper particular persons by torturing the borrowing public. They have only to abstract from the banks a million or two of greenbacks, and they thus turn the key upon their loan-funds, which is like turning a thumb-screw upon every borrower dependent on the loan-market.

But while these piratical raids of the great bandits of stock speculation aggravate and bring into bold relief the evils of the present system, they make but one of the many causes of special strain upon the loan market, which may urge the bank reserve down to or below the legal limits. One of these may be, and probably now is, the illegitimate speculative overstraining of credit. Legitimate causes of a special demand for money are always liable to arise, which, besides their intrinsic tendency to help forward a monetary crisis, greatly facilitate the onset of these foul operators, who are a perpetual menace to honest men and fair dealers. The annual autumnal drain of money from financial centers to move the crops of the South and West is a familiar illustration. Of like effect, in another form, would be the failure of those crops, and the consequent drain upon the banks to meet the home and foreign indebtedness usually discharged by those crops: all the more so, if it require importations from abroad to supply our own wants,—as of wheat in 1837, and of cotton during our civil war. This, with land speculations and other causes, had much to do with the fearful commercial panic of 1837 in this country. Afterwards, the Irish famine produced similar effects in Great Britain. Wars always produce this effect, which is often propagated from the belligerent countries to others in commercial relations with them. Whatever tempts capital to distant enterprises, especially in foreign countries, draws upon the loan-market and bank reserves. The London money market has often been pres-

sed alike by adventurous outlays and well-secured loans abroad. The present immense demand for loans, short and long, for the construction of railways projected, inchoate, and in every stage of progress, goes far to account for the present dearness of money, the oldest lines, which yield the largest dividends, having lately paid as high as 12 per cent. on short paper. Those then on the stage will remember how the great financial panic of 1857 was brought on by the flood of railroad paper which swamped the market. The failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Co. was the opening of the sluice through which the deluge rapidly swept with wide commercial panic and devastation. With respect to the means of the country at that time, or their capacity to remunerate capital, the building of railroads had been overdone. They soon, however, recovered from their depression through the abundant remunerative military transportation afforded by the war. It also created a demand for their bonds, which had thus become sure of prompt payment, principal and interest. These were largely sought by those who found their mortgages paid up in depreciated legal tender, and, afraid to risk everything in government loans, chose to invest a portion of their funds in sound railroad mortgages. All this has given a fresh stimulus to new railroad enterprises. We are not free from danger of another financial crisis, from an inundation of loans to complete the inchoate and projected lines of railway, so multitudinous, extended and complex, that of them we

“find no end,
In wandering mazes lost.”

To the other causes of present stricture in money may be added the great demand for loans to replace losses by fire, flood and tempest.

Passing this, we have found the cause, which prodigiously intensifies all other causes of stricture and panic, to lie in that feature of our present banking system *which requires an inflexible adherence to the fixed rate of legal tender reserve, and denies the liberty to use that reserve in case of necessity.* This clearly indicates

THE ANTIDOTE TO MONETARY STRICTURES
IS THE FREE USE OF THE LEGAL TENDER
RESERVE IN LOANS WHEN NEEDED.

This is plain from the nature of the case. Had the banks possessed this liberty the last three years, could the Nimrods of Wall Street

have paralyzed them and crushed their customers, as they have repeatedly done, by a single turn of the screw, the mere locking up of a million or two of greenbacks? And would not the knowledge that they could not, have prevented even the attempt to do it? Might not ordinary severe monetary contractions and panics be generally averted, always mitigated, by freely drawing upon these reserves whenever they are seen to impend? This is undoubtedly so, whether viewed theoretically or experimentally. *The simple knowledge that such a reserve exists, and will, if need be, be drawn upon, to meet the wants of solvent traders and borrowers,* tends of itself to allay morbid anxiety, to prevent application for extra or needless loans to head off apprehended stringency,—in short, to arrest the very process which otherwise runs into commercial stricture and panic.

This has been abundantly attested by the experience of this country and Great Britain. The present charter of the Bank of England was framed by Sir Robert Peel upon the precise principle of our present inflexible national bank reserve. According to the then accepted theory of financiers, it aimed to prevent financial panic by first preventing monetary inflation, and consequent violent contraction, and this by insuring at all times a large and inviolable coin reserve, and prohibiting the issue of any bills when this reserve should sink to the legal minimum. The effect was, that on occasions of unusual pressure for loans, this minimum legal reserve was apt to be approached. When this happened, the fear of being unable to obtain needed loans doubled the applications for them, and rapidly developed the premonitory symptoms of a commercial crisis. This condition of affairs arose from the great exportation of specie to pay for cotton and corn in 1847. How was the suspension of specie payments then averted? Simply by an order in council suspending these restrictions of the charter, and allowing the issue of bills for the time, irrespective of their reserve. This produced confidence in solvent houses that they could obtain reasonable accommodation, and this speedily checked the demand for it. Less than £400,000 was asked for. So the panic ended. A similar procedure arrested the growing panic in 1857, induced mostly by sympathy with that in this country. The knowledge that it probably will be resorted to before the worst comes, has gone far to dispel impending panics, and avert suspension of coin payments whenever since threatened.

Under the previous charter of the bank analogous measures were attended with analogous results. Repeated crises occurred during the continental wars connected with the French Revolution, in which it escaped the suspension of specie payments, when brought to its very verge, by the adoption of measures on the part of the public authorities to supply the wants of solvent merchants. In 1793, "the government with Pitt at its head wisely took the matter into its own hands, and, acting on the advice of Sir John Sinclair, made an issue of exchequer bills, which acted like magic in sustaining public credit, and at once put an end to the crisis." In 1797 the government ordered the bank to suspend specie payments, in order to make it free to give reasonable discounts, notwithstanding the monetary stricture. "*The very intimation of the intention of the legislature to support the merchants* operated like a charm all over the country, and in a great degree superseded the necessity of relief by the restoration of confidence." The bank also arrested a growing panic in 1826, by "discounting with profusion." The same principle was illustrated in the origin, progress, and cessation of the panic in Hamburg in 1857.*

It was also illustrated in the upspring, culmination, and collapse of the panic of 1857 in this country, already noted. This was years before our present system of national banks and inconvertible currency, buttressed by large reserves of broken government promises, temporarily made legal tender by overwhelming public necessity. The only banks then known were State institutions. Those of New York were framed under a free banking law, requiring their circulation to be secured by pledge of public stocks, and making a forfeiture of charter the penalty of any suspension of specie payments. The banks therefore very naturally regarded the duty of averting this catastrophe as paramount, because essential to self-preservation. Hence they went on contracting loans in order to contract their liabilities. The more they contracted, the more of solvent firms did they break down, while the pressure upon them for discounts was thus made more urgent. Then depositors began to demand specie for their own security, and the more they demanded it, the more the banks contracted their accommodations in order to reduce their liabilities. It is impossible now to conceive the funereal darkness which shrouded

* See *Economy of Capital*, by R. H. Patterson, pp. 100, 101, 442-3.

Wall Street and thence overspread the country in this extremity. The most reliable means of raising money failed. Exchange on London, in almost all emergencies available for this purpose, could not be sold at any price, thus proving that there was no call for specie to liquidate foreign indebtedness. Credit was annihilated. A rayless gloom, exceeding any resulting from the direst disasters of the war, settled upon all financial circles and agencies, till Wall Street, the monetary heart of the country, stood for days petrified with hopeless bewilderment and horror, blindly awaiting those coming events which cast their shadows before.

At length the more intelligent depositors of the banks, seeing no other relief, but "beyond the lowest deep a lower still," resolved to end the horror by presenting demands enough for coin to enforce a suspension of specie payments. This thunder-burst cleared the financial skies and purified the murky atmosphere. It was like the vernal thaws which unlock our rivers and canals, and revive our internal commerce through these great arteries, after a long hybernation.* The panic forthwith ceased. Solvent merchants and borrowers were at once accommodated. The demand for loans immediately fell off. Money became a drug. Coin flowed back to the banks in unwonted accumulations. Its premium was merely nominal. At times it was at a virtual discount as compared with bills. In about six months specie payments were formally resumed, and continued till terminated by the war. Had the like accommodations been given by banks and other lenders to sound dealers, before the panic had gained serious headway, a few weeks earlier, they would have stopped it, and saved the necessity of suspending specie payments, and ruining thousands of sound and honest dealers.

This view is still further confirmed by the effects of the contrary course pursued by the banks during the early stages of the war, before the legal initiation of the inconvertible currency, which its immense expenditures finally made necessary. The commercial upheaving caused by its outbreak was of course far more radical and disastrous than any effect of overtrading, speculation, or other like causes of unusual pressure upon the loan market. All the earlier premonitory symptoms and auguries of a tremendous commercial panic began to appear. But the New

York banks then adopted the policy of sustaining solvent men, and supporting each other in so doing. This allayed all panic. Their specie, instead of being drained off, was rapidly augmented. Soon afterwards, however, the government obtained the means for conducting the next stage of the war by a loan of \$50,000,000 from the New York banks. This, in conformity to the previous exclusive hard-money system of the government, the Secretary of the Treasury drew out in gold. This was scattered all over the country, wherever military expenditures required, and so exhausted the coin reserves of the banks as to make it certain that they must soon stop specie payments by compulsion, if they did not at once stop voluntarily. They chose the latter alternative. This saved all necessity of reducing loans at a time when such a course would have been most disastrous to the banks, to business, and the country. The crisis was passed without a monetary shock, notwithstanding the mighty disturbing causes at work in the land. For months the premium on specie was only nominal. It would have continued so until it vanished in the speedy resumption of specie payments, had the war come to as speedy a conclusion as was expected. It however went that length in duration and magnitude which rendered the continued and aggravated suspension of specie payments a necessity. But we think the subsequent long continuance of this suspension, without even a serious effort to resume, alike mischievous and inexcusable.

In further corroboration of the importance of freely using reserve funds, when needed to meet the just requirements of trade, may be mentioned the great evils recently experienced by the mercantile community in consequence of the prohibition upon the banks to draw upon their reserves—evils which would have undeniably been averted or greatly mitigated by the absence of such restrictions. Still further is the fact that such a course precisely conforms to the working of a purely metallic currency, in countries largely or wholly destitute of banks, whether of issue or deposit. How does this thing work in such countries when war, famine, or other exceptional causes call for a universal exportation of the precious metals to foreign countries? The money of the people, which, where banks are abundant, is deposited in their vaults, is kept in private hoards. Any unusual demand draws forth from these hoards, by the offer of high rates of interest, what is wanted for exportation, without seriously interfering with the volume of money in

* See Article on *Money and Credit*, by the writer, in *Princeton Review*, for April, 1862.

ordinary circulation or deranging common monetary transactions. This is precisely equivalent to taking the ordinary reserves in bank vaults for the same purpose. Moreover, it is only applying to the conduct of these institutions the simple common-sense principles which govern all prudent men in the conduct of their affairs. They usually keep a balance on hand beyond their actual daily outlays. Sometimes it is called a "working balance," a surplus sufficient to meet all ordinary, and most special, contingencies. And they freely use this balance whenever the contingencies arise which it is wanted to meet. It is of such supplies of ready money husbanded by men in excess of their daily outgoes that the deposits and consequent reserves of banks largely consist. To use them in case of emergency, therefore, is only doing what the instincts and common sense of men would impel them to do, if these hoards were in private coffers instead of bank vaults.

It is then established beyond a peradventure, that the present restriction upon the use of bank reserves ought to be either abolished or relaxed. But here too we must look before we leap, lest in abandoning one extreme we spring to another equally or more perilous. It was not without the gravest reason that the recent statesmen and financiers of this and other countries devised this plan for imparting steadiness and solidity to the banking and fiscal operations of the country, although they neutralized some of its most important benefits by certain restrictions then supposed to be necessary, but proved by experience to be unwise. The present outcry very naturally is not only for the removal of these, but of all restrictions, and for leaving the banks at the most absolute liberty to do as they please about the amount of reserves they shall keep,—whether the standard be specie or legal-tender government bills. But before going this length, let us pause and look at its probable consequences. If the banks are left to their own pleasure about reserves, then most of them, in their greed of gain, will keep only the minimum of reserves necessary for smooth working in calm and easy times. They will virtually have no reserves adequate to meet, much less to avert, any stricture or shock in the money market. They would be at the mercy of every commercial flurry, and helpless against the raids of the Ishmaelites of the stock exchange, grown thrice rapacious from the enormous plunder with which they are soon gorged. All our preceding reasoning in favor of free use of bankers' reserves to ease monetary stringency *presupposes that they*

have such a reserve at command. Otherwise they cannot fall back upon it. Not only so, but the ordinary keeping of such a reserve does tend to prevent an undue expansion of bank credits, of whatever form, whether of loans or circulating bills, in periods of redundant money and credit in financial centers, and thus to prevent a proportionate reactionary contraction when the money so accumulated has been drawn elsewhere by the necessities of commerce; as well as to supply the means for neutralizing or alleviating such a stricture if it come.

It is no answer to this to say that the *bills* of banks are sufficiently secured without reserves, by the pledge of government stocks and other resources. The redemption of bills is the least of the objects in view. In fact, such is the confidence in them, arising from the imprimatur of the nation, that they become scattered all over the country, and are scarcely ever presented at the bank-counters for redemption. It is impossible that any panic can now commence, as often happened under the old State-bank system, with the alarm of bill-holders, both because there can be no fear of these bills, and, even if there could be, they are so scattered beyond reach over the country, that the gathering and presentation of them at bank-counters is an impossibility. The arguments in favor of a reserve have reference to its bearing upon immediate liabilities for deposits, which are not secured by national stocks, and, if they were, might still be incapable of that instant conversion into money which the depositor needs, before the forms of law requisite to such conversion could be complied with. These constitute by far the greater part of the demand liabilities of our banks, especially in commercial centers. It is not as security for bills, but as a balance-wheel to insure steadiness in the loan and deposit movements, that our advocacy of a due reserve has application. Nor is it mainly for the security of individual depositors, as depositors, that we advocate a suitable reserve. It is for the purpose of preventing those spasmodic vicissitudes in the money-market, which so seriously embarrass legitimate trade, increase the cost of business, and thus the cost of all articles of consumption. It is as a self-adjusting regulator of the banking system, not as a protection to individuals, who may very properly be trusted to look out for the safety of their own money, that we propose the system of average reserves we are about to explain.

Nor can it be fairly rejoined, that all this may be left to the prudence and sagacity of

the banks themselves. It might, indeed, if all, or nearly all of them, were managed by persons of sufficient insight, integrity, and firmness to secure right administration in this respect; to store up, as wise men always and everywhere do, ample supplies in time of plenty against the time of famine. While many banks are under managers that would do this, experience has proved that too many of them are not; that these will at all times loan every dollar they can, in order to swell their profits, without the slightest respect to the soundness, steadiness, and ultimate safety of the banking and monetary system. Each reasons for itself, that the course it may take, whether in the way of expansion or contraction, will have no appreciable effect on the banking or commercial world as a whole; that itself will sink or swim with the whole mass; in short, that its only concern is to make as much money as possible, and not to be diverted from it under the vain idea of being able of itself to help or hinder a commercial panic.

A sufficient number, if unrestrained by law, will always be found ready to act on these principles, to endanger not only themselves, but more prudent institutions. We find ample confirmation of all this in the reported reserves of the New York city banks, State and National, at the end of the year 1872. The State banks have no reserve limit fixed by law. Yet it is understood that, as members of the clearing-house, they will keep substantially to the 25 per cent. standard of the national banks. But we find the reserves of some of these institutions as low as 6, 7, 8, 9 per cent., and the average of all a trifle over 18 per cent. of immediate liabilities. Even of the national banks, notwithstanding the law, the average of one, and that no less than the City, is reported in the *Times* at 12.04, or less than half the required amount. And the aggregate average of all is only 23.67. Under the present law, when thus reduced, how completely are they at the mercy of the Boa Constrictors of the stock exchange.

Hence we hold that the law requiring an adequate legal tender or specie reserve should be mitigated but not abolished; and all the more so while we are beset with the tendencies and temptations to undue expansion born of an irredeemable paper currency. Thus, and thus alone can the banks, in the face of impending panic, be enabled and constrained to support their own, their customers', and the public credit, and—what is most essential thereto—to support each other in such a

course. The problem now pressing financial statesmanship is—

HOW TO INSURE THE KEEPING OF SUCH A RESERVE AND GIVE LIBERTY TO USE IT WHEN NEEDED?

If the banks are at liberty to draw it down to exhaustion, how shall they be compelled to restore it with reasonable promptitude? We can think of only two ways. One is to intrust to some high public official or officials the very delicate and responsible duty of judging when the exigency has arisen which warrants the free use of reserves, and when the time has come for making them good again. Practically, whether expressly authorized by law or not, this, as we have seen, is the footing on which the Bank of England has stood. We have had some analogy to this in the interpositions of the Secretary of the Treasury, by sales of gold, purchases of government bonds, and issues of his reserved greenbacks, and the potent effect thus produced in the money market. The temptations, or, wanting these, the liabilities, from obvious and numerous causes, to the mistaken and improper use of such a prerogative are so great, that we doubt if it could be wielded even by the wisdom and uprightness of a Washington, so as to give tolerable satisfaction, or escape the widest suspicion of malfeasance in its exercise. Hence a general and decided aversion to such an arrangement has been expressed.

Is there no alternative? We think there is. It is in

AN ADEQUATE AVERAGE BANK RESERVE FOR THE YEAR,

without being limited to any definite amount at any given time. This would insure the means to meet any unusual legitimate demand for loans, notes, or specie; also to thwart the manœuvres of the great Wall Street freebooters to bind the banks and their customers hand and foot. And whenever for such purposes the reserve comes to be reduced below the standard, the law of *average reserve* compels them to make the most of the first opportunities given by returning ease in the loan market, and plentifulness of currency, to make good the deficit and work up their average. This we believe to be the true working principle on which bank-reserves and all their salutary effects, without the evils already indicated, may be secured. It is for legislators and financiers to consider by what penalties the keeping of such an average re-

serve should be enforced; what should be its proportion to immediate liabilities; how far any of it may be allowed to consist of the bills of national banks; whether coming short of this average for one year should work a forfeiture of charter or other penalty; or whether two years,—in short, what degree and duration of deficiency should be allowed in any bank before compelling it to wind up.

As to great abnormal crises of long duration, like protracted wars or civil convulsions, we may safely wait till they occur for any special legislation suited to them. The people always will, as they always have, relax the penalty of forfeiture of chartered privileges in these great upheavings, which have rendered specie-redemption temporarily impossible for well-conducted banks, and this for the simple reason, that to destroy the banks in such circumstances, and for such reasons, would be to inflict a most suicidal blow upon themselves. We are speaking of an average rule for the average vicissitudes of a normal order of things. This will provide for a true and safe

ELASTICITY OF THE CURRENCY, OR, MORE PROPERLY, OF THE LOAN MARKET.

Of this much is said, if not so much is understood. It is quite common to say "more currency is wanted" here, or there, or everywhere, and that we want a currency system elastic enough to supply what is wanted where and when it is wanted, and to contract or withdraw it when in excess. Now there is a sound and unsound sense of all this. Most people and sections of country would doubtless like more currency, if they could honestly get that which has much value. We certainly belong to this class. An inconvertible currency made legal tender may have full debt-paying power and very little purchasing power—as was the case for example during the war, when gold was 2.90. It is only necessary to repeat with renewed emphasis that an increase of such currency will be no permanent remedy for scarcity of money. It will soon aggravate it, and raise the clamor for "more currency" again, because the greater its depreciation, the less exchange and business can it serve to transact. It is like the drunkard's remedy for his languor. His liquor still further prostrates him after a transient exhilaration. The more he drinks, the more he craves, till he drinks himself to death. Such a process of relief, by the indefinite multiplication of engraved bits of paper indefinitely irredeemable, is the

road to financial chaos and industrial disorganization. Such elasticity of money is like the elasticity in the milk supply from its indefinite dilution with water. A greater curse can hardly be inflicted on a nation.

But there may be, in particular places, and at particular times, a real deficiency or real plethora of money, whether metallic or paper, owing to special circumstances. This, however, can only be temporary. For the money of a country, and indeed of the commercial world, will surely find its way where it can be most profitably and safely used, *i.e.*, where men have most to pay for it and its use. It will be ever seeking and flowing to such points till it adjusts itself everywhere to the needs of the people, or to the commodities men are seeking to exchange for it. This is only working out that equilibrium of supply and demand which enters into the rudiments of political economy. But whenever such excess of money or loanable funds accumulates at any point, let due reserves be husbanded against the day of scarcity. When the scarcity comes and begins to pinch, let these reserves be freely employed to meet it. Or if plenty reigns in one quarter and scarcity in another, let the plethora be reduced, and the vacuum filled by diverting the excess away from inactive hoards to the places where it is needed, by adequate rates of interest. Thus the superabundant money accumulated in the Eastern banks, in summer, instead of being let out at low rates, to stimulate speculations,—which at a later period absorb the available means of these banks to prop them, when, in a closer money market, they begin to stagger, and when these funds are needed, but can with difficulty be obtained, for legitimate business,—should be husbanded in large store to maintain the sufficient average reserve, and to provide for the wants of legitimate business, and especially the moving of Western crops, in autumn and early winter. The evils of the contrary course are vividly depicted by Mr. John Jay Knox, Controller of Currency, in his recent report. Among the causes which intensify this wrong movement of the New York banks in the money plethora of summer, he specifies the arrangement by which country banks, which have a like summer surplus, deposit it in the former at low rates of interest. Of course the New York banks must re-loan it, if at low rates, to avoid loss. And the only borrowers they can find for such superfluous funds are speculators. He says that this arises from the custom of paying interest by the city to the country banks for

deposits, "which cannot be easily changed by legislation." He adds :—

"A government issue, bearing a low rate of interest, to be counted as a certain proportion of the reserve, and an increase of the amount which the country banks are required to keep on hand, is the proper remedy for such a state of things. Such an issue need not result in inflation, for the currency invested would be in the possession of the government. If the currency is held, *the objection is the loss of interest to the government*, but this loss would be no more than a just rebate upon the \$6,000,000 of taxation annually paid by the banks to the government, at a time when almost every kind of internal taxation has been discontinued. Such a reduction of taxation should not be grudgingly made, if the result shall be to give elasticity to the currency, to strengthen and steady the money market, to give additional security to \$700,000,000 belonging to depositors, by retaining in the vaults of the banks a large amount of funds for legitimate business purposes, which would otherwise be thrown upon the stock board to unsettle values throughout the country, and alternately increase and depress the price of every commodity."

We agree that a chief remedy for this state of things is "an increase of the amount" [*i.e.*, average amount] which the country as well as other banks should be required to keep on hand. This would give the true elasticity of currency. But we do not agree that the government should pay interest on funds which it does not need, and does not borrow. Whatever interest it can afford should be paid to borrow gold sufficient to enable it to redeem its legal-tenders, so far as they might be presented for redemption, which would not be on any considerable scale, when they are once made redeemable, and backed by double or triple the present amount of coin in the vaults of the Treasury. Nor could the taxes now received by the government from the banks be turned to better account than in thus aiding, by discharging the interest on the necessary gold loans, the resumption of specie payments; *i.e.*, the good faith of the government in fulfilling its own promises, even though it should thus reduce the amount of its forced gratuitous loan from the holders of its legal-tender notes. This would restore the coin standard of money without contraction of the currency,—an inestimable boon, as with adequate space we might easily prove.

OTHER SCHEMES FOR ELASTICITY IN THE SUPPLY OF MONEY. CONVERSION BY THE GOVERNMENT OF ITS BONDS INTO LEGAL TENDERS, AND ITS LEGAL TENDERS INTO BONDS AT PAR AT THE PLEASURE OF THE HOLDER.

That this is an efficient method of expanding the currency almost indefinitely is obvious.

Whether, and how far, it will avail for its contraction when needed, depends on circumstances. One general remark may be made here. It is much easier to expand and so cheapen an inconvertible currency, than to contract it and enhance its value; and this for the simple reasons, first, that as money is cheapened, or its purchasing power and exchangeable value diminished, a larger quantity is continually required to perform the same amount of exchange. Therefore, if increased, the demand for it keeps pace with the increase. Besides, money or currency never can be so plenty, that there will not be sections of country and classes of men clamoring for more of it. All schemes for increasing the currency are therefore to be guarded against which do not provide for its immediate convertibility into coin, or at least into greenbacks, *themselves never to be increased by a dollar, and to be lifted as rapidly as possible to the specie standard*. But the scheme of making the supply of money elastic by the reciprocal conversion of United States bonds and circulating notes into each other at the pleasure of the holder has various forms, each of which stands upon its own special footing.

1. Is the plan which amounts to free banking, not only in discounts and deposits, but in the issue of circulating notes, secured as now by government stocks. To this we do not object, under the conditions of convertibility, average reserve, etc., already laid down.

2. Is the scheme which allows any holder of the present bonds of the United States to deposit them with the government, and receive circulating notes therefor, either in the same ratio as the present national banks, or at par, and, on return of these notes, to receive back his bonds with the accrued interest on his bonds. Now the circulating notes so issued to him must be either inconvertible legal-tenders, which involves a proportionate increase and debasement of that, and with that of all other kinds of currency, since they are required to be kept at its level; or of notes convertible into it, but payable where, or by whom? The mere promise of an individual to pay does not answer the requisites for the redemption of what has a public circulation as money. It must therefore virtually be founded on the promise of government itself to redeem, or really an issue of government notes. This is only another way of increasing and debasing government issues of currency, the standard of all others.

Moreover, how does it appear that one cannot take the bills thus procured and buy

other bonds, which he can present to the government as security for more currency, and so repeat the operation of depositing bonds for greenbacks, and thus purchasing other bonds, to be again deposited for greenbacks, till he has quadrupled his original amount of bonds and greenbacks on which he is drawing gold interest? Mr. Wallace P. Grover has illustrated this process thus:

"For example, a man has \$200,000 face value in bonds. He makes his deposit of bonds, and receives *ninety per cent.* of the amount, or \$180,000, in circulating notes. With these he at once purchases bonds paying, say, twelve per cent. premium, and obtains in round numbers \$160,000 in bonds; makes his deposit again, and receives \$144,000 in notes, and thus continues to repeat the operation until he has a credit on the books of the Treasury Department of deposits of bonds, drawing interest at the rate of six per cent., to the amount of \$770,000, in round numbers, against which he is debited with circulating notes to the amount of \$693,000, on which he pays no interest, and has in hand, say, \$54,600, to loan on call. Is not this altogether too enticing? Under such operations it would seem as though the currency would become *very considerably* inflated."

We cannot see why this does not hold with regard to most of the schemes for reciprocal conversion of U. S. bonds and bills into each other at the pleasure of the holder.

Irrespective of this, he gets interest on his bonds, and the further interest on his greenbacks, which in this case are only a forced gratuitous loan from the takers of them and the people for his benefit. And why should the holders of government bonds have this extraordinary additional bonus, without any corresponding benefit in return, such as the national banks render, in the way of taxes, and innumerable business and exchange facilities? Is it replied that the plan is to let the interest on the bond meanwhile go to the government? This would render it fruitless, and worse than needless. For in that case the bonds, instead of being deposited with the government for 90 or 100 per cent. of greenbacks, would go into the open market, where they will readily exchange for a much larger amount of ready money.

3. Another plan is for the government to issue a 3.65 per cent. stock for this purpose, at all times exchangeable by government for greenbacks at the will of the holder, and vice versa. Of this scheme there are two forms: that suggested by Controller Knox in his Report already quoted, and brought before Congress in a bill, which makes this 3.65 interest payable in coin. The other is that of labor reformers and radical doctrinaires who advocate a permanently inconvertible currency, and insist on paying this and all other interest and principal of the public debt in such inconvertible currency. We waive the consideration of this latter scheme for the present, as belonging to the general subject of inconvertible and convertible currency, and the resumption of specie payments, which deserves separate treatment. Meanwhile we will say a word respecting the former.

This makes the principal of the bond payable in legal-tender, the 3.65 annual interest in coin. It makes \$1,000 legal-tenders always exchangeable for such a bond of equal amount, and such a bond exchangeable for \$1,000 legal tenders, *i.e.*, \$1,000 legal-tenders are worth only a bond yielding 3.65 per cent. annual coin interest. But \$1,000 coin will command a 5 per cent. bond payable in coin, principal and interest. It therefore makes the annual interest of \$1,000 greenbacks \$36.50, while that of coin is \$50, *i.e.*, the greenbacks worth only 75 per cent. of coin, thus fearfully debasing our currency, and putting us at an alarming if not hopeless distance from specie payments, to say nothing of other deplorable consequences. The bill of Senator Sherman, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, for the resumption of specie payments, though defective in some respects, yet, taken in connection with his speech on introducing it, shows a far better comprehension of the situation.

The scheme of labor reformers and agrarians, which modifies the foregoing only by making the 3.65 per cent. interest payable in irredeemable paper instead of coin, is beneath notice, except as one of the worst projects for a permanently inconvertible paper currency. This subject and its correlative, the resumption of specie payments, require for their due consideration more space than we have now at command.

HYPATIA.

'Tis fifteen hundred years, you say,
 Since that fair teacher died
 In learnèd Alexandria
 By the stone altar's side :—
 The wild monks slew her, as she lay
 At the feet of the Crucified.

Yet in a prairie-town, one night,
 I found her lecture-hall,
 Where bench and dais stood aright,
 And statues graced the wall,
 And pendent brazen lamps the light
 Of classic days let fall.

A throng that watched the speaker's face,
 And on her accents hung,
 Was gathered there : the strength, the grace,
 Of lands where life is young,
 Ceased not, I saw, with that blithe race
 From old Pelasgia sprung.

No civic crown the sibyl wore,
 Nor academic tire,
 But shining skirts, that trailed the floor
 And made her stature higher ;
 A written scroll the lecturn bore,
 And flowers bloomed anigh her.

The wealth her honeyed speech had won
 Adorned her in our sight ;
 The silkworm for her sake had spun
 His cincture, day and night ;
 With broider-work and Honiton
 Her open sleeves were bright.

But still Hypatia's self I knew,
 And saw, with dreamy wonder,
 The form of her whom Cyril slew
 (See Kingsley's novel, yonder),
 Some fifteen centuries since, 'tis true,
 And half a world asunder.

Her hair was coifed Athenian-wise,
 With one loose tress down-flowing ;
 Apollo's rapture lit her eyes,
 His utterance bestowing—
 A silver flute's clear harmonies
 On which a god was blowing.

Yet not of Plato's sounding spheres,
 And universal Pan,

She spoke ; but searched historic years,
 The sisterhood to scan
 Of women,—girt with ills and fears,—
 Slaves to the tyrant, Man.

Their crosiered banner she unfurled,
 And onward pushed her quest
 Through golden ages of a world
 By their deliverance blest :—
 At all who stay their hands she hurled
 Defiance from her breast.

I saw her burning words infuse
 A warmth through many a heart,
 As still, in bright successive views,
 She drew her sex's part ;
 Discoursing, like the Lesbian Muse,
 Of work, and song, and art.

Why vaunt, I thought, the past, or say
 The later is the less ?
 Our Sappho sang but yesterday,
 Of whom two climes confess
 Heaven's flame within her wore away
 Her earthly loveliness.

So let thy wild heart ripple on,
 Brave girl, through vale and city !
 Spare, of its listless moments, one
 To this, thy poet's ditty ;
 Nor long forbear, when all is done,
 Thine own sweet self to pity.

The priestess of the Sestian tower,
 Whose knight the sea swam over,
 Among her votaries' gifts no flower
 Of heart's-ease could discover :
 She died, but in no evil hour,
 Who, dying, clasped her lover.

The rose-tree has its perfect life
 When the full rose is blown ;
 Some height of womanhood the wife
 Beyond thy dream has known ;
 Set not thy head and heart at strife
 To keep thee from thine own.

Hypatia ! thine essence rare
 The rarer joy should merit :
 Possess thee of that common share
 Which lesser souls inherit :
 All gods to thee their garlands bear,—
 Take one from Love, and wear it !

THE ELDER'S WIFE.

SEQUEL TO "DRAXY MILLER'S DOWRY."

I.

DRAXY and the Elder were married in the little village church, on the first Sunday in September.

"O Draxy! let it be on a communion Sunday," the Elder had said, with an expression on his face which Draxy could not quite fathom; "I can't tell you what it 'ud be to me to promise myself over again to the blessed Saviour, the same hour I promise to you, darling, I'm so afraid of loving Him less. I don't see how I *can* remember anything about heaven, after I've got you, Draxy," and tears stood in the Elder's eyes.

Draxy looked at him wonderingly and with a little pain in her face. To her serene nature, heaven and earth, this life and all the others which may follow it, had so long seemed one—love and happiness and duty had become so blended in one sweet atmosphere of living in daily nearness to God, that she could not comprehend the Elder's words.

"Why, Mr. Kinney, it's all Christ," she said, slowly and hesitatingly, slipping her hand into his, and looking up at him so lovingly that his face flushed, and he threw his arms around her, and only felt a thousand times more that heaven had come to mean but one thing to him.

"Darling," he whispered, "would you feel so if I were to die and leave you alone?"

"Yes, I think so," said Draxy, still more slowly, and turning very pale. "You never can really leave me, and no human being can be really alone; it would still be all Christ, and it would be living His life and God's, still;" but tears rolled down her cheeks, and she began to sob.

"Oh, forgive me, Draxy," exclaimed the Elder, wrung to the heart by sight of her grief. "I'm nothing but a great brute to say that to you just now; but, Draxy, you don't know much about a man's heart yet; you're such a saint yourself, you can't understand how it makes a man feel as if this earth was enough, and he didn't want any heaven, when he loves a woman as I love you," and the Elder threw himself on the ground at Draxy's feet, and laid his face down reverently on the hem of her dress. There were fiery depths in this man's nature of which he had never dreamed, until this fair, sweet, strong womanhood crossed his path. His love of Draxy kindled and transformed his whole consciousness of himself

and of life: it was no wonder that he felt terrors; that he asked himself many times a day what had become of the simple-minded, earnest, contented worker he used to be. He was full of vague and restless yearnings; he longed to do, to be, to become, he knew not what, but something that should be more of kin to this beautiful nature he worshipped—something that should give her great joy—something in which she could feel great pride.

"It ain't right, I know it ain't right, to feel so about any mortal," he would say to himself; "that's the way I used to feel about Jesus. I wanted to do all for Him, and now I want to do all for Draxy," and the great, tender, perplexed heart was sorely afraid of its new bliss.

They were sitting in the maple grove behind the house. In the tree under which they sat was a yellow-hammer's nest. The two birds had been fluttering back and forth in the branches for some time. Suddenly they both spread their wings and flew swiftly away in opposite directions. Draxy looked up, smiling through her tears, and, pointing to the fast fading specks in the distant air, said:

"It would be like that. They are both sent on errands. They won't see each other again till the errands are done."

The Elder looked into her illumined face, and, sighing, said: "I can't help prayin' that the Lord 'll have errands for us that we can do together as long's we live, Draxy."

"Yes, dear," said Draxy, "I pray for that too," and then they were silent for some minutes. Draxy spoke first. "But, Mr. Kinney, I never heard of anybody's being married on Sunday—did you?"

"No," said the Elder, "I never did, but I've always thought it was the only day a man ought to be married on; I mean, the most beautiful, the sweetest day."

"Yes," replied Draxy, a solemn and tender light spreading over her whole face, "it certainly is. I wonder why nobody has ever thought so before. But perhaps many people have," she added with a merrier smile; "we don't know everybody."

Presently she looked up anxiously and said:

"But do you think the people would like it? Wouldn't they think it very strange?"

The Elder hesitated. He too had thought of this.

"Well, I tell you, Draxy, it's just this way: I've tried more than once to get some of them to come and be married on a Sunday in church, and they wouldn't, just because they never heard of it before; and I'd like to have them see that I was in true earnest about it. And they like you so well, Draxy, and you know they do all love me a great deal more'n I deserve, and I can't help believing it will do them good all their lives, by making them think more how solemn a thing a marriage ought to be, if they take it as I think they will; and I do think I know them well enough to be pretty sure."

So it was settled that the marriage should take place after the morning sermon, immediately before the communion service. When Reuben was told of this, his face expressed such absolute amazement that Draxy laughed outright, in spite of the deep solemnity of her feeling in regard to it.

"Why, father," she said, "you couldn't look more surprised if I had told you I was not to be married at all."

"But Draxy, Draxy," Reuben gasped, "who ever heard of such a thing? What will folks say?"

"I don't know that anybody ever heard of such a thing, father, dear," answered Draxy, "but I am not afraid of what the people will say. They love Mr. Kinney, and he has always told them that Sunday was the day to be married on. I shouldn't wonder if every young man and young woman in the parish looked on it in a new and much holier light after this. I know I began to as soon as the Elder talked about it, and it wouldn't seem right to me now to be married on any other day," and Draxy stooped and kissed her father's forehead very tenderly. There was a tenderness in Draxy's manner now towards every one which could hardly be described in words. It had a mixture of humility and of gracious bestowal in it, of entreaty and of benediction, which were ineffably beautiful and winning. It is ever so when a woman, who is as strong as she is sweet, comes into the fullness of her womanhood's estate of love. Her joy overflows on all; currents of infinite compassion set towards those who must miss that by which she is thrilled; her incredulity of her own bliss is forever questioning humbly; she feels herself forever in presence of her lover, at once rich and free and a queen, and poor and chained and a vassal. So her largess is perpetual, involuntary, unconscious, and her appeal is tender, wistful, beseeching. In Draxy's large nature,—her pure, steadfast, loving soul, quick-

ened and exalted by the swift currents of an exquisitely attuned and absolutely healthful physical organization,—this new life of love and passion brought a transfiguration which was vivid and palpable to the commonest eyes. Men and women upon whom she smiled, in passing, felt themselves lifted and drawn, they knew not how. A sentiment of love, which had almost reverence in it, grew up towards her in the hearts of the people. A certain touch of sadness, of misgiving, mingled with it.

"I'm afraid she ain't long for this world; she's got such a look o' heaven in her face," was said more than once, in grieving tones, when the Elder's approaching marriage was being discussed. But old Ike was farther sighted, in his simplicity, than the rest. "'Tain't that," he said, "that woman's got in her face. It's the kind o' heaven that God sends down to stay 'n this world, to help make us fit for the next. Shouldn't wonder ef she outlived th' Elder a long day," and Ike wiped his old eyes slyly with the back of his hand.

The day of the marriage was one of those shining September days which only mountain regions know. The sky was cloudless and of a transcendent blue. The air was soft as the air of June. Draxy's young friends had decorated the church with evergreens and clematis vines; and on each side of the communion-table were tall sheafs of purple asters and golden-rod. Two children were to be baptized at noon, and on a little table, at the right of the pulpit, stood the small silver baptismal font, wreathed with white asters and the pale feathery green of the clematis seed.

When Draxy walked up the aisle leaning on her father's arm, wearing the same white dress she had worn on Sundays all summer, it cannot be denied that there were sighs of disappointment in some of the pews. The people had hoped for more of an occasion. Draxy had kept her own counsel on this point closely, replying to all inquiries as to what she would wear, "White, of course," but replying in such a tone that no one had quite dared to ask more, and there had even been those in the parish who "reckoned" that she wouldn't "be satisfied with anythin' less than white satin." Her head was bare, her beautiful brown hair wound tightly round and round in the same massive knot as usual. Her only ornaments were the creamy white blossoms of the low cornel; one cluster in the braids of her hair, and one on her bosom. As she entered the pew and sat

down by the side of her mother, slanting sunbeams from the southern windows fell upon her head, lighting up the bright hair till it looked like a saintly halo. Elder Kinney sat in the pulpit, with his best loved friend, Elder Williams, who was to preach that day and perform the marriage ceremony. When Draxy and her father entered the door, Elder Kinney rose and remained standing until they reached their pew. As Draxy sat down and the golden sunbeams flickered around her, the Elder sank back into his seat and covered his eyes with his hand. He did not change his posture until the prayers and the hymns and the sermon were over, and Elder Williams said in a low voice :

"The ceremony of marriage will now be performed." Then the Elder rose, his countenance glowing like that of one who had come from some Mount of Transfiguration. With a dignity and grace of bearing such as royal ambassadors might envy, he walked slowly down to the door of Reuben Miller's pew, and, with his head reverently bent, received Draxy from her father's hands.

Passionate love and close contact with Draxy's exquisite nature were developing, in this comparatively untrained man, a peculiar courteousness and grace, which added a subtle charm to the simplicity of his manners. As he walked up the aisle with Draxy clinging to his arm, his tall figure looked majestic in its strength, but his face was still bent forward, turned toward Draxy, with a look of unspeakable reverence of love.

The whole congregation rose, moved by one impulse, and the silence was almost too solemn. When the short and simple ceremony was over, the Elder led Draxy to his own pew and sat down by her side.

After the little children had been baptized, the usual announcement of the Lord's Supper was made, and the usual invitation extended. Absolute silence followed it, broken only by the steps of the singers leaving their seats in the gallery to take places below. Not a person moved to leave the body of the house. Elder Williams glanced at Elder Kinney in perplexity, and waited for some moments longer. The silence still remained unbroken; there was not a man, woman, or child there but felt conscious of a tender and awed impulse to remain and look on at this ceremony, so newly significant and solemn to their beloved Elder. Tears came into many eyes as he took the cup of wine from Deacon Plummer's trembling hands and passed it to Draxy, and many hearts which had never before

longed for the right to partake of the sacred emblems longed for it now.

After the services were concluded, just as Elder Williams was about to pronounce the benediction, Elder Kinney rose from his seat, and walking rapidly to the communion table, exclaimed :

"My dear friends, I know you don't look for any words from me to-day ; but there are some of you I never before saw at this blessed feast of our Lord, and I must say one word to you from Him." Then pausing, he looked round upon them all, and, with an unutterable yearning in the gesture, stretched out both his arms and said : "O my people, my people ! like as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, He would have gathered you long ago, but ye would not." Then, still holding out his arms towards them, he pronounced the benediction.

Silently and solemnly the little congregation dispersed. A few lingered, and looked longingly at Draxy, as if they would go back and speak to her. But she stood with her eyes fixed on the Elder's face, utterly unconscious of the presence of any other human being. Even her father dared not break the spell of holy beatitude which rested on her countenance.

"No, no, ma," he said to Jane, who proposed that they should go back to the pew and walk home with her. "This ain't like any other wedding that was ever seen on this earth, unless, maybe, that one in Cana. And I don't believe the Lord was any nearer to that bridegroom than he is to this one."

So Jane and Reuben walked home from church alone, for the first time since they came to Clairvend, and Draxy and her husband followed slowly behind. The village people who watched them were bewildered by their manner, and interpreted it variously according to their own temperaments.

"You'd ha' thought now they'd been married years an' years to look at 'em," said Eben Hill ; "they didn't speak a word, nor look at each other any more 'n old Deacon Plummer 'n his wife, who was joggin' along jest afore 'em."

Old Ike—poor, ignorant, loving old Ike, whose tender instinct was like the wistful sagacity of a faithful animal—read their faces better. He had hurried out of church and hid himself in the edge of a little pine grove which the Elder and Draxy must pass.

"I'd jest like to see 'em a little longer," he said to himself half apologetically. As they walked silently by, old Ike's face saddened, and at last became convulsed with grief.

Creeping out from beneath the pines, he slowly followed them up the hill, muttering to himself, in the fashion which had grown upon him in his solitary life:

"O Lord! O Lord! No such looks as them is long for this earth. O Lord! which is it ye're goin' to take? I reckon it's the Elder. I reckon 'tis. That woman's goin' to have her heart broke. O Lord! O Lordy me! I can't bear the sight on't!" and he leaped a fence and struck off across the fields towards his house. Old Ike did not shut his eyes that night, but tossed and groaned aloud. Toward morning he formed a resolution which calmed him somewhat.

"Ef I kin only be right close to 'em till it comes, p'raps I can be of a little use. Leastways it 'ud be some comfort to try," he said.

As the Elder and Draxy were sitting at breakfast the next day, they caught sight of the old man's bent figure walking up and down outside the gate, and stopping now and then irresolutely, as if he would come in, but dared not.

"Why, there's old Ike," exclaimed the Elder. "What on earth can he want at this time of day!"

Draxy looked up with a very tender smile, and said:

"I shouldn't wonder if he wanted just to see how happy you look, Mr. Kinney. Nobody in this world loves you so well as old Ike does."

"Oh, Draxy!" said the Elder, reproachfully.

"No, dear, not even I. Old Ike never dreams of receiving any love in return. I have seen his eyes follow you with just such a look as dogs' eyes have. I wish we could do something for him."

"We will, dear, we will go and see him often. I own it smites me to the soul sometimes to think how humble he is, and so glad to see me when I haven't been near him for six months, maybe."

At this moment Hannah put her head into the door and said, in no pleasant voice:

"Here's that Ike Sanborn wantin' to speak to ye, sir, but I telled him——"

"Let him come right in here, Hannah," said Draxy. "Mr. Kinney and I will be very glad to see him this morning." Hannah's face relaxed in spite of herself, in answer to Draxy's smile, but she could not forgive Ike for what seemed to her a most unwarrantable intrusion, and she was grimmer than ever when she returned to him, saying:

"They'll see ye; but I must say, I sh'd ha' thought ye'd know better 'n to be comin'

round here this mornin' of all mornin's. Ain't they to have a minute's peace to themselves?"

Ike looked up appealingly at the hard Indian face.

"I wa'n't goin' to keep 'em a minute," he said; "I won't go in now. I'll come agin, ef you say so, Hannah."

"No, no—go in, now ye're here; ye've interrupted 'em, and ye may 's well take the good on't now," replied the vengeful Hannah, pushing Ike along towards the sitting-room door.

"Ef there's anythin' I do hate, it's shiftless white folks," grumbled Hannah as she went back to her work. If poor Ike had known the angry contempt for him which filled Hannah's heart, he would have felt still less courage for the proposition he had come to make. As it was, he stood in the doorway the very picture of irresolution and embarrassment.

"Come in, come in, Ike," said the Elder; "you're the first one of the parish to pay your respects to Mrs. Kinney." Draxy rose from her seat smiling, and went towards him and said: "And Mrs. Kinney is very glad to see you, Ike."

This was too much for the loving old heart. He dropped his hat on the floor, and began to speak so rapidly and incoherently that both Draxy and the Elder were almost frightened.

"O Elder! O Miss Kinney!—I've been a thinkin' that p'raps you'd let me come an' live with you, an' do all yer chores. I'd bring my two cows, an' my keepin' wouldn't be very much; an'—oh, sir, ef ye'll only let me, I'll bless ye all the days o' my life," and Ike began to cry.

So did Draxy, for that matter, and the Elder was not very far from it. Draxy spoke first:

"Why Ike, do you really want so much to live with us?"

Ike's first answer was a look. Then he said, very simply:

"I've laid awake all night, ma'am, tryin' to get bold enough to come and ask ye."

Draxy looked at her husband, and said in a low voice, "You know what I told you just now, Mr. Kinney?"

The Elder saw that Draxy was on Ike's side.

"Well, well, Ike," he said, "you shall certainly come and try it. Perhaps you won't like it as well as you think. But don't say anything about it to any one else till you hear from us. You shall come very soon."

Ike turned to go, but lingered, and finally

stammered: "I hope, sir, ye don't take it that I'm askin' a charity; I make bold to believe I could be worth to ye's much 's my keepin'; I'm considerable handy 'bout a good many things, 'an I can do a day's mowin' yet with any man in this parish, I don't care who he is. It's only because—because"—Ike's voice broke, and it was very nearly with a sob that he added, "because I love ye, sir," and he hurried away. Draxy sprang after him.

"I know that very well, Ike, and so does Mr. Kinney, and you will be a great help to us. You are making us the most valuable wedding present we've had yet, Ike," and Draxy held out her hand.

Ike looked at the hand, but he did not touch it.

"Maybe God 'll let me thank ye yet, ma'am," he said, and was gone.

As he went through the kitchen a sudden misgiving seized him of terror of Hannah.

"Supposin' she sh'd take into her head to be agin me," thought he. "They say the Elder himself's 'fraid on her. I don't s'pose she'd dare to try to pizen me outright, an' anyhow there's allers eggs an' potatoes. But I'll bring her round fust or last;" and, made wary by love, Ike began on the spot to conciliate her, by offering to bring a pail of water from the well.

This small attention went farther than he could have dreamed. When Draxy first told Hannah that Ike was to come and live with them, she said, judiciously:

"It will make your work much easier in many ways, Hannah."

Hannah answered:

"Yes, missus. He'll bring all the water I s'pose, an that alone's wuth any man's keep—not that I've ever found any fault with the well's bein' so far off. It's 's good water's there is in the world, but it's powerful heavy."

The arrival of the two cows completed Hannah's satisfaction with the arrangement. If she had a passion in life it was for cream and for butter-making, and it had been a sore trial to her, in her life as the Elder's house-keeper, that she must use stinted measures of milk, bought from neighbors. So when poor Ike came in, trembling and nervous, to his first night's lodging under the Elder's roof, he found in the kitchen, to his utter surprise, instead of a frowning and dangerous enemy, a warm ally, as friendly in manner and mien as Indian blood would permit.

And thus the little household settled down for the winter: Draxy and the Elder happy,

serene, exalted more than they knew, by their perfect love for each other, and their childlike love of God, blending in one earnest purpose of work for souls; Hannah and Ike anything but serene, and yet happy after their own odd fashions, and held together much more closely than they knew by the common bond of their devotion to the Elder and his wife.

In the other side of the house were also two very thankful and contented hearts. Reuben and Jane were old people now: Reuben's hair was snowy white, and Jane was sadly bent; but the comfort and peace which had come so late into their lives had still come early enough to make the sunset a bright one. It was a sight to do all hearts good to see the two sitting together on the piazza of the house, in the warm afternoons, and gazing in delight at the eastern mountain ranges turning rose-pink, and then fading through shades of purple to dark-gray.

"It's a good deal like our life, ma," Reuben said sometimes; "our sun's pretty low—most down, I reckon; it's all rosy-light, just these days; but we shall have to lie down in the shadow presently; but it's all beautiful, beautiful."

Jane did not understand him. She never had. But she loved the sound of his voice best when he said the things which were too subtle for her.

The two households lived separately as before. The Elder had proposed their making one family, and Reuben had wistfully seconded it. But Draxy had firmly said "No."

"I shall be able to do more for you, father dear, if we do not. It will not seem so at first, but I know I am right," she said, and it was a rare wisdom in her sweet soul which led to the decision. At first it was very hard for Reuben to bear, but as the months went on he saw that it was best.

Draxy's loving, thoughtful care of them never relaxed. The excellent woman whom she had secured for their servant went for her orders quite as often to Draxy as to Jane; very few meals were set out for them to which Draxy's hand had not given the last final touch. She flitted back and forth between the two homes, equally the guardian angel of both; but the line of division and separation was just as distinctly drawn as if they had lived under different roofs a mile apart. Two or three times in the week they dined and took tea together, but the habit never was formed of doing this on a special day. When Reuben said, "Couldn't ye ar-

range it so's always to eat your Sunday dinner with us, Draxy?" she replied:

"Sometimes Sunday dinner; sometimes Thursday; sometimes Saturday, father dear. If we make it a fixed day, we shall not like it half so well, any of us. We'll come often enough, you may be sure." And of this, too, Reuben soon saw the wisdom.

"O Draxy, Draxy, my little girl!" he said one day, when, just after breakfast, she ran in, exclaiming:

"Father, dear, we're coming to take dinner with you and ma to-day. It's a surprise party, and the chickens have come first; they're in the kitchen now!"

"O Draxy, Draxy," he exclaimed, "it's a great deal nicer not to know it beforehand. How could you be so wise, child?"

Draxy put her arms round his neck and did not speak for a moment. Then she said, "I don't think it is wisdom, dear. Real true love knows by instinct, just as the bee does, which shaped cell will hold most honey. I'm only a honey-maker for my darlings."

Jane looked mystified, but Reuben's face quivered with pleasure.

"That you are, you blessed child," he said, and as she flew out of the room, hearing the Elder's step in the hall, Reuben covered his eyes with his hand.

Happy years leave slender records; but for suffering and sin there would not be history. The winter came, and the spring came, and the summer and the autumn, and no face in the quiet little parsonage looked a shade older for the year that had gone; no incident had taken place which could make a salient point in a story, and not one of the peaceful hearts could believe that a twelvemonth had flown. Elder Kinney's pathetic fears lest he might love his Saviour less by reason of his new happiness, had melted like frost in early sunlight, in the sweet presence of Draxy's child-like religion.

"O Draxy!" he said again and again, "seems to me I never halfloved all these souls we are working for, before I had you. I don't see how I could have been so afraid about it, before we were married."

"Do I really help you, Mr Kinney?" Draxy would reply, with a lingering emphasis on the "really" which made her husband draw her closer to him and forget to speak: "It seems very strange to me that I can. I feel so ignorant about souls. It frightens me to answer the smallest question the people ask me. I never do, in any way except to tell them if I have ever felt so myself, and how God seemed to help me out."

Blessed Draxy! that was the secret of her influence from first to last: the magnetic sympathy of a pure and upright soul, to whose rare strength had been added still rarer simplicity and lovingness. Old and young, men as well as women, came to her with unhesitating confidence. Before her marriage, they had all felt a little reserve with her, partly because she was of finer grain than they, partly because she had, deep down in her soul, a genuine shyness which showed itself only in quiet reticence. But now that she was the Elder's wife, they felt that she was in a measure theirs. There is a very sweet side, as well as an inconvenient and irritating one, to the old-fashioned rural notion that the parish has almost as much right to the minister's wife as to the minister. Draxy saw only the former. With all the loyalty and directness which had made her, as a little girl, champion and counsellor and comfort to her father, she now set her hand to the work of helping her husband do good to the people whom he called his children.

"If they are yours, they must be mine, too, Mr. Kinney," she would say, with a smile half arch, half solemn. "I hope I shan't undo on week-days what you do on Sundays."

"What I do on Sundays is more'n half your work too, Draxy," the Elder would make reply; and it was very true. Draxy's quicker brain and finer sense, and in some ways superior culture, were fast moulding the Elder's habits of thought and speech to an extent of which she never dreamed. Reuben's income was now far in advance of their simple wants, and newspapers, magazines, and new books continually found their way to the parsonage. Draxy had only to mention the name of anything she desired to see, and Reuben forthwith ordered it. So that it insensibly came to pass that the daily life of the little household was really an intellectual one, and Elder Kinney's original and vigorous mind expanded fast in the congenial atmosphere. Yet he lost none of his old quaintness and simplicity of phrase, none of his fervor. His sermons were listened to with wondering interest by the people, and they were not slow to ascribe some of the credit of the new unction to Draxy.

"Th' Elder's getting more'n more like Mis' Kinney every day o' his life," they said: "there's some o' her sayin's in every sermon he writes."

"And no wonder," would be added by some more enthusiastic worshiper of Draxy's. "I guess he's got sense enough to know that she's got more real book-

learnin' in her head than he has, twice over. I shouldn't wonder if she got to writin' some of his sermons for him out 'n out, before long."

Dear Draxy's reverent wifehood would have been grieved and dismayed, if she had known that her efforts to second her husband's appeals to his people were sometimes so eloquent as to make the Elder's words forgotten. But she never dreamed of such a thing; she was too simple-hearted and humble.

In the early days of the second winter came the Angel of the Annunciation, bearing a white lily to Draxy. Her joy and gratitude were unspeakable, and the exquisite purity and elevation of her nature shone out transcendent in the new experience.

"Now I begin to feel surer that God really trusts me," she said, "since he is going to let me have a child of my own."

"O my dear friends!" she exclaimed more than once, to mothers, "I never dreamed how happy you were. I thought I knew, but I did not."

Draxy's spontaneous and unreserved joy of motherhood, while yet her babe was unborn, was a novel and startling thing to the women among whom she lived. The false notions on this point, grown out of ignorant and base thoughts, are too wide-spread, too firm-rooted, to be overthrown in an hour or a day, even by the pressure of angelic truth incarnate. Some of Draxy's best friends were annoyed and disquieted by her frankness and unreserve of delight. But, as the weeks went on, the true instinct of complete motherhood thrilled for the first time in many a mother's heart, under Draxy's glowing words, and women talked tearfully one with another, in secret, with lowered voices, about the new revelation which had come to them through her.

"I've come to see it all quite different, since I've talked with Mis' Kinney," said one young married woman, holding her baby close to her breast, and looking down with remorseful tenderness on its placid little face. "I shan't never feel that I've quite made it up to Benjy, never, for the thoughts I had about him before he was born. I don't see why nobody ever told us before, that we was just as much mothers to 'em from the very first as we ever could be," and tears dropped on Benjy's face; "an' I jest hope the Lord'll send me 's many more 's we can manage to feed 'n clothe, 'n I'll see if lovin' 'em right along from the beginnin', with all my heart, 'll make 'em beautiful an' happy

an' strong an' well, 's Mis' Kinney sez. I b'lieve it 's much 's ef 'twas in the Bible, after all she told me, and read me out of a Physiology, an' it stands to natur', which 's more 'n the old way o' talkin' did."

This new, strong current of the divinest of truths stirred the very veins of the village. Mothers were more loving and fathers more tender, and maidens were sweeter and graver—all for the coming of this one little babe into the bosom of full and inspired motherhood.

On the morning when Draxy's son was born, a stranger passing through the village would have supposed that some great news of war or of politics had arrived. Little knots of people stood at gates, on corners, all talking earnestly; others were walking rapidly to and fro in the street. Excitement filled the air.

Never was heir to royal house more welcomed than was the first-born son of this simple-minded, great-hearted woman, by the lowly people among whom she dwelt.

Old Ike's joy was more than he could manage. He had sat on the floor all night long, with his head buried in his hands.

The instinct of grief to come, which not even all these long peaceful months had been able to wholly allay in his faithful heart, had sprung into full life at the first symptom of danger to Draxy.

"P'raps it's this way, arter all, the Lord's goin' to do it. O Lord! O Lord! It'll kill Mr. Kinney, it'll kill him," he kept repeating over and over, as he rocked to and fro. Hannah eyed him savagely. Her Indian blood hated groans and tears, and her affection for her master was angered at the very thought of his being afflicted.

"I wish it had pleased yer Lord to give ye the sense of a man, Mr. Sanborn," she said, "while he was a makin' on ye. If ye'd go to bed, now, instead o' snivelin' round here, you might be good for somethin' in the mornin', when there'll be plenty to do. Anyhow, I'm not goin' to be pestered by the sight on ye any longer," and Hannah banged the kitchen-door violently after her.

When poor Ike timidly peered into the sitting-room, whither she had betaken herself, he found her too sitting on the floor, in an attitude not unlike the one she had so scorned in him. But he was too meek to taunt her. He only said:

"I'm goin' now, Hannah, so ye needn't stay out o' the kitchen for me," and he climbed slowly up the stairs which led to his room.

As the rosy tints of day dawned in the east, Draxy's infant son drew his first mortal breath. His first quivering cry, faint almost as a whisper, yet sharp and piteous, reached old Ike's ears instantly. He fell on his knees and remained some minutes motionless, then he rose and went slowly down stairs. Hannah met him at the door, her dark face flushed with emotion which she vainly tried to conceal by sharp words.

"Hope ye've rested well, Mr. Sanborn. Another time, mebber ye'll have more sense. As fine a boy's ye ever see, and Mis' Kinney she's a smilin' into its face, as nobody's never seen her smile yet, I tell you."

Ike was gone,—out into the fields, over fences, over brooks, into woods, trampling down dewy ferns, glistening mosses, scarlet cornels, thickets of golden-rod and asters,—he knew not where, muttering to himself all the while, and tossing his arms into the air. At last he returned to the house saying to himself, "P'raps th' Elder 'll like to have me go down into the village an' let folks know."

Elder Kinney was standing bareheaded on the door-steps. His face looked like the face of a man who had come off a battlefield where victory had been almost as terrible as defeat. Soon as he saw old Ike running across the field towards him, he divined all.

"Loving old heart!" he thought, "Draxy was right," and he held out both his hands to the old man as he had never done before, and spoke a few affectionate words, which made tears run down the wrinkled cheeks. Then he sent him on the errand he knew he craved.

"You'd better give the news first to Eben Hill, Ike," he called after him. "It'll be of more use to him than to anybody in the parish."

It was just two years from Draxy's wedding day, when she stood again in the aisle of the little village church, dressed in pure white, with the southern sunlight resting on her beautiful hair. Her husband stood by her side, holding their infant son in his arms. The babe had clear, calm blue eyes like Draxy's, and an expression of serenity and radiant joy on his tiny face, which made the people wonder.

"Reuben Miller Kinney" was his name; and though the parish had hoped that the child would be named for his father, when they looked at Reuben Miller's sweet, patient, noble face, and saw its expression of intense happiness as the words were pronounced, they felt that it was better so.

And again swift months rolled on, and peace and joy brooded over the parsonage. Draxy's

life with her child was something too beautiful to be told in words; her wifehood was lovely, was intense; but her motherhood was greater. Day and night her love for her boy surrounded him, like pillar of cloud, like pillar of flame. She knew no weariness, no feebleness; she grew constantly stronger and more beautiful; and the child grew stronger and more beautiful, with a likeness to her and a oneness with her which were marvelous. He was a loving and affectionate boy to all; his father, his grandparents, old Ike, and swarthy Hannah,—all alike sunned themselves in the delight of his beautiful childhood. But wherever he was—however amused and delighted, even in his father's arms—his eyes sought his mother's eyes, and the mute interchange between them was subtle and constant as between lovers. There was but one drawback on Draxy's felicity now. She was afraid of her love for her boy.

"O Seth!" she said,—after little Reuben's birth she for the first time called her husband by this name; before that, although she lavished on him all words of endearment, she had never found courage to call him Seth,—
"O Seth!" she said, "I feel now as you did about me before we were married. I can't make myself think about anything but Reuby. O darling! you don't think God would take him away from you to punish me, do you?"
The Elder could not comfort her when she was in this frame of mind; in fact, he himself was sometimes afraid, seeing her utter absorption in the child. Yet it never for one instant warped her firmness or judiciousness of control. Draxy could not have comprehended that type of love which can lose sight for one instant of the best good of the loved one. Her control, however, was the control of a wise and affectionate companion, never that of the authoritative parent. Little Reuben never heard the words, "You must not do thus and so." It was always, "You cannot, because it is not safe, best, or proper," or, "because if you do, such and such things will happen."

"Draxy," said Reuben to her one day, "you never tell Reuby to do anything without giving him a reason for it. He's the best boy that ever lived, I do believe, but 'tain't just my idea of obedience, for all that."

Draxy smiled. "I never said a word to him about obeying me in his life; I never shall. I can't explain it, father dear, but you must let me do my way. It wouldn't seem right to me to make him mind me simply because I'm his mother. I shall explain to him all I know about doing right, and he will de-

cide for himself more and more. I am not afraid."

And she need not have been. Before Reuby was seven years old his gentle manliness of behavior was the marvel of the village. "It beats all how Mis' Kinney's brought that boy o' hern up," was said in the sewing-circle one day. "She told me herself that she's never so much 's said a sharp word to him; and as for whippin', she thinks it's a deadly sin."

"So do I," spoke up young Mrs. Plummer, the mother of Benjy. "I never did believe in that; I don't believe in it, even for hosses; it only gets 'em to go a few rods, and then they're lazier 'n ever. My father's broke more colts than any man in this country, an' he'd never let 'em be struck a blow. He said one blow spiled 'em, and I guess ye've got more to work on in a boy then ye have in a colt."

These discussions often ran high and waxed warm. But Draxy's adherents were a large majority; and she had so patiently and fully gone over these disputed grounds with them, that they were well fortified with the arguments and facts which supported her positions. Indeed, it was fast coming to pass that she was the central force of the life of the village. "Let me make the songs of a community, and I care not who makes its laws," was well said. It was song which Draxy supplied to these people's lives. Not often in verse, in sound, in any shape that could be measured, but in spirit. She vivified their every sense of beauty, moral and physical. She opened their eyes to joy; she revealed to them the sacredness and the delight of common things; she made their hearts sing.

But she was to do more yet for these men and women. Slowly, noiselessly, in the procession of these beautiful and peaceful days, was drawing near a day which should anoint Draxy with a new baptism,—set her apart to a holier work.

It came, as the great consecrations of life are apt to come, suddenly, without warning. While we are patiently and faithfully keeping sheep in the wilderness, the messenger is journeying towards us with the vial of sacred oil, to make us kings.

It was on a September morning. Draxy sat at the eastward bay-window of her sitting-room, reading to Reuby. The child seemed strangely restless, and slipped from her lap again and again, running to the window to look out. At last Draxy said, "What is it, Reuby? Don't you want to hear mamma read any longer?"

"Where is papa?" replied Reuby—"I want to go and find papa."

"Papa has gone way down to the Lower Mills, darling; he won't come home till dinner," said Draxy, looking perplexedly at Reuby's face. She had never known him to ask for his father in this way before. Still his restlessness continued, and finally, clasping his mother's hand, he said, earnestly:

"Come and find papa."

"We can't find him, my dear," she replied, "it is too far for Reuby to walk, but we will go out on the same road papa has gone, and wait for papa to come;" so saying, she led the child out of the house, and rambled slowly along the road on which the Elder would return. In a few moments she saw moving in the distance a large black object she could not define. As it came nearer she saw that it was several men, walking slowly and apparently bearing something heavy between them.

Little Reuby pulled her hand and began to run faster. "Come and find papa," he said again, in a tone which struck terror to Draxy's heart. At that instant the men halted. She hurried on. Presently she saw one man leave the rest and run rapidly towards her. It was old Ike. The rest still remained motionless and gathered closer around what they were carrying.

"O Reuby!" groaned Draxy. "Come quicker; find papa," he replied impatiently; but old Ike had reached them, and wringing his hands, burst into tears. "O my Lord!—O Mis' Kinney, yer must go back; they can't bring him along, an' you 'n' the boy standin' here. O my Lord! O Mis' Kinney, come right back!" And Ike took hold of her shoulder and of her gown and almost turned her around.

"Is Mr. Kinney hurt?" said Draxy in a strange voice, high pitched and metallic. "I shall not go back. Tell the men to hurry. How dare they lose time so?" and Draxy tried to run towards them. Old Ike held her by main force. Sobs choked his voice, but he stammered out: "O Mis' Kinney, ef ye love Mr. Kinney, go back. He'd tell ye so himself. He won't know ye; the men won't never move a step till they see you 'n' Reuby goin' first."

Draxy turned instantly and walked toward the house so swiftly that little Reuby could not keep up with her. He followed her crying aloud, but she did not heed him. She flew rather than ran into the house, into the Elder's study, and dragged a lounge to the very threshold of the door. There she stood, whiter than any marble, and as still, awaiting the slow, toiling steps of the overburdened men. Little Reuben stumbled on the steps

and she did not help him. As he came close, clutching her dress in his terror and pain, she said in a low whisper, "Reuby, it will trouble papa if he sees us cry. Mamma isn't going to cry." The child stopped instantly and stood by her side, as calm as she for a moment, then bursting out again into screams, said: "O mamma, I can't help crying, I can't; but I'll run away. Don't tell papa I cried." And he ran up stairs. Draxy did not see which way he went. Her eyes were fixed on the doorway which Ike had that moment reached; the men bearing the Elder's body were just behind him.

"O Mis' Kinney! can't yer go away jest while we lay him down?" gasped Ike. "Seems 's ef 'twouldn't be so hard."

Draxy looked past him, as not hearing a word.

"Bring him in here and lay him on this lounge," she said, in tones so clear and calm they sent both courage and anguish into every heart.

Panting, and with grief-stricken faces, the men staggered in and laid the tall, majestic figure down. As they lifted the head tenderly up and propped it by pillows, and Draxy saw the pale, dead face with the sunken eyes and set lips, she gave one low cry. Then she clasped both hands tight over her heart and looked up as if she would pierce the very skies whither her husband had gone.

"We sent for the doctor right off; he'll be here 's soon's he can get here."

"He never spoke a word arter we lifted him up. He couldn't ha' suffered any, Mis' Kinney."

"P'raps, Mis' Kinney, it 'd be a good plan to onto his clothes afore the doctor gits here," came in confused and trembling tones from one after another of the men who stood about paralyzed in presence of Draxy's terrible silence.

"O Mis' Kinney, jest speak a word, can't ye? O Lord! O Lord! she'll die if she don't. Where's Reuby? I'll fetch him," exclaimed Ike, and left the room; the men followed him irresolutely, looking back at Draxy, who still stood motionless, looking down into the Elder's face.

"Do not look for Reuby—he has hid," came in a slow, measured whisper from her lips. "And leave me alone." "Yes, I know. You need not be afraid. I understand that Mr. Kinney is dead," she added, as the men hesitated and looked bewildered in her face. "I will stay alone with him till the doctor comes," and Draxy gently closed the door and locked it. In a short

time the little hall and door-yard were crowded with sobbing men and women. There was little to be told, but that little was told over and over. The Elder had walked down to the village store with old Ike, and had just given him some parcels to carry home, saying, "Tell Mrs. Kinney—" when a runaway horse had come dashing furiously down the street, drawing a wagon in which clung, rather than sat, a woman holding a baby in her arms. The Elder had sprung into the middle of the road, and caught the horse by the bridle as he swerved a little to one side; but the animal was too strong and too much frightened to be held by any man's strength. Rearing high, he had freed his head, and plunging forward had knocked the Elder down in such a way that both wagon-wheels had run over his neck, breaking it instantly.

"He never talked so much like an angel from heaven 's he did this mornin'," sobbed Ike, who looked already decrepit and broken from this sudden blow. "He was a tellin' me about suthin new that's jest been discovered in the sun; I couldn't rightly make it out; but sez he, 'Ike, how glorious 'twill be when we can jest fly from one sun to another, all through this universe o' God's, an' not be a tryin' in these poor little airthly ways to understand 'bout things.'"

That Draxy should be all this time alone in the room with her husband's body seemed very terrible to these sympathizing, simple-hearted people. No sound came from the room, though the windows were all wide open.

"O Mr. Miller! don't ye think some on us had better try to git in to her," said the women; "she don't make no noise."

"No," replied Reuben, feebly. He too was prostrated like Ike by the fearful blow, and looked years older within an hour. "No: Draxy knows what's best for her. She's spoke to me once through the door. She hasn't fainted."

When the doctor came, Reuben called to Draxy:

"Daughter, the doctor's come."

The door was instantly opened, but closed as soon as the doctor had entered. In a few moments it opened again, and the doctor handed a slip of paper to Reuben. He unfolded it and read it aloud:—

"Father, dear, please thank all the people for me, and ask them to go home now. There is nothing they can do. Tell them it grieves me to hear them cry, and Mr. Kinney would not wish it."

Slowly and reluctantly the people went,

and a silence more dreadful than the sobs and grieving voices settled down on the house. Reuben sat on the stairs, his head leaning against the study-door. Presently he heard a light step coming down. It was young Mrs. Plummer, the mother of Benjy. She whispered, "I've found Reuby. He's asleep on the garret floor. He'd thrown himself down on some old carpet, way out in the darkest corner, under the eaves. I've covered him up, an' I'm goin' to sit by him till he wakes up. The longer he sleeps the better. You tell *her* where he is."

Reuben nodded; his dulled senses hardly heard the words. When the study-door next opened, Draxy herself came out, walking with a slow, measured step which transformed her whole bearing. Her face was perfectly calm, but colorless as white stone. At sight of her father her lips quivered, and she stretched out both hands to him; but she only said, "Where is Reuby?" And as soon as she heard she went quickly up the stairs, adding, "Do not follow me, father dear; you cannot help me."

Mrs. Plummer sat in the dark garret, leaning her head against the dusty rafters, as near as she could get to poor little Reuby. Her eyes were shut, and tears stood on her cheeks. Suddenly she was startled by Draxy's low voice, saying:

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Plummer; it was very kind in you to stay here and not wake him up. I will sit by him now."

Mrs. Plummer poured forth incoherent words of sympathy and sorrow, but Draxy hardly seemed to hear her. She stood quietly, making no reply, waiting for her to go.

"O Mis' Kinney, Mis' Kinney, do cry a little, can't ye?" exclaimed the warm-hearted woman; "it scares us to death to see ye this way."

Draxy smiled. "No, my dear friend. I cannot cry now. I suppose I shall sometimes, because I am very selfish, and I shall be so lonely; but just now I am only thinking how happy he is in these first hours in heaven." The tears stood in her eyes, but her look was as of one who gazed rapturously inside the pearly gates. Mrs. Plummer stole softly away, overawed and afraid. As she went out of the house, she said to Reuben: "Mis' Kinney ain't no mortal woman. She hain't shed a tear yet, and she jest looks as glorified as the Elder can this minute in sight o' God's very throne itself. O, Mr. Miller, I'm afraid she'll break down. This kind o' grief is what kills folks."

"No," said Reuben, "you don't know

Draxy. She won't break down. She'll take care on us all jest the same, but ye won't never see again the same face you used to see. Oh, I can't be reconciled, I can't!" And Reuben groaned aloud.

The next morning, when Draxy came out of the study, her hair was white as the driven snow. As her father first caught sight of her, he stared wildly for a moment as at some stranger; then crying out, "O Draxy! O my little girl!" he tottered and would have fallen if she had not caught him and led him to a chair.

"O father, dear," she exclaimed, "don't feel so! I wouldn't call him back this minute if I could," and she smiled piteously.

"O Draxy—'tain't that," gasped Reuben. "O daughter! you're dyin' and never lettin' us know it. Your hair's as white's mine."

Draxy gave a startled glance at the mirror, and said, in a much more natural tone than she had hitherto spoken in: "I don't think that's strange. It's happened before to people in great trouble. I've read of it: you'll get used to it very soon, father dear. I'm glad of it; I'll be all in white now," she added in a lower tone, speaking dreamily, as if to herself,—*"they walk in white; they walk in white."*

Then Reuben noticed that she was dressed in white. He touched her gown, and looked inquiringly. "Yes, father dear," she said, "always."

On the day of the funeral, when Draxy entered the church leading little Reuby by the hand, almost a visible shudder ran through the congregation. The news had run like wildfire through the parish, on the morning after the Elder's death, that Mrs. Kinney's hair had all turned gray in the night. But nobody was in the least prepared for the effect. It was not gray—it was silver-white; and as it retained all the silken gloss which had made it so beautiful before, the shining of it was marvelous. It kindled her beauty into something superhuman. The color had also left her cheeks, but in its place was a clear soft tint which had no pallor in it. She was dressed in pure white, so also was little Reuby; but for this the parish was prepared. Very well they knew Draxy's deep-rooted belief that to associate gloom with memory of the dead was alike disloyal to them and to Christ; and so warmly had she imbued most of the people with her sentiment, that the dismal black garb of so-called mourning was rarely seen in the village.

Bareheaded Draxy and her little son walked from the church to the grave; their faces the

calmest, their steps the steadiest to be seen. Reuben and Jane walked behind them, bent over and sobbing, and half the congregation were weeping uncontrollably; but the widowed woman and the fatherless boy walked with uplifted glances, as if they saw angel-forms in the air by their side.

"'Tain't nateral; 'tain't noways nateral; that woman hain't got any nateral feelin' in her," said Eben Hill, leaning against a gravestone, and ray chewing a spray of golden-rod. George Thayer turned upon him like a blazing sword.

"Hev ve got any nateral feelin' yourself, Eben Hill, to say that, standin' here an' lookin' at that woman's white hair an' cheeks. 'n only last Sunday she was 's handsome a pictur's ye ever see, her hair a twinklin' in the sun like a brown beech-tree, an' her cheeks jest like roses? Nateral feelin's! It's enough to make the Elder rise up afore ye, to hear ye say sech a thing, Eben Hill; 'n' ef 'twan't jest the funeral that 'tis, I b'leeve I'd thrash ye right an' left, here 'n sight o' yer own mother's tombstone, ye miserable, sneak-

in' fool. Ef there was ever a woman that was carryin' a hull town straight into the Lord's heaven on her own shoulders, it's Mis' Kinney, an' that blessed boy o' her'n's goin' to be jest like her. Look at him now, a workin' his poor little mouth an' lookin' up to her and tryin' not to cry."

Poor little Reuby! when the first shovelful of earth fell on the coffin, his child's heart gave way, and he broke into loud crying, which made the roughest men there hide their eyes. But Draxy caught him up in her arms, and whispered something which quieted him instantly. Then she set him down, and he stood till the end, looking away from the grave with almost a smile on his face. He told some one, the next day, that he kept saying over to himself all that time: "Beautiful gates of precious stones and angels with harps."—"That's the city, you know, where my papa has gone. It's not half so far off as we think; and papa is so happy there, he don't even miss us, though he can see us every minute. And mamma and I are going there pretty soon; next summer, perhaps."

(To be concluded next Month.)

A SPIRITUAL SONG.—III.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

I KNOW not one hope left to draw me,
If, having him, I had my bliss;
If as his heart's delight he saw me,
And dwelt with me, and called me his.

So many, hither, thither going,
Seek, seek, with frenzied face and eye!
They call themselves the wise and knowing,
And yet they pass this treasure by!

One man believes that he has found it,
And, lo, he nothing has but gold!
One, when the whole world he has rounded,
Receives a name, and all is told.

One man doth run to gain the laurel;
Another, in Victory's fane a niche;
By phantom shows in Truth's apparel,
Each is befooled, no one made rich.

Hath he not then to you appeared?
Forgot ye who for you turned wan?

For love of us who died outwearied—
Despised, rejected Son of man ?

Of him ye have not read the story ?
Not heard one poor word on the wind ?
What heavenly goodness was his glory ;
And what a gift he left behind ?

How he descended from the Father,
Of loveliest mother infant grand ?
What news the nations of him gather ?
How many bless his healing hand ?

How, thither urged by mere love, wholly
To us he gave himself away ;
And then, to found God's city, lowly
Himself in the earth, first stone, did lay ?

Sets not the tale your heart a-glowing ?
Is not this man sufficing bliss ?
Will you not, all your doors wide throwing,
Him welcome glad who closed the abyss ?

Will you not let the whole world vanish,
From every longing turn your face,
Out of your heart his enemies banish—
When he has promised you his grace ?

Hero of love, oh, take me, take me !
Thou art my life ! my world ! my gold !
Should the firm earth itself forsake me,
I know who me will scathless hold.

My lost loves, lo, thy hand restoring !
To me thou true forever art.
Low at thy feet heaven sinks adoring,
And yet thy dwelling is my heart !

THE FLEA AND THE PROFESSOR.

THERE WAS once an aëronaut with whom things went badly ; the balloon burst, tumbled the man out, and broke into bits. His boy he had two minutes before sent down with a parachute,—that was the boy's luck ; he was unhurt and went about with knowledge enough to make him an aëronaut too, but he had no balloon and no means of acquiring one.

But live he must, and so he applied himself to the art of legerdemain and to talking in his stomach ; in fact he became a ventriloquist, as they say. He was young, good-looking, and when he got a moustache and had his

best clothes on, he could be taken for a nobleman's son. The ladies seemed to think well of him ; one young lady even was so taken with his charms and his great dexterity that she went off with him to foreign parts. There he called himself Professor—he could scarcely do less.

His constant thought was how to get himself a balloon and go up into the air with his little wife, but as yet they had no means.

"They'll come yet," said he.

"If only they would," said she.

"We are young folks," said he, "and now I am Professor." She helped him faithfully,

sat at the door and sold tickets to the exhibition, and it was a chilly sort of pleasure in winter time. She also helped him in the line of his art. He put his wife in a table-drawer, a large table-drawer; then she crawled into the back part of the drawer, and so was not in the front part,—quite an optical illusion to the audience. But one evening when he drew the drawer out, she was also out of sight to him: she was not in the front drawer, not in the back one either, not in the house itself—nowhere to be seen or heard—that was her feat of legerdemain, her entertainment. She never came back again; she was tired of it all, and he grew tired of it, lost his good-humor, could not laugh or make jokes;—and so the people stopped coming, his earnings became scanty, his clothes gave out; and finally he only owned a great flea, which his wife had left him, and so he thought highly of it. And he dressed the flea and taught it to perform, to present arms and to fire a cannon off,—but it was a little cannon.

The Professor was proud of the flea, and the flea was proud of himself; he had learned something, and had human blood, and had been besides to the largest cities, had been seen by princes and princesses, had received their high praise, and it was printed in the newspapers and on placards. Plainly it was a very famous flea and could support a Professor and his entire family.

The flea was proud and famous, and yet when he and the Professor traveled they took fourth-class carriages on the railway; they went just as quickly as the first class. They were betrothed to each other; it was a private engagement that would never come out; they never would marry, the flea would remain a bachelor and the Professor a widower. That made it balance.

"Where one has the best luck," said the Professor, "there one ought to go twice." He was a good judge of character, and that is also a science of itself. At last he had traveled over all countries except the wild ones, and so he wanted to go there. They eat Christian men there, to be sure, the Professor knew, but then he was not properly Christian and the flea was not properly a man, so he thought they might venture to travel there and have good success.

They traveled by steamship and by sailing vessel; the flea performed his tricks, and so they got a free passage on the way and arrived at the wild country. Here reigned a little Princess. She was only eight years old, but she was reigning. She had taken

away the power from her father and mother, for she had a will, and then she was extraordinarily beautiful—and rude.

Just as soon as the flea had presented arms and fired off the cannon, she was so enraptured with him that she said, "Him or nobody!" She became quite wild with love and was already wild in other ways.

"Sweet, little, sensible child!" said her own father. "If one could only first make a man of him!"

"Leave that to me, old man," said she, and that was not well said by a little Princess when talking with her father, but she was wild. She set the flea on her white hand.

"Now you are a man, reigning with me, but you shall do what I want you to, or else I'll kill you and eat the Professor." The Professor had a great hall to live in. The walls were made of sugar-cane, and he could lick them, but he was not a sweet-tooth. He had a hammock to sleep in. It was as if he were lying in a balloon, such as he had always wished for himself—that was his constant thought.

The flea lived with the Princess, sat upon her delicate hand and upon her white neck. She had taken a hair from her head and made the Professor tie it to the flea's leg, and so she kept him tied to the great red coral drop which she wore in her ear-tip. What a delightful time the Princess had, and the flea too, she thought, but the Professor was not very comfortable. He was a traveler; he liked to drive from town to town, and read about his perseverance and cleverness in teaching a flea to do what men do. But he got out of and into his hammock, lounged about and had good feeding, fresh bird's-eggs, elephant's eyes and roast giraffe. People that eat men do not live entirely on cooked men—no, that is a great delicacy.

"Shoulder of children with sharp sauce," said the Princess's mother, "is the most delicate."

The Professor was tired of it all and would rather go away from the wild land, but he must have his flea with him, for that was his prodigy, and his bread and butter. How was he to get hold of him? That was no easy matter. He strained all his wits, and then he said,

"Now I have it."

"Princess's Father! grant me a favor. May I summon your subjects to present themselves before your Royal Highness? That is what is called a Ceremony in the high and mighty countries of the world.

"Can I, too, learn to do that?" asked the Princess's father.

"That is not quite proper," replied the Professor; "but I shall teach your wild Fatherhood to fire a cannon off. It goes off with a bang. One sits high up aloft, and then off it goes or down he comes."

"Let me crack it off!" said the Princess's father. But in all the land there was no cannon except the one the flea had brought, and that was so very small.

"I will cast a bigger one!" said the Professor. "Only give me the means. I must have fine silk stuff, needle and thread, rope and cord, together with cordial drops for the balloon, they blow one up so easily and give one the heaves; they are what make the report in the cannon's inside."

"By all means," said the Princess's father, and gave him what he called for. All the court and the entire population came together to see the great cannon cast. The Professor did not summon them before he had the balloon entirely ready to be filled and go up. The flea sat on the Princess's hand and looked on. The balloon was filled, it bulged out and could scarcely be held down, so violent did it become.

"I must have it up in the air before it can be

cooled off," said the Professor, and took his seat in the car which hung below. "But I cannot manage and steer it alone. I must have a skillful companion along to help me. There is no one here that can do that except the flea."

"I am not very willing to let him," said the Princess, but still she reached out and handed the flea to the Professor, who placed him on his hand.

"Let go the cords and ropes," he shouted. "Now the balloon's going." They thought he said "the cannon," and so the balloon went higher and higher, up above the clouds, far away from the wild land.

The little Princess, all the family and the people sat and waited—they are waiting still; and if you do not believe it, just take a journey to the wild land; every child there talks about the Professor and the flea, and believes that they are coming back when the cannon is cooled off; but they will not come, they are at home with us, they are in their native country, they travel on the railway, first class, not fourth; they have good success, a great balloon. Nobody asks how they got their balloon or where it came from: they are rich folks now, quite respectable folks, indeed—the flea and the Professor!

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Latin Nations.

IMPROVEMENT is fairly inaugurated among the Latin nations. The terrible defeat of the French by the Prussian power has humiliated France, and cast her from her high place into a struggle for existence; and she is proving her right to live by accepting the situation, and striving to profit by the lesson of her fall. She has learned from her foe the secret of her weakness, and, laying aside the splendors of royalty, and gathering her will into popular expression, she has declared her purpose to live, and to win back to herself, by legitimate means, her ancient prestige. We confess to a pleasant disappointment in this, though, while her deposed Emperor lived, we had little faith in her persistence; and the fact that she has come out of her twenty years of Napoleonism competent to assume and discharge the duties of self-government, is one to which the dead Emperor's friends may point with gratified self-justification. That there were fatal defects in that government, events have proved; but events have not proved that those defects wrought fatal demoralization upon the people. They are still rich, notwithstanding the enormous depletions of the war;

and courage, industry, hope, and determination are rapidly restoring prosperity, while loyalty to a government of their own creation, and popular order, self-ordained and self-maintained, are every day adding virtue to their *morale* and consistence and strength to their governmental scheme. As Americans, we may well rejoice in this, and give to France our fullest sympathy and our heartiest "God speed."

Spain, too, after casting out her dissolute queen, and struggling through an agitated interregnum, and electing a young and alien king, finding herself by his abdication still without a ruler, has concluded to rule herself. The dignity and order which have attended this revolution show that a great change has passed over the spirit of this fiery and proud people.

We are not to forget in this connection that the young king who found no charms in power when he learned that a majority of the people did not want him, and who, against all persuasions to an opposite course, laid down his scepter in voluntary deference to the popular will, was a Latin. Nothing more manly than this act of the young Amadeus has occurred in any high place during the century; and the act cannot but have the best effect upon the people whom he has

left with their destinies in their hands. There can hardly be a question that the last five years of Spanish history have been full of instruction to the Spanish people. There has been an immense amount of democratic discussion. The rebellion against the corruptions of court and church; the organization of a recognized and tolerated republican party, with organs and orators; the actual enlargement of conscience and the freedom of thought and press and speech, have rapidly carried the nation along to a point where it has been almost forced to the adoption of a republican form of government.

The Spanish republic, of which the best spirits of Spain have so long dreamed, is a *fait accompli*, and recognition and congratulation flow in toward the new government from all who are not fearful of her influence.

Italy, too, is in the way of improvement and progress—united Italy. Her cities are growing; popular education is attracting more and more attention; vagabondage and brigandage are decreasing; books from other lands, full of modern ideas in politics, society and morals, are being translated and circulated; and old Rome—the ancient mistress of the world—feels the touch of a new life in every street. Schools are opened for the people, newspapers are multiplied, Protestantism is accorded the privileges which freedom bestows upon all religions, the trowel of the mason fills the air with the sound of growth and industry, and reform, moral and material, is the order of the day.

All these movements in France, Spain, and Italy reveal a vitality in the Latin nations, and a recuperative power, which are as surprising as they are gratifying to the rest of the world. The Anglo-Saxon had ceased to expect much from these races. He had looked upon them as having reached and passed the culminating period of their history and powers, and as doomed to a slow but certain decay. It is not sure that such is not the case even now, but they certainly betray signs of latent life that needs only a free growth and manifestation to reinstate them in their former glory. They have but to discard at once and forever their effete institutions, and the hindrances by which hitherto they have consented to be bound, to hold an even way with their blue-eyed neighbors in the path of development and progress. They will be watched with intense interest and hearty good-will by the American nation at least.

It is very suggestive in this connection that all the improvement among those nations is accompanied by a rebellion against the temporal sway of the Pope. Just in the proportion that they become free, and start boldly forward in the way of improvement, do they cast from them the trammels of the Church as a temporal power. It can be no secret that the man of the Vatican looks upon all these changes among the nations, where once his power was strongest and least disputed, with consternation and grief. Queen Isabella, the vile, was the wearer of his rose. Louis Napoleon held him on his temporal throne by the presence

and menace of his bayonets. The troops of Victor Emanuel marched into Rome as the French retired, and stripped the Pope of his temporal kingdom. Religious orders that fattened on the industries of the people, and intrigued against the State, are suppressed. Just in the proportion that the people advance, and claim their right to order their own destinies, does the sway of Rome decline; and nothing is more certain than that it will decline more and more as the people improve in culture and in self-government. The time must soon come when Church and State will be separated in all those countries, and the quicker the better. The same fact is just as evident in Protestant England as it is in Catholic Italy and France. The connection is unnatural, and always was unnatural. It not only corrupts religion but destroys the liberty of the State and the people. The true and only legitimate sway of Christianity is a spiritual sway, and the quicker all the nations realize this, and all religious authorities accept it, the earlier will the people achieve freedom and progress, and the Church, of whatever name, accomplish its triumph. Christianity was intended to be a free force in civilization,—to permeate by its spirit all nations and governments, and not to assume temporal domination over them, or to enter into entangling alliances with them. We shall watch with special interest and anxiety the movements of these struggling nations, with reference to this matter of freeing themselves from a power-seeking church, because these movements will indicate with certainty either their progress toward freedom and national improvement, or their failure both to grasp the facts of their position and to accept the offer of their grand opportunities.

Clean Hands.

THE world moves. It is not so respectable as it was a few years ago to be a rascal. People are learning the lesson that clean hands are desirable, both for personal comfort and pleasant social intercourse. They really seem to be learning that purity pays, and that personal honor and incorruptibleness are a good investment. Rogues and rings are having a tough time of it, and it is their own fault if the young and ambitious men who are now coming upon the stage of action do not learn to place so high a price upon themselves that neither wealth nor power can buy them. The rascalities of the New York Ring are all exposed, and the members of that Ring have either run away, or are staggering before public opinion and the law, disgraced and degraded men. Bribery in Congress stands exposed and rebuked, while names that were pure have received a tarnish that can never be polished away. Men who have held their heads high in the nation, bow those heads in shame over hands which are soiled beyond cleansing. We call no names, but, scattered up and down the land, great reputations lie in ruins. Men who had wealth which they stole, and men who had positions which they

bought, and men who used their public office to push their private schemes, are thrown high and dry out of influence, and lie all exposed upon the rocks of disgrace, where they are sure to rot or go to pieces.

If the young politicians of the country will learn the lesson that the facts which we have recounted are so well calculated to teach, better times for the country lie in the future. Personal advantage is a mean motive to appeal to, where so vital a question as personal purity is concerned, but, as there is no danger to morals from any other appeal, it is well to meet temptation on its own ground and fight it with its own weapons. The lesson of the recent exposures is really needed by none but those who fancy that they can compass their ends best by base means; and if these shall learn from it that, in the long run, nothing pays so well in wealth and power and safety and comfort as virtue, they will learn that which will be of incalculable benefit to them and to the country. No money was ever won by treachery to trust that did not harm the winner. No power was ever achieved by bribery or retained by falsehood that did not scorch the palm of him who held it. The consciousness of ill-desert, the loss of self-respect, the fear of exposure and the self-commitment to a life of deception, which go always with possessions unworthily won, are poison in the blood, and the exposure, sooner or later, is as sure to come as death.

Lord Lytton.

ONE of the most striking and memorable statements made by Mr. MacDonald, in his recent lecture on Robert Burns, was, that the first grand requisite of a poet is a heart. No matter how brilliant a man's intellect may be, no matter how high and fine his culture, no matter how cunning and careful his art, if he have not a heart that brings him not only into sympathy with his kind, but with all life of plant and animal, and all life of God as it breathes through, and is manifested in, inanimate nature, the essential qualification of the poet is wanting. This proposition may stand as a canon of criticism by right of its own self-evident truthfulness, no less than by the testimony of all literary history. A thousand brilliant men have risen and passed away, attracting wide attention while they lived, but warming and fructifying no mind by their light, and expiring at last like a burnt-out star, leaving no trace in the sky. So near the earth were they, that their light failed at once when the fountain failed, while many a lesser star, by burning nearer heaven, has been able to send down its rays for centuries after its fires were extinguished.

Lord Lytton had what may be called a very successful literary life, and, politically and socially, was a power in his day and generation. He had wealth, he had position, he had a marvelous culture, he had fame, he had great industry, he held the curious eye and the attentive ear of the world, he had an imperious ambition, he had something more than talent,—gifts

which only needed the talismanic touch of love to make them genius,—he had everything but the one thing needful to make him a poet. That one needful thing was a heart. No man ever accused or suspected him of possessing anything that could bear so precious a name. His neighbors tell us that he was a bad man; his wife affirms the same fact; and all that he has left to us of his enormous literary work sustains their personal testimony. Marvelous jewelry of thought and fancy has he bequeathed to us—beautiful shams in beautiful settings—but there is no blood in his rubies: there is no heaven in his sapphires; and all his diamonds are “off color.” As the grave closes over his body, the mantle of oblivion falls—gracefully and golden-fringed—over his works. He has a place in history; his works stand in long rows upon many a library shelf in his own and other lands; but Lord Lytton is dead, and his works are nearly so. They enter no more into the life of the world. They never did enter into the life of the world as a beneficent power. Were it not for two or three plays which still hold to the boards, he, with all his works, would be as dead to-day as Julius Cæsar. We give elsewhere in this magazine what we believe to be a generous critique of his works; but we wish to speak here of that grand cause of his failure which existed in his constitution and personal character.

Simple Bobby Burns, with morals hardly less offensive than his of whom we write, goes singing down the centuries, and making music through the silence that shrouds the memory of our titled *littérateur*. It is not because he was good, or pure, or true even to himself, but because he was in sympathy with life, and did not sit and sing, poised in the superb selfishness from which Lord Lytton addressed the world. He loved nature, he loved mankind, he entered sympathetically into human trial and trouble; he hated oppression, he despised cant, he respected and defended manhood, and with all his weaknesses, over which he mourned and with which he struggled, he revered Christian goodness. The high and the humble recognize him as a brother. In brief, he had a heart, and without that heart all his wonderful gifts would have availed him nothing. Without that heart, and its manifestation in song, his name would long since have been forgotten, and the poetry he left would have been swept away among the vulgar trash of earlier and coarser times.

The same thing may be said, only less emphatically, of Dickens. The personal character of Dickens can hardly be regarded as admirable, even by those who loved him most; yet he had a heart which brought him into sympathy with all those phases of humanity which were intellectually interesting to him. He loved the rascals whom he painted, and enjoyed the society of the weakest men and women of his pages; and it is this sympathy which gives immortality to his novels. *Pickwick* and *David Copperfield* are as fresh to-day as when they were written, and are sure to be read by many generations yet to come; yet the

learning, culture, and position of the man—his gifts and acquirements and art—were all inferior to those of Lord Lytton. His superiority was in his heart and his sympathy, and on these he stands far above his titled contemporary in the popular regard. Bulwer is a name whose home is in catalogues and biographical dictionaries. Dickens is a man whom the people love. One is a memory; the other a living and abiding presence.

No poet or novelist can greatly benefit the world who does not become the object of popular affection; and this popular affection cannot be secured without the manifestation of sympathy. We need hardly add to this, that no poet or novelist can secure a personal regard for his works who, in some way, does not benefit the world. Yet in this day we have an immense amount of talk about art as independent of all moral quality or purpose. Legitimate art, we are told, is creation—the work of the brain—and may be excellent, independent of moral quality. Beauty of structure, beauty of detail, harmony of parts—these are the points discussed, and these are the points relied upon to establish excellence. All these we find in Bulwer. He had no superior as an artist in this sense among his contemporaries, yet his works are practically dead. There was no lack of power in the man, but there was a lack of that quality which was necessary to bring him inside the better sympathies of human nature. No art emanating from supreme selfishness can ever command a permanent place in the world. Heartless art is loveless art, useless art, dead art. Fine art without fine feeling is a rose without fragrance. Poetry without sympathy bears the same relation to true poetry that the music of the orchestration, turned by a water-wheel, bears to that of the violin, singing or moaning in the passionate hands of a master.

Lord Lytton passes away, and no man stops his neighbor in the street to speak of it. He lived the splendid, selfish life he chose to live; he was the admired, the petted, the courted, the titled, the rich man of literature; but his fame was as heartless and loveless as himself. No worthy man covets his name and fame. No young man finds in him virtues to emulate, or excellences to inspire. No man finds in his work the stimulus to purity, to nobleness, to goodness. He lived to his autumn, but his fruit, brought to premature beauty by the worms it bred, rots where it fell, and his leaves, brilliant with many dyes, fall at the touch of the frost, to be trodden under foot or swept away by the wind.

Party Virtue.

THE vote in the House of Representatives at Washington, a few weeks ago, by which that body refused the appointment of a committee to prepare articles of impeachment against the Vice-President of the United States, was one of the most unpleasantly suggestive votes ever recorded in this country. Either the Vice-President was evidently deserving of so

high a proceeding against him, or he was not. There was not a fact of his case which was not as well known to one member as another. There was not a member of that body, unless he had deliberately chosen to be ignorant, who had not come to an intelligent conclusion concerning the Vice-President's guilt or innocence of the charges that had been preferred against him. It was a plain question of fact, on which an unbiased jury of ordinary intelligence could have had no difficulty in coming to a just conclusion; yet one of the highest deliberative bodies in the land voted upon it almost exclusively according to party prejudices and affiliations. Half a dozen republicans, whose motives, at least, were open to suspicion, voted with the solid array of democratic members against the Vice-President, while the republicans, as an overwhelming and controlling majority, declared by their vote that that officer had done nothing to deserve the disgrace sought to be inflicted.

The country is thus left in doubt as to the real merits of the case, and knows no more concerning them from this vote than it would from the decision of a debating-club of boys. One of these parties has evidently lied, or borne false witness for or against a man hitherto considered eminent for his personal virtues.

It is sad to conclude that so high a body as the House of Representatives is entirely untrustworthy in its dealings with a question of public morality and personal rectitude. The country may well ask, in view of this vote: "If they do these things in the green tree, what will they do in the dry?" If such vital questions as the incorruptibleness and veracity of one of the heads of the government is to be settled by a party vote in the House of Representatives, what are we to conclude concerning the whole *Crédit Mobilier* investigation? Indeed, is it not fair to judge that this investigation was a "put-up job," intended exclusively for political purposes? A delightful set of men, these, to pass upon the moral standing of each other, when the guilt of doing it in accordance with party interests is blacker than anything charged against any one of them! Ay, a pretty set of men, these, who stand self-recorded as maligners or defenders of a public reputation and a private character, according to party prejudices, to pass judgment upon the moral standing of their fellows! We protest that, whether the men implicated by this investigation are guilty or not, the men into whose hands the investigation fell convicted themselves of their moral unfitness to settle it justly. We have lost all faith in the investigation and its results. We do not believe the country knows, after all the reports, who the guilty ones are, or that it ever will know. Each party, it seems to us, has simply tried to see how much it could make or save out of it; and the poor devils who have come from the scrimmage with soiled linen and unpleasant adjectives attached to their names, will at least have the comfort of knowing that the country thinks as much of them as of the most of those by whose party votes they were defended or condemned.

THE OLD CABINET.

I.

O MAN with your rule and measure,
 Your tests and analyses !
 You may take your pallid pleasure,
 You may slay the pine, if you please,
 You may count the rings and the seasons,
 You may hold the sap to the sun,
 You may guess at the ways and the reasons
 Till your little day is done.
 But for me the golden crest,
 That shakes in the wind and launches
 Its spear to the reddening west !
 For me the bough and the breeze,
 The sap unseen, and the glint
 Of light through the dew-wet branches,—
 The hiding shadows, the hint
 Of the soul of mysteries !

II.

You may sound the sources of life
 With your hollow stethoscope,
 You may search with your chilly knife
 Through the broken heart of hope.
 But for me the love-sweet breath,
 And the warm, white bosom's heaving ;
 And never a thought of death,
 And only the bliss of living.

III.

. apparatuses
 tear,
 that you see's
 Rather more than we can bear.
 asunder,
 strike,
 And then you may go to thunder,
 And analyze that if you like.

(Tone this down.)

. . . This way of generalizing and classifying—its coarseness is brought home to you when some generic term is applied by a stranger to a character you have been studying, in the intimacy of friendship, these many years, with a despair of ever fully knowing all the infinite, beautiful variety of its shapes and colors and shadings; with growing wonder of its manifold and ever new and exquisite developments; always learning and loving something fresh and unexpected in its forth-showings,—fresh and unexpected, but, when seen, recognized as most consistent: a true part of the whole complicated, mysterious, exquisite individuality.

I have smiled at hearing some one called "an artist," by one well content to accept that word

as an all-sufficient characterization of the person. "Artist?" thought I to myself, why so he is an "artist;" let it go at that. But no friend of his but thinks last of the artist part of him—at least, of what the well-content person meant by that pat phrase. So much more than "artist" is he,—rather, *that* being but one little, insufficient method of expression with him,—he being so much more interesting in his individuality than in any method of expression of his,—any method of expression of his being to him and to us such an unconsidered trifle compared with the things lying behind the expression of them, as fine as that expression may be in itself and to the world marvelous. . . . Imagine how it may grate upon the feelings of Patrick O'Donohue to hear a certain young lady named, in his presence, one of Mrs. Brown's Biddies. You see it does not make the pain any the less when he reflects that there is a certain propriety in the classification.

. . . If a man is willing to be labeled among the *ists*, not merely for convenience' sake, but as an all-sufficient advertisement of his opinion on any important topic—then let the word apply. But let no man think to end any matter of dispute in philosophy or religion by hurling his *ists* and *isms* at his enemy's head.

. . . It seems to me that if you can think of your parson, contentedly, as a parson,—if the phrase, as applied to him, never takes on an incongruous aspect,—then you have acknowledged his limitations. He is something less as a man—and therefore by no means the perfect parson. I shall not—although you may—shrink from including your lackey and your lover under the same rule.

. . . Send Q. S. the usual editorial answer—that if he will put his twenty-page essay on Esoteric Polarity into the shape of a five-page love-story we may be able to publish it. Or we might use it in the form of a ballad that will illustrate nicely with figures.

. . . Talking about expression, I believe I have a weakness for certain people for whom the majority of mankind have little charity. There are several sorts of "poor artists"—including the commonplace, who do commonplace things finely; and the sort who are full of the real thing, but stammer in the utterance. A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind. All hail! shy and blessed brethren! We understand each other!—I know what is in you—never heed the carplings of a cold, unwitting world.

Yes, give me the soul struggling with an idea,—not too big for it,—but too big for its poor, halting members. For to some the gods gave ideas, and a tongue; to some a tongue with never an idea; to some ideas and not a tongue—whose life is tragedy. Poor dumb, armless, handless brutes—in another world ye shall be as men!

But even in this world there is a recompense. Those

who find expression easy have need to fear lest their style one day become their master—must beware of the “fatal facility.” Certainly this is true—that their facile self-presentation may lead to an underestimation, on others’ part, of their true worth. The lake’s clear mirror shows a concave sky-deep, to be sure, but there are lakes deeper than that, and what if the mirror tell a lovely lie? But let the surface be tumbled a little, and one has room to guess.

. . . Write to S. F. R. that we are full of psychological verse, just now,—especially the blank kind. Readers have struck for something objective. If he has anything in the style of the *Iliad* or *Goosey Goosey Gander*, let him send it along.

. . . Imagine a character like this:—A person of really kindly and helpful disposition, who begins by doing good on the sly, and spending a large part of his time in keeping his doings secret; who is—much to his chagrin—accidentally found out; much more to his chagrin—praised privately by his friends; still more to his chagrin—praised anonymously, in the newspapers; later, to his intense mortification, actually named in the newspapers as not altogether disconnected with a certain piece of philanthropy, which if obscure and unpretentious, is all the more rare and praiseworthy in these days of self-honoring benevolence; and who at last acquires such an appetite for public recognition of his generous and unselfish life that the objects of his anxiety are altogether removed from the field of philanthropy to that of journalism: he lives on the applause of those who never suspect the utter change wrought in his once beautiful character, and dies triumphant in the sure prospect of a costly monument.

I.

Well, how shall I help to right the things that are going wrong!
And what can I do to hurry the promised time of peace!
The day of work is short and the night of sleep is long;
And whether to pray or preach, or whether to sing a song,
To sow in my neighbor’s field, or to seek the golden fleece,
Or to sit with my hands in my lap, and wish that sin would cease.

II.

I think, sometimes, it were best just to let the Lord alone;
I think some people forget He was here before they came;—
It’s a little for His glory, and a good deal more for their own,

That they peddle their petty schemes, and blate and babble and groan.

I sometimes think it were best, and I were less to blame,
Should I sit with my hands in my lap—in my face a crimson shame.

. . . Of all things on earth to make trouble, commend me to a letter! You write as you would say it,—but it goes to your friend without the grace of a voice,—the inflection, the gesture, the laugh that would make a joke of it. There are just the hard, cold words,—he can only see what is said, and he is deeply grieved, or angered,—lost to you, perhaps, forever. The thing you write in one mood finds your friend in another—may be in the very one which of all others is least hospitable to your message. I have seen a whole family cast down by some piece of written pleasantry on the part of an absent member of it. And if there is this danger when you know the writer’s ways and phrases so well, how much greater the peril in the case of mere acquaintances. I think correspondence should be conducted mainly by means of printed forms. Theodosia suggests that no one should write without these forms who had not been examined by a committee of experts and pronounced competent. Then another committee should pronounce upon the competency of persons to whom written letters are addressed.

. . . Thank F. B. heartily for his letter of condolence upon the rejection of his MS.

I.

When I am dead and buried, then
There will be mourning among men.
I hear one musing on my dust:
“How hard he fought to win his crust.”
And one, “He was too sensitive
In this cold-wintered world to live.”
Another, weeping, “Ah, how few
So gentle-hearted and so true.”
“I met him only once, and yet
I think I never shall forget
The strange sad look in his young eyes,”
One other says, and then with wise
And solemn-shaking head,—“No doubt
The hot heart burnt that frail frame out.”

II.

Good friends, a discount on your grief!
A little present help were worth
More than a sorrow-stricken earth
When I am but a withered leaf.
An outstretched hand were better to me
Than your glib graveyard sympathy.
You need not pity and rhyme and paint me,
You need not weep for, and sigh for, and saint me

After you've starved me—driven me dead.
Say ! do you hear ? What I want is bread !

MR. ACKER :—I see by the proofs that you have

put into type some loose sheets from my note-book which were mixed with the copy. Please cancel the parts marked on slips herewith returned.

Yours, etc.,

O. C.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Unvowed Sisters of Mercy.

THE day when vowed sisterhoods were necessary may now have passed ; but there will ever be occasions, not only in the wretched shanties and still worse tenement dwellings of the poor, in hospitals and other public institutions, but in the happy homes of the middle classes, and in the mansions of the rich, when no one will be more gladly welcomed than the genuine Sister of Mercy, the loving, gentle, wisely provident nurse of the sick.

Doubtless the Florence Nightingales of the world, like its Mozarts and Raphaels, are born, not made. They are few indeed, but yet there are many who by study and practice may make themselves almost as valuable as their more richly endowed sisters, to the smaller circles in which they move.

Contrivance, handiness, faculty, management, "gumption," are some of the various terms used to express the combination of tact, method, and tenderness which she who would be a true Sister of Mercy must inherit, or must cultivate most assiduously.

During the late war, when so many women came forward to offer their services to the hospitals, scarcely any one qualification of a nurse was more strongly insisted upon by examining boards than physical strength. Yet, as many a hospital surgeon can testify, some of the women who were of the greatest value, were among those who seemed to possess the least powers of endurance. So in home nursing, by the exercise of a good degree of Yankee "faculty," many a fragile woman has managed, unaided, to give the best of care to an incurable and helpless parent, child, or husband, rendering tolerable and almost cheerful a life of otherwise inevitable pain, inaction, and discouragement.

On the other hand, no amount of physical force, even accompanied by good-will, can compensate for the absence of mental gifts.

First among these are good practical judgment and keen observation. It will not do for one who may have a human life in her hands to be a slave to theories, nor yet to be the sport of every passing occurrence, changing her treatment with each transitory symptom. A good nurse must be able to follow intelligently the counsel of the physician in charge, and even to aid him by her opinions and observations. Seeing the patient, as the nurse must do, at all hours of day and night ; noting, as she should do, the

effect upon the invalid's physical system of different medicines, of various forms of nourishment, of light, of air, of exercise and of rest ; or upon his mental state of sleep, wakefulness, society, amusements, joy or sorrow, the nurse's judgment and observation not only become invaluable aids to those of the physician, but enable her to act for herself in those emergencies against which the most far-sighted medical adviser cannot always provide.

Among the highest qualifications of a nurse, an invalid will be sure to reckon gentleness and sympathy. Without these, which must be inherent in their possessors, mere compassion is of comparatively little importance in a nurse. One of the kindest-hearted women we ever knew, and one whose benevolence often led her to attempt the care of the sick, was one whose very shadow was a terror to nervous invalids. They loved but dreaded her. The heavy tread and rapid swinging gait, were in themselves enough to set the nerves quivering with apprehension, without the loud, unmusical voice, and the total lack of sympathy with the mental or physical states of the patient which so often led to the doing of the wrong thing at the wrong time, and to the introduction of precisely those themes of conversation which should have been most strictly avoided. Persons who are thus destitute of that peculiar mental quality which we call sympathy, can rarely be made to feel their own deficiency : but if they will not stay out, they should be shut out from sick-rooms, or only allowed to have the care of patients to whom Heaven has, in mercy or in anger, denied the possession of sensibilities.

Everything that is valuable is counterfeited with more or less success ; but the feigner of sympathy rarely has cause for self-gratulation. The sick are endowed with keener perceptions than persons in health, and many a sufferer turns in shivering disgust from the false coin of mere pitying words, that has been unblushingly tendered him in place of the pure gold which his wretchedness gave him a right to demand.

Of course a nurse "should have a cheerful disposition." The veriest tyro that ever entered a sick-room has been well drilled in this lesson. But it is a delusion to suppose that an everlasting *smirk* is required. Once, long ago, in that dim and far-off wartime, an irritated soldier expressed his mind on this subject in a way which caused an irrepressible and sympathizing laugh throughout the ward, though it

contained the most dangerous cases, just "down from the front."

"Ef yer don't stop that *eternal grin* o' yourn, ye'll make me shiver me other leg off afore mornin', ye ole chessey-cat!"

Yet the poor attendant had only been trying to obey the injunction of the surgeons, and "always carry a cheerful face."

In one attribute at least the vowed Sisters of Mercy have been often thought to excel the unwowed; namely, in the atmosphere of serene repose which the former have been supposed always to carry with them. The absence of all haste and excitement, even the lack of worldly hope, have been imagined to have much to do with the attainment of this repose; but whatever the cause, the result upon the sick is salutary. The mere sight of a calm face, unruffled by any of the emotions which disturb the rest of the world, has often a soothing power over wayward, fanciful, irritable illness, though it as often fails to impart the healthful tonic influence which is essential to the convalescent, wearied out by his long combat with disease. This fresh, tonic force the unwowed sister can supply better than she who has spent her strength in compelling her will to quiet and submission. But Nature's nurses, the born Sisters of Mercy, whether vowed or unwowed, will combine both the anodyne and stimulant influences, and be able to impart either, as the sufferers under their charge require. True and sweet Sisters of Charity are they: blessed of God and men!

Heresy in the Tea-pot.

THE following notes on the subject of tea-making were sent us by a lady who has kept house for forty-five years, and has zealously studied and practiced the art of making good tea and coffee. Her opinions may be considered heretical, but we consider it certain that she knows how to make good tea:—

"I oppose the so often vaunted rules, which direct us to put our tea-leaves in the pot, and, after pouring boiling water over them, to pour the tea immediately into the cups. This practice may still do in China or Russia, where they use none but the finest qualities of teas, and it might possibly have answered in this country before the art of adulteration was understood so well. The idea which is so often advanced—that it spoils breakfast-tea to let it boil or steep any length of time after the boiling water is poured on it, is a most erroneous one. I don't approve of stewing tea, but I do not consider breakfast-tea (no matter how fine its quality) that has not had 7 or 8 minutes' slow boiling, to be fit for use."

Coaxing Slumber.

THERE is no reason to doubt the fact, that the most wakeful person will find it easy enough to go to sleep if he heeds the words of the scientific people, and sets

about the matter in such a way that "there shall be an accumulation in the organism of the products of oxidation, and mainly of carbonic acid, that accumulation being favored and controlled by reflex action of the nervous system, which thus protects the organism from excessive oxidation, and also allows the organism to manifest its normal functional activity throughout a succeeding rhythmic period."

But as there are persons who might worry their minds by endeavoring to arrange matters according to this programme, we may as well try to consider this desirable "rhythmic period" from a simpler point of view.

The matter has been so thoroughly discussed in the journals of the land, ever since sleeplessness became a national disease, that we do not pretend to offer any new ideas in regard to it. We will merely assert, that if we want to go to sleep, and find ourselves unable to do so in the ordinary way, it is an excellent plan to fix our mind upon something uninteresting, and to keep it there. Here is the gist of nearly everything that has been said about the mental processes of inducing sleep.

Nearly every one knows of something or somebody decidedly uninteresting, and there are those who could afford to furnish subjects of this nature to their friends. But it must be admitted that it is hard to keep one's mind at work upon a dull and unengrossing theme. There is a constant tendency to get interested in something and so keep awake. Generally it is the fact that we are awake and ought to be asleep that occupies our minds, and few subjects could possess a more painful interest at the time. In consequence of this tendency, this affinity of the mind for matters of interest, it is often necessary to give a color of pleasurable sensation to the object of mental contemplation. In this way we can think of the thing long enough to get perfectly tired out, and so, unconsciously, drop off into slumber.

For instance, suppose we imagine that we are rowing a boat, regularly and steadily, along a quiet and heavily shaded stream. (This is a most excellent imagination to go to sleep upon. We know a man who fell into slumber every night for months thinking upon this fancy, and in all that time he never rowed his boat a quarter of a mile from the starting-place.) Well, this idea of a boat and a pair of oars may be so extremely uninteresting to some men, that it would be impossible for them to keep their minds upon it long enough to produce the proper effect. In such a case it might be well to put a lady in the stern of the boat. But it is necessary to be careful here. This female must not be very interesting. We would recommend a lady not too young; some quiet, thoughtful person, with what is generally known as "a superior mind." There should be but little conversation, and that of a nature to induce somnolent reflection. For instance, the lady might remark, after a period of silence, that she should think that people living in Constantinople would always feel themselves under the influence of a

spell. Now one might be quite certain that such a remark, made by a thoughtful woman with a superior mind, would have something in it, and the quiet persistence necessary to discover the reference of the remark to the fact that few cities had furnished such fertile opportunities for spelling as C-o-n-s-t-a-n-t-i-n-o-p-l-e, together with the gentle and monotonous exercise with the oars, will be almost certain to put one to sleep—if anything can.

Persons who are in the habit of lying awake in the morning, before it is time to get up, will often find that if they can but impress it upon their minds that they *ought* to get up immediately, and that it is wrong for them to lie still a moment longer, the bed will begin to grow more and more attractive, and that the gentle drowsiness which besets people who ought to get out of bed, but who want to stay there, will very probably steal upon them. Every one who has ever wished he could be as delightfully sleepy on Sunday or holiday mornings as he is on days when he must rise early to his work, will appreciate this plan.

Age before Beauty.

It is just possible, that in this present rage for the antique, we may forget the ugliness of many of our prizes in our satisfaction with their age. While the best friends of social art are ever reaching out in all directions for ideas, old or new, of artistic truth and beauty, we shall indeed have cause for regret if the ancient monstrosities which are daily paraded before us as "old" and "rare" and "real" shall be allowed to influence the growth of popular taste. Let us esteem ugliness if we please,—because it is curious, valuable, unique, historically interesting, or for whatever reason there is ground,—but do not let us try to make people think that it can take the place of beauty, even of that beauty which is modern, and not at all rare.

Folks-Kitchens.

FROM an article published in the German journal *Ueber Land und Meer*, and written by Lina Morgenstern, the founder of the "Folks-Kitchens" of Berlin, where the poor of the German capital are provided with good, well-cooked food at extremely reasonable prices, we have gained some valuable information in regard to the workings of these establishments. On account of the present high price of living in Berlin, these kitchens have become more and more necessary to the working people of the city, and the tables are daily spread for thousands of hungry souls. The price of "a portion" of food is but three cents for two *liters** of meat and vegetables, well cooked and served, and three and a half liters for five cents. At this rate we should think it would be about as easy for a poor person to earn five cents as to eat all it would buy.

The greatest practical difficulty, so says the article, to be overcome in establishing these kitchens was the prejudice of workmen to everything which looked like charity. They feared they would lose their independence by entering such places. But now, not only do workmen and tradesmen patronize them, but women, under-officers, students and artists, post-carriers, cab-drivers, soldiers and merchants—indeed whole families dine at the folks-kitchens. In the twelve already established, from 50,000 to 56,000 persons dine every week. During the fall review the soldiery visited them in battalions, and this too at the usual dinner hour. Among others was the regiment of Queen Augusta. The Empress at that time visited the fifth and sixth kitchens two days in succession to greet her soldiers, and tasted with great satisfaction the food prepared for them, which was the same as that daily furnished the public.

The perseverance and devotion to duty of the lady directors and presidents are most commendable. The former direct the general business of all the kitchens while one of the latter takes control of affairs in each during the dinner hour. The admirable conduct of this excellent work depends entirely upon the voluntary assistance of these good ladies. The society has a central committee consisting of six gentlemen and three ladies who are directors of the whole, together with four of the ladies who preside over the kitchens. Each kitchen however has a president and vice-president, whom a local committee of thirty ladies stand ready daily to assist. Two salaried officers, a treasurer and a secretary, conduct the business of the society in the central bureau, and these are responsible to the directors. The lady presidents make their purchases through order-books, and bills are only paid at the central bureau by the appointed officers.

If a visitor would enter a folks-kitchen he must purchase a ticket at the entrance, since the food can only be obtained for these, and not for cash. It may seem very strange and unpleasant to clamber down narrow stairs into a dark basement which is more than half under ground, but in Berlin a large part of the population live a subterranean life in just such places as this. The ordinary cheap restaurants of the city are in cellar basements, but there is a great difference between the folks-kitchens and these. In the latter, one is greeted by the fumes of tobacco and beer, and the confused voices of guests who not infrequently come to disputes and fights. But in a folks-kitchen the hungry German is welcomed by the savory fragrance of peas and bacon, with cooked slaw, dumplings with dried fruit, stewed meat, lentils, beans, potatoes, rice, millet and carrots, baked liver and mashed potatoes cooked in milk, etc., etc.

The tables are all crowded and many persons are standing awaiting their turn, yet everything is very quiet and orderly, and the rules hanging on the wall are quite generally observed—"Hats off. No smoking allowed. No loud talking." At the counter there is life and bustle enough. Each new-comer is

* A quart measure will hold nearly a liter.

crowding up for his portion, and though the day's bill of fare is sufficiently conspicuous, each one must ask "what there is to eat," and have a verbal answer before he is satisfied. Yet the quiet gentle ladies behind the counter meet all these questions patiently, and busily attend to the many requests pouring in upon them with a kindness and cheerfulness that are contagious. Their work is one of charity, and their motive inspires all their movements and even seems to reflect itself in their very faces. Some of these ladies remove the dishes from the tables when used, and see that fresh water, salt, pepper, vinegar, and glasses for drinking, are supplied wherever wanted. The tables are covered with clean white cloths and the white china dishes washed as clean as possible. As a rule, only a spoon is given with each bowl of food, but knives and forks are ready for such as wish them.

The crowd of brick-layers, carpenters, soldiers and operatives, which fills the sidewalk to the curb-stone at dinner hour, is so large that one can hardly understand how so many people are to be fed within an hour; yet it seldom happens that any disturbance occurs.

After dinner the ladies enter in a book the number of portions eaten, the number remaining, the weight of the bones, whatever general remarks they wish, and their names. These, with a memorandum of the tickets received and the bread sold, they consign to the one who sells the tickets, and she carries all at once to the central bureau. Soon afterward the president appears at the bureau and makes arrangements for the following day, leaving her orders for purveyors, etc.,

etc., and the day's work is done. Every fortnight the twelve kitchens are visited by three ladies of the general committee and inspected. The report of these ladies is made at a monthly meeting of the central committee, when any known wants are considered and, if possible, provided for. The interest in the folks-kitchens is quite general, as is seen from the coöperation of these ladies. The Empress Augusta especially manifests a warm sympathy for them, and in order to secure for the society service that would be efficient, recently endowed a premium, consisting of a golden cross and five thalers, for such ladies as serve the kitchens faithfully three years.

The capital originally contributed in 1866 by benevolent persons has been since increased fourfold and now amounts to \$12,830 (16,000 thalers). And so the good work goes on, and though social agitators seek to excite the working classes against it, by the claim that every man should be in a condition to eat at his own table, the middle classes are as yet sensible enough to realize that such substantial help from real friends is far better than the high-sounding phrases of visionaries.

Institutions similar to these "folks-kitchens," if established in our large cities, would be of vast advantage to the poorer classes. But, in order to place them on a self-sustaining basis, it would be necessary that their promoters should give actual service—should work, with hand and brain, for the benefit of their hungry fellow-creatures. Have we that kind of benevolence among us?

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

A New Language Wanted.

A NATION stepping out of semi-barbarism into the civilization of America and Western Europe finds great difficulty with its language. What wonder? It is as though Henry III. of England should suddenly arise from his dusty tomb, and ask what we mean by "railroad," "electric telegraph," and "friction-matches." For, before Henry had come to the throne, or Saint Louis of France had gone on his first crusade, Japan had an ancient history, a language and literature. Columbus was not born when Marco Polo, hospitably entreated at the court of Kublai Khan, caught from the returning and (we regret to say) lying warriors of the great monarch the first reports which Europe ever heard of the wonderful power, riches and learning of the kingdom of Zipangu. Before the reigns of the Doges of Venice reached their acme of splendor, Japan boasted a line of kings whose origin stretched away into dim traditions. And it was while "not a dog might bark without Mongol leave, from the borders of Poland and the coast of

Silesia to the Amoor and the Yellow Sea," that the Japanese were organizing armies which preserved the proud integrity of their rich empire, and beat back, discomfited, the far-swarming hosts of the great Khan. This is the nation—old when our forefathers clad themselves in the skins of wild beasts—which emerges from its hoary seclusion and asks us what we mean by "railroads," "electric telegraphs," and "friction matches."

What shall be done for a people which has 380 sinograms, four alphabets, and at least one unwritten language, and is destitute of a word for "saleratus?" The plain difficulty is, that Japan has suddenly come out of the Tenth Century, and has neither voice nor language for the common things of the Nineteenth Century. She has entered the family of so-called civilized nations; shall she give up her own tongue, or invite us to learn hers, as we take to French and German? This is the puzzle which is worrying Japan to-day.

It is out of the question for us to think of learning Japanese. With persistent industry, it is said, seven

years will suffice wherein to acquire a tolerable fluency in speaking and writing the language of business Japan. Scientific Japan has its own graphic system; its sinograms are known as *Tuf* and *Sso*. Then there is the Ratakana alphabet of forty-nine letters, in which no books are printed, but which is used for business writing. Love-letters and novelettes are found executed in the Firokana alphabet or writing of women; and a third, called the Munyokana, or myriad-leaves-letters, embalms in its bewildering curves and flourishes the sublime thoughts of the poets of the Sun-source kingdom. We, who find fault with our twenty-six letters, and dock the tails of all words of more than two syllables, will never get on with this complex language.

The Japanese are too proud to adopt any native slang for the technical terms of the English and French. They have no native word for "steamship;" and they blush to combine their signs or sounds for "smoke" and "junk," and so get over the difficulty by calling an American frigate a "smoke war-junk." This sort of thing may do for the childish Marquesans or simple-minded Kanakas; the quick-witted, haughty Japanese will not endure it. Turn into the newly-awakened antique kingdom the inventions and discoveries of photography, ether, nitro-glycerine, electricity, inflammable gas, printing and steam machinery, with all the jargon and technical terms with which these things have enriched our own language; you see how the bewildered Japanese learner literally lacks words to express his wonders in his native tongue. He is the contemporary of Henry III. dazed in a Birmingham factory or a Chicago railway depot.

It is not surprising, then, that mental and material progress in Japan demands some other vehicle of expression than that used when Ghengis Khan cast envious eyes on the islanded empire. The nation has, somehow, got ahead of its language. They are talking of adopting ours; but they do not like its irregular verbs and arbitrary forms of pronunciation. In the Japanese grammar the verbs are all regular; in fact, the derivative is unmistakably traceable through all its forms. For example: *Stat*, inferior; *Statva*, humility; *statno*, humble; *statni*, humbly; *stat-nisheru*, to humble; *stat-ninaru*, to be humbled, etc. Or, again, *yomo*, to read; *yomi*, reading (substantive); *yomite*, reader, etc. If a Japanese attempts our language he immediately desires to make all the verbs regular, and push the derivatives through all compound forms. He says "spoked" for spoke; "beated" for beaten; "goed" for went. An umbrella is "a roof or shelter to carry in the hand." It is impossible for him to see why it should be called an umbrella; or, being called so, why a parasol should not be called an um—something else. Thus, many of the difficulties of our dear mother-tongue dawn on us when these Orientals, in despair, propose a compromise in some sort of phonetic English. They cannot manage "though the tough cough and hic-cough plough me through." Given the pronunciation of

the first word, and they will construe the line: "Though the to co and hicc plo me thro." Attacking the verbs, the student will thus render a nursery rhyme:—

"John, John, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he runned.
The pig was eated and John was beated,
And John runned, bellowing, down the street."

We must leave our new neighbors to work out this problem for themselves. It is a pity that we cannot meet them half-way, and give our language a little of that simple euphony which would make its acquisition easier for them, as well as for our own infant learners. The punitive miracle at Babel has set up barriers all about us. How shall we beat down the wall for our allies in Japan?

The International Metric Commission.

IN 1870 the French Government invited other Governments to send scientific delegates to a Commission, which it proposed should meet at Paris, for the purpose of constructing new metric standards, to take the place, as *International Standards*, of the old ones constructed in the beginning of this century, as the fundamental standards of the Metric System of Weights and Measures. The primary object was stated to be the construction of a *mètre à traits*, or meter defined by lines drawn on the bar, representing with all possible exactness the length comprised between the end surfaces of the original meter, which is an end-measure, or *mètre à bouts*. The latter form of a measure is more convenient than the former for many purposes, such as the measure of geodetic baselines; but the very mode of its use by contact, renders its absolute permanence doubtful, exposing it to compression or abrasion, while the line-measure is subjected only to optical comparison. The existing standard, the *mètre des archives*, in fact exhibits on its terminal faces slight depressions, or at least a visible change in the appearance of the original surface, where the contacts have been made, and various copies of it furnished at different times to other countries are found, when compared among themselves, not to bear the stated relations to each other, with that degree of exactness which the present state of science demands. This circumstance was the primary occasion for the call of the International Metric Commission, composed of many eminent savans of Europe, such as Delaunay, Le Verrier, Fizeau, Deville, Airy, Miller, Struve, Jacobi and Foerster, the United States being represented by Professors Henry and Hilgard.

A session was held in August, 1870, but owing to the Franco-German war it was of short duration, resulting in the appointment of a committee for preliminary research relative to the form, material, and methods of construction and comparison of the new standards. It was also resolved that not only one but a considerable number of new standards should be made,

of which one should be chosen as the ultimate appeal, to be preserved under especially guarded conditions to secure its invariability, while the others should be distributed to the countries represented.

The Commission met again in September of last year, and determined the details of the work to be done. The principal conclusions are as follows: The international meter is to have the length of the meter of the archives, at the temperature of melting ice; its material will be an alloy of platinum and iridium in the proportions of 9 to 1, which is quite hard and rigid; its form will be similar to an H beam, but with the sides sloping outward from the mid-rib, whose upper surface is in the plane of neutral fibers, and will bear the lines that define the standard length. The rate of expansion by heat will be determined for each standard between the limits of 0° and 40° Centigrade. Several copies will be preserved at a very nearly constant temperature, as tests of the invariability of the prototype, and to this end it is also proposed to procure a quartz crystal of 42 inches in length, recently discovered in Switzerland, and mark on it the length of the standard.

The international *kilogramme* will be an exact copy of that in the archives, and will, like the latter, have its standard weight in a vacuum. Its material will be the same as that of the meter; its form, a cylinder of equal depth and diameter. Its relation to the weight of a cubic decimeter of water at maximum density will be ascertained with the greatest attainable precision—that being the theoretical definition of the kilogramme, which there is reason to believe is not, however, fulfilled with perfect exactness by the existing standard.

The Commission proposes that the new prototypes, together with their tests of invariability, and apparatus for comparison, be preserved in an International Bureau of Weights and Measures, to be founded and maintained at the common expense, where the final comparisons of the several national metric standards and their future periodic verifications may be made; and where the existing standards other than the metric, and the measures used in geodetic operations in different countries may be accurately compared, and their expansion and other relations determined. To this end the Commission has asked the French Government to invite a diplomatic conference between the nations represented.

It cannot be doubted that such a measure would serve to maintain invariability and precision in all kinds of standards, and would promote that approach to general uniformity which is admitted to be desirable by all, even by those to whom the practical difficulties in the way of a general adoption of the metric system of weights and measures in our own country appear insuperable.

The subject of Metrology is one in which all nations are alike interested, and it appears desirable to have a common point of contact. The proposed establishment would form the nucleus or model for future co-

operation in matters of science having international importance. Our share of the annual expense of maintaining it would be insignificant, being estimated at about eight hundred dollars. It is to be hoped that the Government will respond to the proposition, which is supported by the unanimous assent of the men of science in our country.

Edward Lytton Bulwer.

BULWER's literary life extended over nearly half a century. He produced his first, and in all ways his worst novel, *Falkland*, in 1827, and his unfinished work was still improving when he died, a few weeks ago. Those forty-five years coincided with the busiest period of the busiest modern age, full of material progress and social disquiet, little favorable to the highest literary achievement. They accompanied, perhaps occasioned, the change that elevated the novel from the mere task of amusing, to the function of instructing by presenting life in little to a public too restless to be pleased with didactic appeals. And after impartially weighing the claims and the performance of Bulwer, it must be said that his share in aiding this important transformation was small.

He deserves no blame for not understanding the transition, nor foreseeing that the fashion that had deserted Scott would come round in his lifetime to Brontë and Eliot. Even had the prescience of that change been given him, he lacked the power wielded by Thackeray and Dickens in shaping it. The whole world was not made kin to him, as to them, by any touch of nature. The old order of things claimed him in many ways; his egotism answered the claim, and he knew men by fancy-studies, not by contact with them. The artist who refuses to take his brush from the studio into the fields, who copies old forms and inspires them only with his own consciousness, will never found a school. When Bulwer began to write, the morals of his society were what the Regent had made them, and its tastes such as Byron had formed. Power was in the hands, directly or indirectly, of his order, who thought revolutions vulgar and laughable, Brougham a bore, with his crotchets of reform and education, and the poor an inconvenience always, sometimes a curious spectacle. The completeness of that world apart occupied by English upper life is carefully and naturally depicted in Robert Ward's extremely clever novels, *Tremaine* and *De Vere*. Bulwer had a keen insight into the structure of that particular world, and a comprehensive glance over its superficial features. But he had, besides, a romantic ideal of what humanity within those limits ought to be—a standard of elegant manhood and womanhood. And he had also the novelist's power of combining plots and devising situations, for the complete effectiveness of which he needed to go outside of that world which he did know, into a lower one of which he knew nothing but what the police reports told him. Still, the conception of his works was by no means commonplace. What he took from

the silver-fork school of sprightly triflers, like the anonymous author of *Cecil the Coxcomb* and *The Peer*, was only for embellishment. Nor was he an adventurer, forcing a position by such pinchbeck amalgams of political folly and aristocratic tinsel as served for advertisements to his compeer, D'Israeli. Even if he had not learned to write so much better, as he afterwards did, it could never have been his fate to crown his literary career with a novel like *Lothair*—a production quite unintelligible, unless we impute a Machiavelian purpose to its otherwise trashy flunkeyism, and judge it to be, like Beaumarchais' *Figaro*, a pasquinade for revenge and an incitement to attack.

Pelham well illustrates what we have said of Bulwer's lighter genius. There are two other novels of this period, that give even a clearer view of his characteristic powers and defects, one of which has been greatly praised where it is a failure, and the other neglected on account of its merits. *Eugene Aram* is a closet study, elaborated without experience, of the darkest traits in human nature. It is an impossible combination of opposites, a futile effort to fuse aspiration and avarice, fine instincts and base greed, scholarly culture and coarse desires, Saint Paul and Satan. *Godolphin* came earlier, immediately succeeding *Falkland*. It contains the germ of almost all the best of Bulwer's conceptions. Saville, the kindly epicurean; Godolphin, ambitious, brilliant, prematurely wise, a successful failure in life; the Italian gypsy traviata; the heroine, Sheridan's daughter, tender and resolute, giving up love for power, and regaining it too late,—all these reappear, singly or distributed among several figures, in the most finished of his later creations. The colors of Godolphin are crude, but not glaring, and therefore perhaps it is little noticed, although it is the seed-plot of so much that afterwards ripened. And it is less disfigured than the more conspicuous novels of his early period by the undeniable fustian, the affectation of paradox, and the shallow trifling with moral distinctions, which clung to his style and blinded the better public to his real merits long after he had shown himself capable of higher things.

Athens was a fortunate subject for Bulwer. The work deserved its reputation, and his habits of study made its process of constructing, by recomposing the past, easy and natural. He had to group lay figures, all distinct if not all heroic, and to portray embalmed manners and institutions not palpitating with the puzzling complexity of modern life. The grandeur of that past age, with all its littleness faded away, suited his romantic genius, not as yet patient of the labor of penetrating the poetic reality of the present time. The like fitness won him like success in his historical novels. His Greek learning wove itself gracefully with darker strands of Egyptian lore into the tissue of pure romance in the classic *Last Days of Pompeii*. In the confused splendor of *Rienzi* he brightened the twilight of the middle ages with the magical radiance shining around the name of Rome, in one of the

strangest passages of her history. And his treatment of national subjects in historical romance, though less free in fancy and restricted in plan to real occurrences, raises the half mythical personages of the old annalists into dignity and vividness. If a touch of the mock-heroic still lingers about them, it is nature exaggerated, not flattened and faded, as in James's goody chronicles—the rinsings of Scott, with now and then a drop of genius such as redeems his *Philip Augustus* and *One in a Thousand*. These early English romances made the transition easier for Bulwer to the grave and later fictions which have added most to his fame.

There was a particular quality of mind, and a peculiar store of studies which Bulwer found a use for in novels of quite a different class. We mean his love of the mysterious, and his acquisitions in the learning of the regions of the supernatural. These seem old-fashioned enough, when we recall the broad light of common day that our modern novel sheds into every cranny of life. But that sentiment of mystery, even if detected by science lurking in the nerves or the digestion, will never vanish from human emotions, and Bulwer knew how to conjure with it skillfully and potently. Some of the most natural and elevated passages in his cruder early works take the form of appeal to this sentiment. There is nothing in the theatrical gloom and sheet-iron thunder of Southey's Domdaniel poems that brings a creeping shiver as does the shape haunting Glyndon in *Zanoni*. Up to a certain point, the ground-idea of *A Strange Story* is worked out into a subtle and fascinating spell over the reader's fancy. And any one who has not shuddered at midnight while hearing that most wonderful of all ghost-stories, "The House and the Brain," well read aloud, has a pleasure yet to come equal to the horrors of childhood when first thrilled with the fee-faw-fum of *The Castle of Otranto*. But in every one of these works the mental defect attending the quality that inspired them is most conspicuous. It is a want of the sense of symmetry, an eagerness to press the effect too far, which leads him on to force the supernatural into palpable presentation, instead of leaving it in suggestive dimness. So that in *Zanoni* the stalking shape on Vesuvius, and the stampede of wild cattle upsetting the camp-kettle at the close of *A Strange Story*, though seriously meant for powerful strokes, only cause an explosion of laughter.

Bulwer's larger experience and his ripened genius, chastised by criticism and stimulated by the fame of rivals, produced works of a kind and degree of excellence that his early promise gave no reason to hope for. *The Caxtons* begins the series, pure and simple in tone, though wanting artistic finish, and unpleasing, even if faithful to truth of manners and worldly prudence, in its ministry to class pride. The Uncle Roland of *The Caxtons* comes as near to the life and stature of an enduring heroic figure as anything that Bulwer ever wrought. And his strength and range are nowhere so well shown as in his treatment, in the two succeeding novels, of the manifold varieties of English

life, managed as it is without trenching in the least on the field or borrowing at all from the manner of his two great compeers. The semi-tragic swell and exaggerating touch that seem ineradicable are here toned down till they hardly offend, and all the finer qualities of nature and mellow experience of life come brightly out, even to genuine tenderness and wise humor. Upon these novels and his later occasional papers on life and manners, their author's solid claim to eminence may safely rest.

Admirable as Bulwer's versatility is, it is doubtful whether his poems by themselves would ever have made him a great name. As the work of one so diligent and so brilliant in other fields of literature, they give him the advantage of an added reputation which his rivals in fiction never aspired to. The translations from Schiller betray a want of sympathy with the German poet's simpler and more honestly romantic genius. Though always clever and often felicitous, they show no possession by the true inspiration the original sprang from, and in some instances completely miss its genuine sentiment. In the worldly wisdom and manly philosophy, however, of Horace, fresh for all ages and especially harmonizing with Bulwer's mental temper, he found an agreement in taste that gives great charm to his translation of the Odes. Their spirit and meaning is all there, though under a form in many cases so unfortunately chosen, with the rash hope of attaining impossible metrical effects, as to cramp and stiffen the expression. That more definite system of *savoir vivre* embodied in the Epistles and Satires, and teaching that, though all is vanity, all need not be vexation of spirit, would have found in Bulwer a congenial interpreter, and one must regret that this task did not employ the care and time given to the elaboration of a less calm and more bitter performance in *The New Timon*. His dramas have been commended—and they did succeed. That is to say, they still hold the stage, and will bear the hour's study behind the footlights, because they are pure romance, the romance of love in Melnotte and the romance of ambition in Richelieu, and because these things please as illusions when they would be rejected as unrealities in a novel of practical present life.

This is what Bulwer has left to be judged by, for his parliamentary course can hardly be called a career, and counts for nothing. Judgment was spoken during his whole life very frankly and very variously. To some he was a prose Byron, to others a conscious charlatan. The turgid phrase and sham sentiment that many derided seemed to many the lofty eloquence of noble thought. Those inculcations of worldly wisdom commended by his admirers, his harsher critics stigmatized as corrupting egotistic lessons. When Thackeray outlined that side-splitting caricature which the satirist afterwards repented of and the sufferer forgave, there were more who laughed with the rising genius than there were who frowned with the victim. Yet when Tennyson elaborated those stinging lines that revenged the novelist's spiteful attack upon him-

self, the general voice reproached the serene laureate for an unworthy ebullition of wounded vanity. Between opinions so diverse the mean is usually safe. And friends and enemies agreed at last in this—that whatever blemishes disfigured his earlier performances, his morality grew purer, his views of life more just, his purposes higher and his execution finer, as his genius purged and chastened itself in the latest years. His literary life was so long and so progressive that he can hardly be called either the last of the old-fashioned novelists, or the first of the new. Nor is any fair comparison possible between Bulwer and Thackeray or Dickens, since their several conceptions of their art and processes of working these out were utterly diverse. We may pronounce the two latter more natural and real, but we cannot judge the former less true to his ideal. Take, as studies of contrast rather than comparison, characters almost at random from the pages of either. As types of worldly craft of the secondary order, Lumley Ferrars matches Carker, yet how unlike they are! Pathos and innocence are the life of Nydia as of Little Nell—but how differently! One is the ideal slightly veiled in reality—the other the real poetized. And Uncle Roland and Colonel Newcome—but no! nothing in modern fiction reaches the height of that sad, noble figure. In fine, Bulwer wrote throughout a transition stage in English literature. He never quite forgot the ways of its beginning, nor quite attained the standard of its close. He was incomplete, because the period was unsettled; and in filling up the gap between the novel of philandering and the novel of philosophy he used materials unfit to raise a symmetrical enduring monument for his name. His better influence is too recent to be strong, and his worse example already almost forgotten. The light he threw on life shone poetic, if often unnatural. His extravagances were but distortions of the belief that the world can and should be brighter, and men less commonplace than they are. A changed public taste preferred a literal copy of manners, which his great rivals could brighten with the touch of romance and exalt by aspirations towards an attainable ideal. In turning away from that ideal to the bald realism of certain living writers, do we not lose by the exchange of a picture's glow and soul for the dead precision of photography?

Darwin on "The Expression of the Emotions."

THE verdict of posterity upon Mr. Darwin's new work, *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals* (D. Appleton & Co.), will, we apprehend, be in the main unfavorable—so far, at any rate, as concerns the author's scientific reputation. Prof. Agassiz has recently characterized the Darwinian hypothesis as "a mire of mere assertion;" and this strong language has been undoubtedly to a great extent justified by both the *Descent of Man* and the present work. The subject of Expression is in itself a most interesting one, and those who have read Mr. Darwin's pre-

vious works will not need to be told that it has lost none of its interest in the manner in which he has presented it to the world. The careless reader, also, who reads without much thought, and who swallows any assertion that may be made with sufficient confidence, will doubtless rise from the perusal of the present work with the full conviction that Mr. Darwin has proved his point. No man ever possessed a more wonderful power of accumulating all the facts, which bear upon a given subject, and in marshaling these facts in a given order so that all shall point in one direction; and in none of his previous works is this power more conspicuously manifested. We may here also state, that Mr. Darwin shows no diminution of the candor which has always impelled him to speak out openly, and to point out what he conceives to be the special difficulties of his own theory.

Nevertheless, when we fairly examine Mr. Darwin's work, the net results of his labors are by no means very great. If we accept his premises, then we shall unquestionably accept his conclusions; for there is no flaw in the chain of reasoning, and, so far as mere logic is concerned, his armor may be regarded as proof against attack. In too many instances, however, his premises are not such as would be admitted by the generality of scientific men, and in a still larger number of instances he merely substitutes one form of words for another, without achieving any actual improvement of our knowledge. To talk, for example, of certain expressions being due to an "excess of nerve-force" may doubtless sound very well in the ears of the uninitiated; but it in reality explains nothing, owing to our total ignorance of what "nerve-force" is, how it is generated, or what is its connection with the body or with the mind.

The weakness of Mr. Darwin's theory, in fact, appears to arise from a cause, which would at present more or less affect *all* theories as to the nature of the expression of the emotions in man and animals. No such theory can, in our opinion, have any permanent standing ground, unless it be based upon some comprehensive theory as to the connection between spirit and matter, between the immaterial essence and the corporeal instrument. It need hardly be said that the present record of human knowledge contains hardly even a vestige of such a theory; and in the absence of this it seems almost futile to speculate on the essential nature of the expression of the emotions. We can doubtless observe and note how this or the other emotion is expressed by man or by any animal, what muscles are brought into play in each successive phase of feeling, what attitudes the body assumes, and what is the effect upon the nervous or circulatory systems. Mr. Darwin's book is a rich repertory of such facts, and those who have recourse to it for observations of this kind alone will assuredly not be disappointed. But no store of facts, however extensive, will of themselves form a theory, and at present we have nothing but the facts to go upon. We are absolutely and entirely ignorant of the nature of the connection between

the mind and the brain, and we can therefore hardly hope to discover why certain special muscles are contracted in anger, or why the heart should beat wildly under the influence of terror. Still less can we determine what it is that enables us to form some judgment, and often a very accurate one, as to the character of a perfect stranger, simply by looking at his face when in a state of perfect repose. Indeed, the general, undefined, and yet distinct impression that we receive from any personality with which we are brought into contact, without any direct acquaintance, is a much more wonderful and inexplicable thing than all the expressions of the special emotions put together. For obvious reasons, however, Mr. Darwin does not attempt to grapple with this fact, since, though closely related to the subject of Expression in general, it is not capable of being made to fit in with his theory.

It were hopeless, in the limits at our disposal, to attempt any detailed criticism of Mr. Darwin's work; but he lays down three general "principles of expression," which are, at any rate, worth stating. The first of these is what he calls the "principle of serviceable associated habits," according to which "certain complex actions are of direct or indirect service under certain states of the mind, in order to relieve or gratify certain sensations, desires, etc.; and whenever the same state of mind is induced, however feebly, there is a tendency through the force of habit and association for the same movements to be performed, though they may not then be of the least use." This principle is simply the "utilitarian" doctrine of morals carried into a fresh department; and though it may explain some expressive actions, and especially such as are more or less automatic or habitual, it certainly will not apply to many of the cases brought forward by Mr. Darwin. Upon this principle, many of the actions by which we express our emotions stand upon the same level as the action of a dog when he turns round and round before lying down on the carpet, this being a relic of a time when the dog was wild, and used to trample down the grass to make his bed. It is under this head, therefore, that Mr. Darwin tries to bring his theory of the expression of the emotions to support his theory of the descent of man from a common stock with the monkeys. He tries to prove that many expressions of the emotions are merely modifications of primeval habits possessed by man when he was in "a much lower and animal-like condition," and when these habits were of direct and actual service to him. We can hardly blame Mr. Darwin for taking up this position, since his firm belief in the truth of his own theory fully justifies his doing so. Those, however, who reject Mr. Darwin's theory as to the descent of man, as an unproved and unprovable hypothesis, based in the main upon unsupported assertions, are not likely to view with great favor his "first principle" of Expression. The second canon of Expression is termed "the principle of Antithesis." Thus, certain states of the mind lead, in accordance with the first principle, to "certain habitual movements which

were primarily, or may still be, of service;" but when "a directly opposite state of the mind is induced, there is a strong and involuntary tendency to the performance of movements of an exactly opposite nature, though these have never been of any service." The best possible example of the supposed working of this principle is to be found in the actions exhibited by a dog in approaching a friend or foe respectively. In the latter case, the animal walks upright and in a stiff and cautious manner; his head is slightly raised; the tail is held erect and is quite rigid; the hairs bristle, especially along the neck and back; the ears are pricked and directed forwards; and the eyes have a fixed stare. On the other hand, if the dog be approaching a friend, his bearing is the reverse of all this. Instead of walking upright, the body sinks, or even crouches; the tail is not held stiff and upright, but is depressed and wagged from side to side; the hair becomes smooth; the ears are depressed and drawn backwards; and the eyes lose their fixed and staring expression. That the facts are as stated by Mr. Darwin is indubitable; and it is brought home to our minds in an exceedingly appropriate and forcible manner by four very excellent drawings of dogs in the two states of mind in question. We fail, however, altogether to perceive that he has proved that his theory is any explanation of the facts. Indeed, it is only too clear that he has only had recourse to this principle as a last resort, from the impossibility of explaining the facts upon any known law. We do not say that the "principle of antithesis" is absolutely without foundation; but we do say that Mr. Darwin has failed to bring forward any valid evidence in its support, and that its application under any circumstances must be of the most limited character.

The third principle is termed the "principle of the direct action of the nervous system." On this principle, certain expressive actions depend entirely upon the constitution and structure of the nervous system itself, and have been from the first independent of the will, and to a large extent of habit. Thus, when the brain "is strongly excited, nerve-force is generated in excess, and is transmitted in certain definite directions, depending on the connection of the nerve-cells, and partly on habit; or the supply of nerve-force may, as it appears, be interrupted. Effects are thus produced which we recognize as expressive." As examples of the alleged working of this law, Mr. Darwin brings forward, amongst others, the blanching of the hair under terror or grief, the trembling of the muscles from fear, joy, or excessive anger, the blush of shame, the convulsive movements of agony, and the like. This third principle is an admirable example of how to give an explanation which is no explanation, of explaining the *obscurum per obscurius*. It is quite true that we do not know why our muscles should tremble when we are under the influence of fear or joy; but it is a very poor explanation to tell us that it is caused by the generation of "an excess of nerve-force or by the interrupted supply of nerve-force to the muscles." We

do not feel bound to admit, with Mr. Herbert Spencer, that it is an "unquestionable truth that, at any moment, the existing quantity of liberated nerve-force, which in an inscrutable way produces in us the state we call feeling, *must* expend itself in some direction — *must* generate an equivalent manifestation of force somewhere." We do not feel bound to admit, with the same authority, that an "overflow of nerve-force, undirected by any motive, will manifestly take the most habitual routes, and, if these do not suffice, will next overflow into the less habitual ones." We confess that we do not think our present acquaintance with "nerve-force" to be of such an intimate nature as to warrant our speaking so positively as to the manner in which it "must" expend itself, as to its "overflow" being "undirected by any motive," or even as to what are its "habitual routes." We are inclined to think that these definite and dogmatic modes of stating opinions upon very obscure subjects are too often only a cloak by which man endeavors to conceal from himself the knowledge of his own ignorance. When we know what is the nature of the bond between the soul and the brain, and how each is enabled to react upon the other, then we may be in a position to adequately discuss what expressions are due to "the principle of the direct action of the nervous system."

Fisher's History of "The Reformation." *

WITH "perspicuous brevity," in a style pure, earnest and easy, this author gives us the results of what must have been long and laborious study of an era full of the noise and smoke of battle, issuing in vast results to Europe and the world. In the initial chapter we have a short discussion of the underlying conditions out of which the Reformation grew, and while full allowance is made for the influence of those forces begotten of the Revival of Learning, to which Mr. Lecky attributes so great a power, the Reformation is shown to be connected with the Bible, to be in the domain of the church, in the subject-matter of religion, to be in and through men of a religious feeling, and with a religious end in view. Having thus sketched the general character of the Reformation, the author discusses the rise and fall of the papal hierarchy through the centralization of nations, the special causes and omens of a revolution in the church, and then tells the story of the Reformation in Germany, Switzerland, Scandinavia, Hungary, Geneva, France, the Netherlands, England, Scotland, Italy and Spain. Then follows the narrative of the counter-reformation in the Roman Catholic Church and the struggle of Protestantism in the 17th century. The work is concluded by three masterly chapters on the Protestant Theology, and on the relation of Protestantism to the civil authority, to culture and to civilization.

* *The Reformation*. By George P. Fisher, D.D., Prof. of Ecclesiastical History in Yale College. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1873.

The "solidarity of peoples" is not a figment of the imagination; nor is the solidarity of religious, moral, civil, social and æsthetic truth. And the unity of human nature forbids that we should regard the religious contests of the past as void of instruction for the present and the future. We speak and read of Humanism, Protestantism and Romanism, too much as if these themes were merely abstract and scholastic, and too forgetful of the fact that generations of men have had their whole life determined by one or other of these systems, that we ourselves are controlled by one of these forces or by their resultant, and that our children's children are to be affected for weal or woe by the adoption or rejection of principles whose value can now in some degree be seen and felt in consequence of their long trial and probation. It is a favorite idea with us, too, that the present is the fitting time and American soil the appropriate place for a searching criticism of the past in creeds of every kind and color, with the distinct design of saving the true for future embodiment in civil, social and religious life, and of destroying the false. In our land and day every creed, every church, every science, and every man stands equal before the law, and free from fetters, and fearless of pains and penalties; many are quietly slipping or openly cutting the cables which have moored them to authority and precedent, and preparing, at least for a season, to stand with Luther, "under the wide heaven."

The vast population of our future is to live under the moulding influence of institutions, civil and religious, whose character must be largely determined by the ideas and convictions of the present generation and the next. The value of a past idea and of an old conviction is of course to be partly made clear by its history and its results. A wise people or a wise man will retain and use the good and throw away the bad. Hence the importance of history, of fair, wise and conscientious historians. Unless the absurd ground be taken that the whole past is worthless, and is to be abandoned to oblivion, we shall do well to adopt the principle which obtains in conservative Surgery, in the endeavor it makes to preserve every particle of healthy flesh and function, and to eliminate disease alone—an analogy which holds also in the point that, as conservative surgery is impossible on the field of battle, and must wait for peace and quiet, so conservative and healing handling of the body of doctrine and opinion must wait until the smoke of conflict is dispelled, and the boom of guns is hushed.

From this point of view we regard the work of Dr. Fisher as exceedingly timely. He has traversed three centuries with a grave, reverent and cautious tread. He has seen with his own eyes, and weighed in the scale of his own judgment, and decided with his own conscience everything in his path, whether it weighed a feather or a mountain, whether it made for or against the system to which he himself adheres. In selecting facts which are representative in the vast series, facts which interpret the character of the systems which be-

got them, and in the arrangement of these facts so that they shall exhibit the life and force of truth, Dr. Fisher has shown remarkable skill. Rarely has a historian exercised so great a self-restraint, yet seemed to need to exercise so little, in keeping the color of his own views out of his narrative, in letting the facts speak their own meaning without the aid of the showman's stress or emphasis or pointer. His materials he has studied thoroughly, what he saw he has painted truly, with taste and judgment he has hung his pictures (each a monograph), and has left them to interpret each other and to make their own appeal to the candid judgment of men. And it is our earnest conviction that this work is adapted not only to confirm the friends but to conciliate the enemies of the Reformation, and to make all feel alike that if men or doctrines are put down, the author of this book has trusted to a "plain, unvarnished tale" to put them down. Prof. Schérer has said: "It is of the nature of a conviction to aspire to win proselytes." Dr. Fisher is not a man without convictions; yet there is evidence in every line of his work that he would have his proselytes enter at the gate of truth alone, and not at the door of his argument or persuasion.

For proof of the merit we claim and of the approbation we challenge for this work, let the reader observe the critical and candid spirit with which the author weighs the characters of Calvin, of Cranmer, of Luther, of Erasmus, of Knox, of William of Orange, of Henry VIII.; let him note the careful study of motives which led to the abjuration of Henry IV.; let him observe the foreground view of the iconoclasm of the Huguenots and the excesses of the Anabaptists, whilst the background of their provocations is not forgotten in the portrait; let him note the free, full and just handling of the Puritan controversy, of the persecutions by Protestants, and their own censorship of the press, when the power was in their hands; let him observe the wise discussion of the relative claims of the Renaissance and the Reformation to be the parent of modern free thought; in short, let him note on every page of this book the setting given to truth as a priceless jewel wherever found, by whomsoever held.

We commend this book with its lessons of historical wisdom alike to the statesman, the Protestant, the Catholic, the Rationalist, and the Humanist—the communicant in the church of "Sweetness and Light." In our boyhood we fondly supposed that the American people had learned many of these lessons finally and forever. Maturer years have taught us that ever and anon fresh instruction is needed even in long-accepted and widely-received truth. Indications are not wanting that the present is such a time of need. Among many other lessons taught by this retrospect of three hundred years, we may learn afresh that the American theory of church and State is wisest for us and truest in itself; that the great doctrine of toleration is the product of the party most persecuted; that it is not wise to govern too much; that persecution lends effectual help to any cause; that dis-

organizing theories prevail most where the human mind has been longest repressed; that even wise innovation must make haste slowly, and expect only a gradual victory over habit and prejudice; that zeal for outward conformity is an easy pathway not only to cruel persecutions even by good men but also to skepticism; that while there is great danger in blending a political and a religious question in the same contest, it must be done if religion seizes an advantage with the hands of the State; that it is a mistake to suppose that the decay of corrupt forms of Christianity is the disappearance of Christianity itself; that arrested development in morals or in religion is strictly analogous to arrested development in the physical man; that the establishment of any principle as true tends to destroy not only the contrary principle but also the usages and customs by which it has expressed itself; that the social blending of religious bodies is important to the permanence of the political fabric which gives them a common shelter; that in proportion as Protestantism plants itself on the Bible, it gains as a cause and gains as a religion also; and that human nature in the long run proves itself a dangerous subject on which to make experiments.

These are only a tithe of the lessons of this noble work. Such a book assures its own place. It is a "standard" from the hour of its publication.

Morris's Latest Poem.*

THIS is another of those delicate myths of No-land that Mr. Morris's tireless fancy spins out with an unbroken stretch of tenuous thought. It is, like the rest, fine as the gossamer, sprinkled with sparkles of morning dew, that drops lightly on fresh grass-blades—as beautiful and unseeable as that fabric of cobweb and pearls. These are just the qualities of his verse that we do not find fault with. There is plenty of the mere schoolmaster-poetry, and enough of metaphysical verse twisted into subtle disquisition by knots of paradox; and too much of that sensuous melody that sets words afire with passion, or drugs and drowns them in languor. Morris's lines flow refreshingly cool and limpid after all those puzzles and throbs of the spasmodic school. To pass to him from Swinburne is like dipping into a mountain brook after being showered with the hot bursts of a geyser. The thought, too, is as simple as the form, and if its iteration grows a little monotonous through a quantity of verse so facile and fluent that one wonders why it ever ends, rather than how it runs so long, still the diversity in repetition is wonderful. Not that his range of language is wide; for except an occasional quaintness of epithet, and here and there a half-obsolete turn or phrase rescued and well-placed, there is no remarkable richness of diction. The sameness of substance is concealed by the device of turning an un-

changing thought in all possible lights. And perhaps the recurrence, at each new presentation of the thought, of the same familiar words with all their associations, aids in producing the effect of persistent calmness in variety. Variety in unity is one of the definitions of the beautiful: but it would lead us farther than our limits permit to explain why we think that Morris's poetry does not rise so high as to merit this description, which certainly differs from the modulated uniformity that he deserves and wins praise for attaining.

From dwelling on the bare simplicity of the thought that Love is enough, the poet takes care not to tempt us away by any lavish picturesqueness of description such as warms and colors his earlier poems. The proof that it is so sufficing must of course be reached through contrast. If love is to be known as outweighing all the other joys and glories of earth, nothing but their possession and loss can test its worth. So the only figure in the poem that stands out less shadowy than the rest is a prince, Pharamond, who is won away from the fullness of power, fame, and splendor by a vision of a remote and unknown beauty, which he follows through wanderings and misery, attaining at last and enjoying it, and then returning to find his kingdom usurped, and not worth regaining, since Love is enough, 'with no other thing added. To have made this quest the framework for tales of perilous adventure and strange temptation met with knightly constancy would have been quite in the vein of the poet's earlier work. But the hardships that befell the errant lover are barely hinted, not even sketched, and the rapture that rewards him is shaped into no clearer material form than a waking stir, a touch, a few spoken words, can give to his dream that vanishes again almost as soon as it is embodied in a woman's presence. His treatment of the subject is more metaphysical and less concrete even than is usual with him, in this respect, that the Spirit of Love appears literally from time to time on the stage, holding the clew and giving the explanation of the successive steps in the wanderer's progress.

In saying that the poem almost wholly wants the action and coloring that relieve the singular unreality of the author's former figures revived from fable, it is scarcely necessary to add that the result, though still pleasing and graceful, is jejune and thin. It is the demonstration, traced as abstractly as it is possible to be done with the slightest touches of image and illustration, that Love is all-sufficient. And the same peculiarity is maintained through this poem which it seemed from the beginning must be fatal to any permanence of interest or fame for the author. As if aiming to make the creations of his fancy as shadowy and unlike human ones as possible, he carefully withholds from them the least semblance of humanity that does not touch this present life alone, and concern a spirit and work that end with it. A phrase or two of Scripture, curiously and naturally enough wrought into the verse, brings with it a passing association

* *Love is Enough: or, the Freeing of Pharamond: A Novel.* By William Morris. (Roberts Brothers.)

with higher and remoter aspirations—but the range of the whole, as always, is sedulously kept as if within a mortal horizon that bounds and terminates life. Even with this restriction, the theme is a very noble one, and it is illustrated with very pure and noble trains of thought. It is high praise for an author that he charms and attracts by his mere poetic graces and subtleties, while exalting love as the master-motive of human action, and leaving in us the faith that loyalty to it, even through bitterness and grief, is sure of its reward.

An American-French Novel.

THE late struggle of French and German armies on French soil has not, as yet, been greatly celebrated in poetry or fiction. Native writers must regain their breath before they can do justice to the subject; and no foreign pen can ever limn correctly any great feature of the contest. MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's story of the Plébiscite is the best literary achievement which has issued from the minds of men disturbed by the clamor of the Franco-German war; and that is not so much a novel as a history. That a young American should have the courage to take up any part of the tragedy which ebbed and flowed around Paris during The Siege is sufficiently characteristic of youth and Americanism; both these are audacious.

Mr. Edward King has made a story based on incidents immediately synchronous with Ducrot's last sortie from Paris; he calls it *Kentucky's Love; or, Roughing It Around Paris*. (Lee & Shepard.) It is a weak title for a strong book. It is a strong book; it opens with a crash and bang of artillery, a galloping to and fro, and a hissing of bullets overhead most distracting. It is due to the author to say that he keeps up the crashing and banging, the galloping and the bullet-whistling to the very end. The key may be pitched too high; but it is never lowered to the dull level of normal life—which is conceding something to the author's skill. If a player bounds on the stage with a startling *coup* at the opening of the piece, as Charlotte Cushman used as Meg Merrilies, we see that great power will be required to maintain the subsequent action at so lofty a height; otherwise, the pyramid stands on its apex; we have reached the climax prematurely and there remains naught but superfluous lagging on the stage. Mr. King gives us plenty of blue-fire and alarms in his opening chapters; but he skillfully substitutes a human interest for the dominant war-chords with which his book opens; and we are led out of the danger of arms into the mazes of a love-story, of which the interest never flags until our unhappy and somewhat exasperating hero is dragged out of the Seine—dead as a door-nail.

The plot of the story is wildly improbable; but it is pervaded with so much local color and realism that one forgets probabilities in its deceptive atmosphere. Margaret, the heroine, is an absurd impossibility; her adventures are as fantastic as those of a Japanese fairy;

but the wintry parks of Versailles, the tender beauty of the landscape near Argenteuil and the dreary picture laced by long lines of moving infantry and cavalry are all painted with such extraordinary fidelity that we think everything must have happened just as related; it is the Special Correspondent writing out one of the plots of the elder Dumas. Though the movement is hurried and even feverish, the author takes ample time to garnish his tale with many charming pictures. He has an artist's appreciation for color and atmospheric effects. There are landscapes that might have been painted by Achenbach, and single figures which remind one of Toulmouche. Moreover, the heart of the story beats regularly to its close; and the ending is traditionally correct. The marrying is in the right place and by the right people; the knotty threads are judiciously snipped and appear no more to mar the beauty of the web.

Kentucky's Love is a notable story because it shows great power. To be sure, it is the power which we recognize in the bold, rude sketch of an untaught hand; but it is the hand of genius, for all that. It is so much easier to tone down than to tone up! Let us be thankful that our young author has so much of promise in him, and so little to discourage. This slender book is but a sketch; its informing purpose is taken from a recent tragedy, which itself was so full of stress and strain, that no mortal man can found upon it any fiction that shall rival its own great mournfulness. But it reveals a power of delineation, a vigor of style and tenderness of affection which augur well for the future success of the author, when he shall have been ripened and chastened by experience and study.

The Home.

WHEN one considers the condition of ignorance and helplessness in which many a young couple, at the outset of their married life, undertake the serious work of establishing a home; and when one remembers how much of meaning that word has or ought to have, the necessity for such a little volume as has lately appeared in Putnam's Handy Book Series, will be sufficiently evident. (*The Home: where it should be, and what to put in it*; By Frank R. and Marian Stockton: Putnam.) The little book is not much bigger than a tract, and not so big as an average Sunday-school book, but it has in it so much of suggestiveness of a wholesome and practical sort, that if there were envy in the souls of such religious corporations as manufacture books and tracts, (if, being corporations, they could be presumed to have souls at all,) they might well be jealous of the usefulness of this manual. It deals, to be sure, only with the externals of the home; it has no words of high morality or of religious edification. But when one remembers how much the happiness of home depends on these externals, and how much more likely it is that the household will be virtuous and beautiful if the house is well chosen, well furnished, and well ordered, it will be

seen that this volume will be all the surer to do good for the reason that its aim is so modest and unpretending, and above all things practical.

Bible Revision.

To those who wish to know precisely what has been undertaken by that illustrious company of scholars in England and America, in whose hands the revision of our English New Testament is already making progress, a volume just now issued from the press of Harper & Bros. will give all necessary information. (*The Revision of the English Version of the New Testament, with an Introduction by Philip Schaff, D. D.* Harper & Bros.) The book consists of three distinct treatises, each of which might make a good-sized volume, and any one of which would be of uncommon value. The first is by Dr. Lightfoot, whose learned labors as a commentator on the Scriptures entitle him to speak with authority on such a subject. The second is by Dr. Trench, the Archbishop of Dublin, whose name at once suggests the most finished and elegant criticism in regard to the use of the English language. The third is by Dr. Ellicott, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, of whom it is enough to say that he is worthy of the scholarly companionship in which this volume places him.

We have thus, in the compass of a few hundred pages, not only the suggestions of these scholars as to what the work of revision ought to be, but also examples of revision so numerous and so detailed that, until the work is finished, this volume is worthy to take rank among the books indispensable to a complete critical and exegetical apparatus. The indices are so many and so full, that the use of it for purposes of exegetical study will be very easy. Students in seminaries, pastors in their studies, will be glad to have it at hand, and to accept it as an earnest of the good work which is being accomplished by the company of judicious and devout revisers who are already busy. That their work is a good one (which some have doubted) this volume is by far the most satisfactory evidence that has yet been furnished.

Mrs. Oliphant's "At His Gates."*

MONEY, besides working so many other wonders in England, furnishes the pivot on which the construction of a whole class of novels turns. Conceive a man of enormous wealth, not inherited, but accumulated, which presupposes a brain large enough to control and distribute it well; provide him with luxurious tastes, a selfish heart, and easy principles, and all the elements of a romance of modern life gather about him of themselves. Such a man is a sort of omnipotence, essential to every class, and affecting a thousand individuals. And if he sets his will to living splendidly at their cost, risking their ruin, it must be a very poor novelist that cannot construct a respectable story out of the mere play and

crossing of his business connections. An ordinary writer, of course, runs the risk of shaping such a plot so as to produce only commonplace situations, from the crude contrasts of wealth and poverty, vulgarized by their auriferous atmosphere. Mrs. Oliphant's true and delicate perception of character raises this contribution to the romance of bankruptcy far above that dull level.

It is a triumph won out of difficulties. The threads she worked into her former admirable fictions were so fine, yet various, like an elaborate embroidery upon the plain canvas of Miss Mitford, that there was danger lest the device of attaching the fortunes of all her personages to those of a fraudulent banker might lower and narrow the influences traced in their development. But within the range so chosen she employs all the nice discrimination and consistent sequence that always make her sketches of men and women individual and coherent. She deals with moral positions more than material ones; the springs of the lives she depicts are more studied than their framework. Their mere circumstances fall naturally into the background, and the alternations of fortune appear as the results, not the creators, of character. This is particularly the effect with the women, of whom there are two very well defined types in this novel, standing out so independent of their surroundings that we feel each might pass into the worldly condition of the other, yet remain essentially unchanged.

The heroine, Helen Drummond, a *bourgeoise* child of Trade, and the wife of a painter whose want of genius disappoints her, consents to his becoming a director in a banking business for which he is ludicrously unfit, under the control of her cousin, Burton. The conflict in her feelings between gratitude for her husband's affection, and half-romantic contempt for his mere talent, is skillfully traced. The cousin, her rejected lover, is the millionaire of the story, lavish, ostentatious, taking credit for the good his money cannot help doing, partly the dupe and partly the accomplice of his associate Golden. His patronage of Helen in her good and evil fortunes betrays by subtle suggestion the coarse satisfaction of a common nature taking its revenge for her early rejection of him. Less is made of Golden than might have been, though quite enough of him is hinted. Mrs. Oliphant is so good in many better things that she wants sympathy for being good at villains. The banker's wife, Mrs. Burton, is passionless, feelingless, a mere mental machine, a Rochefoucauld in petticoats. Though quite aware of the dangerous schemes undermining her husband's hollow show, she does nothing to check them, busy with pitiless analysis of every one and everything, and content if her formulas applied to life work out the result in each case that everything is natural, because everything is bad. Burton, of course, makes a timely escape with his millions from the crash of the bank, of which Golden contrives to shift the blame upon the inexperienced Drummond; and he, in turn, sinking under disgrace, attempts a suicide in which he

* At his Gates: by Mrs. Oliphant. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Being the first vol. in S., A. & Co.'s "Library of Choice Fiction."

is supposed to succeed. His wife devotes herself to subtle feminine revenge, by disturbing the Burtons' plans of family aggrandizement, a course which Mrs. Burton calmly inspects, accepts as quite natural, and coolly promotes in part, out of dislike to her own daughter. Meantime Burton's reckless frauds involve his fortunes, and though Helen's generous nature is filled with remorse for her attempted revenge, and she withdraws from her schemes, it is too late to prevent his dishonorable ruin. Its occurrence reveals Drummond's innocence, and restores him to Helen after his seven years' absence from England. In those years Golden has contrived to save a good deal of money by successive misfortunes in business, has escaped expulsion from his clubs, and, having run away with Burton's daughter, takes up his tranquil abode in Italy.

As Helen, the creature of impulse and feeling, is contrasted with the cold, calculating banker's wife, so Golden finds his nobler opposite in the carefully drawn figure of Stephen Haldane. A dissenting preacher of great power and promise, he becomes one of Burton's victims, and suffers a severer blow from sudden disease, which paralyzes his useful activity, and confines him helplessly for the rest of his life to his couch. The patience and serenity with which he maintains his difficult position in poverty among his less intelligent brethren and his commonplace exacting flock, never cherishing a revengeful or rebellious impulse, is pathetically portrayed with slight but masterly touches.

Quite as nice discrimination is shown in the management of the minor characters that help the action

of the story, too many and too distinct to be separately noticed as they deserve within our limits. This novel, like others founded upon the fluctuations of fortune in its narrow sense, gives a complete answer to those who reproach Taine with laying so much stress on the enormous power of wealth in England, and designating it as the spring of that incessant desperate struggle throughout the social scale, which impartially decrees all good things in life to those who can keep up, and utter hopelessness to those who go down. But it does far more, with a higher object. Admitting for the purposes of her art the inexorable control of money in our day, and accepting it as almost the modern embodiment of the Fate that was believed of old to rule mortal actions, the author finds in resistance to its dominion occasions for celebrating the endurance and courage and aspiration that dignify human nature.

"Absence."

WE print below a stanza from Miss Bushnell's poem, "Absence," wherein the words are arranged correctly;—which, owing to an infirmity of the types, was not the case in the original publication in our March number:

Gone is the nameless charm that binds
The outer world in kinship blest,—
The interchange, the light refrain;
And 'twixt our souls, that once were near,
Lie leagues of stirless atmosphere,
Asleep upon a silent main:
Nothing to-day its heart-mate finds,
Nor any answer to its quest.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Night-Work.

IN reply to the question, How long a time should be regarded as the minimum to be spent in bed in each twenty-four hours? the *Lancet* says: We are of course speaking only of adults; and we think we may place the minimum at six hours for men and seven for women, with an additional hour, or even two, being taken whenever it is practicable.

Then as regards night-work; how far is that specially prejudicial? We believe that for the young it is really injurious, by the mere fact of its being night-work; but for those whose organisms are consolidated we greatly doubt if it be at all injurious, *per se*. But there are sundry conditions inexorably requiring to be observed, if night-work is to do no harm. First of all, there must be no curtailment of the allowance of bed above mentioned, and this allowance of repose must be taken in a continuous manner. A man who works up to 4 A.M. should after that lie in bed till 10, and, if possible, should get an additional hour's sleep and a

meal after it. Secondly, the light by which he works at night should be very white, powerful and steady, and should be carefully concentrated, by a green shade, on his books or papers: insufficient, flickering, or too diffused light is one of the most serious causes of the brain-irritation which afflicts night-workers.

Experiment on the Beginnings of Life.

J. BURDON SANDERSON has repeated Bastian's experiments on this subject, and says, "I am content to have established, at all events to my own satisfaction, that by following Dr. Bastian's directions infusions can be prepared which are not deprived, by an ebullition of from five to ten minutes, of the faculty of undergoing those chemical changes which are characterized by the presence of swarms of Bacteria, and that the development of these organisms can proceed with the greatest activity in hermetically-sealed glass vessels, from which almost the whole of the air has been expelled by boiling."

The Surface of the Moon.

MR. MERLIN, of the British Consulate at Athens, asks, May not the white telescopic appearance of the moon's surface, resembling snow in many parts, be explained by the fact that the extinct volcanoes of our satellite are covered with crystals of salt?

Any person who is accustomed to view the moon through a telescope must, I think, have been struck with the dazzling snow-like appearance of the mountains. May not an explanation of this be deduced from the experiences gained by the last eruption of Vesuvius? The burning lava in that instance retained an enormous quantity of salt, which did not escape until the mass became cool, when the whole stretch of lava emitted in 1872 was covered with a crust of this substance.

American Antiquities.

In the remote parts of Arizona it is said that well-preserved and extensive ruins have been found which indicate the former existence of populous cities. From an account of these by Colonel Roberts in *The Builder* we quote the following description: "It is surrounded by a wall of sand-stone neatly quarried and dressed, 10 ft. or 12 ft. thick, and originally, judging from the detritus, 15 ft. or 20 ft. high. Within are the walls of houses, temples, and markets, all of solid stone and showing excellent masonry. These walls are covered with hieroglyphics, cut deeply into the stone. The whole of the ruins, like most of those of the Orient, and more especially those of Arabia and Assyria, are more or less buried in sand. According to the account, this city is some 90 miles from the boundary between Utah and Arizona, and an equal distance from the Western Colorado line. It is close to the desert, and is surrounded by extensive sandy plains.

The Hoosac Tunnel.

The Journal of the Franklin Institute says: To the record which we have presented from time to time of the progress of this interesting engineering project, we can now add a piece of information which carries with it the intimation that the beginning of the end is at hand. On the 12th of December, after some unusually heavy blasting, a union was effected between the workings on the eastern end of the tunnel and the central shaft.

The great hindrance caused by water in the central shaft, and which has repeatedly caused serious stoppages in the work on this part of the tunnel, besides the expense attendant upon the erection and constant operation of pumping machinery, is at an end, the waters now having a free outlet into the Deerfield river. From present indications the remaining portion of the boring, viz., four thousand feet between the west and the central shaft, will be completed and the tunnel ready for use by October, 1873, or three months within the period agreed upon by the contracting parties.

Extremes of Temperature.

The Scientific American gives the following statistics regarding this subject: Probably the hottest country is Thibet; though its most southern part is 30° from the Equator, its extreme summer temperature reaches to a height of 150°. The fact that the night-temperature, even in summer, sometimes sinks to the freezing-point, only serves to aggravate the discomfort of this extreme heat. Next come Senegal and Guadeloupe, with a maximum temperature of 130°, that of Persia being 125°, while the maximum of Calcutta and the Delta of the Ganges is 5° less. In Cape Colony and the Africa diamond-diggings the midsummer heat is 105°, that of Greece being only one degree less, while that of the comparatively far north city of Montreal is one degree less than Greece and one more than New York. In Great Britain, Siam and Peru, the extreme heat does not exceed 85°, while that of Siberia is as high as 77°, two degrees higher than in Scotland, and four above that of Italy. In Patagonia and the Falkland Islands the highest is 55°, ten degrees above that of Southern Iceland. In Nova Zembla the maximum temperature is only 34°, two degrees above the freezing-point of water.

The Spectroscope.

In a lecture on the Spectroscope, Norman Lockyer thus sums up the history of its invention:—You see therefore that our Spectroscope depends first of all on Newton's work with the prism in 1675, and on the fact which Newton found out incidentally, that it is important that the prism should be used at the angle of minimum deviation. We then get the slit added by Wollaston in 1812; then the collimating lens added by Simms in 1830. In this way we have arrived at the Spectroscope improved and modified as an instrument, until at last we get Spectroscopes so arranged that the glass is of the finest possible material, the angle being the largest possible, the glass the densest possible, and the number of prisms as great as possible.

Planting Trees.

THE success of national legislation in behalf of general tree-planting has never been so well illustrated as in Egypt and Algiers.

Egypt, well known for its dry climate after the destruction of its forests, olive and other plantations, had about six rainy days every year on an average; but so many millions of useful trees have again been planted, that there are now about twenty-four rainy days per year recorded.

Napoleon III., whatever his faults, has given the world an example which, at least in France, will render his name memorable in this regard. Convinced of the great benefit the barren and swampy districts would derive if planted with trees, by his command many millions have been planted in vast districts of the country. Thousands of acres of the desert in Algiers have

been transformed into forests, and the rainfall thereby doubled. The country along the coast of the Bay of Biscay, where swamp fevers held their sway, has been planted with trees, and thus changed into a healthful region; and to secure the perpetuation of this satisfactory result, every proprietor who cuts down a tree is obliged to plant two in its place, and the law is enforced with the utmost stringency. (*The Horticulturist*.)

The Fossils of Wyoming.

CONCERNING the huge fossil animals found in the tertiary deposits of Wyoming, Professor O. C. Marsh remarks: They nearly equaled the elephant in size, and their limbs were also similar to those of the great Proboscidiæ. The skull, however, presents a most remarkable combination of characters. It is long and narrow, and supported three separate pairs of horns. Its top was very concave, and along the back there was an enormous crest. Anteriorly it was armed with enormous tusks like those in the walrus. He adds: several species of these remarkable creatures have already been named, but at present they cannot all be distinguished with certainty.

Liquid Carbonic Acid.

M. L. CAILLETET, as the result of a series of experiments on the properties of liquid Carbonic Acid, finds that it does not conduct electricity, that it does not dissolve sulphur nor phosphorus, though it takes up a small quantity of iodine. It cannot dissolve common salt, sulphate of soda, nor chloride of calcium; it only acts very slowly on carbonate of lime. Petroleum dissolves 5 or 6 volumes of the liquid acid: sulphuric ether absorbs it in large quantity. Stearine and paraffine are insoluble. Sodium has no satisfactory action, except on the trace of moisture that may be present.

Memoranda.

A CURIOUS deposit, composed almost entirely of pure silica, has been discovered in North Wales. It forms the bed of a small lake at a considerable elevation above the level of the sea, and is of volcanic origin. When properly washed and prepared it furnishes a powder, which is very finely divided and mixes freely with oils and pigments, and is worked with the greatest ease. When laid on it soon becomes hard, and presents a polished surface, which resists the action of acids and heat.

In studying the bones of whales, Dr. Struthers has discovered that these leviathans of the deep are subject to rheumatism. It has been said that animals are not subject to disease until they are brought into connection with man; but this fact contradicts the theory. It is the more remarkable, seeing that whales are less subject than man to variations of temperature; and it is also evident that the cold-water treatment cannot be very efficacious in the cure of the disease.

Under the influence of light and air petroleum absorbs a certain proportion of oxygen, and gives the

reactions of ozone. In this state it is yellow and burns poorly. The proper way to avoid the change is to preserve the oil in metallic vessels.

M. Jamin calls attention to the fact announced by Treve, that the poles of a magnet remove farther from the extremities when an armature is applied.

M. A. Boillot describes a new method for preparing ozone, by bringing oxygen in the vicinity of electricity passing through broken or pulverized gas-carbon contained in a tube.

M. L. de Sinety states, in a note to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, that he finds that the liver of female animals becomes fatty during lactation.

Dr. H. C. Bolton suggests the use of the magnesium light for observing the true colors of precipitates by night.

M. Jamin states that when the current of electricity used to magnetize a horse-shoe bar attains a certain strength, the bar appears to return to its normal state, while either weaker or stronger currents produced magnetism. This state he terms that of concealed magnetism, and supposes it is produced by a peculiar distribution of the magnetic force.

The currents of air induced by the Boston fire were so strong that flakes of granite were carried across the water to South Boston, and fell in quantities on the side-walks and roofs, and papers were borne in some cases to a distance of more than twenty miles.

Professor Joseph Le Conte, in a paper in Silliman's Journal, upholds the opinion that the whole theory of geology must be reconstructed on the basis of a solid earth.

The first case of death in England by inhalation of nitrous oxide gas is reported in the *Lancet*. The patient was a lady, thirty-eight years of age.

The disappearance of the fallen leaves is explained by Dr. Eugene Robert by the hypothesis that earth-worms drag them into their subterranean habitations by means of the curved appendages by which their anterior rings are armed.

Mr. Garner, in a paper read before the Linnean Society, abandons the idea that the secretion of nacreous matter, which forms pearls in oysters and mussels, is owing to the irritation caused by grains of sand. From observations made on common marine mussels he concludes that the exciting cause of the deposit is not sand, but a minute parasite; while in the fresh-water mussel or anodon, it is a minute mite or true itch insect.

A banker of Constantinople has secured a contract for lighting the streets of Athens by gas.

NEXT MORNING.



TEN o'clock ! Well, I'm sure I can't help it !

I'm up—go away from the door !

Now, children, I'll speak to your mother

If you pound there like that any more.

How tired I do feel !—Where's that cushion ?—

I don't want to move from this chair ;

I wish Marie'd make her appearance !

I really *can't* do my own hair.

I wish I'd not danced quite so often—

I knew I'd feel tired ! but it's hard

To refuse a magnificent dancer

If you have a place left on your card.

I was silly to wear that green satin.

It's a shame that I've spotted it so—

All down the front breadth—it's just ruined—

No trimming will hide that, I know.

That's me ! Have a costume imported,

And spoil it the very first night !—

I might make an overskirt of it,

That shade looks so lovely with white.

How horrid my eyes look ! Good gracious !

I hope that I didn't catch cold

Sitting out on the stairs with Will Stacy ;

If Ma knew that, wouldn't she scold !

She says he's so fast—well, who isn't ?—

Dear ! where is Marie ?—how it rains !—

I don't care ; he's real nice and handsome,

And his talk sounds as if he'd some brains.

I do wonder what *is* the reason,

That good men are all like Joe Price,

So poky, and stiff, and conceited,

And fast ones are always so nice.—

Just see how Joe acted last evening !

He didn't come near me at all,

Because I danced twice with Will Stacy

That night at the Charity ball.

I didn't care two pins to do it ;

But Joe said I mustn't,—and so—

I just did—he isn't my master,

Nor shan't be, I'd like him to know.

I don't think he looked at me even,

Though just to please him I wore green,—

And I'd saved him three elegant dances,—

I wouldn't have acted so mean.

The way he went on with Nell Hadley ;

Dear me ! just as if I would care !

I'd like to see those two get married,

They'd make a congenial pair !

I'm getting disgusted with parties ;—

I think I shall stop going out ;

What's the use of this fussing for people

I don't care the least bit about.

I *did* think that Joe had some sense once ;

But, my, he's just like all the men !

And the way that I've gone on about him,—

Just see if I do it again !

Only wait till the next time I see him,

I'll pay him back ; won't I be cool !

I've a good mind to drop him completely—

I'll—yes I will—go back to school.

The bell !—who can that be, I wonder !—

Let's see—I declare ! why, it's Joe !—



How long they are keeping him waiting !

Good gracious ! why don't the girl go !—

Yes—say I'll be down in a minute—

Quick, Marie, and do up my hair !—

Not that bow—the green one—Joe likes it—

How slow you are !—I'll pin it—there !

